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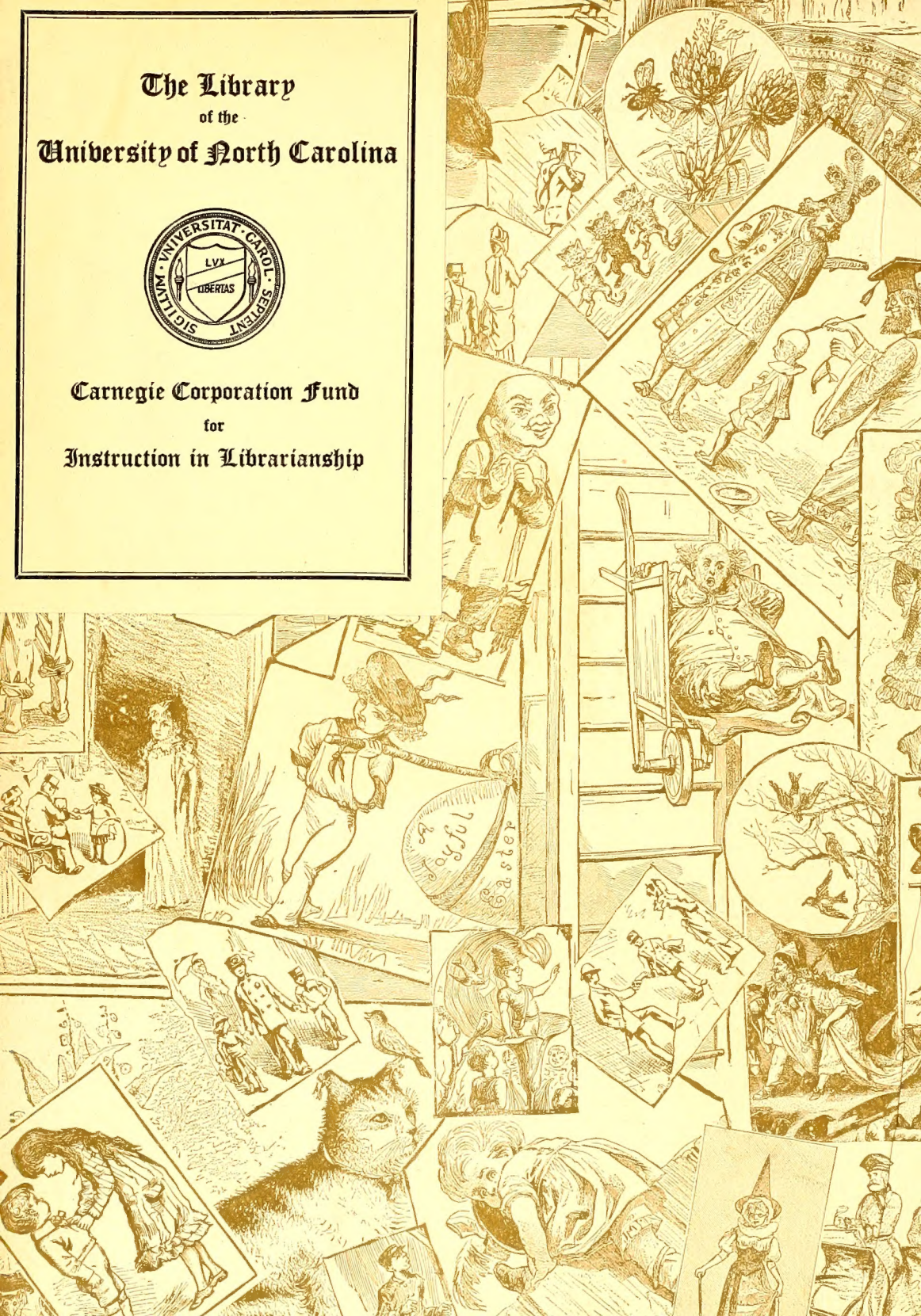
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BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XI.
PART I., NOVEMBER, 1883, TO APRIL, 1884.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XI.

PART I.

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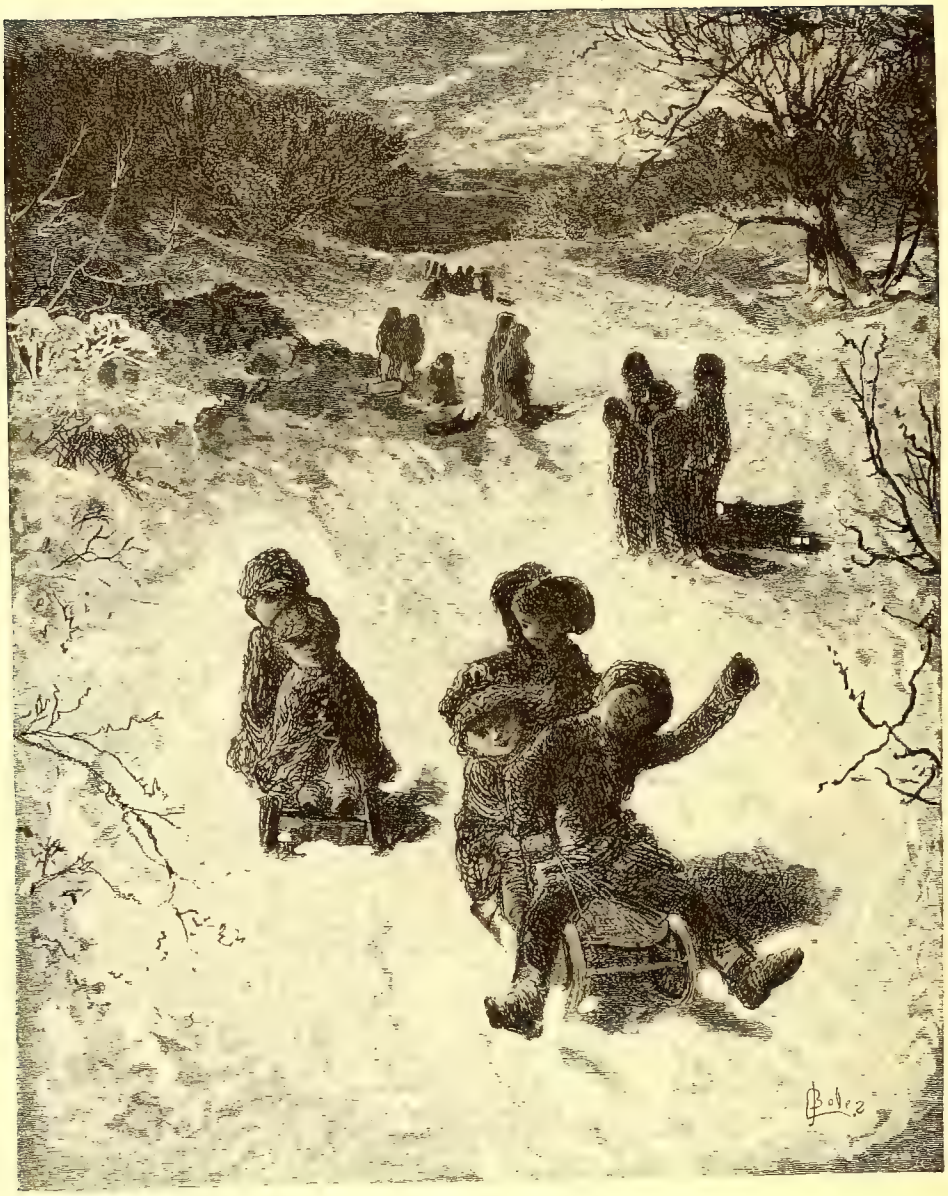
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THE FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE LITTLE LORD OF THE MANOR.

A Story of Evacuation-Day.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

IT was the 25th of November, 1783—a brilliant day, clear, crisp, and invigorating, with just enough of frosty air to flush the eager cheeks and nip the inquisitive noses of every boy and girl in the excited crowd that filled the Bowery lane from Harlem to the barriers, and pressed fast upon the heels of General Knox's advance detachment of Continental troops marching to the position assigned them, near the "tea-water pump." At some points the crowd was especially pushing and persistent, and Mistress Dolly Duane was decidedly uncomfortable. For little Dolly detested crowds, as, in fact, she detested everything that interfered with the comfort of a certain dainty little maiden of thirteen. And she was just on the point of expressing to her cousin, young Edward Livingstone, her regret that they had not staid to witness the procession from the tumble-down gate-way of the Duane country-house, near the King's Bridge road, when, out from the crowd, came the sound of a child's voice, shrill and complaining.

"Keep off, you big, bad man," it said; "keep off and let me pass. How dare you crowd me so, you wicked rebels?"

"Rebels, hey?" a harsh and mocking voice exclaimed. "Rebels! Heard ye that, mates? Well crowed, my little cockerel. Let 's have a look at you," and a burly arm rudely parted the pushing crowd and dragged out of the press a slight, dark-haired little fellow of seven or eight, clad in velvet and ruffles.

"Put me down! Put me down, I say!" screamed the boy, his small face flushed with passion. "Put me down, I tell you, or I 'll bid Angevine horsewhip you!"

"Hark to the little Tory," growled his captor. "A rare young bird now, is n't he? Horsewhip *us*, d' ye say—us, free American citizens? And who may you be, my little beggar?"

"I am no beggar, you bad man," cried the child, angrily. "I am the little lord of the manor."

"Lord of the manor! Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the big fellow. "Give us grace, your worship," he said, with mock humility. "Lord of the manor! Look at him, mates," and he held the struggling little lad toward the laughing crowd. "Why, there are no lords nor manors now in free America, my bantam."

"But I am, I tell you!" protested the boy. "That 's what my grandfather calls me—oh, where is he? Take me to him, please: he calls me the little lord of the manor."

"Who 's your grandfather?" demanded the man.

"Who? Why, don't you know?" the "little lord" asked, incredulously. "Everybody knows my grandfather, I thought. He is Colonel Phillipse, baron of Phillipsbourg, and lord of the manor. And he 'll kill you if you hurt me," he added, defiantly.

"Phillipse, the king of Yonckers! Phillipse,

the fat old Tory of West Chester! A prize, a prize, mates!" shouted the bully. "What say you? Shall we hold this young bantling hostage for the tainted Tory, his grandfather, and when once we get the old fellow serve him as we did the refugee at Wall-kill t'other day?"

"What did you do?" the crowd asked.

"Faith, we tarred and feathered him well, put a hog-yoke on his neck and a cow-bell, too, and then rode him on a rail till he cheered for the Congress."

"Treat my grandfather like that—my good grandfather? You shall not! you dare not!" cried the small Phillipse, with a flood of angry tears, as he struggled and fought in his captor's arms.

Dolly Duane's kindly heart was filled with pity at the rough usage of the "little lord."

"Oh, sir," she said, as she pushed through the crowd and laid her hand on the big bully's arm, "let the child go. 'T is unmannerly to treat him as you do, and you 're very, very cruel."

The fellow turned roughly around and looked down into Dolly's disturbed and protesting face.

"What, another of 'em?" he said, surlily. "Why, the place is full of little Tories."

"No, no; no Tory I!" said indignant Dolly. "My father is Mr. Duane, and he is no Tory."

"Mr. Duane, of the Congress?" "Give up the lad to the maid." "Why harm the child?" came mingled voices from the crowd.

"What care I for Duane!" said the bully, contemptuously. "One man 's as good as another now in free America,—is n't he? Bah! you 're all cowards; but I know when I 've got a good thing. You don't bag a Phillipse every day, I 'll warrant you."

"No; but we bag other game once in a while," said Dolly's cousin, young Edward Livingstone, pushing his way to her side. "We bag turncoats and thieves, and murdering runagates sometimes, even in 'free America'; and we know what to do with them when we do bag them. Friends," he cried, turning to the crowd, "do you know this fellow? He 's a greater prize than the little Phillipse. 'T is Big Jake of the Saw-mill—a 'skinner' one day and a 'cow-boy' next, as it suits his fancy and as brings him booty. I know him, and so does the water-guard. I am Livingstone, of Clermont Manor. Let down the lad, man, or we 'll turn you over to the town-major. He 'd like to have a chance at you rarely."

The crowd uttered a cry of rage as it closed excitedly around the burly member of the lawless gang that had preyed upon the defenseless people of the lower Hudson during the years of war and raid. The bully paled at the sound and dropped the little Phillipse from his arms. Without waiting to see the issue, young Livingstone dragged the "little lord" from the throng, while his companion, Master Clinton, hurried Dolly along, and they were soon free of the crowd that was dealing roughly enough with Big Jake of the Saw-mill.

"Now, Dolly, let us go back to the farm before we get into further trouble," said Cousin Ned, a pleasant young fellow of eighteen, who looked upon himself as the lawful protector of "the children."

"But what shall we do with our little lord of the manor, Cousin Ned?" asked Dolly.

"The safest plan is to take him with us," he replied.

"Oh, no, sir; no," pleaded the little boy. "We sail to-day with Sir Guy Carleton, and what will grandfather do without me?" And then he told them how, early that morning, he had slipped away from Angevine, Colonel Phillipse's body-servant, passed through the barriers and strolled up the Bowery lane to see the "rebel soldiers"; how he had lost his way in the crowd, and was in sore distress and danger until Dolly interfered; and how he thanked them "over and over again" for protecting him. But "Oh, please, I must go back to my grandfather," he added.

Little Mistress Dolly had a mind of her own, and she warmly championed the cause of the "lost little lord," as she called him.

"Cousin Ned," she said, "of course, he must go to his grandfather, and of course, we must take him. Think how I should feel if they tried to keep me from my father!" and Dolly's sympathetic eyes filled at the dreadful thought.

"But how can we take him?" asked Cousin Ned. "How can we get past the barriers?"

A hundred years ago, New York City proper extended northward only as far as the present Post-office, and during the Revolution a line of earth-works was thrown across the island at that point to defend it against assault from the north. The British sentinels at these barriers were not to give up their posts to the Americans until one o'clock on this eventful evacuation-day, and Cousin Ned, therefore, could not well see how they could pass the sentries.

But young Master Clinton, a bright, curly-haired boy of thirteen, said confidently: "Oh, that 's easily done." And then, with a knowledge of the highways and by-ways which many rambles through the dear old town had given him, he unfolded his plan. "See here," he said, "we 'll turn down the Monument lane, just below us, cut across through General Mortier's woods to Mr. Nicholas Bayard's, and so on to the Ranelagh Gardens. From there we can easily get over to the Broad Way and the Murray-street barrier before General Knox gets to the Fresh Water, where he has been ordered to halt until one o'clock. When

the guard at the barrier knows that we have the little baron of Phillipsbourg with us, and has handled the two York sixpences you will give him, of course he 'll let us pass. So, don't you see, we can fix this little boy all right, and, better yet, can see King George's men go out and our troops come in, and make just a splendid day of it."

Dolly, fully alive to these glorious possibilities, clapped her hands delightedly.

"What a brain the boy has!" said young Livingstone. "Keep on, my son," he said, patronizingly, "and you 'll make a great man yet."

"So I mean to be," said De Witt Clinton, cheerily, and then, heading the little group, he followed out the route he had proposed. Ere long the barriers were safely passed, Cousin Ned was two York sixpences out of pocket, and the young people stood within the British lines.

"And now, where may we find your grandfather, little one?" Cousin Ned inquired, as they halted on the Broad Way beneath one of the tall poplars that lined the old-time street.

The little Phillipse could not well reply. The noise and confusion that filled the city had turned his head. For what with the departing English troops, the disconsolate loyalist refugees hurrying for transportation to distant English ports, and the zealous citizens who were making great preparations to welcome the incoming soldiers of the Congress, the streets of the little city were full of bustle and excitement. The boy said his grandfather might be at the fort; he might be at the King's Arms Tavern, near Stone street; he might be — he *would* be — hunting for him.

So Master Clinton suggested, "Let 's go down to Mr. Day's tavern here in Murray street. He knows me, and, if he can, will find Colonel Phillipse for us." Down into Murray street therefore they turned, and, near the road to Greenwich, saw the tavern,—a long, low-roofed house, gable end to the street,—around which an excited crowd surged and shouted.

"Why, look there," Master Clinton cried, "look there, and the King's men not yet gone!" and, following the direction of his finger, they saw with surprise the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic, floating from the pole before the tavern.

"Huzza!" they shouted with the rest, but the "little lord" said, somewhat contemptuously, "Why, 't is the rebel flag—or so my grandfather calls it."

"Rebel no longer, little one," said Cousin Ned, "as even your good grandfather must now admit. But surely," he added, anxiously, "Mr. Day will get himself in trouble by raising his flag before our troops come in."

An angry shout now rose from the throng around the flag-staff, and as the fringe of small boys scattered and ran in haste, young Livingstone caught one of them by the arm. "What 's the trouble, lad?" he asked.

"Let go!" said the boy, struggling to free himself. "You 'd better scatter, too, or Cunningham will catch you. He 's ordered down Day's flag, and says he 'll clear the crowd."

They all knew who Cunningham was — the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal; the starver of American prisoners and the terror of American children. "Come away, quick," said Cousin Ned. But, though they drew off at first, curiosity was too strong, and they were soon in the crowd again.

Cunningham, the marshal, stood at the foot of the flag-pole. "Come, you rebel cur," he said to Mr. Day, "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag—two minutes, d 'ye hear, or into the Provost you go. Your beggarly troops are not in possession here yet, and I 'll have no such striped rag as that flying in the faces of His Majesty's forces!"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly.

Cunningham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I 'll haul it down myself," and, seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, "fair, fat, and forty," armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not twenty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom. And the flag did *not* come down.

From the vantage-ground of a projecting "stoop" our young friends had indulged in irreverent laughter, and the marshal's quick ears caught the sound.

Fuming with rage and seeking some one to vent his anger on, he rushed up the "stoop" and bade his guard drag down the culprits.

"What pestilent young rebels have we here?" he growled. "Who are you?" He started as they gave their names. "Livingstone? Clinton?

Duane?" he repeated. "Well, well—a rare lot this of the rebel brood! And who is yon young bantling in velvet and ruffles?"

"You must not stop us, sir," said the boy, facing the angry marshal. "I am the little lord of the manor, and my grandfather is Colonel Phillipse. Sir Guy Carleton is waiting for me."

"Well, well," exclaimed the surprised marshal; "here 's a fine to-do! A Phillipse in this rebel lot! What does it mean? Have ye kidnapped the lad? Here may be some treachery. Bring them along!" and with as much importance as if he had captured a whole corps of Washington's dragoons, instead of a few harmless children, the young prisoners were hurried off, followed by an indignant crowd. Dolly was considerably frightened, and dark visions of the stocks, the whipping-post, and the ducking-stool by the Collect pond rose before her eyes. But Cousin Ned whispered: "Don't be afraid, Dolly—'t will be all right"; and Master Clinton even sought to argue with the marshal.

"There are no rebels now, sir," he said, "since your king has given up the fight. You yourselves are rebels, rather, if you restrain us of our freedom. I know your king's proclamation, word for word. It says: 'We do hereby strictly charge and command all our officers, both at sea and land, and all other our subjects whatsoever, to forbear all acts of hostility, either by sea or land, against the United States of America, their vassals or subjects, under the penalty of incurring our highest displeasure.' Wherefore, sir," concluded this wise young pleader, "if you keep us in unlawful custody, you brave your king's displeasure."

"You impudent young rebel——" began Cunningham; but the "little lord" interrupted him with: "You shall not take us to jail, sir. I will tell my grandfather, and he will make Sir Guy punish you." And upon this, the provost-marshal, whose wrath had somewhat cooled, began to fear that he might, perhaps, have exceeded his authority, and ere long, with a sour look and a surly word, he set the young people free.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for over seven years. "There might be seen," says one of the old records, "the Hessian, with his towering, brass-fronted cap, mustache colored with the same blacking which colored his shoes, his hair plastered with tallow and flour, and reaching in whip-form to his waist. His uniform was a blue coat, yellow vest and breeches, and black gaiters. The Highlander, with his low checked bonnet, his tartan or plaid, short red coat, his kilt above his knees and they exposed, his hose short and party-colored. There were also the grenadiers of Anspach, with towering yellow caps; the gaudy Waldeckers, with their cocked hats edged with yellow scallops; the German yägers, and the various corps of English in glittering and gallant pomp." The white-capped waves of the beautiful bay sparkled in the sunlight, while the whale-boats, barges, gigs, and launches sped over the water, bearing troops and refugees to the transports, or to the temporary camp on Staten Island. The last act of the evacuation was almost completed. But Sir Guy Carleton looked troubled. His eye wandered from the departing troops at Whitehall slip to the gate at Bowling Green, and then across the parade to the Governor's gardens and the town beyond.

"Well, sir, what word from Colonel Phillipse?" he inquired, as an aid hurried to his side.

"He bids you go without him, General," the aid reported. "The boy is not yet found, but the Colonel says he will risk seizure rather than leave the lad behind."

"It can not well be helped," said the British commander. "I will myself dispatch a line to General Washington, requesting due courtesy and safe conduct for Colonel Phillipse and his missing heir. But see—whom have we here?" he asked, as across the parade two children came hurrying hand in hand. Fast behind them a covered cariole came tearing through the gate-way, and ere the bastion on which the General stood was reached, the cariole drew up with a sudden stop, and a very large man, descending hastily, caught up one of the children in his arms.

"Good; the lost is found!" exclaimed Sir Guy, who had been an interested spectator of the pantomime.

"All is well, General," Colonel Phillipse cried, joyfully, as the commander came down from the bastion and welcomed the new-comers. "My little lord of the manor is found; and, faith, his loss troubled me more than all the attainder and forfeiture the rebel Congress can crowd upon me."

"But how got he here?" Sir Guy asked.

"This fair little lady is both his rescuer and protector," replied the grandfather.

"And who may you be, little mistress?" asked the commander-in-chief.

Dolly made a neat little curtsy, for those were the days of good manners, and she was a proper little damsel. "I am Dolly Duane, your Excellency," she said, "daughter of Mr. James Duane, of the Congress."

"Duane!" exclaimed the Colonel; "well, well, little one, I did not think a Phillipse would ever acknowledge himself debtor to a Duane, but now

do I gladly do it. Bear my compliments to your father, sweet Mistress Dolly, and tell him that his old enemy, Phillipse, of Phillipsbourg, will never forget the kindly aid of his gentle little daughter, who has this day restored a lost lad to a sorrowing grandfather. And let me thus show my gratitude for your love and service," and the very large man, stooping in all courtesy before the little girl, laid his hand in blessing on her head, and kissed her fair young face.

"A rare little maiden, truly," said gallant Sir Guy: "and though I have small cause to favor so hot an enemy of the King as is Mr. James Duane, I admire his dutiful little daughter; and thus would I, too, render her love and service," and the gleaming scarlet and gold-laced arms of the courtly old commander encircled fair Mistress Dolly, and a hearty kiss fell upon her blushing cheeks. But she was equal to the occasion. Raising herself on tiptoe, she dropped a dainty kiss upon the General's smiling face, and said, "Let this, sir, be America's good-bye kiss to your Excellency."

"A right royal salute," said Sir Guy. "Mr. De Lancy, bid the band-master give us the farewell march"; and, to the strains of appropriate music, the commander-in-chief and his staff passed down to the boats, and the little lord of Phillipse Manor waved Mistress Dolly a last farewell.

Then the red cross of St. George, England's royal flag, came fluttering down from its high staff on the north bastion, and the last of the rear-guard wheeled toward the slip. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal, still angered by the thought of his discomfiture at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come, lively now, you blue jackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet. "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slush down the pole; knock off the stepping-cleats! Then let them run their rag up if they can." His orders were quickly obeyed. The halyards were speedily cut, the stepping-cleats knocked from the staff, and the tall pole covered with grease, so that none might climb it. And with this final act of unsoldierly discourtesy, the memory of which has lived through a hundred busy years, the provost-marshal left the now liberated city.

Even Sir Guy's gallant kiss could not rid Dolly of her fear of Cunningham's frown: but as she scampered off she heard his final order, and, hot with indignation, told the news to Cousin Ned and Master Clinton, who were in waiting for her on the Bowling Green. The younger lad was for stirring up the people to instant action, but just then they heard the roll of drums, and, standing near the ruins of King George's statue, watched the advance-guard of the Continental troops as it filed in to take possession of the fort. Beneath the high gate-way and straight toward the north bastion marched the detachment — a troop of horse, a regiment of infantry, and a company of artillery. The batteries, the parapets, and the ramparts were thronged with cheering people, and Colonel Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The halyards are cut, Colonel," reported the color-sergeant; "the cleats are gone, and the pole is slushed."

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant Colonel. "Hallo there, lads, will you be outwitted by such a scurvy trick? Look where they wait in their boats to give us the laugh. Will you let tainted Tories and buttermilk Whigs thus shame us? A gold jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the stars and stripes!"

Dolly's quick ear caught the ringing words. "Oh, Cousin Ned," she cried; "I saw Jacky Van Arsdale on the Bowling Green. Don't you remember how he climbed the greased pole at Clermont, in the May merrying?" and with that she sped across the parade and through the gate-way, returning soon with a stout sailor-boy of fifteen. "Now, tell the Colonel you 'll try it, Jacky."

"Go it, Jack!" shouted Cousin Ned. "I 'll make the gold jacobus two if you but reeve the halyards."

"I want no money for the job, Master Livingstone," said the sailor-lad. "I 'll do it for Mistress Dolly's sake, if I can."

Jack was an expert climber, but if any of my boy readers think it a simple thing to "shin up" a greased pole, just let them try it once — and fail.

Jack Van Arsdale tried it manfully once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. And all the watchers in the boats off-shore joined in a chorus of laughs and jeers. Jack shook his fist at them angrily. "I 'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If but ye 'll saw me up some cleats, and give me hammer and nails, I 'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the Tories from 'Sopus to Sandy Hook!"

Ready hands and willing feet came to the assistance of the plucky lad. Some ran swiftly to Mr. Geolet's, "the iron-monger's," in Hanover square, and brought quickly back "a hand-saw, hatchet, hammer, gimlets, and nails"; others drew a long board to the bastion, and while one sawed the board into lengths, another split the strips into cleats, others bored the nail-holes, and soon young Jack had material enough.

Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket-pockets with cleats and nails, he

worked his way up the flag-pole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now the halyards are reeved, and as the beautiful flag goes fluttering up the staff a mighty cheer is heard, and a round of thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes and the brave sailor-boy who did the gallant deed.

From the city streets came the roll and rumble of distant drums, and Dolly and her two companions, following the excited crowd, hastened across Hanover square, and from an excellent outlook in the Fly Market watched the whole grand procession as it wound down Queen (now Pearl) street, making its triumphal entry into the welcoming city. First came a corps of dragoons, then followed the advance-guard of light infantry and a corps of artillery, then more light infantry, a battalion of Massachusetts troops, and the rear-guard. As the veterans, with their soiled and faded uniforms, filed past, Dolly could not help contrasting them with the brilliant appearance of the British troops she had seen in the fort. "Their clothes *do* look worn and rusty," she said. "But then," she added, with beaming eyes, "they are *our* soldiers, and that is everything."

And now she hears "a great hozaing all down the Fly," as one record queerly puts it, and as the shouts increase, she sees a throng of horsemen, where, escorted by Captain Delavan's "West Chester Light Horse," ride the heroes of that happy hour, General George Washington and Governor George Clinton. Dolly added her clear little treble to the loud huzzas as the famous commander-in-chief rode down the echoing street. Behind their excellencies came other officials, dignitaries, army officers, and files of citizens, on horseback and afoot, many of the latter returning to dismantled and ruined homes after nearly eight years of exile.

But Dolly did not wait to see the whole procession. She had spied her father in the line of mounted citizens, and flying across Queen street, and around by Golden Hill (near Maiden lane), where the first blood of the Revolution was spilled, she hurried down the Broad Way, so as to reach Mr. Cape's tavern before their excellencies arrived.

Soon she was in her father's arms relating her adventures, and as she received his chidings for mingling in such "unseemly crowds," and his praise for her championship and protection of the little Phillipse, a kindly hand was laid upon her fair young head, and a voice whose tones she could never forget said: "So may our children be angels of peace, Mr. Duane. Few have suffered more, or deserved better from their country, sir, than you; but the possession of so rare a little daughter is a fairer recompense than aught your country can bestow. Heaven has given me no children, sir; but had I thus been blessed, I could have wished for no gentler or truer-hearted little daughter than this maid of yours." And with the stately courtesy that marked the time, General Washington bent down and kissed little Dolly as she sat on her father's knee. Touched by his kindly words, Dolly forgot all her awe of the great man. Flinging two winsome arms about his neck, she kissed him in return, and said, softly, "If Mr. Duane were not my father, sir, I would rather it should be you than any one else."

In all her after-life, though she retained pleasant memories of Sir Guy Carleton, and thought him a grand and gallant gentleman, Dolly Duane held still more firmly to her reverence and affection for General Washington, whom she described as "looking more grand and noble than any human being she had ever seen."

Next to General Washington, I think she held the fire-works that were set off in the Bowling Green in honor of the Peace to have been the grandest thing she had ever seen. The rockets, and the wheels, and the tourbillions, and the batteries, and the stars were all so wonderful to her, that General Knox said Dolly's "ohs" and "ahs" were "as good as a play"; and staid Master Clinton and jolly Cousin Ned threatened to send to the Ferry stairs for an anchor to hold her down. Both these young gentlemen grew to be famous Americans in after years, and witnessed many anniversaries of this glorious Evacuation-Day. But they never enjoyed any of them quite as much as they did the exciting original, nor could they ever forget, amidst all the throng of memories, how sweet Mistress Dolly Duane championed and protected the lost "little lord of the manor," and won the distinguished honor of being kissed by both the commanders-in-chief on the same eventful day.

BENEVOLENT BIRDS.

By Will Woodman.



"An' what did ye see that was strange-like over beyant, Pat?" asked an Irishman of a fellow-servant who had just returned from Paris with his master.

"Sure," said Pat, "an' I niver see the loikes o' the childer there. There wuz n't wan o' thim that cud n't spake the langwidge — an' they so young; an' there wuz I, a man grown, that did n't know the first wurd!"

Pat's astonishment was no more ludicrous, in truth, than the surprise we all express, when we discover in some lower animal a trait which we have always considered as belonging to ourselves alone as human beings. There is, of course, a great difference between the human animal and other animals; but, after all, it is not so great as we in our complacency are wont to think. Indeed, one witty naturalist has said that there is only one difference between us and other animals, and that is, that we can talk and tell each other how wonderfully smart we are, and they can not.

Why should not the lower animals have many traits of character similar to those seen in the human animal? They have to seek their food as we do; they have enemies to contend against; they need help at times; the weaker ones have to band together, or they would be destroyed by their stronger enemies. In fact, the battle of life among

the lower animals is so like the battle of life among us that we really ought not to be surprised at the exhibition by any creature of any particular virtue which we call human, or any vice which we call brutal.

For example, we think very highly of the virtue of benevolence, and we call the feeling that prompts it humanity, as if only man could have the sensation. As a fact, any animal may be benevolent, and it is only because we know so little of animal life that we have not discovered many instances of it. There is one very odd case of benevolence of one animal toward another which shows that help is often needed where least suspected.

Who would suppose that the elephant, with its great size and massive strength, could be in need of such aid as so insignificant a creature as a bird could give it?

Against such large animals as lions, tigers, and rhinoceroses it can defend itself, but against tiny insects, which it might crush under its feet by the hundred, it has no protection except what is given it by a little feathered friend. With such a thick skin as it has one might well suppose that the elephant would have no trouble from insects; but, in truth, it is the very thickness of its hide which makes the small insect dangerous.

Ticks, which are abundant in all forests, work their way into the cracks in the skin of the huge creature, and as the skin is so thick they are enabled to bury themselves so completely that they can not be scraped off when the smarting animal rubs against rocks or trees. A differently constructed animal could use its teeth or feet to remove the annoyance; but for the elephant, there is nothing but suffering and torture, unless some kind friend lends a helping hand — or bill.

And this kind friend is not lacking; for no sooner are the little pests comfortably ensconced than a pair of small, bright, yellow eyes searches them out, and the next moment a pretty, orange-colored beak plucks them forth. The owner of the eyes and beak is a beautiful, snow-white heron; small of body, but large of heart; for it seems, in Northern Africa at least, to have devoted its life to the benevolent work of watching over its monstrous *protégé*.

It is a novel and beautiful sight to see the dark-skinned giant of the jungle stalking ponderously along, with as many as a score of these beautiful birds perched upon his back and head, busily working to free him from his little tormentors. And full well the elephant knows what he owes his benefactors. Not for anything would he harm them, ugly-tempered as he often is. Even when the sharp beak probes deep into the sensitive flesh, the great creature bears the pain patiently, seeming to know that it is necessary.

In countries where there are no elephants this bird cares in the same way for cattle; for which reason its popular name is cattle-heron. Scientific men, however, call it *Bubulcus ibis*.

We have a saying that charity begins at home, and it has been added that a great deal of the charity that begins at home stays there. Of this narrow sort of benevolence, too, we find examples among the animals. There is the barbet, for instance. It is a solitary bird, and sits most of the time in morose silence on a twig, waiting for its food (in the shape of an insect) to fly by. Sometimes it is said to rouse itself and make a descent upon the nest of some smaller bird, and eat all the little ones.

Certainly, one would not look for any sort of benevolence from such a bird; and yet it offers a very striking and beautiful example of the begin-at-home-and-stay-there kind.

The celebrated naturalist, Levaillant, who has told us so many interesting things about the birds of Africa and South America, says that he discovered a barbet's nest in which there were five birds. Four of them were young and vigorous, but the fifth was so old and weak that when it was put into a cage with its comrades it could not move, but lay dying in the corner where it had been placed.

When food was put into the cage, the poor old bird could only look at it longingly, without having the strength to drag itself within reach of it. Then it was that the younger birds manifested a singular spirit of kindness. Quickly, and even with an air of tenderness, as it seems, they carried food to the decrepit old bird, and fed it as if it had been only a fledgling. Struck by this spectacle, the naturalist examined the nest from which the birds had been taken, and found it was full of husks and the remains of insects, showing plainly that the old bird must have been maintained a long time by its vigorous companions, which probably were its own offspring. Further study of other birds of the same species convinced the naturalist that it was the custom for the old and infirm birds to be cared for by the young and strong.

There are several different species of barbets found in Africa and South America, and though not graceful in shape, many of them are exceedingly beautiful in plumage. They get their name of barbet from the French word *barbe*, meaning beard, because they have tufts of stiff hair at the base of the bill. Naturalists place them in a genus called *Bucco*, and some persons call them puff-birds, because they have an odd way of puffing out the feathers all over the body, which then looks more like a bale of feathers than a bird.

But it has happened, too, that man himself has been made the object of a lower animal's benevo-

lence; and thus the efforts of a few human beings in behalf of animals may be seen to have had a parallel in counter-efforts on the part of the animals.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the agami, or the golden-breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as one of our common barn-yard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on the breast is beautiful beyond description, being what might be called iridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel-blue to a red-gold, and glittering with a metallic luster.

In its wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed, however,—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways,—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and, though very jealous of his affection, endeavors to please him by a solicitude for the well-being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.



THE BIRD THAT DEFENDS THE SHEEP.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are, but, with a well-deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters where it pleases. In the morning, it drives the ducks to the water and the chickens to their feeding-ground; and if any should presume to wander, they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night, the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

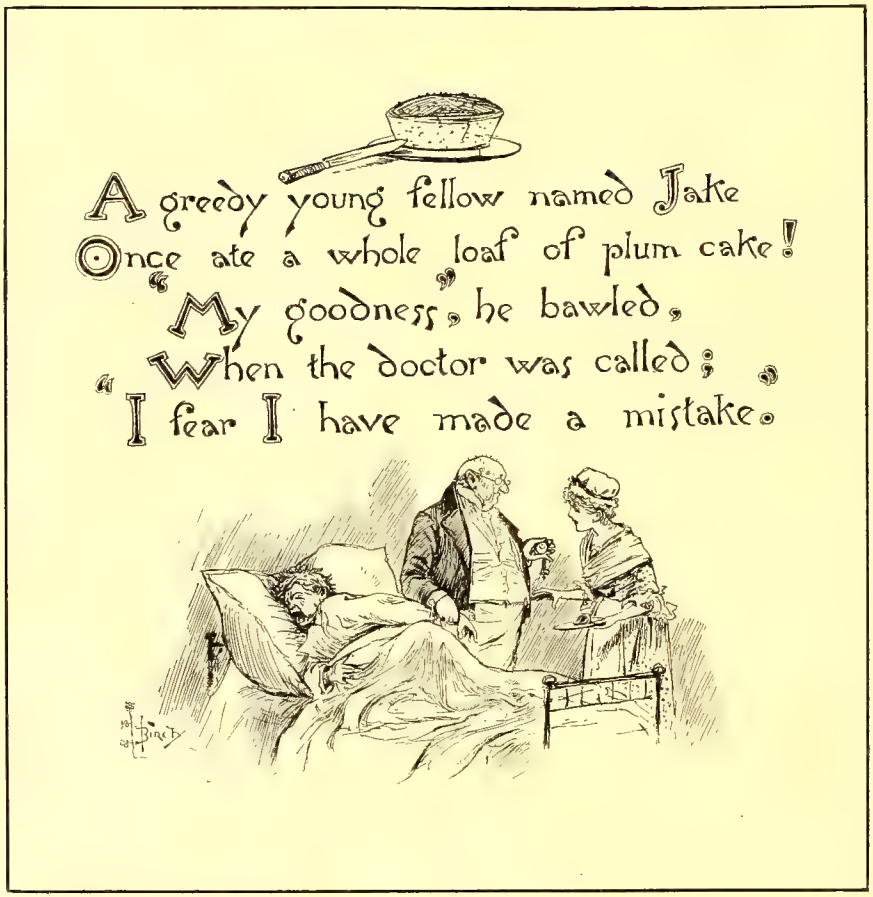
Sometimes it is given the care of a flock of sheep: and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with the agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the feathered shepherd darts after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its error by frequent pecks with its sharp beak.

Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep and approach them with evil design, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing at him and giving

combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

At meal-times it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well-bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until its wants have been satisfied. Like the dog, too, it exhibits the greatest joy upon the return of its master after an absence.

Travelers in Guiana and other parts of South America, north of the Amazon, find the agami domesticated even by the natives; and one writer tells of a young bird which was taken to England and brought up in the country. It made friends with the hounds and followed them in the hunts, having no difficulty in keeping up with them, and seeming to enjoy the whole affair as much as any of the participants. This story may not be true, but it is not improbable; for a bird of the intelligence of the agami might easily do as much.



A THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT FLEW AWAY.

By H. Butterworth.

"Honk!"

I spun around like a top, looking nervously in every direction. I was familiar with that sound; I had heard it before, during two summer vacations, at the old farm-house on the Cape.

It had been a terror to me. I always put a door, a fence, or a stone wall between me and that sound as speedily as possible.

I had just come down from the city to the Cape for my third summer vacation. I had left the cars with my arms full of bundles, and hurried toward Aunt Targood's.

The cottage stood in from the road. There was a long meadow in front of it. In the meadow were two great oaks and some clusters of lilacs. An old, mossy stone wall protected the grounds from the road, and a long walk ran from the old wooden gate to the door.

It was a sunny day, and my heart was light. The orioles were flaming in the old orchards; the bobolinks were tossing themselves about in the long meadows of timothy, daisies, and patches of clover. There was a scent of new-mown hay in the air.

In the distance lay the bay, calm and resplendent, with white sails and specks of boats. Beyond it rose Martha's Vineyard, green and cool and bowery, and at its wharf lay a steamer.

I was, as I said, light-hearted. I was thinking of rides over the sandy roads at the close of the long, bright days; of excursions on the bay; of clam-bakes and picnics.

I was hungry; and before me rose visions of Aunt Targood's fish dinners, roast chickens, berry pies. I was thirsty; but ahead was the old well-sweep, and, behind the cool lattice of the dairy window, were pans of milk in abundance.

I tripped on toward the door with light feet, lugging my bundles and beaded with perspiration, but unmindful of all discomforts in the thought of the bright days and good things in store for me.

"Honk! honk!"

My heart gave a bound!

Where did that sound come from?

Out of a cool cluster of innocent-looking lilac bushes, I saw a dark object cautiously moving. It seemed to have no head. I knew, however, that it had a head. I had seen it; it had seized me once on the previous summer, and I had been in terror of it during all the rest of the season.

I looked down into the irregular grass, and saw the head and a very long neck running along on the ground, propelled by the dark body, like a snake running away from a ball. It was coming toward me, and faster and faster as it approached.

I dropped all my bundles.

In a few flying leaps I returned to the road again, and armed myself with a stick from a pile of cord-wood.

"Honk! honk! honk!"

It was a call of triumph. The head was high in the air now. My enemy moved grandly foward, as became the monarch of the great meadow farm-yard.

I stood with beating heart, after my retreat.

It was Aunt Targood's gander.

How he enjoyed his triumph, and how small and cowardly he made me feel!

"Honk! honk! honk!"

The geese came out of the lilac bushes, bowing their heads to him in admiration. Then came the goslings—a long procession of awkward, half-feathered things: they appeared equally delighted.

The gander seemed to be telling his admiring audience all about it: how a strange girl with many bundles had attempted to cross the yard; how he had driven her back, and had captured her bundles, and now was monarch of the field. He clapped his wings when he had finished his heroic story, and sent forth such a "honk!" as might have startled a major-general.

Then he, with an air of great dignity and coolness, began to examine my baggage.

Among my effects were several pounds of chocolate caramels, done up in brown paper. Aunt Targood liked caramels, and I had brought her a large supply.

He tore off the wrappers quickly. Bit one. It was good. He began to distribute the bon-bons among the geese, and they, with much liberality and good-will, among the goslings.

This was too much. I ventured through the gate swinging my cord-wood stick.

"Shoo!"

He dropped his head on the ground, and drove it down the walk in a lively waddle toward me.

"*Shoo!*"

It was Aunt Targood's voice at the door.

He stopped immediately.

His head was in the air again.

"*Shoo!*"

Out came Aunt Targood with her broom.

She always corrected the gander with her broom.

If I were to be whipped I should choose a broom—not the stick.

As soon as he beheld the broom he retired, although with much offended pride and dignity, to the lilac bushes; and the geese and goslings followed him.

"Hester, you dear child, come here. I was expecting you, and had been looking out for you, but missed sight of you. I had forgotten all about the gander."

We gathered up the bundles and the caramels. I was light-hearted again.

How cool was the sitting-room, with the woodbine falling about the open windows! Aunt brought me a pitcher of milk and some strawberries; some bread and honey; and a fan.

While I was resting and taking my lunch, I could hear the gander discussing the affairs of the farm-yard with the geese. I did not greatly enjoy the discussion. His tone of voice was very proud, and he did not seem to be speaking well of me. I was suspicious that he did not think me a very brave girl. A young person likes to be spoken well of, even by the gander.

Aunt Targood's gander had been the terror of many well-meaning people, and of some evil-doers, for many years. I have seen tramps and pack-peddlers enter the gate, and start on toward the door, when there would sound that ringing warning like a war-blast, "Honk, honk!" and in a few minutes these unwelcome people would be gone. Farm-house boarders from the city would sometimes enter the yard, thinking to draw water by the old well-sweep: in a few minutes it was customary to hear shrieks, and to see women and children flying over the walls, followed by air-rending "honks!" and jubilant cackles from the victorious gander and his admiring family.

Aunt Targood sometimes took summer boarders. Among those that I remember was Reverend Mr. Bonney, a fervent-souled Methodist preacher. He put the gander to flight with the cart-whip, on the second day after his arrival, and seemingly to Aunt's great grief; but he never was troubled by the feathered tyrant again.

Young couples sometimes came to Father Bonney to be married; and, one summer afternoon, there rode up to the gate a very young couple, whom we afterward learned had "run away"; or, rather, had attempted to get married without their parents' approval. The young bridegroom hitched the horse, and helped from the carriage the gayly dressed miss he expected to make his wife. They started up the walk upon the run, as though they expected to be followed, and haste was necessary to prevent the failure of their plans.

"Honk!"

They stopped. It was a voice of authority.

"Just look at him!" said the bride. "Oh! oh!"

The bridegroom cried "Shoo!" but he might as well have said "shoo" to a steam-engine. On came the gander, with his head and neck upon the ground. He seized the lad by the calf of his leg, and made an immediate application of his wings. The latter seemed to think he had been attacked by dragons. As soon as he could shake him off he ran. So did the bride, but in another direction; and while the two were thus perplexed and discomfited, the bride's father appeared in a carriage, and gave her a most forcible invitation to ride home with him. She accepted it without discussion. What became of the bridegroom, or how the matter ended, we never knew.

"Aunt, what makes you keep that gander, year after year?" said I, one evening, as we were sitting on the lawn before the door. "Is it because he is a kind of a watch-dog, and keeps troublesome people away?"

"No, child, no; I do not wish to keep most people away, not well-behaved people, nor to distress nor annoy any one. The fact is, there is a story about that gander that I do not like to speak of to every one—something that makes me feel tender toward him; so that if he needs a whipping, I would rather do it. He knows something that no one else knows. I could not have him killed or sent away. You have heard me speak of Nathaniel, my oldest boy?"

"Yes."

"That is his picture in my room, you know. He was a good boy to me. He loved his mother. I loved Nathaniel—you cannot think how much I loved Nathaniel. It was on my account that he went away.

"The farm did not produce enough for us all: Nathaniel, John, and I. We worked hard and had a hard time. One year—that was ten years ago—we were sued for our taxes.

"'Nathaniel,' said I, 'I will go to taking boarders.'

"Then he looked up to me and said (Oh, how noble and handsome he appeared to me!):

"'Mother, I will go to sea.'

"'Where?' asked I, in surprise.

"'In a coaster.'

"I turned white. How I felt!

"'You and John can manage the place,' he continued. 'One of the vessels sails next week—Uncle Aaron's; he offers to take me.'

"It seemed best, and he made preparations to go.

"The spring before, Skipper Ben—you have met Skipper Ben—had given me some goose eggs; he had brought them from Canada, and said that they were wild-goose eggs.

"I set them under hens. In four weeks I had three goslings. I took them into the house at first, but afterward made a pen for them out in the yard. I brought them up myself, and one of those goslings is that gander.

"Skipper Ben came over to see me, the day before Nathaniel was to sail. Aaron came with him.

"I said to Aaron:

"'What can I give to Nathaniel to carry to sea with him to make him think of home? Cake, preserves, apples? I have n't got much; I have done all I can for him, poor boy.'

"Brother looked at me curiously, and said:

"'Give him one of those wild geese, and we will fatten it on shipboard and will have it for our Thanksgiving dinner.'

"What brother Aaron said pleased me. The young gander was a noble bird, the handsomest of the lot; and I resolved to keep the geese to kill for my own use and to give *him* to Nathaniel.

"The next morning — it was late in September — I took leave of Nathaniel. I tried to be calm and cheerful and hopeful. I watched him as he went down the walk with the gander struggling under his arms. A stranger would have laughed, but I did not feel like laughing; it was true that the boys who went coasting were usually gone but a few months and came home hardy and happy. But when poverty compels a mother and son to part, after they have been true to each other, and shared their feelings in common, it seems hard, it seems hard — though I do not like to murmur or complain at anything allotted to me.

"I saw him go over the hill. On the top he stopped and held up the gander. He disappeared; yes, my own Nathaniel disappeared. I think of him now as one who disappeared.

"November came — it was a terrible month on the coast that year. Storm followed storm; the sea-faring people talked constantly of wrecks and losses. I could not sleep on the nights of those high winds. I used to lie awake thinking over all the happy hours I had lived with Nathaniel.

"Thanksgiving week came.

"It was full of an Indian-summer brightness after the long storms. The nights were frosty, bright, and calm.

"I could sleep on those calm nights.

"One morning, I thought I heard a strange sound in the woodland pasture. It was like a wild goose. I listened; it was repeated. I was lying in bed. I started up — I thought I had been dreaming.

"On the night before Thanksgiving I went to bed early, being very tired. The moon was full; the air was calm and still. I was thinking of Nathaniel, and I wondered if he would indeed have the gander for his Thanksgiving dinner: if it would be cooked as well as I would have cooked it, and if he would think of me that day.

"I was just going to sleep, when suddenly I heard a sound that made me start up and hold my breath.

"'*Honk!*'

"I thought it was a dream followed by a nervous shock.

"'*Honk! honk!*'

"There it was again, in the yard. I was surely awake and in my senses.

"I heard the geese cackle.

"'*Honk! honk! honk!*'

"I got out of bed and lifted the curtain. It was almost as light as day. Instead of two geese there were three. Had one of the neighbor's geese stolen away?

"I should have thought so, and should not have felt disturbed, but for the reason that none of the neighbors' geese had that peculiar call — that horn-like tone that I had noticed in mine.

"I went out of the door.

"The *third* goose looked like the very gander I had given Nathaniel. Could it be?

"I did not sleep. I rose early and went to the crib for some corn.

"It *was* a gander — a 'wild' gander — that had come in the night. He seemed to know me.

"I trembled all over as though I had seen a ghost. I was so faint that I sat down on the meal-chest.

"As I was in that place, a bill pecked against the door. The door opened. The strange gander came hobbling over the crib-stone and went to the corn-bin. He stopped there, looked at me, and gave a sort of glad "honk," as though he knew me and was glad to see me.

"I was certain that he was the gander I had raised, and that Nathaniel had lifted into the air when he gave me his last recognition from the top of the hill.

"It overcame me. It was Thanksgiving. The church bell would soon be ringing as on Sunday. And here was Nathaniel's Thanksgiving dinner; and brother Aaron's — had it flown away? Where was the vessel?

"Years have passed — ten. You know I waited and waited for my boy to come back. December grew dark with its rainy seas; the snows fell; May lighted up the hills, but the vessel never came back. Nathaniel — my Nathaniel — never returned.

"That gander knows something he could tell me if he could talk. Birds have memories. *He* remembered the corn-crib — he remembered something else. I wish he *could* talk, poor bird! I wish he could talk. I will never sell him, nor kill him, nor have him abused. *He knows!*"



By Emma C. Dowd.

A long time ago, there lived, in Cologne,
Otto von Hiller and Rupert Van Tone:
And Otto wrote fables,
But Rupert made tables—
"The very best tables that ever were known!"
So said every sensible frau in Cologne.

"Friend Rupert," said Otto von Hiller, one day,
"Come, tell me the wonderful reason, I pray,
Why men call you clever,
When, really, you never
Professed to have very much learning, you know,
And I—well, in truth, I 've enough for a show



"I 'm master of Latin, I 'm famous in Greek,
Both French and Italian I fluently speak;
I could talk by the year
Of our nation's career;
Yet, some one has said—to his shame be it known—
That I am the stupidest man in Cologne!"

Said Rupert Van Tone: "If you 'll promise to try it,
I 'll tell you the secret:—I 've learned to keep quiet."
"But I 've so much to say!"—
"'T wont spoil in a day;



Who lets his tongue run like a vibrating lever
Stands very small chance of being called clever."

But he 'd "so much to say," this Otto von Hiller:
'T was now to the judge, and now to the miller:
He 'd appear without warning,
And stay all the morning,
Till his hearers would sigh as he left, "What a drone!
He is truly the stupidest man in Cologne."

But Rupert Van Tone worked on at his trade;
He listened and thought, but his words he well weighed,
Till at twoscore and twenty
He 'd money in plenty;
And through summer and winter his mansion was known
As the home of the cleverest man in Cologne.



WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter I.

"Now, Lavaujer, that cutter 's all you have to show for as hard a month's work as ever you did ——"

"But, Mother, just look at it."

"That 's what I 'm doing, now. You 've had it painted red, and varnished, and there 's room in it for two, if neither one of 'em was too heavy ——"

"Now, Mother, you ought to try it. I 'll take you to meeting in it, next Sunday. It runs—well, you ought to see how the sorrel colt gets along, with that cutter behind him."

"And I 'm not sorry you 've got something for him to do. You 've been 'raising' him, as you call it, ever since you were a twelve-year-old, and he was a yearling then."

Mrs. Stebbins had indeed been looking hard at her son's new "cutter," and she had taken a good five minutes to tell him all she thought about it; but there was pride in her eye as she turned to go into the house. He did not hear her mutter:

"He 's the smartest boy in all Benton Valley, and now he has the nicest horse and cutter. I guess it wont spoil him."

He was leading his sorrel pet, with the trim little sleigh behind him, through the gate that led to the barn. It was a grand thing for a country boy of his age to have such an "outfit," all his own.

If he were not just a little "spoiled," it was no fault of his mother's, for he was her only son, and she had talked to him and about him for almost seventeen years. He looked a year or so older than that, to be sure, and his mother said he knew enough for a man of forty. She had named him "Le Voyageur," after a great French traveler, whose name she had seen in a book when she was a girl, but the Valley boys had shortened it into "Vosh."

"Now, Jeff," he said, as he cast the sorrel loose from the cutter, "I 'm not sure but you 'll have a better load to haul next time you 're hitched in."

Jeff whinnied gently, as if to express his willingness for any improvement, and Vosh led him into the stable.

"City folks know some things," he remarked to Jeff, while he poured some oats in the manger; "but I don't believe they know what good sleighing is. We 'll show 'em, as soon as we get some bells, and the deacon has more buffalo-robes than he knows what to do with."

That was a good half-hour before supper-time, and he seemed in no hurry to get into the house; but it was odd that his mother, at the very same time, should have been talking to herself, in default of any other hearer, about "city folks," and their ways and by-ways and short-comings.

Down the road a little distance, and on the other side of it, a very different pair of people were even more interested in city folk, and chiefly in the fact that certain of them seemed to be expected at the house where the pair were conversing.

It was away back in the great, old-fashioned kitchen of a farm-house, as large as three of the one in which Mrs. Stebbins was getting supper for Vosh.

"Aunt Judith, I hear 'em!"

"Now, Pen, my child!"

The response came from the milk-room, and was followed by the sound of an empty tin milk-pan falling on the floor.

"It sounded like bells!"

"It 's the wind, Pen. But they ought to be here by this time, I declare."

"There, Aunt Judith!"

Pen suddenly darted out of the kitchen, leaving the long hind-legs of a big pair of waffle-irons sticking helplessly out from the open door of the stove.

"Pen! Penelope!" cried Aunt Judith. "I declare, she 's gone. There, I 've dropped another pan. What is the matter with me to-night? I just do want to see those children, I suppose. Poor things! How cold they will be!"

Penelope was pressing her eager, excited little face close to the frost flowers on the sitting-room window. It was of no use, cold as it made the tip of her nose, to strain her blue eyes across the snowy fields, or up the white, glistening reaches of the road. There was nothing like a sleigh in sight, nor did her sharpest listening bring her any sound of coming sleigh-bells.

"Pen! Penelope Farnham!" interrupted her aunt. "What 's that a-burnin'? Sakes alive! If she has n't gone and stuck those waffle-irons in the fire. She 's put a waffle in 'em, too."

Yes, and the smoke of the lost waffle was carrying tales into the milk-room.

"Oh, Aunt Judith, I forgot! I just wanted to try one ——"

"Just like you, Penelope Farnham. You 're always a-tryin' somethin'. If you are n't a trial to

me, I would n't say so. Now, don't touch the waffles once again. On no account!"

"It 's all burned as black ——"

"Course it is. Black as a coal. I 'd ha' thought you 'd ha' known better 'n that. Why, when I was ten year old, I could ha' cooked for a fam'ly."

"Guess I could do that," said Pen, resolutely; but at that very moment Aunt Judith was shaking out the smoking remains of the spoiled waffle, and she curtly responded:

"That looks like it. You 'll burn up the irons yet."

Half a minute of silence followed, and then she again spoke from the milk-room:

"Penelope, look at the sitting-room fire and see if it needs any more wood. They 'll be more 'n half froze when they get here."

Pen obeyed, but it only needed one glance into the great, roaring fire-place to make sure that nobody could even half freeze in the vicinity of that blaze.

A stove was handier to cook by, and therefore Mr. Farnham had put aside his old-fashioned notions to the extent of having one set up in the kitchen. The parlor, too, he said, belonged to his wife more than it did to him, and so there was a stove there also, and it was hard at work now. He had insisted, however, that the wide, low-ceilinged, comfortable sitting-room should remain a good deal as his father had left it to him, and there the fire-place held its own. That was one reason why it was the pleasantest room in the house, especially on a winter evening.

Penelope had known that fire-place a long while. She had even played "hide and seek" in it, in warm weather, when it was bright and clean; but she thought she had never seen a better fire in it than the one that was blazing cheerily this evening, as if it knew that guests were expected, and intended to do its part in the welcoming.

"Such a big back-log," Pen said to Aunt Judith, who had followed her in, after all, to make sure.

"Yes, and the fore-stick 's a foot through. Your father heaped it up, just before he set out for town. He might a'most as well ha' piled a whole tree in."

"Father likes fire. So do I."

"He 's a very wasteful man with his wood, nevertheless! Pen, what do you intend to do with that poker? Do you want to have the top logs rolling across the floor?"

"That one lies crooked."

"My child! I dare n't leave you alone a minute. You 'll burn the house over our heads, some day."

Pen obeyed. She lowered the long, heavy, iron rod and laid it down on the hearth, but such a fire as that was a terrible temptation. Almost any man in the world might have been glad to have a good poke at it, if only to see the showers of sparks go up from the glowing hickory logs.

"There they come!"

Pen turned away from the fire very suddenly, and Aunt Judith put her hand to her ear and took off her spectacles, so she could listen better.

"I should n't wonder ——" she began.

"That 's the sound of sleigh-bells, I 'm sure! It 's our sleigh, I know it is! Shall I begin to make the waffles?"

"No, indeed; but you can get out that chiny thing your mother bought to put the maple sirup in."

"Oh, I forgot that."

She brought it out immediately, and it must have been the only thing she had forgotten when she set the table, for she had walked anxiously around it, twenty times at least, since she put the last plate in its place.

Faint and far, from away down the road, beyond the turn, the winter wind brought up the merry jingle of the bells. By the time Pen had obtained the china pitcher for the sirup from its shelf in the closet and once more darted to the window, she could see her father's black team, blacker than ever against the snow, trotting toward the house magnificently.

"Don't I wish I 'd gone with them!" she sighed. "But it was Corry's turn. I guess Susie is n't used to waffles, but she can't help liking them."

That was quite possible, but her appreciation of them would probably depend upon whether Penelope or Aunt Judith should have the care of the waffle-irons.

Jingle-jangle-jingle, louder and louder came the merry bells, till they stopped at the great gate, and a tall boy sprang out of the sleigh to open it. The front door of the house swung open quicker than did the gate, and Pen was on the stoop, shouting anxiously:

"Did they come, Corry? Did you get them?"

A deep voice from the sleigh responded, with a chuckle:

"Yes, Pen, we caught them both. They 're right here and they can't get away now."

"I see Cousin Susie!" was Pen's response as she rushed toward the sleigh, at that moment remembering, however, to turn and shout back into the house: "Aunt Judith, here they are! They 're both in the sleigh!"

But there was her aunt already in the door-way, with the steaming waffle-irons in one hand.

"Sakes alive, child! You 'll freeze the whole house if you leave the door open! Poor things—and they are n't used to cold weather!"

Aunt Judith must have had an idea that it was always summer in the city.

The sleigh jangled right up to the bottom step of the stoop, now, and Mr. Farnham sprang out first and then his wife. They were followed by a young lady into whose arms Pen fairly jumped, exclaiming:

"Susie! Susie Hudson!"

There were no signs of frost on Susie's rosy cheeks, and she hugged Penelope vigorously. Just behind her there descended from the sleigh, in a rather more dignified style, a boy who may have been two years younger, say fourteen or fifteen, and who evidently felt that the occasion called upon him for his self-possession.

"Pen," said her mother, "don't you mean to kiss Cousin Porter?"

Pen was ready. Her little hands went out, and her bright welcoming face was lifted for the kiss, which Porter Hudson bestowed in gallant fashion. Susie had paid her country cousins a long summer visit only the year before, while Porter had not been seen by any of them since he was four years old. Both he and they had forgotten that he had ever been so young as that.

Mr. Farnham started for the barn with his team, bidding Corry accompany his cousins into the house, and Aunt Judith was at last able to close the door behind them and keep a little of the winter from coming in.

It took but half a minute to help Susie and Porter Hudson "get their things off," and then Aunt Judith all but forced them into the chairs she had set for them in front of the great fire-place.

"What a splendid fire!" exclaimed Susie, the glow of it making her very pretty face look brighter and happier. She had already won Aunt Judith's heart over again by being so glad to see her, and she kept right on winning it needlessly, for everything about that room had to be looked at twice, and admired, and informed how "pretty" or "lovely" or "nice" it was.

"It is, indeed, a remarkably fine fire," added Porter, with emphasis.

"And we 're going to have waffles and maple sugar for supper," said Pen. "Don't you like waffles?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Porter.

"And after such a sleigh-ride," chimed in Susie. "The sleighing is splendid! Delightful!"

"Is n't there more snow here than you have in the city?" inquired Corry of Porter.

"Yes, a little," he acknowledged. "But then we have to have ours removed as fast as it comes down. We must get it out of the way, you know."

"It is n't in the way, here; we 'd have a high time of it, if we tried to get rid of our snow."

"I should say you would. And then it does very well, where the people make use of sleighs."

"Don't you have them in the city?" exclaimed Pen, who was looking at her cousin with eyes that were full of pity; but at that moment Aunt Judith called to her, from the kitchen:

"Penelope! Come and watch the waffle-irons, while I make the tea."

"Waffles!" exclaimed Susie. "I never saw any made."

"Come with me, then," said Pen. "I 'll show you. That is, if you 're warm enough."

"Warm?" echoed Susie. "Why, I was n't cold, one bit. I 'm warm as toast."

Out they went, and there were so many errands on the hands of Aunt Judith and Mrs. Farnham, just then, that the girls had the kitchen stove to themselves for a few moments. Pen may have been several years the younger, but she was conscious of a feeling of immense superiority in her capacity of cook. She kept it until, as she was going over, for Susie's benefit, a list of her neighbors and telling what had become of them since her cousin's summer visit, Mr. Farnham came in at the kitchen door and almost instantly exclaimed:

"Mind your waffles, Pen! They 're burning!"

"Why, so they are. That one is, just a little. I was telling Susie——"

"A little? My child!" interrupted Aunt Judith. "Why, it 's burned to a crisp! Oh, dear! Give me those irons."

"Now, Aunt Judith," pleaded Pen, "please fill them up for Susie to try. I want to show her how."

The look on Susie's face was quite enough to keep Aunt Judith from uttering a word of objection, and the rich, creamy batter was poured into the smoking mold.

"Don't let it burn, Susie," cautioned Pen. "They must come out when they 're just a good brown. I 'll show you."

Susie set herself to watch the fate of that waffle most diligently, but she had not at all counted on what might come in the meantime.

A visitor, for instance.

Susie had already asked about the Stebbinses, and Pen had answered:

"They know you 're coming. Vosh was here this very morning, and I told him."

Only a few minutes before Aunt Judith poured out that waffle, Mrs. Stebbins had said to her son:

"I heerd the Deacon's sleigh come up the road, Lavaujer. Take a tea-cup and go over and borry a little tea from Miss Farnham. And tell me how the city folks look, when you come back."

She told him a great deal more than that before he got out of the door with his tea-cup, and it

looked as if he were likely to have several questions to answer when he returned.

He escaped a little unceremoniously, in the middle of a long sentence; and so, just when Susie was most deeply absorbed in her experiment, there came a loud rap at the kitchen door. Then, without waiting for any one to come and open it, the door swung back and in walked Vosh as large as life, with the tea-cup in his hand.

He did look large, but no amount of frost or fire could have made him color as red as he did when Susie Hudson left the irons and stepped forward to shake hands with him.

"How do you do, Vosh? How is your mother?"

"Pretty well, thank you. How do you do? Mother 's very well, thank you. And you 're just as you were last summer, only prettier."

The one great weakness in the character of Vosh Stebbins was that he could not help telling the truth, to save his life. It was very awkward for him sometimes, and now, before Susie could smother her laugh and make up her mind what to answer him, he held out his tea-cup to Aunt Judith:

"Miss Farnham, Mother told me to borrow a drawing of tea. We 're not out of tea, but she heard the Deacon's sleigh-bells, and she wanted to know if the folks from the city had come."

"They 've come," almost snapped Aunt Judith. "Susie and her brother. Please ask your mother if she can send me over a dozen eggs."

"We 'll send them over in a few minutes," said Vosh.

"Walk into the sitting-room, Vosh, and see our other cousin," said Pen. "Corry 's there, too. O Susie! Our waffle 's burned again!"

"Dear me, so it has!"

"Never mind, Susie," said Aunt Judith, hospitably, as she shook out the proceeds of all that cookery upon a plate. "It 's only spoiled on one side. There 're always some o' them burned. Some folks like them better when they 're crisp."

Vosh looked as if he would willingly stay and see how the next trial succeeded; but politeness required him to walk on into the sitting-room and be introduced to Porter Hudson.

"Vosh," said Corry, "Porter 's never been in the country in winter, before, in all his life, and he 's come to stay ever so long."

"That 's good," began Vosh, but he was interrupted by an invitation from Mrs. Farnham to stay to supper and eat some waffles. He very promptly replied:

"Thank you, I don't care if I do. I threw our waffle-irons at Bill Hinks's dog, one day last fall. It almost killed him, but it broke the irons, and we 've been intending to have them mended, ever since. We have n't done it yet, though, and so we have n't had any waffles."

Aunt Judith had now taken hold of the business at the kitchen stove, for Susie had made one triumphant success and she might not do as well next time. All the rest were summoned to the supper table.

The room was all one glow of light and warmth. The maple sugar had been melted to the exact degree of richness required. The waffles were coming in rapidly and in perfect condition. Everybody had been hungry and felt more so now, and even Porter Hudson was compelled to confess that the first supper of his winter visit in the country was at least equal to any he could remember eating anywhere.

"City folks," remarked Penelope, "don't know how to cook waffles, but I 'll teach Susie. Then she can make them for you when you go back. Only you can't do it without milk and eggs."

"We can buy them," replied Porter.

"Of course you can, only they are not such eggs as we have. You 'll have to send up here for your maple sugar."

"We can buy that, too, I guess."

"But we get it fresh from the trees. It 's very different from the kind you buy in the city. You ought to be here in sugar time."

"Pen," said her father, "we 're going to keep them both till then, and make them ever so sweet before we let them go home."

He was glancing rapidly from one to another of those four fresh young faces, as he spoke. He did not say so; but he was tracing that very curious thing which we call "a family likeness." It was there, widely as the faces varied otherwise. Perhaps the city cousins, with special help from Susie, had a little advantage in looks. But then Aunt Judith had had the naming of her brother's children, and Penelope and Coriolanus were longer names than Porter and Susan. There is a good deal in names, if they are rightly shortened.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

By Mary L. B. Branch.

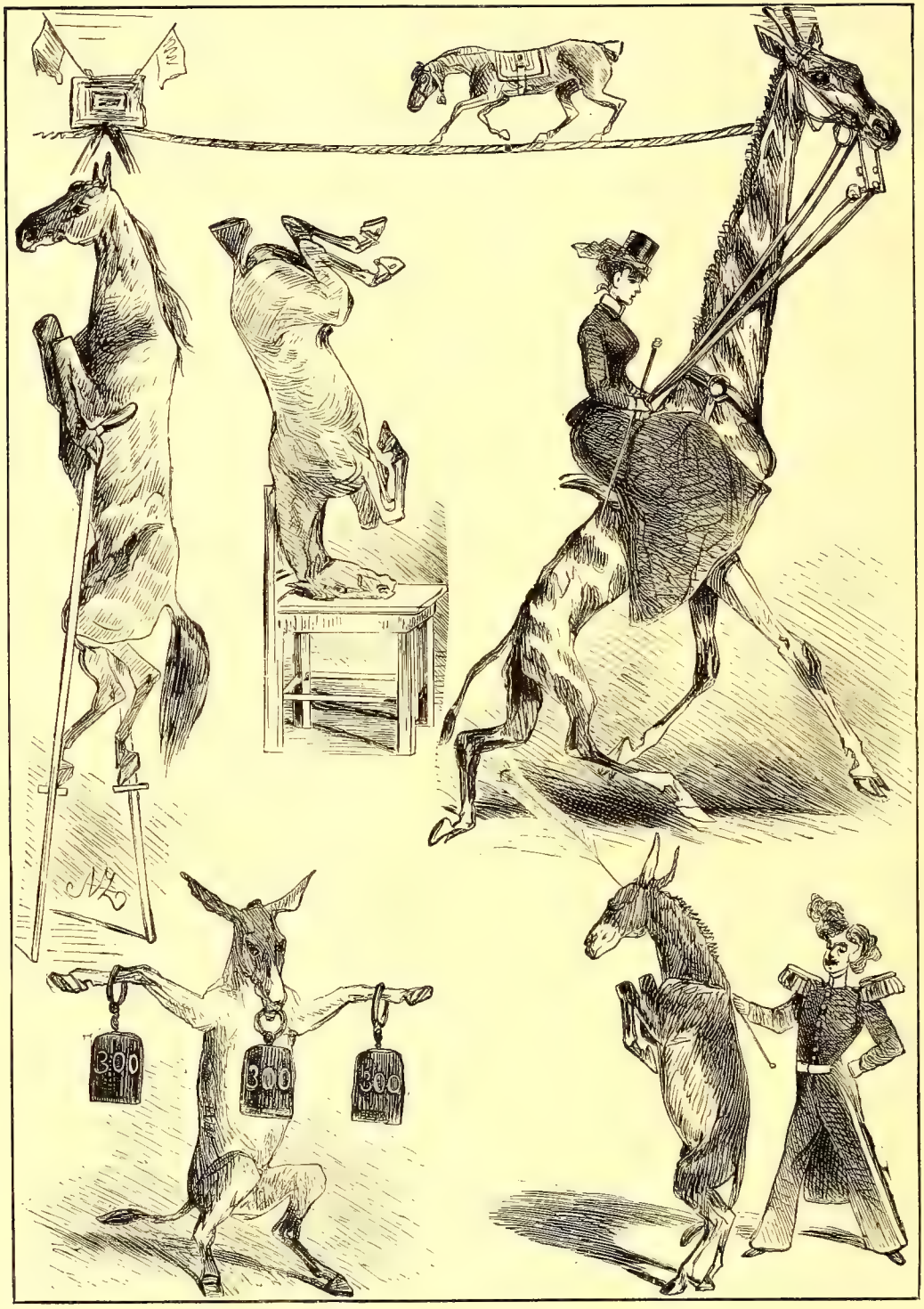


"I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
I 'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
And Mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
It 's over and over — do *you* know
How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief: Mamma turned in the edge,
And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.
It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;
I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.
And that is the way I learn to hem
With hemming stitches — do *you* know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch, too, I guess,
It would n't take me long, I know, if 't was n't for the thread;
But the knots keep coming, and besides — I shall have to confess —
Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead!
When *your* thread knots, what do *you* do?
And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he 's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
He 's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black:
Well, *he* can't sew! he can't *begin* to sew as well as I.
If he loses off a button, Mamma has to set it back!
You must n't think me proud, you know,
But I am seven, and *I* can sew!"



CIRCUS EXTRAORDINARY.—No. I.

SOPHIE'S SECRET.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

I.

A PARTY of young girls, in their gay bathing dresses, were sitting on the beach waiting for the tide to rise a little higher before they enjoyed the daily frolic which they called "mermaiding."

"I wish we could have a clam-bake, but we have n't any clams, and don't know how to cook them if we had. It 's such a pity all the boys have gone off on that stupid fishing excursion," said one girl in a yellow-and-black striped suit which made her look like a wasp.

"What is a clam-bake? I do not know that kind of fête," asked a pretty brown-eyed girl, with an accent that betrayed the foreigner.

The girls laughed at such sad ignorance, and Sophie colored, wishing she had not spoken.

"Poor thing! she has never tasted a clam. What *should* we do if we went to Switzerland?" said the wasp, who loved to tease.

"We should give you the best we had, and not laugh at your ignorance, if you did not know all our dishes. In *my* country, we have politeness though not the clam-bake," answered Sophie, with a flash of the brown eyes which warned naughty Di to desist.

"We might row to the light-house, and have a picnic supper. Our mammas will let us do that alone," suggested Dora from the roof of the bath-house, where she perched like a flamingo.

"That 's a good idea," cried Fanny, a slender brown girl who sat dabbling her feet in the water, with her hair streaming in the wind. "Sophie should see that, and get some of the shells she likes so much."

"You are kind to think of me. I shall be glad to have a necklace of the pretty things as a souvenir of this so charming place and my good friend," answered Sophie, with a grateful look at Fanny, whose many attentions had won the stranger's heart.

"Those boys have n't left us a single boat, so we must dive off the rocks, and that is n't half so nice," said Di, to change the subject, being ashamed of her rudeness.

"A boat is just coming round the Point; perhaps we can hire that and have some fun," cried Dora from her perch. "There is only a girl in it; I 'll hail her when she is near enough."

Sophie looked about her to see where the *hail* was coming from; but the sky was clear, and she waited to see what new meaning this word might have, not daring to ask for fear of another laugh.

While the girls watch the boat float around the farther horn of the crescent-shaped beach, we shall have time to say a few words about our little heroine.

She was a sixteen-year-old Swiss girl, on a visit to some American friends, and had come to the sea-side for a month with one of them who was an invalid. This left Sophie to the tender mercies of the young people, and they gladly welcomed the pretty creature, with her fine manners, foreign ways, and many accomplishments. But she had a quick temper, a funny little accent, and dressed so very plainly that the girls could not resist criticising and teasing her in a way that seemed very ill-bred and unkind to the new-comer.

Their free and easy ways astonished her, their curious language bewildered her, and their ignorance of many things she had been taught made her wonder at the American education she had heard so much praised. All had studied French and German, yet few read or spoke either tongue correctly or understood her easily when she tried to talk to them. Their music did not amount to much, and in the games they played their want of useful information amazed Sophie. One did not know the signs of the zodiac; another could only say of cotton that "it was stuff that grew down South"; and a third was not sure whether a frog was an animal or a reptile, while the handwriting and spelling displayed on these occasions left much to be desired. Yet all were fifteen or sixteen, and would soon leave school "finished," as they expressed it, but not *furnished*, as they should have been, with a solid, sensible education. Dress was an all-absorbing topic, sweetmeats their delight, and in confidential moments sweethearts were discussed with great freedom. Fathers were conveniences, mothers comforters, brothers plagues, and sisters ornaments or playthings according to their ages. They were not hard-hearted girls, only frivolous, idle, and fond of fun, and poor little Sophie amused them immensely till they learned to admire, love, and respect her.

Coming straight from Paris, they expected to find that her trunks contained the latest fashions for demoiselles, and begged to see her dresses with girlish interest. But when Sophie obligingly showed a few simple but pretty and appropriate gowns and hats, they exclaimed with one voice:

"Why, you dress like a little girl! Don't you have ruffles and lace on your dresses? and silks and high-heeled boots, and long gloves, and bustles and corsets, and things like ours?"

"I *am* a little girl," laughed Sophie, hardly understanding their dismay. "What should I do with fine toilettes at school? My sisters go to balls in silk and lace; but I — not yet."

"How queer! Is your father poor?" asked Di, with Yankee bluntness.

"We have enough," answered Sophie, slightly knitting her dark brows.

"How many servants do you keep?"

"But five, now that the little ones are grown up."

"Have you a piano?" continued undaunted Di, while the others affected to be looking at the books and pictures strewn about by the hasty unpacking.

"We have two pianos, four violins, three flutes, and an organ. We love music and all play, from Papa to little Franz."

"My gracious, how swell! You must live in a big house to hold all that and eight brothers and sisters."

"We are not peasants; we do not live in a hut. *Voila*, this is my home." And Sophie laid before them a fine photograph of a large and elegant house on lovely Lake Geneva.

It was droll to see the change in the faces of the girls as they looked, admired, and slyly nudged one another, enjoying saucy Di's astonishment, for she had stoutly insisted that the Swiss girl was a poor relation.

Sophie meanwhile was folding up her plain piqué and muslin frocks, with a glimmer of mirthful satisfaction in her eyes and a tender pride in the work of loving hands now far away.

Kind Fanny saw a little quiver of the lips as she smoothed the blue corn-flowers in the best hat, and put her arm round Sophie, whispering:

"Never mind, dear, they don't mean to be rude; it 's only our Yankee way of asking questions. I like *all* your things, and that hat is perfectly lovely."

"Indeed, yes! Dear Mamma arranged it for me. I was thinking of her and longing for my morning kiss."

"Do you do that every day?" asked Fanny, forgetting herself in her sympathetic interest.

"Surely, yes. Papa and Mamma sit always on the sofa, and we all have the hand-shake and the embrace each day before our morning coffee. I do not see that here," answered Sophie, who sorely missed the affectionate respect foreign children give their parents.

"Have n't time," said Fanny, smiling too, at the idea of American parents sitting still for five minutes in the busiest part of the busy day to kiss their sons and daughters.

"It is what you call old-fashioned, but a sweet fashion to me, and since I have not the dear, warm cheeks to kiss, I embrace my pictures often. See, I have them all." And Sophie unfolded a Russia leather case, displaying with pride a long row of handsome brothers and sisters with the parents in the midst.

More exclamations from the girls, and increased interest in "Wilhelmina Tell," as they christened the loyal Swiss maiden, who was now accepted as a companion, and soon became a favorite with old and young.

They could not resist teasing her, however — her mistakes were so amusing, her little flashes of temper so dramatic, and her tongue so quick to give a sharp or witty answer when the new language did not perplex her. But Fanny always took her part and helped her in many ways. Now they sat together on the rock, a pretty pair of mermaids with wind-tossed hair, wave-washed feet, and eyes fixed on the approaching boat.

The girl who sat in it was a great contrast to the gay creatures grouped so picturesquely on the shore, for the old straw hat shaded a very anxious face, the brown calico gown covered a heart full of hopes and fears, and the boat that drifted so slowly with the incoming tide carried Tilly Reed like a young Columbus toward the new world she longed for, believed in, and was resolved to discover.

It was a weather-beaten little boat, yet very pretty, for a pile of nets lay at one end, a creel of red lobsters at the other, and all between stood baskets of berries and water-lilies, purple marsh-rosemary and orange butterfly-weed, shells and great smooth stones such as artists like to paint little sea-views on. A tame gull perched on the prow, and the morning sunshine glittered from the blue water to the bluer sky.

"Oh, how pretty! Come on, please, and sell us some lilies," cried Dora, and roused Tilly from her waking dream.

Pushing back her hat, she saw the girls beckoning, felt that the critical moment had come, and catching up her oars rowed bravely on, though her cheeks reddened and her heart beat, for this venture was her last hope, and on its success depended the desire of her life. As the boat approached, the watchers forgot its cargo to look with surprise and pleasure at its rower, for she was not the rough, country lass they expected to see, but a really splendid girl of fifteen, tall, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed and blooming, with a certain shy dignity of her own, and a very sweet smile, as she nodded and pulled in with strong, steady strokes.

Before they could offer help, she had risen, planted an oar in the water, and, leaping to the shore, pulled her boat high up on the beach, offering her wares with wistful eyes and a very expressive wave of both brown hands.

"Everything is for sale, if you 'll buy," said she.

Charmed with the novelty of this little adventure, the girls, after scampering to the bathing-houses for purses and porte-monnaies, crowded around the boat like butterflies about a thistle, all eager to buy, and to discover who this bonny fisher-maiden might be.

"Oh, see these beauties!" "A dozen lilies for me!" "All the yellow flowers for me, they 'll be so becoming at the dance to-night!" "Ow! that lob bites awfully!" "Where do you come from?" "Why have we never seen you before?"

These were some of the exclamations and questions showered upon Tilly as she filled little birch-bark panniers with berries, dealt out flowers, or dispensed handfuls of shells. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed, her heart danced in her bosom, for this was a better beginning than she had dared to hope for, and as the dimes tinkled into the tin pail she used for her till, it was the sweetest music she had ever heard. This hearty welcome banished her shyness, and in these eager, girlish customers she found it easy to confide.

"I 'm from the light-house. You have never seen me because I never came before, except with fish for the hotel. But I mean to come every day, if folks will buy my things, for I want to make some money, and this is the only way in which I can do it."

Sophie glanced at the old hat and worn shoes of the speaker, and, dropping a bright half-dollar into the pail, said in her pretty way:

"For me all these lovely shells. I will make necklaces of them for my people at home as souvenirs of this charming place. If you will bring me more, I shall be much grateful to you."

"Oh, thank you! I 'll bring heaps; I know where to find beauties in places where other folks can't go. Please take these — you paid too much for the shells," and quick to feel the kindness of the stranger, Tilly put into her hands a little bark canoe heaped with red raspberries.

Not to be outdone by the foreigner, the other girls emptied their purses and Tilly's boat also of all but the lobsters, which were ordered for the hotel.

"Is that jolly bird for sale?" asked Di, as the last berry vanished, pointing to the gull who was swimming near them while the chatter went on.

"If you can catch him," laughed Tilly, whose spirits were now the gayest of the party.

The girls dashed into the water and, with shrieks of merriment, swam away to capture the gull, who paddled off as if he enjoyed the fun as much as they.

Leaving them to splash vainly to and fro, Tilly swung the creel to her shoulder and went off to leave her lobsters, longing to dance and sing to the music of the silver clinking in her pocket.

When she came back, the bird was far out of reach and the girls diving from her boat, which they had launched without leave. Too happy to care what happened now, Tilly threw herself down on the warm sand to plan a new and still finer cargo for next day.

Sophie came and sat beside her while she dried her curly hair, and in five minutes her sympathetic face and sweet ways had won Tilly to tell all her hopes and cares and dreams.

"I want schooling, and I mean to have it. I 've got no folks of my own, and Uncle has married again; so he does n't need me now. If I only had a little money, I could go to school somewhere, and take care of myself. Last summer I worked at the hotel, but I did n't make much, and had to have good clothes, and that took my wages pretty much. Sewing is slow work, and baby-tending leaves me no time to study; so I 've kept on at home picking berries and doing what I could to pick up enough to buy books. Aunt thinks I 'm a fool; but Uncle, he says, 'Go ahead, girl, and see what you can do.' And I mean to show him!"

Tilly's brown hand came down on the sand with a resolute thump, and her clear young eyes looked bravely out across the wide sea, as if far away in the blue distance she saw her hope happily fulfilled.

Sophie's eyes shone approval, for she understood this love of independence and had come to America because she longed for new scenes and greater freedom than her native land could give her. Education is a large word, and both girls felt that desire for self-improvement that comes to all energetic natures. Sophie had laid a good foundation, but still desired more, while Tilly was just climbing up the first steep slope which rises to the heights few attain, yet all may strive for.

"That is beautiful! You will do it! I am glad to help you if I may. See, I have many books, will you take some of them? Come to my room to-morrow and take what will best please you. We will say nothing of it, and it will make me a truly great pleasure."

As Sophie spoke, her little white hand touched the strong, sunburned one that turned to meet and grasp hers with grateful warmth, while Tilly's face betrayed the hunger that possessed her, for it looked as a starving girl's would look when offered a generous meal.

"I *will* come. Thank you so much! I don't know anything, but just blunder along and do the best I can. I got so discouraged I was real desperate, and thought I'd have one try and see if I could n't earn enough to get books to study this winter. Folks buy berries at the cottages, so I just added flowers and shells, and I'm going to bring my boxes of butterflies, birds' eggs, and sea-weeds. I've got lots of such things, and people seem to like spending money down here. I often wish I had a little of what they throw away."

Tilly paused with a sigh, then laughed as an impatient movement caused a silver clink; and slapping her pocket, she added gayly:

"I wont blame 'em if they 'll only throw their money in here."

Sophie's hand went involuntarily toward her own pocket, where lay a plump purse, for Papa was generous, and simple Sophie had few wants. But something in the intelligent face opposite made her hesitate to offer, as a gift, what she felt sure Tilly would refuse, preferring to earn her education if she could.

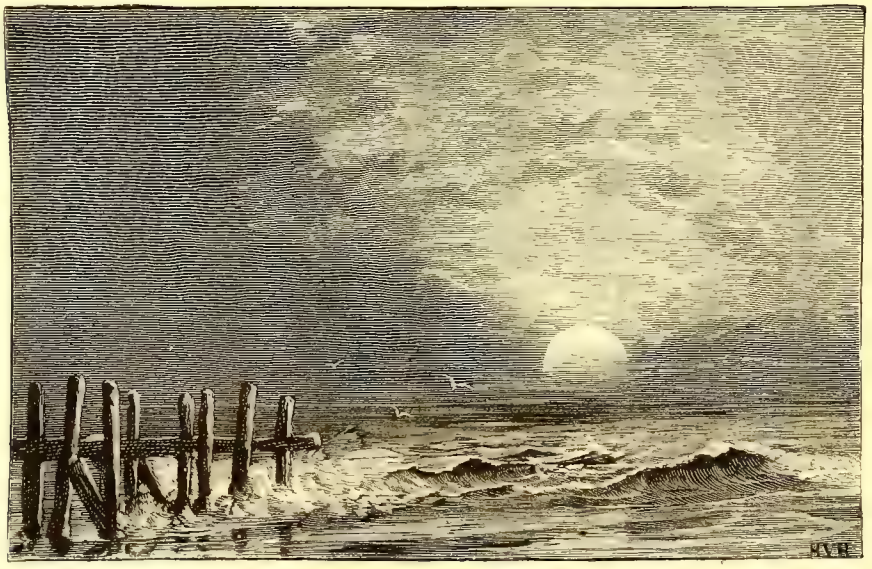
"Come often, then, and let me exchange these stupid bills for the lovely things you bring. We will come this afternoon to see you if we may, and I shall like the butterflies. I try to catch them; but people tell me I am too old to run, so I have not many."

Proposed in this way, Tilly fell into the little trap, and presently rowed away with all her might to set her possessions in order, and put her precious earnings in a safe place. The mermaids clung about the boat as long as they dared, making a pretty tableau for the artists on the rocks, then swam to shore, more than ever eager for the picnic on Light-house Island.

They went, and had a merry time, while Tilly did the honors and showed them a room full of treasures gathered from earth, air, and water, for she led a lonely life, and found friends among the fishes, made playmates of the birds, and studied rocks and flowers, clouds and waves, when books were wanting.

The girls bought gulls' wings for their hats, queer and lovely shells, eggs and insects, sea-weeds and carved wood, and for their small brothers, birch baskets and toy ships, made by Uncle Hiram, who had been a sailor.

When Tilly had sold nearly everything she possessed (for Fanny and Sophie bought whatever the others declined), she made a fire of drift-wood on the rocks, cooked fish for supper, and kept them till moonrise, telling sea stories or singing old songs, as if she could not do enough for these good fairies who had come to her when life looked hardest and the future very dark. Then she rowed them home, and, promising to bring loads of fruit and flowers every day, went back along a shining road, to find a great bundle of books in her dismantled room, and to fall asleep with wet eyelashes and a happy heart.



"AND KEPT THEM TILL MOONRISE."

II.

FOR a month Tilly went daily to the Point with a cargo of pretty merchandise, for her patrons in-

creased, and soon the ladies engaged her berries, the boys ordered boats enough to supply a navy, the children clamored for shells, and the girls depended on her for bouquets and garlands for the dances that ended every summer day. Uncle Hiram's fish was in demand when such a comely saleswoman offered it, so he let Tilly have her way, glad to see the old tobacco-pouch in which she kept her cash fill fast with well-earned money.

She really began to feel that her dream was coming true, and she would be able to go to the town and study in some great school, eking out her little fund with light work. The other girls soon lost their interest in her, but Sophie never did, and many a book went to the island in the empty baskets, many a helpful word was said over the lilies or wild honeysuckle Sophie loved to wear, and many a lesson was given in the bare room in the light-house tower which no one knew about but the gulls and the sea winds sweeping by the little window where the two heads leaned together over one page.

"You will do it, Tilly, I am very sure. Such a will and such a memory will make a way for you, and one day I shall see you teaching as you wish. Keep the brave heart, and all will be well with you," said Sophie when the grand breaking-up came in September, and the girls were parting down behind the deserted bath-houses.

"Oh, Miss Sophie, what should I have done without you? Don't think I have n't seen and known all the kind things you have said and done for me. I 'll never forget 'em, and I do hope I 'll be able to thank you some day," cried grateful Tilly, with tears in her clear eyes that seldom wept over her own troubles.

"I am thanked if you do well. Adieu, write to me, and remember always that I am your friend."

Then they kissed with girlish warmth and Tilly rowed away to the lonely island, while Sophie lingered on the shore, her handkerchief fluttering in the wind, till the boat vanished and the waves had washed away their foot-prints on the sand.

(To be concluded.)

WISDOM IN THE WELL.

By Phil o' Gelos.

THERE was an old man in Birtleby-town,
Who chose to live down in a well;
But why he lived there, in Birtleby-town,
Was never a man could tell.

The reason we 'd never have known to this day,
Had not the old gentleman told:
He said he was cool when the weather was hot,
And warm when the weather was cold.

A bucket he had to draw himself up,
A bucket to let himself down;
So, perhaps, he was either the silliest man,
Or the wisest, in Birtleby-town.

SNOW-SHOES AND NO SHOES.

By John R. Coryell.

FAR away to the north of us stretches a land white with snow during most of the year, where bleak winds in unobstructed fury sweep over deserted wastes; where night hangs like a somber cloud for months and months unbroken, and where those crystal mountains called icebergs are born. There is the home of the polar hare. There, where man aimlessly wanders in a vain search for food or shelter, this dainty creature thrives.

Excepting the Irishman's hare, which was no hare at all, but a donkey, the polar hare is the largest of the long-eared tribe. It equals the fox in size, and will sometimes reach the height of a man's knee. Being so large, and, moreover, being found as far north as ever man has been able to go, it is often the means of saving the lives of unfortunate explorers or whalers who have been imprisoned by the ice so long that their supply of provisions has given out.

Strangely enough, however, it sometimes hap-

pens that men are overtaken by starvation in the midst of numbers of polar hares. This is because the little creature has a peculiarity which makes it difficult for the inexperienced hunter to shoot it.

When approached, it seems to have no fear at all, but sits up, apparently waiting for the coming hunter. Just, however, as the probably hungry man begins to finger the trigger of his gun, and to eat in anticipation the savory stew, the hare turns about and bounds actively away to a safe distance, and, once more rising upon its haunches, sits with a provoking air of seeming unconsciousness until the hunter is again nearly within gun-shot, when it once more jumps away.

This must be tantalizing enough to a well-fed sportsman, but how heart-breaking to the man who knows that not only his own life, but the lives of all his comrades as well, depends upon the capture of the pretty creature whose action seems like the cruelest of coquetry, though, in fact, it is only the working of the instinct of self-preservation common to every animal.

Notwithstanding, however, the apparent impossibility of approaching near enough to the hare to shoot it, there is in reality a very simple way to accomplish it. This plan is practiced by the natives, who no doubt have learned it after many a hungry failure. It consists in walking in a circle around the animal, gradually narrowing the circle until within the proper distance. Simple as this plan is, it is so effective that, with care, the hunter may get within fifty yards of the hare, which seems completely bewildered by the circular course of its enemy.

Perhaps the sad story of the heroic suffering and final loss of Captain De Long and his brave comrades might never have had to be told, had it not been for their probable ignorance of a matter of no more importance than this of how to shoot a polar hare. When they left their ship, the "Jeannette," they took with them only rifles, thinking, no doubt, that they would fall in with only such large game as bears, reindeer, and wolves.

As a matter of fact, such large animals were very scarce, while ptarmigan, a species of grouse, were plentiful, and would have supplied food in abundance to the whole brave band had there been shotguns with which to shoot them. As it was, the rifles brought down but a few of the birds, and thus, in the midst of comparative plenty, the brave fellows starved.

Since the ground is covered with snow such a great part of the year, it might be imagined that the hare would find it no easy matter to procure its food. Fortunately for it, however, an evergreen bush, known as the Labrador tea-plant, is scattered throughout these regions, and seeking this in the snow, the creature makes a grateful meal upon it. At other times, the bark of the dwarf willow affords it a dainty repast.

Not only in the matter of food is the polar hare suited to its bleak, snowy home. Human beings who live in the same latitude have found it necessary to make for themselves broad, flat, light frames which they call snow-shoes, to enable them to move about on the feathery material into which they would otherwise sink over their heads at times. Nature has done the same thing for the hare when it gives it the broad, long, fur-clad hind legs, upon the lower joints of which the animal rests, and from which it springs.

Its body is protected from the bitter cold by long, soft, and thick fur, and as, even in its lonely home, it has enemies, this same fur, by a simple yet most ingenious plan, is made to serve as a means of safety.

The golden eagle and the snowy owl are both particularly fond of the pretty creature, but it is a fondness which the hare has no desire to encourage, and therefore, when it spies one of these great birds sailing through the air, with its sharp eyes searching about for something to devour, it instantly sinks upon the snow as motionless as if dead, and, thanks to the whiteness of its fur, it can hardly be distinguished from the material it rests upon. This same snowy fur which protects it in winter would, however, as surely betray it in summer, when the snow is gone; so the little creature changes its white winter coat for a brown one as soon as the short spring has cleared the ground, and thus it is still made to resemble its surroundings.

Still another provision is necessary to enable the hare to exist in its chosen home. It must have eyes arranged so that it can see during the long night of winter; and it is wonderful to find that its eyes are not fitted for total darkness, but for twilight; for the aurora borealis, which glows almost continuously in the arctic heavens, dispels the complete darkness that would otherwise exist, and makes a sort of twilight.

There is scarcely any animal that can not be tamed if properly treated, and the polar hare is no exception to the rule. Indeed, its gentle disposition makes it a very easy subject, and consequently it has not only been tamed for a pet, but even domesticated and kept for food.

Captain Ross, the great arctic explorer, caught a young one which had come, with a number of others, to eat the tea-leaves which had been thrown overboard from the ship on the ice. This hare he tamed and made such a pet of that it spent most of its time in his cabin. There it would sit, with a solemn air, listening to the conversation that was going on as if it understood every word, and when

the conversation was over it would leave the cabin with an air of having learned all that it wished to know.

A story is told of a boy in Newfoundland who had two polar hares which he one day determined to harness to his sled. Gentle as the creature is, it has the utmost dislike of being touched, and so it was a long and tiresome struggle for Master Tom before he could induce the hares to submit to even the simple harness he had contrived. At last it was accomplished, however, and with little Miss Annie, his three-year-old sister, on the sled, Tom touched his pets with his whip.

Poor little Annie must have thought she had suddenly alighted upon the tail of a comet going about a hundred miles a minute, for no sooner had the hares felt the whip than with one accord they started. And as the hare has but one way of going, and that is with a jump, and as Tom, to help matters, had headed them down a pretty steep hill, the sled was jerked from under Annie, who, being something like a very chubby barrel in shape, went after the flying hares as fast as she could roll, over and over.

The sled, too, being free at the second jump of the frightened animals, was also on its way down the incline, while Tom had started to run after Annie, but, losing his balance, had sat down, and was skimming along in the rear of the procession.

When Tom picked Annie out of a snow-drift she was breathless with indignation and fright, but recovering herself in a few moments, declared with an emphatic stamp of her foot: "Don't want to yide yabbits any more." Nor did she have the opportunity, for Tom never saw his hares again, they having concluded, no doubt, that they were not fitted for that kind of work. Tom would have tried the experiment again with Annie's pet hare, but this that positive young lady refused to allow, telling her pet afterward, in confidence, that he was "a very nice yabbit, but not a good horsey."



There is a use to which the polar hare, or more properly its fur, is put, which is certainly novel. The fur is so long that the Esquimaux women spin the hairs into thread, which they afterward knit into gloves. Captain Ross, the celebrated arctic explorer, had such a pair of gloves made for him, and says they rivaled Angora wool in whiteness, and surpassed it in softness.

LITTLE MAUD'S STORY.

By M. M. Gow.



I'M going to tell you
a story—
It 's nice, I know you
'll say;
Not an old tale
Worn out and
stale—
I made it myself, to-
day.

There was once a bee-*yoo*-tiful princess—
Oh, ever so long ago!
When fairies and kings
And all such things
Were common enough, you know.

And oh, she was awfully lovely!
With eyes as blue as the sky;
Slender and fair,
With long, light hair,
And about as big as I.

But oh, she was awful unhappy!
And if ever she smiled at all,
'T was once in awhile,
A weak little smile,
When she played with her Paris doll.

For she had such *terrible* teachers!
And lessons she could not bear;
And she hated to sew,
And she hated—*oh*,
She *hated* to comb her hair!

Well, one day, she wandered sadly
In a dark and dismal dell;
When, do you know,
She stubbed her toe,
And tumbled into a well!

The well was wet and slimy,
And dark and muddy and deep,
But the frogs below
They pitied her so,
They scraped the mud in a heap.

And then they clubbed together,
And a toad-stool tall they made;
And safe on that
The princess sat,
And waited for mortal aid.

And she, to keep from crying,
And her anxious fears disable,
Repeated fast,
From first to last,
Her multiplication-table.

And all the songs and verses
She had ever learned to say,
Books she had read,
Pieces she 'd said,
And the lessons of yesterday.

Now, a prince there came a-riding,
In the forest thereabout;
When he saw the fair
Maid sitting there,
Of course, he helped her out.

And, of course, they rode together,
Till they reached the palace gate,
Where they alighted,
Their tale recited,
And the wedding was held in state.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

The lives of authors are so often at variance with the spirit of their writings that it is always pleasant to learn that the poet is also a man of harmonious personal qualities; that the novelist who makes us weep over his pathetic domestic scenes is a good husband and father; and that the eloquent apostle of liberty is not a tyrant in his own household. An interest of this sort attaches to the subject of our sketch, and we shall be gratified to know that the author of "The Boy Hunters" and "The Rifle Rangers" was in youth a daring adventurer.

Of Captain Mayne Reid's boyhood we hear little, except that he was born in the North of Ireland in 1819, of mixed Scotch and Irish parentage, and that his father, a Presbyterian minister, designed him also for the pulpit. What manner of home he had, and the sort of life the future traveler and writer lived there; who were his associates, what his aspirations, his adventures,—for adventures he must certainly have had,—of all this we know nothing, when we could wish to know so much. But it is fitting, perhaps, that this haze of obscurity should hang over the early years of the romancer, whose life is itself like a page of romance.

Of one thing we may be sure, that the clerical profession was not to the taste of the imaginative boy, whose brave dreams beckoned him from far away, and cast altogether too dazzling a light over the sober books he was set to study. And we are not surprised to find him, at the age of twenty, quitting his tutors and his tasks, to follow those bright visions over seas.

Landing in New Orleans, he began a career of adventure in the wilds of America, the recollections of which stood him in good stead when he came to write the romances which flowed so copiously from his pen a few years later. Of this part of his career, also, we have no very definite information, except that he made two excursions up the Red River, hunting and trading with the Indians; that he, in like manner, ascended the Missouri and explored the vast prairies which the wave of civilization had not then reached. He afterward traveled extensively in the States, writing descriptions of his journeys for the newspaper press.

He was thus employed when, in 1845, war between the United States and Mexico broke out, and young Reid threw himself ardently into the

struggle as a volunteer. Joining a New York regiment, with a lieutenant's commission, he fought through the entire campaign, coming out of it with honorable wounds, a reputation for impetuous bravery and generous good-fellowship, and the title of captain, by which the world has known him since.

Two or three incidents of this memorable campaign serve to show the intrepid character of the young officer.

When our army, under General Scott, on its victorious march to the Mexican capital was, after several battles, stopped at Churubusco by the enemy under Santa Anna, a bloody engagement took place (August 20, 1847) at the causeway and bridge over the little river, Mayne Reid's active part in which is described by a correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, and substantially corroborated by affidavits of members of his regiment.

In the midst of the fight, at a moment of great uncertainty and confusion, when it was impossible to tell how the scale of battle would turn, Reid, then lieutenant, noticed a squadron of the enemy's lancers preparing to charge. Fearing the result to our broken and hesitating troops, he decided that it ought to be anticipated by a counter charge. As there was no superior officer of his own regiment on the spot to order such a movement, Reid hastened to the lieutenant-colonel of the South Carolina Volunteers, then in command, Colonel Butler having retired wounded from the field, and said to him:

"Colonel, will you lead your men in a charge?"

Before he could receive an answer, "he heard something snap," and the officer fell to his knees with one leg broken by a shot. As he was carried away, Reid exchanged a few words with the remaining officers, then hurried back to his own men, calling out, as he rushed to the front of the line:

"Soldiers! will you follow me to the charge?"

"Ve vill!" shouted Corporal Haup, a brave Swiss. The order was given, and away they went, with Haup and an Irishman named Murphy the first two after their leader, the South Carolina Volunteers joining in the charge.

A broad ditch intervened between the causeway held by the enemy and the field across which the Americans were sweeping. Thinking this was not very deep, as it was covered by a green scum, Mayne Reid plunged into it. "It took him nearly up to the armpits," says the correspondent whose account we condense, "and as he struggled out, all over slime and mud, he was a sight for gods and men!" and for our readers, if they can picture him there, emerging from the ooze, and rushing on with waving sword, not the less a hero for the plight which seems ludicrous enough to us who have the leisure to smile at it.

The leader's mishap served as a warning to his followers, and they avoided the plunge by taking a more roundabout course. The Mexicans, at sight of the advancing bayonets, did not wait, but took to their heels down the splendid road which led to the City of Mexico. As the pursuers gained the causeway, Phil Kearney's fine company of cavalry came thundering along on their dapple grays; and Reid firmly believed that the city might that day have been taken, if a recall had not been sounded and the enemy given time to fortify a new line of defense, "the key of which was Chapultepec."

The Castle of Chapultepec, commanding the great road to Mexico, was successfully stormed by our troops on the 13th of September. Of the part taken by Reid in that action we fortunately have an account written by himself, which appeared in the *New York Tribune* about a year ago, together with the printed testimony of several officers who witnessed his behavior on that occasion.

Reid was in command of the grenadier company of New York Volunteers and a detachment of United States marines, with orders to guard a battery which they had thrown up on the south-eastern side of the castle on the night of the 11th, and which had been hurling its crashing shot against the main gate throughout the 12th. The morning of the 13th was fixed for the assault, and a storming party had been formed of five hundred volunteers from various parts of the army. The batteries were ordered to cease firing at eleven o'clock, and the attack began.

Reid and the artillery officers, standing by their guns, watched the advance of the line with intense anxiety, which became apprehension when they saw that about half-way up the slope there was a halt. "I knew," he says in his account, "that if Chapultepec was not taken, neither would the city be; and failing that, not a man of us might ever leave the valley of Mexico alive." This opinion he formed from the fact that the Mexicans had thirty thousand soldiers against our six thousand, and that a serious check to our advance would give them, and a host of hostile *rancheros** in the country around, all the advantages of position and overwhelming numbers. Whatever may be thought of his judgment from a military point of view, the decision he took was certainly a brave one.

Asking leave of the senior engineer officer to join the storming party with his men, he obtained it with the words, "Go, and God be with you!" He was off at once, with his volunteers and marines. After a quick run across the intervening ground, they came up with the storming

* A Mexican term for herdsmen.

party under the brow of the hill, where it had halted to await the scaling ladders. "At this point," says Lieutenant Marshall, of the Fifteenth Infantry, "the fire from the castle was so continuous and fatal that the men faltered, and several officers were wounded while urging them on. At this moment, I noticed Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers; I noticed him more particularly at the time on account of the very brilliant uniform he wore. He suddenly jumped to his feet, and calling upon those around to follow, and without looking around to see whether he was sustained or not, pushed on almost alone to the very walls."

Reid's action was not quite so reckless as this account of an eye-witness would make it appear. The outer wall of the castle was commanded by three pieces of cannon on the parapet, which, loaded with grape and canister, fearfully decimated the ranks of the Americans at every discharge. To advance seemed certain death. But death seemed equally certain whether the assailants retreated or remained where they were. Such is his own explanation of his conduct.

"Men!" he shouted out, in a momentary lull of the conflict, "if we don't take Chapultepec, the American army is lost! Let us charge up the walls!"

Voices answered: "We will charge if any one will lead us!" "We 're ready!"

Just then the three guns on the parapet roared almost simultaneously. It would be a little time before they could load and fire again. Reid seized the opportunity, and calling out, "Come on! I 'll lead you!" leaped over the scarp that had temporarily sheltered them, and made the charge already described.

There was no need, he says, to look back to see if he was followed. He knew that his men would not have been there, unless prepared to go where he led. About half way up, he saw the parapet crowded with Mexican artillerists, on the point of discharging a volley. He avoided it by throwing himself on his face, receiving only a slight wound in his sword-hand, another shot cutting his clothing. Instantly on his feet again, he made for the wall, in front of which he was brought down by a Mexican ounce-ball tearing through his thigh.

All the testimony goes to show that he was first before the wall of Chapultepec. Second was the brave Swiss, Corporal Haup, who also fell, shot through the face, tumbling forward over the body of his officer. It was Reid's lieutenant, Hypolite Dardonville, a young Frenchman, who afterward, mounting the scaling ladders with the foremost, tore down the Mexican flag from its staff.

Before that, however, Reid was observed by Lieutenant Cochrane, of the Voltigeurs. Cochrane was pushing for the castle with his men, when before him, scarcely ten yards from the wall, an officer of infantry and a comrade were shot and fell. "They were the only two at the time," he says in his statement, "whom I saw in advance of me on the rock upon which we were scrambling."

Reaching the wall, Cochrane ordered two men "to go back a little way and assist the ladders



CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

up the hill." As they passed the spot where the wounded officer lay, he raised himself with evident pain, and sang out above the din and rattle of musketry, imploring the men to stand firm:

"Don't leave that wall," he cried, "or we shall all be cut to pieces. Hold on, and the castle is ours!"

Cochrane answered, to re-assure him: "There is no danger, Captain, of our leaving this! Never fear!" Then the ladders came, the rush was made, and the castle fell.

"The wounded officer," Cochrane continues,

"proved to be Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers."

Lieutenant Marshall, to whom we are indebted for that vivid glimpse of the young officer in "his very brilliant uniform," describes the effect produced by the exploit,—all those who witnessed or knew of it pronouncing it, "without exception, the bravest and most brilliant achievement performed by a single individual during the campaign."

These statements of Reid's fellow-officers (there are others from which we have not quoted) were called out shortly after the close of the war by the question going the rounds of the newspapers, "Who was first at Chapultepec?" Reid's own statement was in answer to some criticisms on his Mexican record by a newspaper correspondent, who admitted that he was foremost in the charge, yet attributed his action to a false motive.

It was charged that Reid had previously, in the heat of passion, run his sword through the body of a soldier he was reprimanding for some offense, and that his conduct at Chapultepec was prompted by a remorseful desire to atone for that rash act.

"It is quite true," Reid says, "that I ran a soldier through with my sword, and that he afterward died of the wound; but it is absolutely untrue that there was any heat of temper on my part, or other incentive to the act than that of self-defense and the discharge of my duty as an officer. On the day of the occurrence I was an officer of the guard, and the man a prisoner in the guard-prison, where he spent most of his time; for he was a noted desperado and, I may add, robber; long the pest and terror, not only of his comrades in the regiment, but the poor Mexican people, who suffered from his depredations." This man, having several times escaped, had that day been recaptured, and for his greater security Reid had ordered irons to be put upon his hands. He was a fellow of great strength, fierce and reckless; he had boasted that no officer should ever put him in irons; and now that the attempt was made, clutching the manacles and rushing upon Lieutenant Reid, he aimed a murderous blow with them at his head. The sword was too quick for him, and he rushed upon it, to his own hurt.

That the act was considered justifiable is shown by the fact that the court-martial which investigated it acquitted Reid of misconduct, and ordered him to rejoin his regiment. That he felt a brave man's regret for the necessity which forced him to take the life of a fellow-man, we can readily believe. But why should that have caused him to risk his own at Chapultepec?

The war over, Captain Reid resigned his commission. But the spirit of adventure was roused in him again when the Hungarian struggle for freedom enlisted the sympathies of liberty-loving people everywhere; and in 1849 he organized, in New York, a body of men to join it. He had arrived in Paris, on his way to Hungary, when news reached him of the failure of the insurrection.

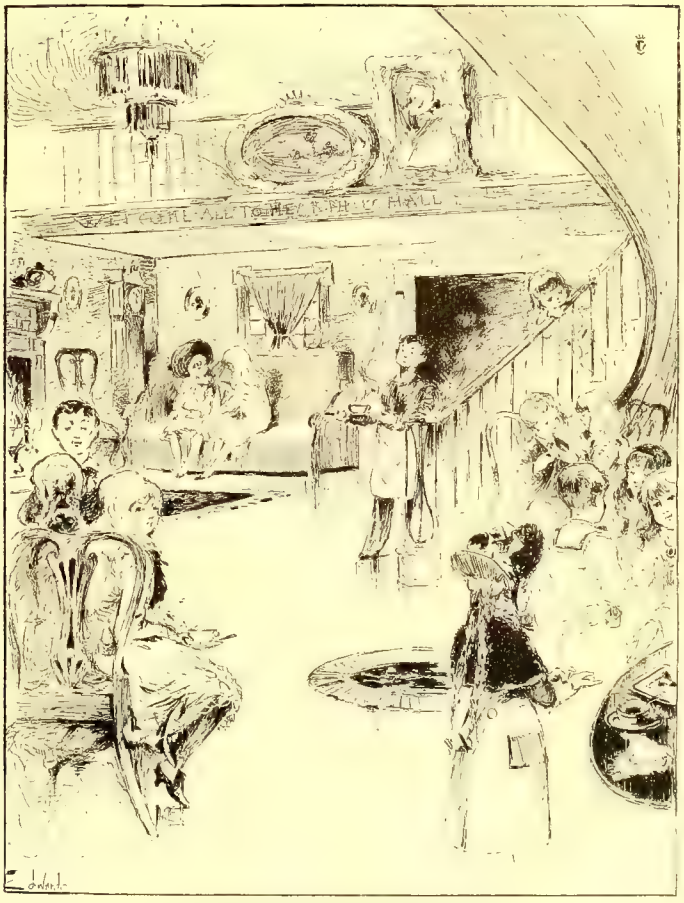
Reid then retired to England and settled down to literary work. "The Scalp Hunters," his first romance, was written largely from his own knowledge of the scenes it describes, and it had an immediate success. It was followed rapidly by others, drawn partly from recollection, partly from the observations of other travelers, and partly, it must be admitted, from his own audacious imagination. A man who had displayed such intrepidity with the sword could hardly be expected to lack courage in wielding the pen. You are following no timid leader when you enter the field of fiction, where the calculating rashness of his invention goes forward somewhat like the "very brilliant uniform" that led the charge at Chapultepec. He takes you through regions where strange things happen—almost too strange and improbable, you sometimes say; but this criticism serves rather to raise than to depreciate his books in the opinion of most boys. We can forgive some extravagance of incident and peculiarities of style in an author who evidently writes as he acts—with unhesitating boldness and decision.

In the last letter written by the great African explorer, Livingstone, he says, "Captain Mayne Reid's boys' books are the stuff to make travelers." There is, moreover, this to be said of them, that the frame-work of fact in which he sets his pictures can always be relied on as fact. Believe as much or as little as you please of the marvelous things that happen in his stories; but be sure that he has carefully gathered from the most trustworthy sources all that he has to tell you of natural history, of the traits, manners, and habits of the strange people among whom his scenes are laid, and of the wonders of the countries themselves.

Of Captain Mayne Reid's forty volumes of romances, nearly all have been reprinted in this country, and many have been translated into other languages. He is popular in Russia, where several of his tales have had a large circulation. No doubt, many readers of ST. NICHOLAS have sat up nights over "The Desert Home," "The English Family Robinson," "The Forest Exiles," and "The Bush Boys"; and those whose youthful recollections go back as far as the first volumes of "Our Young Folks," will remember "Afloat in the Forest," which delighted the early readers of that magazine.

Captain Mayne Reid's home is in England, where he lives the life of a quiet country gentleman, devoting himself to literature and rural pursuits. He is now a man of sixty-four years, but young-

looking for his age, although suffering from severe lameness caused by the old wound received at Chapultepec. In 1854 he was married to a young English lady of the Clarendon-Hyde family, a lineal descendant of the famous Lord High Chancellor. Among his latest writings are a series of interesting letters on the Rural Life of England, which have recently appeared in the *New York Tribune*, giving detailed and graphic descriptions of the farmer, the parson, the squire, the magistrate, field clubs, and sports, and many other things of which we over the water read so much in books and yet know so little. But his very latest work, as the editors will tell you, is a story written for ST. NICHOLAS, in which you will be invited to accompany some English and American boys through some thrilling perils and marvelous escapes in the "Land of Fire," during the coming year. You will be sure to be entertained, for whatever else may be said of him, Mayne Reid is never dull. And you will feel all the more interested in the story told when you know that the teller is a brave man, who carries wounds received in fighting your country's battles.



THANKSGIVING MORNING AT GRANDPAPA'S.

NUTTING-TIME.

By H. I.

THE month was October, the frosts had come down,
The woodlands were scarlet and yellow and brown;
The harvests were gathered, the nights had grown chill,
But warm was the day on the south of the hill.

'T was there with our bags and our baskets we went,
And searching the dry leaves we busily bent;
The chestnuts were big and the beech-nuts were small,
But both sorts are welcome to boys in the fall.

And when, in the ashes beneath the bright flame,
On eves of November, with laughter and game,
The sweetmeats are roasted, we recollect still
How fine was the day on the south of the hill.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM CHINA.

By SOPHIE SWETT.

THERE he stood, on the nursery mantel-piece, "grin'n' and grin'n', as if he 'd grin the hairt out iv him," as Nora, the nurse, said, and nobody seemed to know how he came there. He might have walked all the way from China, and set himself up there of his own accord, for all that Dode, or Teddy, or Marion, or the baby knew. But he looked so much like a gentleman on a screen down in the library, that Marion ran down to see if it were not he. She had thought, before, that he must have a very stupid time, standing there on the screen, always squinting with his queer long eyes, at nothing in particular, and she did not think it in the least strange that he had preferred to hop off, if he could, and come up to the nursery where there was always something going on.

But no; there he was on the screen, squinting away, just as usual, and when you came to compare them, the resemblance was not so very great. Instead of an agreeable smile, the one on the screen had a scowl, and his petticoats were purple, instead of red, like the gentleman's in the nursery, and his tunic and trousers, instead of being a lovely gold color like his, were a very dull, unpleasant pink. He had no queer, box-like cap perched on the top of his head and tied under his chin, like the one upstairs; but when you came to his pigtail, there was the greatest difference. The Chinese gentleman in the nursery had a pigtail of "truly" hair, well combed and glossy, and reaching almost to his feet; while the one on the screen had only an embroidered one, that could n't have looked like anything but sewing silk, if he had come off.

Marion decided that they could be only distant relatives.

When she got back to the nursery, she found that an astonishing thing had happened.

Teddy had given the Chinese gentleman's pigtail a jerk, and there had suddenly appeared in the front of his queer little box of a cap the word, SATURDAY.

It *was* Saturday. They did not need to be told that, for Saturday was a holiday. But how he knew what day of the week it was, the children could not understand.

The letters seemed to be rattling about in his head like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, and suddenly to rattle themselves together into a word.

"It 's a wise ould felly, he is," said Nora, shaking her head mysteriously. "It 's meself knew that same be the quare looks iv him. He 'll be

afther watchin' iverythin' that 's go'n' on, and if there 's mischief done he 'll not kape it til himself. Och, but he has a shly way wid him!"

The children looked at each other in dismay.

There was certainly something very queer about him. He ran his tongue out, in a mocking and very unpleasant way when the word appeared in front of his cap, and there was no denying that he had a very sly and knowing twinkle in his eye.

He seemed to know altogether more than was proper for a gentleman who, after all, was only made of wood, if he was Chinese; and if he was going to be a spy, and tell who did mischief, he was not to be tolerated. Teddy gave his pigtail another jerk, after a rather cross fashion, and out came his tongue in that very impolite way, and up into his cap popped the word Sunday.

"Pooh! he is n't much," said Dode. "He is only just fixed up inside so that he can tell one day after another. Just let him alone, and he 'll say to-morrow is Monday. Nora is only trying to scare you. I should think she might know that *I* would know better." And Dode drew himself up to look just as tall as he possibly could, which was not, after all, so tall as he could wish, and did not seem to impress Nora, although it did impress Teddy, and Marion, and the baby.

"He 's only an old wooden image, is he? and not so very pretty either!" said Marion, who almost always believed what Dode told her.

"He 's a calendar! He 's useful. I know Aunt Esther brought him!" said Dode, with great contempt.

Aunt Esther was very kind about some things, and she had a big dog named Ponto who could dance a polka, though she valued him only because he kept burglars away. But she had one failing that almost spoiled her: she would make useful presents.

It was not of the least avail for Marion to hint, about Christmas time, that her doll, Lady Jane Grey, was suffering for a Saratoga trunk full of stylish clothes; Aunt Esther was sure to send her a work-box, or a writing-desk. She gave Teddy a dozen pocket handkerchiefs when he wanted a pistol; and Dode a very dry History of the World, in seven volumes, when he had hinted for a banjo.

She took Teddy to a lecture on Fossil Remains, when he wanted to go to the circus, and she made Dode go to the School of Anatomy to see a lot of skeletons, instead of to the Zoölogical Gardens. She never bought candy, and she thought Mother Goose was silly. She said dolls were a waste of time, and she thought drums made a noise.

Aunt Esther had no children of her own. They all died young. Dode said it was no wonder.

It did not seem, at first thought, as if Aunt Esther could have bought the Gentleman from China. He was so red-and-gold, and had such a grin. He looked exactly as if Aunt Esther would not approve of him.

"If you pulled his pigtail every morning he would tell you what day of the week it was, and that was useful, certainly; but if Aunt Esther had bought a Chinese Gentleman at all, she would have bought a drab one, who would n't under any circumstances have run out his tongue," the children thought.

How he came there was not explained to the satisfaction of Marion and Teddy and the baby, whatever Dode might think; and they did think he was a little "quare," and feel a little awe of him, although they pretended not to.

He had such an opportunity to make himself disagreeable if he really could watch all the mischief that was done, and tell who was at the bottom of it! For there was no denying that they were full of mischief—Dode and Marion and the baby. Teddy did not really belong to the family; he was a little orphan cousin. "He is just the same as one of us, only not so bad," Marion always explained.

It was not often Teddy who did the mischief, but it was very often Teddy who was blamed for it.

For several days the Gentleman from China conducted himself as mildly and unobtrusively as a wooden gentleman might be expected to; he certainly saw plenty of mischief, if he kept his eyes open, but he never mentioned it, and the children grew so bold as to laugh to scorn Nora's warnings that he was a "foxy ould felly, that was layin' up a hape o' saycrets to let out agin 'em, some foine day."

His smile became very tiresome, and it was decided that he was not, after all, very handsome. His pigtail was not pulled, even once a day, and the children's big brother, Rob, said he "smiled and smiled and was a villain," because he so seldom told the truth about the day of the week.

One rainy day, Dode did take him down to try to find out what there was inside of him. He was a long time about it; but he put him back rather suddenly, at last, and went off as if he were in a hurry. And neither Marion nor Teddy nor the baby cared enough about the Chinese Gentleman to remember to ask him, when he came back, if he found out where the gentleman kept his letters.

One reason for this may have been that the nursery was enlivened, just then, by three of the most bewitching kittens that ever frisked. Three fuzzy balls with blue eyes, and the pinkest of noses and toes; and they tore and scampered over everything, like small whirlwinds. They understood so thoroughly the art of being agreeable,

there was such variety in their entertainments, and they enjoyed them so much themselves, it was no wonder that they put the Chinese Gentleman in the background. The kittens, to be sure, could not tell you what day of the week it was,—the baby had pulled each of their tails to see,—but so long as there was time enough in it to turn somersaults, race together pell-mell, and tumble headlong, they did n't care.

It was a great shame that such lovely kittens should not have had prettier names; but there had been so many kittens in that family that the children had exhausted all the pretty names, or got fairly tired out thinking them up. They had had Gyps, and Fluffs, and Daisies, and Muffs, and Pinkies, and Fannies, and Flossies, and Minnies; and dignified names, too — Lord This and Lady That; a splendid old patriarch named Moses, and a wicked little black kitten called Beelzebub; and now there really did n't seem to be any names left for these three but Rag, Tag, and Bob-tail; and Rag, Tag, and Bob-tail they were accordingly named.

Bob-tail did have a funny little bob of a tail; it looked as if half of it had been bitten off; that was what made them think of his name, and his name suggested the others. Bob-tail was white, without a speck of any other color upon him; but, I am sorry to say, that he usually looked somewhat dingy. His one fault was that he would not keep himself clean.

Marion and the baby — who was a three-year-old boy, if he was still called the baby, and could do as much mischief as an ordinary ten-year-old one —had become so disgusted with Bob-tail's want of cleanliness, that they had resolved to dye him. He really ought to be of some dark color that would not show dirt, they thought.

And they had found, in Mamma's room, a bottle of indelible ink, of a bright, beautiful, purple color, which, they decided, would be just the very thing to dye him with.

The operation was performed that very day, as soon as Dode had finished examining the interior arrangements of the Chinese Gentleman, and left the room.

They waited until he had gone, because he always wanted to superintend things, and thought he ought to, because he was the oldest. Marion and the baby thought, as it was their own idea, they ought to have the privilege of dyeing Bob-tail just as they pleased; so it was just as well not to let Dode know anything about it until it was done.

Teddy was allowed to look on, and was finally promoted to the honor of holding Bob-tail, who, being only a kitten, had not sense enough to understand the advantage of being dyed purple, and struggled and scratched like a little fury.

The baby thought he would be prettier dyed in spots; but that was found to be impossible, because he would not keep still. The only way was to pour the ink over him, and they had to take great care to prevent it from getting into his eyes. A great deal went upon the carpet; but, as Nora was down in the kitchen, ironing, and would never know how it came there, I am sorry to say that they did not think that was of much consequence. Marion did look up, once, at the Gentleman from China, to see if he showed any signs of noticing what was going on, any more than any image would, for she could not rid herself of the fancy that, after all, Nora might be right about his being "quare" and "shly." But he exhibited only his usual pleasant grin, and no more of a twinkle in his queer, long eyes. Marion concluded that it would be just as absurd to suspect him of noticing what was going on as it would be to suspect the little brass Cupid on the chandelier, who always had his arrow poised, but never let it fly.

It was proposed to hold Bob-tail over the furnace-register until the ink was thoroughly dry; but Nora suddenly opened the door, and Bob-tail took advantage of the commotion which her entrance caused to make his escape. It happened, unfortunately, that the street-door had been left ajar, and out Bob-tail slipped.

When Marion and Teddy reached the lower hall there was no kitten to be seen. They called until they were hoarse, but no Bob-tail came.

"Perhaps he has gone to see if his mother will know him," suggested the baby; for Bob-tail's mother, a sober-minded and venerable tabby, lived only a few blocks away.

"If he should happen to see himself in a looking-glass, he might think it was n't he, and never come home," said Marion; "just like the little old woman on the king's highway who had her petticoats cut off, and said:

"'Oh, lauk a mercy on me! This surely can't be I!'"

"I 'm not afraid of that," said Teddy, after some deliberation, "because he 'll know himself by his bob-tail."

Still, they all felt very anxious and uneasy, and would have rushed out in pursuit of him, only that it was raining very hard, and they were not allowed to go out.

They thought he would be sure to come home to supper, for Bob-tail was the greediest of the three, and always cried lustily for his saucer of warm milk.

But supper-time came, and no Bob-tail. It was so sad to miss his shrill little "mew!" that they all three cried, and were quite cross to Rag and Tag, who had not got lost.

The next morning, they were all up bright and early to see if Bob-tail had not come home. But, alas! there were Rag and Tag alone, and so dejected in spirit that they hardly cared to play, and looking very melancholy with the bits of black ribbon which Dode, who was rather heartless and would make fun, had tied around their left forefeet.

Marion and Teddy went up and down the street,



"IT 'S A WISE OLD FELLY, HE IS," SAID NORA, MYSTERIOUSLY.

and called Bob-tail in beseeching tones, but no Bob-tail responded.

When they came home from school, and found that he had not come back, it was resolved that something must be done.

"I 'd rather have him dir-dir-dirty-white and found, than pur-pur-purple and lost!" sobbed the baby.

And they all agreed to that sentiment. But that did not help matters in the least.

"If the Chinese Gentleman really knew as much as Nora said, he might tell us where Bob-tail is," said Teddy. "Let 's give his pigtail an awful pull!"

"Pooh! he 'll only say it is Wednesday. I suppose he will tell the truth, because he was pulled yesterday, but we all know that already," said Marion.

Dode cast a somewhat uneasy glance at the Gentleman from China, but said nothing.

Teddy gave his pigtail "an awful pull." And a most extraordinary thing happened. Instead of the name of the day of the week, this was what appeared in the front of the Chinese Gentleman's head-dress:

SEND E W

Some of the letters were tipsily askew, but the message was plain enough. "Send E. W." Of course, E. W. stood for Edward Warren, Teddy's name.

Teddy turned pale, and Marion thought that Nora was certainly right, and wished that she had believed her before.

Dode looked a little frightened, but he laughed and went and gave the Chinese Gentleman's pigtail another twitch.

"We 'll find out whether he really means it," he said.

Those letters fell away, and up came: YES.

The letters were even more askew than the others, and there was a great rattling before they came, as if he had to make a great effort to get them up into his cap. But here it was, as plain a "Yes" as one could wish to see.

"There 's no doubt about it; he means for you to go, Teddy," said Dode, laughing still, though he did look a little frightened — and Dode was not easily scared.

"And oh, Teddy, perhaps you will find Bob-tail!" cried Marion, forgetting her fears in joy at this prospect.

Teddy prepared at once to obey the Chinese Gentleman's direction. He had not the least idea where to go, but he had faith that he should find Bob-tail, for the Chinese Gentleman seemed gifted with miraculous powers.

Dode and Marion and the baby escorted him down to the door; and Marion, determined to have everything properly done, tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and made him whirl around until he could not tell which way he was facing, and then started him off. When he took the handkerchief off, he found he was turned in just the opposite direction to the one he had intended to follow; but, since Marion was sure it was the proper way to do, he went on, having a queer feeling that the Chinese Gentleman had had something to do with turning him around.

On he went, up one street and down another, peering into every alley-way, and calling "Kitty, Kitty," or "Bobby, Bobby," continually. Several times he stopped and asked persons whom he met if they had seen "a purple kitten without very much of a tail." They all looked surprised and said "No"; one boy laughed, and said there was no such thing as a purple kitten. Teddy did not condescend to explain, and, as the other boy was a big one, Teddy did not tell him what he thought of him.

He grew very weary and discouraged, and had begun to think that the Gentleman from China was a humbug, when suddenly he espied a crowd collected around a hand-organ. Perhaps there was a monkey! If there was anything in the world that Teddy thoroughly delighted in, it was a monkey. He forgot that he was tired, he almost forgot Bob-tail, for there *was* a monkey, and an uncommonly attractive one, too, with scarlet trousers and a yellow jacket, ear-rings in his ears, and a funny little hat, with a feather standing upright in it. He was holding his hat out for pennies, and, suddenly seeing a lady at an upper window of a house, he darted nimbly on to the window-blind, and so made his way up to her.

The lady put some money into his hat, and he turned away; but something on the roof of the house suddenly caught his eye, and he darted up the spout to the very top of the house!

There sat a kitten — a most forlorn, and dirty, and draggled-looking kitten, of a dull, dingy black color, with streaks and spots of dirty white here and there, and not very much of a tail.

Bob-tail's very self; but oh, how changed from the happy, frisky Bob-tail of other days!

The monkey advanced, chattering, and with uplifted paw, and cuffed poor Bob-tail's ears.

The kitten made a fierce little spit at the monkey. And then, seeming to be overcome with fear of a kind of enemy which was new to his experience, and might be altogether too much for him, he turned and fled.

Teddy could see an open sky-light, and the tip of the kitten's tail vanishing into it.

Teddy ran up the steps of the house and rang the bell.

"My kitten, is in your house! I saw him go down through your sky-light," he said to the young girl who opened the door.

"Is it a queer kitten, that looks as if he 'd been through *everything?*" said the girl.

"Yes, perhaps he does. He 's been dyed," said Teddy, rather shamefacedly.

"Dyed? What a cruel, wicked boy you must be to dye a poor little kitten!" said the girl, severely. "He has been crying around here all day. He would n't eat anything, he was so frightened. I 'm sure I don't know about letting you have him."

"We thought he would be prettier purple. But we 'll never dye him again," said Teddy, meekly.

The girl seemed to have difficulty in catching Bob-tail, but she at last appeared with him, though he was struggling frantically for freedom.

The moment he saw Teddy he made a leap into his arms. He was of a forgiving disposition, and willing to overlook the dyeing, or perhaps he had found, already, that there is no place like home. At all events, he curled up snugly in Teddy's arms, and Teddy, rejoicing, carried him home.

Great was the joy among the children over the wanderer restored to the bosom of his family, but Rag and Tag were somewhat cold and reserved in their manner toward him.

They eyed him askance for awhile, Tag even showing an inclination to do battle with him, but at last they both drew nearer and smelled of him, and seeming re-assured by this, they set to work to restore him to his natural color. But they retired from the labor with disgusted faces before long, evidently not finding the taste of the ink agreeable.

It was night then, and by gaslight Dode and Marion did not think Bob-tail looked very badly, considering that purple is not expected to be very pretty by gas-light; but the next morning Marion thought he did look "horrible," as she said.

"Oh, I wish we had him back as he was!" she exclaimed. "I don't think purple is in good taste for kittens, and he 's almost black anyway, and so streaked! What shall we do?"

"Ask the old chap; maybe he 'll know," said Dode.

"Oh, the Chinese Gentleman! Do you dare to twitch his pigtail, Dode?" asked Marion, in a voice of awe.

Dode pulled it, and with a great deal of rattling — more than he had made just to tell the days of the week — up came these letters:

DURTY

"Dirty! why, of course, Bob-tail is dirty. That 's true, old fellow, if you can't spell!" cried Dode.

"Oh, hush, Dody! Perhaps that 's the way they spell it in China. How could he know?" cried Marion.

"I don't see that we know any more," said Teddy. "You 'd better ask him again, Dode, how we can clean him."

Dode twitched the Chinese Gentleman's pig-tail again, he being the only one who had the courage to do it.

STAY came up, the letters askew, as if he were in a great hurry.

"Stay? What does he mean by that? We wont let Bob-tail stay purple, if that 's what you mean, my ancient chap," said Dode, whose bump of reverence was but small.

"I should n't want to be so rude to a witch like him," said Teddy, seriously. "He might turn you into something."

"There are n't any gentleman witches in my book," said Marion, doubtfully; "but perhaps they have them in China. Pull him once more, Dode, and be awfully polite."

Dode pulled, and TRY came up, very straight and trim.

"Try! So we will. We will wash him like everything," said Marion.

And into the bath-tub went poor Bob-tail as soon as they came from school that afternoon, and such a scrubbing as he had it is probable that no other kitten was ever compelled to endure since the world began.



"TEDDY, REJOICING, CARRIED BOB-TAIL HOME."

They could hardly tell whether he looked any better or not that night, he was so wet, and draggled, and unhappy. And the next morning he was still shivering, and seemed, as Marion said, "as if he were going to have a fit of sickness."

The purple had come off a good deal, but that was no comfort if he were going to die!

"I 'd a good deal rather have him pur-pur-purple than not to have him a ter-ter-tall!" cried the baby.

"Oh, Dode, ask the Chinese Gentleman what we shall do for him!" exclaimed Marion.

"All right," said Dode. "It 's Friday to-day, is n't it?"

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Teddy.

"Oh, nothing," said Dode, "only he 'll be sure not to say the same that he did yesterday."

"What do you mean, Dode?" said Marion.

"Oh, nothing, only they never repeat themselves in China," said Dode, who could be very disagreeable about keeping things to himself.

He jerked the pigtail, and IRDF greeted the children's astonished eyes.

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Marion.

"It 's probably Chinese. If you only understood Chinese you 'd know just how to cure Bob-tail. I'll pull again and ask him to speak English."

The pigtail being jerked, up came these letters: DRY.

"That 's English, anyway! And I don't suppose he 's quite dry, or he would n't shiver so. Let 's wrap him up in warm blankets."

The Chinese Gentleman's command was accordingly obeyed, and in twenty-four hours Bob-tail was himself again, and really more a white kitten than a purple one.

Sunday afternoon, it happened that Dode and Marion were alone in the nursery. Marion, who had been earnestly looking at the Gentleman from China, suddenly said, in a very serious tone:

"Dode, do you think he really is a witch?"

"Oh, you goose! I should think anybody might see through that," said Dode, who was in an unusually good-natured mood. "I broke him, trying to find out how he was made, and now, instead of coming up in order, the letters that make the name of the day come any way; that 's all. Sometimes it makes a word, and sometimes it does n't. It has happened queerly, sometimes, and that 's all. Yesterday I pulled him, and he said DUTY; now we 'll see what he 'll say."

DUNS came up, at which Dode clapped his hands provokingly, and declared that the old Chinee had some sense, after all; for if that did n't spell "dunce," what did it spell? and did n't it just describe the girl that thought he was a witch? It was rather hard to make Marion believe Dode's simple explanation, and he told her, grandly, that "half the grown people in the world could be humbugged by a simple thing like that, which any fellow, with a head on his shoulders, could explain to them in two minutes."

Teddy, on being summoned, was inclined to agree with Marion in thinking that the Chinese Gentleman must have brains, instead of machinery, in the head which that wonderful pigtail grew out of.

But they all united in one opinion, that he was "the splendidest fun they ever had; and if Aunt Esther did buy him, he made amends for all the useful presents she had ever given them."

It happened that Aunt Esther came to see them the very next day. The first thing that she said, when she came into the nursery, was:

"I am very glad to hear that you like the present I sent you. I did n't suppose you would, because it is not a frivolous, useless toy. I am sorry that it is broken, and I will have it repaired."

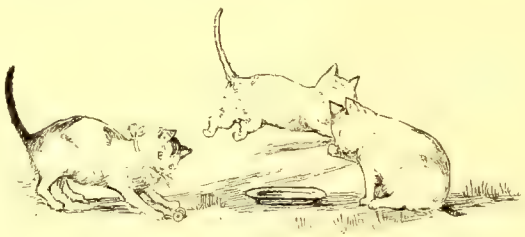
"Oh, Aunt Esther, please don't!" cried Marion. "We *hated* him when he went right. We only like him spoiled!"

Aunt Esther heaved a great sigh.

"It is just as I might have expected. You never will care for anything useful. Hereafter, I shall give my presents to deserving children."

Just at that moment Dode slyly pulled the Chinese Gentleman's pigtail, and—of course it was very impolite and wrong, but he did n't know any better—the Chinese Gentleman, running out his tongue and, it seemed to the children, with a broader grin than he had ever grinned before, rattled these letters up into his cap: O MY.

And Aunt Esther will not believe, to this day, that the children did not mean to make fun of her.



THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

By Mary A. Lathbury.



Light up the sky! Light up the sky!
The moon is set and the wind is high,
And two little runaways—Madge and I
Must journey and journey
Till night is done,
To the Land o' Clouds,
To meet the sun.
So, little Lamp-lighter,
The stars must burn brighter,
And whether to Cloud-land
Or Dream-land, or nearer,
The stars must burn clearer,
For Madge and for me,
To go when the sun comes up
Out of the sea.

THE BEE-MAN AND HIS ORIGINAL FORM.

By Frank R. Stockton.

In the ancient country of Orn, there lived an old man who was called the Bee-man, because his whole time was spent in the company of bees. He lived in a little hut, which was nothing more than an immense bee-hive, for these little creatures had built their honey-combs in every corner of the one room it contained, on the shelves, under the one little table, all about the rough bench on which the old man sat, and even about the head-board and along the sides of his low bed. All day the air of the room was thick with buzzing insects, but this did not interfere in any way with the old Bee-man, who walked in among them, ate his meals, and went to sleep, without the slightest fear of being stung. He had lived with the bees so long, they had become so accustomed to him, and his skin was so tough and hard, that the bees no more thought of stinging him than they would of stinging a tree or a stone. A swarm of bees had made their hive in a pocket of his old leathern doublet; and when he put on this coat to take one of his long walks in the forest in search of wild bees' nests, he was very glad to have this hive with him; for, if he did not find any wild honey, he would put his hand in his pocket and take out a piece of a comb for a luncheon. The bees in his pocket worked very industriously, and he was always certain of having something to eat with him wherever he went. He lived principally upon honey; and when he needed bread or meat, he carried some nice combs to a village not far away and bartered them for other food. He was ugly, untidy, shriveled, and brown. He was poor, and the bees seemed to be his only friends or relations. But, for all that, he was happy and contented; he had all the honey he wanted, and his bees, whom he considered the best company in the world, were as friendly and sociable as they could be, and seemed to increase in number every day.

One day, there stopped at the hut of the Bee-man a Junior Sorcerer. This young person, who was a student of magic, necromancy, and the kindred arts, was much interested in the Bee-man, whom he had frequently noticed in his wanderings. He had never met with such a being before, and considered him an admirable subject for study. He got a great deal of useful practice by endeavoring to find out, by the various rules and laws of sorcery, exactly why the old Bee-man did not happen to be something that he was not, and why he was what he happened to be. He had studied a good while at this matter, and had found out something.

"Do you know," he said, when the Bee-man came out of his hut, "that you have been transformed?"

"What do you mean by that?" said the other, much surprised.

"You have surely heard of animals and human beings who have been magically transformed into different kinds of creatures?"

"Yes, I have heard of these things," said the Bee-man; "but what have I been transformed from?"

"That is more than I know," said the Junior Sorcerer. "But one thing is certain — you ought to be changed back. If you will find out what you have been transformed from, I will see that you are made all right again. Nothing would please me better than to attend to such a case."

And, having a great many things to study and investigate, the Junior Sorcerer went his way.

This information greatly disturbed the mind of the Bee-man. If he had been changed from something else he ought to be that other thing, whatever it was. He ran after the young man, and overtook him.

"If you know, kind sir," he said, "that I have been transformed, you surely are able to tell me what it is I was."

"No," said the Junior Sorcerer, "my studies have not proceeded far enough for that. When I become a senior I can tell you all about it. But, in the meantime, it will be well for you to try to discover for yourself your original form, and when you have done that, I will get some of the learned masters of my art to restore you to it. It will be easy enough to do that, but you could not expect them to take the time and trouble to find out what it was."

And, with these words, he hurried away, and was soon lost to view.

Greatly disquieted, the Bee-man retraced his steps, and went to his hut. Never before had he heard anything which had so troubled him.

"I wonder what I was transformed from?" he thought, seating himself on his rough bench. "Could it have been a giant, or a powerful prince, or some gorgeous being whom the magicians or the fairies wished to punish? It may be that I was a dog or a horse, or perhaps a fiery dragon or a horrid snake. I hope it was not one

of these. But, whatever it was, every one has certainly a right to his original form, and I am resolved to find out mine. I will start early to-morrow morning, and I am sorry now that I have not more pockets to my old doublet, so that I might carry more bees and more honey for my journey."

He spent the rest of the day in making a hive of twigs and straw, and, having transferred to this a colony of bees that had just swarmed and a great many honey-combs, he rose before sunrise the next day, and having put on his leathern doublet, and having bound his new hive to his back, he set forth on his quest, the bees who were to accompany him buzzing around him like a cloud.

As the Bee-man passed through the little village the people greatly wondered at his queer appearance, with the hive upon his back. "The Bee-man is going on a long expedition this time," they said; but no one imagined the strange business on which he was bent. About noon he sat down under a tree, near a beautiful meadow covered with blossoms, and ate a little honey. Then he untied his hive and stretched himself out on the grass to rest. As he gazed upon his bees hovering about him, some going out to the blossoms in the sunshine, and some returning laden with the sweet pollen, he thought that he noticed a bee who was a stranger to him. He was so familiar with his own bees that he could distinguish an outsider.

"This stranger seems very busy," he said aloud. "I wonder what it wants of my bees?"

As he said this, a large and very beautiful bee alighted on his knee, and looking up at him said, in a clear little voice: "I want only to know where you are going, and what you intend to do. And I have been asking your bees about it."

"My bees can't talk," said the Bee-man, in surprise.

"They can talk to me," said the bee, "and I can talk to you. I am really a fairy, and have taken the form of a bee for purposes of my own."

"Then you have been transformed," cried the Bee-man, "and no doubt you know all about that sort of thing!"

"I know a good deal about it," said the Fairy. "Your bees say you are greatly troubled. What has happened to you?"

Then the Bee-man, with much earnestness, told all that had occurred, and what he was trying to find out.

"So you have been transformed, have you?" said the Fairy bee, "and you want to know what your original form was. That is curious, and, if you choose, I will go with you and help you. The case is very interesting."

"Oh, that will be an excellent thing!" said the Bee-man. "If you help me, I shall be sure to find out everything."

"But you should consider," said the Fairy, "that you may have been some dreadful creature. In that case, it would be well to know nothing about it."

"Oh, no," cried the Bee-man. "It is not honest for any person to have a form that is not originally his own. No matter what I was before, I am determined to be changed back. I shall never be satisfied to live in a false form."

"Very well," said the Fairy, "I will help you all I can."

And when the Bee-man started out again, the Fairy bee went with him.

"How did you expect to do this thing," said the Fairy, "when you first set out?"

"I supposed I should find my original form," said the Bee-man, "very much as I find bee trees. When I come to one I know it."

"That may be a very good plan," said the Fairy, "and when you see anything in your original form you may be drawn toward it."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Bee-man.

It was not long after this that the Bee-man and his companion entered a fair domain. Around them were rich fields, splendid forests, and lovely gardens, while at a little distance stood the beautiful palace of the Lord of the Domain. Richly dressed people were walking about or sitting in the shade of the trees and arbors; splendidly caparisoned horses were waiting for their riders, and everywhere were seen signs of opulence and gayety.

"I think," said the Bee-man, "that I should like to stop here for a time. If it should happen that I was originally like any one of these happy creatures, it would please me much."

"Very well," said the Fairy bee. "I suppose we might as well stop here as anywhere."

"Perhaps," said the Bee-man, "you can help me to pick out my original form."

"No," said the Fairy, "that you must discover for yourself. But if you are so drawn toward any living creature that you feel certain that once you must have been like it, then, perhaps, I can help you."

The Bee-man untied his hive, and hid it behind some bushes, and taking off his old doublet, laid that beside it. It would not do to have his bees flying about him if he wished to go among the inhabitants of this fair domain.

For two days the Bee-man wandered about the palace and its grounds, avoiding notice as much as possible, but looking at everything. He saw handsome men and lovely ladies; the finest horses, dogs, and cattle that were ever known; beautiful birds

in cages, and fishes in crystal globes, and it seemed to him that the best of all living things were here collected.

At the close of the second day, the Bee-man said to the Fairy, who had accompanied him everywhere: "There is one being here toward whom I feel very much drawn, and that is the Lord of the Domain."

"Indeed!" said the Fairy. "Do you think you were once like him?"

"I can not say for certain," replied the Bee-man, "but it would be a very fine thing if it were so; and it seems impossible for me to be drawn toward any other being in the domain when I look upon him, so handsome, rich, and powerful."

"Well, I have nothing to say about it," said the Fairy. "You must decide the matter for yourself. But I advise you to observe him more closely, and feel more sure of the matter, before you apply to the sorcerers to change you back into a lord of a fair domain."

The next morning, the Bee-man saw the Lord of the Domain walking in his gardens. He slipped along the shady paths, and followed him so as to observe him closely, and find out if he were really drawn toward this gracious and handsome being. The Lord of the Domain walked on for some time, not noticing that the Bee-man was behind him. But suddenly turning, he saw the little old man.

"What are you doing here, you vile beggar?" he cried; and he gave him a kick that sent him quite over some bushes that grew by the side of the path.

The Bee-man came down upon a grass-plat on the other side of the path, and getting to his feet he ran as fast as he could to the bush where he had hidden his hive and his old doublet.



"AS THE BEE-MAN PASSED THROUGH THE LITTLE VILLAGE PEOPLE WONDERED AT HIS QUEER APPEARANCE."

"Do you still," said the Fairy, "feel drawn toward the Lord of the Domain?"

"No, indeed," replied the other, much excited. "If I am certain of anything, it is that I was never a person who would kick a poor old Bee-man, like myself. Let us leave this place. I was transformed from nothing that I see here."

The two now traveled for a day or two longer, and then they came to a great black mountain, near the bottom of which was an opening like the mouth of a cave.

"This mountain," said the Fairy, "is filled with caverns and under-ground passages, which are the abodes of dragons, evil spirits, horrid creatures of all kinds. Would you like to visit it?"

"Well," said the Bee-man with a sigh, "I suppose I ought to. If I am going to do this thing properly, I should look on all sides of the subject, and I may have been one of those horrid creatures myself."

Thereupon they went to the mountain, and as

they approached the opening of the passage which led into its inmost recesses they saw, sitting upon the ground, and leaning his back against a tree, a Languid Youth.

"Good-day," said this individual when he saw the Bee-man. "Are you going inside?"

"Yes," said the Bee-man, "that is what I am going to do."

"Then," said the Languid Youth, slowly rising to his feet, "I think I will go with you. I was told that if I went in there I should get my energies toned up, and they need it very much; but I did not feel equal to going in by myself, and I thought I would wait until some one came along. I am very glad to see you, and we will go in together."

So the two went into the cave accompanied by the Fairy, whom the Languid Youth had not noticed. They had proceeded but a short distance when they met a little creature, whom it was easy to recognize as a Very Imp. He was about two feet high and resembled in color a freshly polished pair of boots. He was extremely lively and active, and as he came bounding toward them, his quick eye perceived the Fairy bee, and, paying no attention to the Bee-man and his companion, he immediately entered into conversation with her.

"So you are changed into a bee, are you?" said he. "That is queer. But you need not keep up that sort of thing in here. I wish you would change back into a fairy. I like you ever so much better that way."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Fairy, "for then I would not have any sting. I know what you want to do. You want to put me in a jar and pickle me."

"That is exactly it," said the Very Imp. "I have got lots of things in pickle, but I never had a pickled fairy: but if I can't get hold of you I suppose I shall have to give it up. What did you bring these two people here for?"

"I did not bring both of them," said the Fairy. "That younger one came here to have his energies toned up."

"He has come to the right place," said the Very Imp, giving himself a bounce like an India-rubber ball. "We will tone him up. And what does that old Bee-man want?"

"He has been transformed from something, and wants to find out what it is. He thinks he may have been one of the things in here."

"I should not wonder if that were so," said the Very Imp, rolling his head on one side, and eying the Bee-man with a critical gaze. "There is something about him that reminds me of one of those double-tailed dragons with red-hot claws, that live in the upper part of the mountain. I will take him to one of them, and see if we can make a trade."

"No, you wont," said the Fairy bee. "He is under my protection. He shall see all these creatures, and if he feels a drawing toward any of them as if he must once have been the same kind of thing himself, I will know if it is really so, and he will be changed back."

"All right," said the Very Imp; "you can take him around, and let him pick out his previous existence. We have here all sorts of vile creepers, crawlers, hissers, and snorters. I suppose he thinks anything will be better than a Bee-man."

"It is not because he wants to be better than he is," said the Fairy bee, "that he started out on this search. He has simply an honest desire to become what he originally was."

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said the other. "There is an idiotic moon-calf here with a clam head, which must be just like what the Bee-man used to be."

"Nonsense," said the Fairy bee. "You have not the least idea what an honest purpose is. I shall take him about, and let him choose for himself."



THE BEE-MAN AND THE LANGUID YOUTH MEET THE VERY IMP.

"Go ahead," said the Very Imp, "and I will attend to this fellow who wants to be toned up." So saying he joined the Languid Youth.

"Look here," said that individual, regarding

him with interest, "do you black and shine yourself every morning?"

"No," said the other, "it is water-proof varnish. You want to be invigorated, don't you? Well, I will tell you a splendid way to begin. You see that Bee-man has put down his hive and his coat with the bees in it. Just wait till he gets out of sight, and then catch a lot of those bees, and squeeze them flat. If you spread them on a sticky rag, and make a plaster, and put it on the small of your back, it will invigorate you like everything, especially if some of the bees are not quite dead."

"Yes," said the Languid Youth, looking at him with his mild eyes, "if I had energy enough to catch a bee I would be satisfied. Suppose you catch a lot for me."

"The subject is changed," said the Very Imp. "We are now about to visit the spacious chamber of the King of the Snap-dragons."

"That is a flower," said the Languid Youth.

"You will find him a gay old blossom," said the other. "When he has chased you round his room, and has blown sparks at you, and has snorted and howled, and cracked his tail, and snapped his jaws like a pair of anvils, your energies will be toned up higher than ever before in your life."

"No doubt of it," said the Languid Youth; "but I think I will begin with something a little milder."

"Well then," said the other, "there is a flat-tailed Demon of the Gorge in here. He is generally asleep, and, if you say so, you can slip into the farthest corner of his cave, and I'll solder his tail to the opposite wall. Then he will rage and roar, but he can't get at you, for he does n't reach all the way across his cave; I have measured him. It will tone you up wonderfully to sit there and watch him."

"Very likely," said the Languid Youth; "but I would rather stay outside and let you go up in the corner. The performance in that way will be more interesting to me."

"You are dreadfully hard to please," said the Very Imp. "I have offered them to you loose, and I have offered them fastened to a wall, and now the best thing I can do is to give you a chance at one of them that can't move at all. It is the Ghastly Griffin, and is enchanted. He can't stir so much as the tip of his whiskers for a thousand years. You can go to his cave and examine him just as if he was stuffed, and then you can sit on his back and think how it would be if you should live to be a thousand years old, and he should wake up while you are sitting there. It would be easy to imagine a lot of horrible things he would do to you when you look at his open mouth with its awful fangs, his dreadful claws, and his horrible wings all covered with spikes."

"I think that might suit me," said the Languid Youth. "I would much rather imagine the exercises of these monsters than to see them really going on."

"Come on, then," said the Very Imp, and he led the way to the cave of the Ghastly Griffin.

The Bee-man and the Fairy bee went together through a great part of the mountain, and looked into many of its gloomy caves and recesses, the Bee-man recoiling in horror from most of the dreadful monsters who met his eyes. Many of these would have sprung upon him and torn him to pieces had not the Fairy bee let them know that the old man was under her protection and, therefore, could not be touched by any of them. While they were wandering about, an awful roar was heard resounding through the passages of the mountain, and soon there came flapping along an enormous dragon, with body black as night, and wings and tail of fiery red. In his great fore-claws he bore a little baby.

"What is he going to do with that?" asked the Bee-man, shrinking back as the monster passed.

"He will take it into his cave and devour it, I suppose," said the Fairy bee.

"Can't you save it?" cried the other.

"No," said the Fairy. "I know nothing about that baby, and have no power to protect it. I have only authority from our Queen to act as your guardian."

They saw the dragon enter a cave not far away, and they followed and looked in. The dragon was crouched upon the ground with the little baby lying before him. It did not seem to be hurt, but was frightened and crying. The monster was looking upon it with delight, as if he intended to make a dainty meal of it as soon as his appetite should be a little stronger.

"It is too bad!" exclaimed the Bee-man. "Somebody ought to do something." And turning around, he ran away as fast as he could.

He ran through various passages until he came to the spot where he had left his bee-hive. Picking it up, he hurried back, carrying the hive in his two hands before him. When he reached the cave of the dragon, he looked in and saw the monster still crouched over the weeping child. Without a moment's hesitation, the Bee-man rushed into the cave and threw his hive straight into the face of the dragon. The bees, enraged by the shock, rushed out in an angry crowd and immediately fell upon the head, mouth, eyes, and nose of the dragon. The great monster, astounded by this sudden attack, and driven almost wild by the numberless stings of the bees, started suddenly back

to the farthest portion of his cave, still followed by his relentless enemies, at whom he flapped wildly with his great wings and struck with his paws. While the dragon was thus engaged with the bees, the Bee-man sprang forward and, seizing the child, he rushed away. He did not stop to pick up his doublet, but kept on until he was out of the caves. The Fairy bee followed him; but perceiving the

The Fairy bee said no more; but, flying on, she soon came to the outside opening, beyond which she saw the Languid Youth talking to the Bee-man, who still held the child in his arms.

"You need not be in a hurry now," said the former, "for the rules of this institution don't allow the creatures inside to come out of this opening, or to hang around it. If they did, they would frighten



THE RETURN OF THE BABY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Very Imp hopping along on one leg, and rubbing his back and shoulders with his hands, she stopped to inquire what was the matter, and what had become of the Languid Youth.

"He is no kind of a fellow," said the Very Imp. "He disappointed me dreadfully. I took him up to the Ghastly Griffin, and told him the thing was enchanted, and that he might sit on its back and think about what it could do if it was awake; and when he came near it the wretched creature opened its eyes, and raised its head, and then you ought to have seen how mad that simpleton was. He made a dash at me and seized me by the ears; he kicked and beat me till I can scarcely move."

"His energies must have been toned up a good deal," said the Fairy bee.

"Toned up! I should say so!" cried the other. "I raised a howl, and a Scissor-jawed Clipper came out of his hole, and got after him; but that lazy fool ran so fast that he could not be caught."

away visitors. They go in and out of holes in the upper part of the mountain."

The Bee-man now walked on, accompanied by the other. "That wretched Imp," said the latter, "cheated me into going up to a Griffin, which he said was enchanted. I gave the little scoundrel a thrashing, and then a great thing, with clashing jaws and legs like a grasshopper, rushed after me and chased me clean out of the place. All this warmed me up, and did my energies a lot of good. What are you going to do with that baby?"

"I shall carry it along with me," said the Bee-man, "as I go on with my search, and perhaps I may find its mother. If I do not, I shall give it to somebody in that little village yonder. Anything would be better than leaving it to be devoured by that horrid dragon."

"Let me carry it. I feel quite strong enough now to carry a baby."

"Thank you," said the Bee-man, "but I can

take it myself. I like to carry something, and I have now neither my hive nor my doublet."

"It is very well that you had to leave them behind," said the Youth, "for the bees would have stung the baby."

"My bees never stung babies," said the other.

"They probably never had a chance," remarked his companion. "But there is one bee flying about you now. Shall I kill it?"

"Oh, no!" cried the Bee-man. "That is a fairy bee. She is my protector."

The Youth was very much astonished, and looked at the Fairy bee with wide-open eyes; and when she flew near him, and spoke to him, he was so much amazed that he could not answer.

"Yes," she said, "I 'm a fairy, and I 'm taking care of this old man. I do not tell him where to go, or what to do, but I see that he comes to no harm."

"It is very good of you," faltered the Youth. He was trying to think of some other complimentary remark, but they had now entered the village, and something ahead of them attracted his attention. In a moment, he exclaimed: "Do you see that woman over there, sitting at the door of her house? She has beautiful hair, and she is tearing it all to pieces. She should not be allowed to do that."

"No," said the Bee-man. "Her friends should tie her hands."

"It would be much better to give her her child," said the Fairy bee. "Then she will no longer think of tearing her hair."

"But," the Bee-man said, "you don't really think this is her child?"

"Just you go over and see," replied the Fairy.

The Bee-man hesitated a moment, and then he walked toward the woman with the baby. When the woman heard him coming, she raised her head, and when she saw the child she rushed toward it, snatched it into her arms and, screaming with joy, she covered it with kisses. Then, with joyful tears, she begged to know the story of the rescue of her child, whom she never expected to see again; and she loaded the Bee-man with thanks and blessings. The friends and neighbors gathered around, and there was great rejoicing. The mother urged the Bee-man and the Youth to stay with her, and rest and refresh themselves, which they were glad to do, as they were tired and hungry.

The next morning the Youth remarked that he felt so well and vigorous that he thought he would go on to his home across a distant plain. "If I have another fit of languidity," he said, "I will come back and renew my acquaintance with the Very Imp. But, before I go, I would suggest that something be done to prevent that dragon from returning after the child."

"I have attended to that," said the Fairy bee. "Last night I flew away, and got permission to protect the infant, and I have given it a little sting on its forehead which will so mark it that all dragons and other evil creatures will know it is under fairy protection. It hurt a little at first; but that was soon over, and the scar will scarcely be noticed by common eyes."

"A good idea," said the Youth, "and it was very generous in you to think of it." And, so saying, he took his leave.

"And now," said the Fairy bee to the Bee-man, "I suppose we might as well go on."

"Not just yet," said the other. "This is a very pleasant place to rest, and I am tired."

The Bee-man remained at the cottage all day, and in the evening he said to the Fairy: "Do you know that I never felt drawn toward anything so much as toward this baby? And I believe that I was transformed from a baby."

"That is it," cried the Fairy bee. "I knew it all the time, but you had to find it out for yourself. Your original form was that of a baby. Would you like to be changed back?"

"Indeed I would," said the Bee-man. "I have the strongest yearning to be what I originally was."

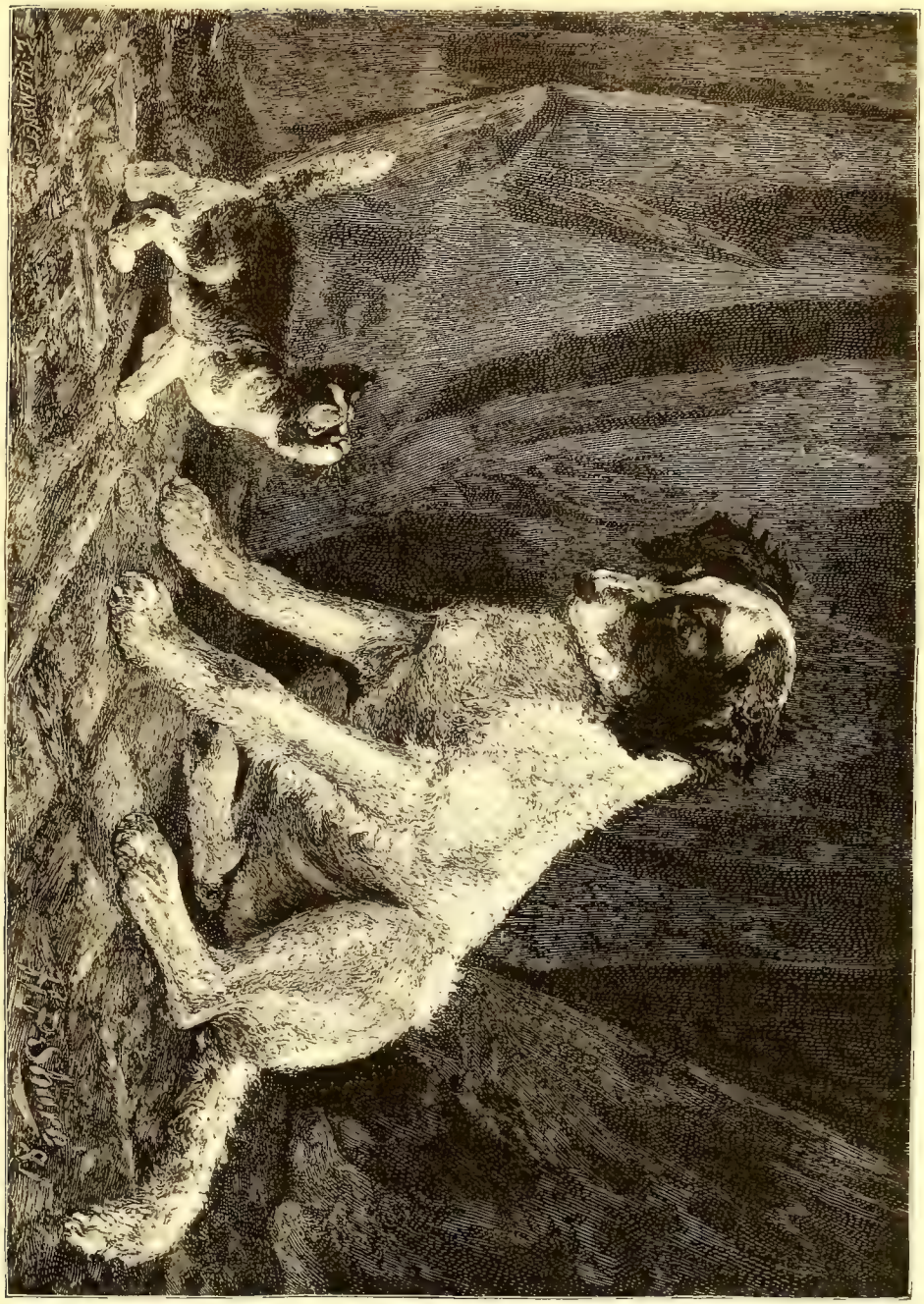
That night the Fairy bee flew away, and informed the Junior Sorcerer and his Masters that the Bee-man had discovered what he had been transformed from, and desired to be changed back. The Junior Sorcerer was very much interested, and with some of his learned friends, he journeyed down to the mother's cottage. And there, by magic arts, the Bee-man was changed into a baby. The mother was so grateful to the Bee-man that she agreed to take charge of this baby, and bring it up as her own.

"It will be a grand thing for him," said the Junior Sorcerer, "and I am glad that I studied his case. He will now have a fresh start in life, and will have a chance to become something better than a miserable old man, living in a wretched hut with no friends or companions but buzzing bees."

The Junior Sorcerer and his Masters then returned to their homes; and the Fairy bee, having vaccinated the new baby against dragons, flew away to her Queen, and resumed her usual form.

Years and years afterward, when the Junior Sorcerer had become a Senior, and was very old indeed, he passed through the country of Orn and noticed a small hut about which swarms of bees were flying. He approached it and, looking in at the door, saw an old man in a leathern doublet, sitting at a table, eating honey. By his magic art, he knew this was the baby which had been transformed from the Bee-man.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Sorcerer. "He has grown into the same thing again!"



GETTING ACQUAINTED. (DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.)



Rolly's Ragamuffin.

By Lucy G Morse.

AT the corner of Broadway and the street where little Rolf Kingman lives, there is a small, neat grocery store kept by a man named Jacob Dilber. Jacob is red-faced and rough looking, but he has a good character in the neighborhood, and Friend Haviland, who lives just opposite Rolf, buys all her groceries of him because he wont sell any kind of liquor.

She was in the store one morning, buying some Kennedy wafers, when Rolf's round head, under his broad-brimmed hat, showed itself in the door-way. The shop was quite crowded, there being in it at least six people waiting to be served, and Jacob had a cross scowl on his face, for the street boys had teased him unmercifully that morning by pilfering apples and nuts from the barrels outside, and he had discovered a counterfeit trade dollar in his money drawer. Friend Haviland had not seen him so "put out" for months.

"Can't stand it!" he muttered, as he was writing down his orders. "Must have some protection 'gainst a set of mis'rable, good-for-nothing loafers! I 'll teach 'em a lesson some day —just wait till I catch one! No, Mrs. Smith," he said to a shabby-looking woman who asked him a question from the back of the store; "eggs *have n't* ris'! I 've been lettin' you have 'em at cost price, and now I can't afford it. Got to make up deficiencies somehow!" And Jacob's manner was gruff even to Friend Haviland, until, counting her change on the edge of the counter, he spied Rolf's big, blue eyes peering over it at him. In an instant Jacob's scowl vanished. A broad smile spread over his face, and he stopped short in the midst of his counting to bend his ear and listen to Rolf's wonderfully sweet, clear voice say, rather softly:

"How do ye feel to-day, Mr. Dilber? Do ye feel well?"

"Pretty well! Pretty well, I thank you, sir!" answered Jacob, heartily. "And how do *you* feel?"

"I 'm all well," answered Rolf. "I have a scratch pussy made on my thumb," holding up a dimpled hand for Mr. Dilber's examination. "Oh, I forgot—it is n't that hand—it 's this one. But I 'm all well—good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my boy—good-bye! Come again to-morrow," said Jacob, covering the tiny hand with both his great ones, and watching the child as he stepped off a soap-box and quietly left the shop.

Turning again to his duties, it was with quite a different manner that Jacob gave Friend Haviland her change.

"Thirty-eight an' two are forty—fifty—a dollar. Can send 'em home for ye as well as not, Miss Haviland—no trouble at all. Thank you 'm! Good morning, mum! Now Mrs. Smith, what can I do for you? Well —no matter. You can have the eggs for the same as usual—ten, twelve—there! We 'll throw in one an' call it a 'baker's dozen.' Never mind thanks—we must do a good turn for one another sometimes. That little chap does *me* a good turn most every day. I 'm so used to seeing his bit of a figger coming in and stepping up on that box to ask me how I feel, that it 's like organ music to me. I keep that box (he shoved it there himself one day) o' purpose—he can't see over the counter without it; and every day, sure as the sun shines, he trots down just to inquire about my feelings! He wont take anything,—not a seed-cake even, —and there 's something in his way that makes ye think of all the angels at once, and it sets me up for the day. There 's a mighty power in just a pleasant word now and then."

When Rolf left the shop, he trudged back to his own door-step. There he found one of the very ragamuffins who had been pilfering some of Mr. Dilber's nuts; he was now cracking them with a piece of a brick. Rolf was very fond of human kind, and his mother's prejudices made nuts a rarity. So he sat down on the bottom step by the ragamuffin and said, "Who are you?"

"I 'm Tim Riley," said the boy. "Who are you?"

"I 'm Rolly Kingman, and I 'm most as big as you," said Rolf. "I 'm growin' longer every day.

My mamma found a dress what I wore once, and it 's too little for me and Willie 's got to wear it."

"I guess she must 'a' found it with a spy-glass —an' I guess Willie 's a sparrer!" said Tim. "Where did you come from?"

"From Mr. Dilber's; an' I live in this house, 'an I have a kitty an' a little brother," said Rolly.

"Did ye get any nuts at Dilber's?" asked Tim.

"No. I did n't ask him for any," said Rolly.

"Ho! Well, afore ye get many yards longer, ye 'll find out that it wastes time to *ask* for wot ye want. Never mind, though—ye can have that," said Tim, trying to get his teeth into an impossible inside corner of a walnut, and throwing half a one into Rolf's lap.

"Did Mr. Dilber give it to you 'thout your asking him?" said Rolly, thoughtfully.

"Ho! Of course not! I tuk it when he was n't lookin'. Why don't ye eat it? It 's good. Eat away."

"Don't want to," said Rolf, squeezing it tight in his little fist.

"Laws!" said Tim. "Ye need n't be so savin' —ye can get plenty of 'em, if ye watch round."

"Don't want to get any," said Rolf. "An' I 'm not goin' to eat it at all."

"What did ye go to the shop for, if ye did n't want sumpthin'? an' what 'll ye do with a nut if ye don't eat it?" asked Tim.

"I 'll give it back to Mr. Dilber," said Rolf. "It 's *his*, an' it aint—aint——"

Rolf was instinctively a gentleman, and thought an instant before he said: "It aint anybody else's. I don't go to get nuts—I go to ask Mr. Dilber how does he feel."

Tim giggled and said: "Well, I guess he said he felt kind o' peppery this mornin'—did n't he?"

"No," said Rolf, quietly. "He said he felt pretty well, but I don't think he did. No—I really don't." Rolly shook his head several times with an expression of much anxiety, and looking up into Tim's face, said, mysteriously, "He had a trouble!"



"Ye don't mean it!" said Tim. "What kind of a trouble could it 'a' been, I wonder?"

"I don't know," said Rolf. "But he 's got it, for he writed it in a book—I saw him! An' I 'm goin' to ask my mamma what makes people well when they have troubles. But first I 'll give him back this piece of a nut. If ye want me to, I 'll—I 'll—I 'll take them other ones back what you 've got, an' I 'll give 'em to him for ye." And Rolf said this in such a pleasant voice, holding out his hand so prettily, that Tim felt something stirring

within him which he had never felt before. Somehow, that last bit of a nut had lost its fine flavor, and he rattled the others uneasily in his pockets.

"I 'll do it, if ye *want* me to," said little Rolf again,—"only I wont give him back those"—pointing to the broken shells on the step—"'cause you 've ate 'em up—all what 's good. But when you get a penny, you can *buy* some at the store, an' you can give 'em back *then*. Or, if you don't want to, you can give 'em to me, an' *I'll* give 'em back, an' ——"

"Oh, bother!" interrupted Tim. "How 'm I ever goin' to git a penny? Nobody ever gives me a cent! But ye can take these, if ye likes —only don't let on that it was *me*. Don't tell him *I* took 'em—will ye?"

"No," said Rolf, quite delighted to see the nuts emptied into his lap. "I 'll tell him it 's a secret! *Is* it a secret?"

"Yes—'course it is," said Tim.

"Then I must n't tell *anybody*," said Rolf. "If you tell a secret to more than just one person, it is n't a secret any more—my papa says so." And so saying, the little fellow gathered his skirts into a knot to accommodate the nuts, and traveled off a second time to Mr. Dilber's.

Very soon he came running back, and his big eyes shone as he said to Tim: "I put 'em all out on the counter, an I told Mr. Dilber *I* did n't take 'em, but a boy did—a boy what 's sorry, an' wont do it another time, an' I said the boy's name was a secret. An' I guess it 's good for troubles to take back things, 'cause it made Mr. Dilber laugh. So now he can 'cratch the trouble out of his book if he wants to."

Now, Rolf was too little to understand what he had done. A child so carefully reared as he was acquires a sense of justice at a very early age, and he took back the nuts without any real sense of the fact that Tim had *stolen* them, or that it was a crime to steal, but simply as he would give his little brother a toy which belonged to him. The nuts were Mr. Dilber's, and Mr. Dilber ought to have them—that was all.

But Tim was nearly twice as old as Rolf, and understood the lesson better. When Rolf's mother called him in, Tim sat still a long while thinking. He had heard plenty of people talk about stealing, and been addressed many a time as a young sinner, and called to repentance. But nobody had ever made him *want* to repent before. "There he was—nothin' but a baby," said Tim to himself, "settin' aside o' me an' lookin' up to me as if I was just exackly as good as him! An' he kind o' laughed up beautiful in my face, an' he looked as if he was as good—right through to his bones—as—as a hull church! I wisht his mother had n't 'a' called him in! I guess if she 'd seen him talkin' to me, though, she 'd 'a' called him sooner. Laws! would n't she have been scared? Why, he don't know nothin' bad, I don't b'lieve! An' I know how to steal"—and Tim counted over his sins on his fingers—"to steal, an' to fight, an' to tell lies—my, *oh!* such rousin' ones as I can tell 'd take the crinkle out o' her hair in a jiffy! All the same," he said, heaving a great sigh as he rose and looked up at the windows, "I wisht she had n't called him in! I would n't let on to *him* what I knows—an' I wisht I had a penny!"

II.

THE next day, Rolf left his tin cart on the doorstep while he ran down to Mr. Dilber's. When he came back the cart was gone, and there was a scuffle among some boys farther down the street. Rolf drew himself together, looking very forlorn, and was just about to raise a cry when out from the group of quarreling boys darted Tim with the cart. Racing as fast as his legs could take him to Rolf's house, he placed the toy in the child's hands, and squared round in front of him, with fists ready for the boys, if necessary. But they, seeing the front door open, passed on with only a few sneers for Tim's benefit. Tim, betousled, sat down to right his much abused cap, and to get his breath.

"Those boys are n't polite!" said Rolf.

"They aint never been to 'Lasco's Dancin' 'Cademy' roun' the corner—so ye must n't spect too much of 'em," said Tim, adding, with significant gestures, "they 've just had a little dance that 'll teach 'em sumpthin', though!"

The boys had another conversation which lasted until Rolf was called in, as usual. But the next day, and every day when Rolf went out for his little airing, he found Tim on the lookout for him, and their acquaintance grew rapidly. It was Rolf's custom to play out-of-doors, and take his little trip to Dilber's grocery while his mother dusted the parlors, looking out of the windows or stepping to the door now and then to see if her boy was safe. Tim watched his chance and talked to Rolf when she was not in sight, for he held to his first idea that she would be troubled to see them together, and he would run away at the first sound of her voice. Rolf naturally repeated things which "a boy" had told him, and she saw them together sometimes, but she knew that Rolf was social in his disposition, and, not recognizing Tim, thought only that the boys passing along the street exchanged greetings with the child.

But the two were growing meanwhile very fond of each other. They had formed a friendship with which time had little to do. Rolf, in his baby way, accepted Tim as a stanch defender of his rights

and his confidential friend. And Tim grew to love the little fellow as he had never loved anything or anybody in his life before.

One day Rolf failed to appear, and although Tim tried several times from the opposite pavement, he caught no glimpse of him at any of the windows.

The next day, and the next, and many days went by and Tim did not see his little friend. He went at all hours to look at the house; but, al-



TIM MAKES A VISIT TO ROLLY.

though he saw every other person who lived in it, and even the cat through the basement blinds, he saw no Rolf, and his heart was troubled.

One day it occurred to him to ask Mr. Dilber what was the matter, and he walked into the shop. He was greeted by being ordered out at once. Instead of obeying, he walked up to the counter and, putting his foot on the soap-box which Rolf used to stand upon, was about to speak, when Jacob, whose back had been turned for an instant, saw him and made a dive for him. Tim sprang toward the door and squared off, shouting at the top of his voice: "I tell ye I don't want nothing, an' I would n't take it if ye gave it to me! I want to know 'bout Rolly Kingman!" Here there was a catch in Tim's voice, and he added huskily: "What 's come to him?"

It was Rolly's name that caught Jacob's attention — not the catch in Tim's voice.

"What do *you* know about *him?* An' what business is it of *yours* what 's come to him?" asked Jacob, gruffly. "An' how do ye dare set foot on that box when it 's put there for him to stand on when he comes down to the shop? I wont have anybody touch that box — I wont! It stands there just where he shoved it himself — an' I 'll break anybody's bones who touches it!"

Not a whit did Tim care for Jacob's scolding. He only squeezed his hands hard together and cried: "I 'll go, an' I wont touch nothing *never*, if ye 'll just tell me what 's come to Rolly! Rolly likes me, an' nobody ever did afore, an' they never will. Oh, what 's come to him, Mr. Dilber?"

Jacob saw misery in the boy's face, and his tones softened as he said: "Well, boy, they say he 's near to death's door! An' may be, by this time — may be the *Lord Himself* has come to him!"

Tim's cry was n't a loud one, but it was desolate. He dropped his head and trembled. He was turning to go, when his eye lighted on Rolly's box. Jacob did not interfere with him then, when he dropped on his knees before it, and, rubbing it with his ragged sleeves, said: "I wont — wont put my foot on it again — no, I — I wont — but — O Rolly! Rolly!" and his poor face was pressed down on the box and his tears fell upon it fast.

III.

It was many weeks afterward that Rolly sat up in his crib one morning, cutting paper soldiers and waiting for Tim. For Tim was coming to

see him! The Doctor had told about the poor boy who waited for him every day in cold or wet, whether the sun shone or the rain fell, only to hear how Rolly was.

Tim had been hunted up and taken care of. He had — but wait! Let him tell his good fortune himself to Rolly.

"Halloo!" said Rolly, when Tim showed himself with a bunch of lilacs in his hand. If Rolly had been older, he would have seen Tim's clean face and neat clothes before he spied the lilacs. As it was, he had sniffed at the flowers a good while before he said again: "Halloo! you 've got a new jacket!" And it was then that Tim told what had happened to him.

"Ye see," said he, "the Doctor axed me to hold his horse, an' then he seen me every day, an' the horse an' me got 'quainted. An' the Doctor was 'stonished 'cause I held on to the horse when the fire ingines went by. But before that, he knowed you an' me was friends. An' I said nobody did n't know me much 'cept Mr. Dilber, an' *he* would n't say nothin' good for me, 'cause I used to crib nuts an' things. But I was n't fair to Mr. Dilber, for he told the Doctor that he thought if I had a chance I 'd learn how to b'have myself in time. 'Certain sure,' says he, 'he has n't touched anythin' o' mine since Rolly Kingman was took sick!' So the Doctor tried me, an' I 'm his boy, an' the horse an' him both likes me, an' I 'm earnin' my clothes (your mother gave me two suits to start with) till I show 'em I can keep my tongue in my head and 'tend to my business. But I 've got a secret, Rolly, that I 'm not goin' to tell to any one but you!" And Tim seized his opportunity while Rolf's mother left the room for a moment. "Rolly," he whispered, "do ye mind them nuts I took that day?"

Rolly nodded.

"Well," said Tim, "I told the Doctor, when he talked to me about earnin' my clothes, that I did n't want no money but just a penny, an' if he 'd give me that I would n't ax for another cent. So he did. An' this is the secret: I bought a cent's worth o' them same nuts, an' I watched round till Mr. Dilber did n't see me, an' then I just put every one of 'em back in the barrel!"

Rolly laughed as if he thought the secret was a capital one.

"I 'll tell ye sumpthin' else, too," continued Tim. "I 'm learnin' at night school, an' I 'm *un*learnin'! I used to know heaps o' bad things, but since I tuk those nuts back, an' unlearned how to — how to — steal, ye know — it 's lots easier than I thought it 'd be to unlearn the other things. An' since you 've been my friend, Rolly, somehow it 's harder to do bad things than it used to be, an' I think if you 're my friend long enough, why bimeby I 'll forget how altogether an' quite entirely for evermore!"

AMONG THE PINES.

A Children's Play for Christmas-Tide. In Two Acts.

BY RUTH OGDEN.

CHARACTERS.

POLLY: a little village maid. JACK: Polly's younger brother.
FATHER PINE: an elderly pine.
MOTHER PINE: " " "
CONE and SCRUB: { Two promising young Pinelets, sons to Father and Mother Pine.
NEDDIE SHED, LOUIS SCREW, FELIX DEAN, TINY MITE: { Four queer little fellows, aids-de-camp to Santa Claus.

SCENE.

A snow-covered hill-side in New England.

N. B.—For parlor representation, sides and background of some rich, red color, bordered with pine-boughs at the top, will be found most effective. The four pine-trees included in the *dramatis personæ* must be of varying heights, and should be placed at the rear of the stage. Green is the best color for covering the floor.

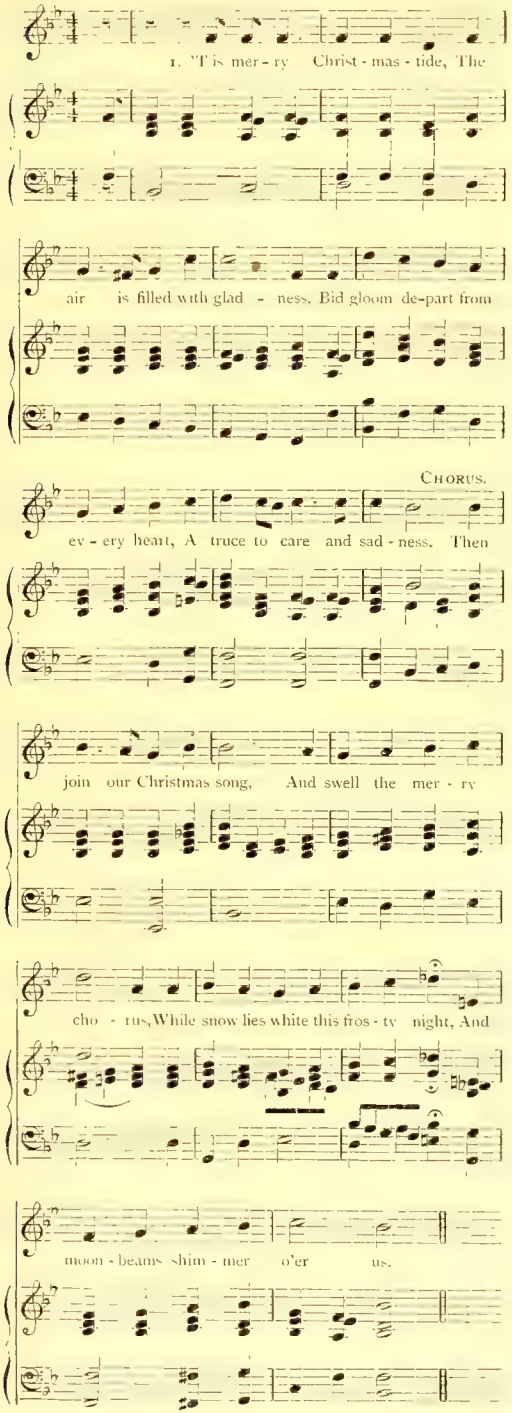
An ingenious arrangement of cotton on and about the trees will give the effect of snow; and a low fence, running directly across the front of the stage, will lend a certain finish to the scene.

The snow coverlid needed in the play should be made of some red material, generously covered with cotton, and should be folded, ready for use, on the floor at the front of the stage. Two low benches will be needed. These should be placed one on either side toward the forward part of the stage. The members of the Pine family are to be impersonated by children, concealed behind the various trees, with only heads and arms showing. FATHER and MOTHER PINE must be placed respectively at the back of the largest trees.

MOTHER PINE'S costume should be distinguished from the rest by a wide-frilled green cap, tied under the chin; a baby held in her arms may be impersonated by a large doll in green long-clothes. FATHER PINE, attired in a broad-brimmed green hat, should be smoking a pipe. It may be necessary to cut away a few branches, in order to allow the children to stand close to the main stems of the trees, and to afford them free play of the arms. As the Pine family is necessarily stationary, as much expression as possible must be thrown into voice and gesture.

The four aids-de-camp should be respectively costumed in red, blue, green, and yellow. Imitations of Kate Greenaway costumes will prove most effective for JACK and POLLY.

Curtain rises to piano accompaniment of the Pine-tree carol:



2. Between bright holly-leaves
Lo! berries red are glowing!
The ivy vine climbs round the pine
From very love of growing.
Chorus.

3. And we, this frosty eve,
Our Christmas watch are keeping;
While cradled low, beneath the snow,
Frail summer blooms are sleeping.
Chorus.

4. Bleak winter storms we brave
With joyous exaltation,
Right proud to be the Christmas-tree
Of every Christian nation. *Chorus.*

FATHER PINE [*gruffly*]. It takes a pretty stout heart to sing that song to-night; that is, with any feeling.

CONE PINE. Why, Pa? Why?

SCRUB PINE. Yes; what 's the matter, Daddie? I 'm sure I feel as jolly as a sixpence. [*Begins to whistle.*]

MOTHER PINE. Be still, this minute!

FATHER PINE. Jolly as a sixpence! To be sure you do! You 're a flighty young thing, with scarce sense enough to understand the reason why we should all feel anything but jolly. Do you forget that this has been the first Christmas-day, for many a year, when some one of us has not been carried off for a Christmas-tree? I 'm ashamed of the family. We are degenerating.

CONE PINE. Not a bit of it, Pa! Just look at me!

MOTHER PINE. Yes, Conie, you are certainly very promising; and yet, I doubt if you will ever be wanted for a tree. You are a little spindly, and not quite straight. You see, a wood-cutter sat down on you when you were young, and you never seemed to get over it.

SCRUB. Would I do, Ma?

MOTHER PINE. Yes; I am sure you would, Scrubbie; but no one [*sighing heavily*] has cared for even the best of us, this year. Your father and I, my dear, have been content to live right on here, trusting that you would each be a Christmas-tree in your day.

FATHER PINE. Well,—come what will, three of this family *have* been Christmas-trees in their day, and very fine ones, too. There 's great comfort in that.

CONE. Well, I 'm satisfied. It seems to me a deal more fun to keep sprouting here with the rest of you than to be tricked out in pop-corn and gimcracks for an evening, and then thrown into some one's back-yard to die. I don't mind being crooked and spindly, if it keeps an old wood-cutter from chopping me down.

MOTHER PINE. Why, Conie! You can not tell how it grieves me to hear you talk in this fashion. Ah, what evil influences will group themselves about one stationary little pine-tree. Tell me, Conie, from whom did you contrive to pick up so many queer expressions?

CONE. From an old wood-chopper. He said Pa was a tough old customer, and that there was mighty little sap left in you, Ma. Then he told us he had two children at home that he was bound to care for. They were n't his own, though. They belonged to a soldier-cousin of his who was killed in a war with the Indians. "Got a wife?" said I. "Great grief, no!" said he. "I 'm a bachelor, every inch of me; and yet I have to look out for a pair of youngsters. Hard luck, is n't it, sonny?" "Well, I don't know," I said. "Are they nice children?"

"Depends upon what you call nice," said he; "they 're well favored as far as looks is concerned, and has kind of 'cute ways; but their appetites is fearful."

SCRUB PINE. He was a queer old chap, Ma! I asked him what the children's names were. "What were they christened?" said he. I did n't understand him; but I was afraid he 'd dig his pickax into me if I seemed stupid; so I said, "Yes, sir; that 's what I mean." "Say so, then," said he. "One 's called Jack, and t' other Polly; but their regular cognomens is John and Mary."

CONE PINE [*interrupting*]. Then I asked him, Ma, if he was going to have a Christmas-tree for them, which made him look awful mad, and he said: "My eyes! young offshoot, what do you take me for? It 's 'bout all I can manage to keep 'em in food, and clothes, and fuel, let alone any such nonsense as a Christmas-tree. Besides, they 've been extra troublesome lately, and don't deserve a single thing." Then he looked cross enough, and said he was tired answering questions, and he 'd advise all us little pinelets to shut right up, if we did n't want to be cut down for firewood.

MOTHER PINE [*very much shocked*]. You should have known better, both of you, than to have anything to do with a man like that. Why, every other word he used was slang. You are a great grief to me, Conie.

CONE PINE. "Great grief" is slang, Ma!

MOTHER PINE [*severely*]. Not when I use it.

SCRUB PINE [*innocently*]. What is slang, Pa?

FATHER PINE. It is a concise but vulgar form of expression, originating in institutions of learning, and much in vogue among young men and women of the present day. A really high-toned pine-tree would never indulge in it. You had better write it down, boys. Where are your slates?

CONE and PINE. Here, Pa! [*Producing slates with pencils attached.*] What shall we write?

FATHER PINE. Write just what I told you.

CONE and SCRUB. What was it about, Pa?

FATHER PINE. About slang, I believe.

CONE and SCRUB. But, Pa! What about slang?

FATHER PINE [*impatiently*]. I do not at the moment recall what I said, but never mind! Write it down, all the same, commencing with a capital I.

[CONE and SCRUB slowly draw a large I on their slates; then scratch their heads and seem to be puzzled. JACK and POLLY are heard singing softly, as if in the distance, the first verse of the Christmas hymn. The Pine family look surprised, and listen attentively.]

CONE and SCRUB. Why — what — is — that?

FATHER PINE [*peering into the distance*]. It 's two children; they are coming this way.

MOTHER PINE [*eagerly*]. Let them come. Don't frighten 'em.

CONE and SCRUB. Pa!

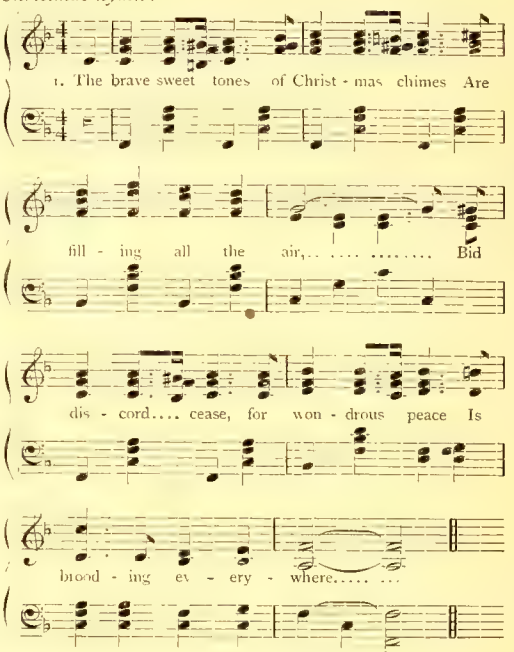
FATHER PINE. Silence, I say! both of you. Eyes right — so as not to embarrass them.

CONE PINE [*looking furtively to the left*]. It 's a boy and a girl, Pa.

FATHER PINE. Be quiet. If you speak again I 'll pull you up by the roots.

[JACK and POLLY enter from the left and, while walking about among the trees, as if in a place unfamiliar to them, sing first and second verses of Christmas hymn.]

Christmas hymn:



2. "Good-will to men," the blessed strain
Is ringing far and wide;
And all who will may feel the thrill
Of joyous Christmas-tide.

3. Let loving words, and loving deeds
Crowd out each sad regret;
For one short day, good Christians may
Their cares and toils forget.

JACK [*interrupting at close of second verse*]. Oh, Polly! Don't let 's go no furder. These mittens are n't worth a cent for keeping out the cold.

POLLY. Blow your fingers this way, Jack. Don't give up yet. Where will this year's mittens be coming from, if we don't find Santa Claus? Let 's sing another verse, and try and keep our spirits up till we do find him.

[The children wander about once again, and sing third verse of hymn.]

JACK [*stopping abruptly.*] It is n't any good.

POLLY. Oh, yes, it is. The little boy said, you know, that Santa Claus lived in a cottage, on a snowy hill among the pines.

JACK. Well! here 's the hill, and the pine-trees, and the snow; but you can see for yourself there 's no sign of a cottage. [*Confidentially*] I guess the little boy lied.

FATHER PINE. Tut! tut! tut! never say that.

JACK and POLLY [*looking up surprised*]. Never say what?

FATHER PINE. Lied, to be sure! say prevaricated; it means the same thing, and sounds better.

POLLY [*accusingly*]. If we 'd known you were listening, we would n't have said anything. But who ever heard of pine-trees hearing and talking?

MOTHER PINE. There are a great many wonderful

things, my dear, which such a small child as yourself may be presumed not to have heard of.

JACK. And can you eat?

CONE and SCRUB. *Can* we!

JACK. What did you say?

CONE and SCRUB. We said we could.

JACK. Could what?

CONE and SCRUB. Why, eat, to be sure!

JACK. And do you like candy rabbits?

CONE and SCRUB. Love 'em.

JACK [*producing a piece of candy*]. I have only a part of one. A little boy gave it to me who got it for his Christmas. But I guess I had better give it to the baby. May she have it, Mrs. Pine?

MOTHER PINE. Certainly, my dear, if you do not want it yourself.

JACK. But I do.

MOTHER PINE. Then keep it.

JACK. No, I wont! There, then! [*handing it to Mother Pine for the baby*]. My Sunday-school teacher says, "There 's no credit in giving only what you 've got no use for."

CONE and SCRUB. Three cheers for Jack! Hip——

JACK [*interrupting*]. Oh, please don't both talk at once! It frightens me so!

CONE and SCRUB. We wont, then.

JACK. But you 're doing it now [*very despairingly*].

CONE and SCRUB. We wont do it again.

FATHER PINE. See that you don't, boys. I will not allow it. But look here, Jack and Polly, tell me what do you want way up here? for it 's growing late, and you ought to be at home, and in bed. Where do you live?

POLLY. In that little cottage, yonder, way down at the foot of the hill. You can just see the light in the kitchen window from here.

JACK [*sadly*]. But you can't smell the muffins.

POLLY. Never mind, Jack! What 's muffins to finding Santa Claus? [*Turning to Father Pine.*] I guess you must have heard us say, sir, that we were hunting for Santa Claus. We want to talk matters over with him. Our Uncle Dick says we do not deserve any presents; but don't you think it 's pretty hard for little folks like us not to have just a little Christmas?

CONE and SCRUB [*indignantly*]. To be sure we do.

JACK. There! You 've broken your promise.

CONE and SCRUB. Beg your pardon, Jack; we forgot.

JACK. Well, please don't forget again.

POLLY. You see, Mr. Pine, Jack thinks he 'll be a better boy next year, and I know I shall be a better girl; so if we could only see Santa Claus our own selves and tell him so, I believe he would give us something. We really need it. We have no father nor mother, and Jack's mittens — look — are almost worn out.

FATHER PINE [*gravely*]. But how can I help you, my dear? Santa Claus does not live here.

POLLY. Does n't he?

JACK. No wheres near?

FATHER PINE. Whoever told you he did, prevaricated. Don't forget that word; say it after me: pre-var-i-ca-ted. Now! all together!

CONE and SCRUB. } Pre-var-i-ca-ted.
JACK and POLLY. }

[The dwarfs, or aids-de-camp to Santa Claus, are heard singing the air of "Homeward March" softly in the distance.]

FATHER PINE. Really, I 'm very sorry for you; I——

JACK [*listening to the music*]. Oh! what is that?
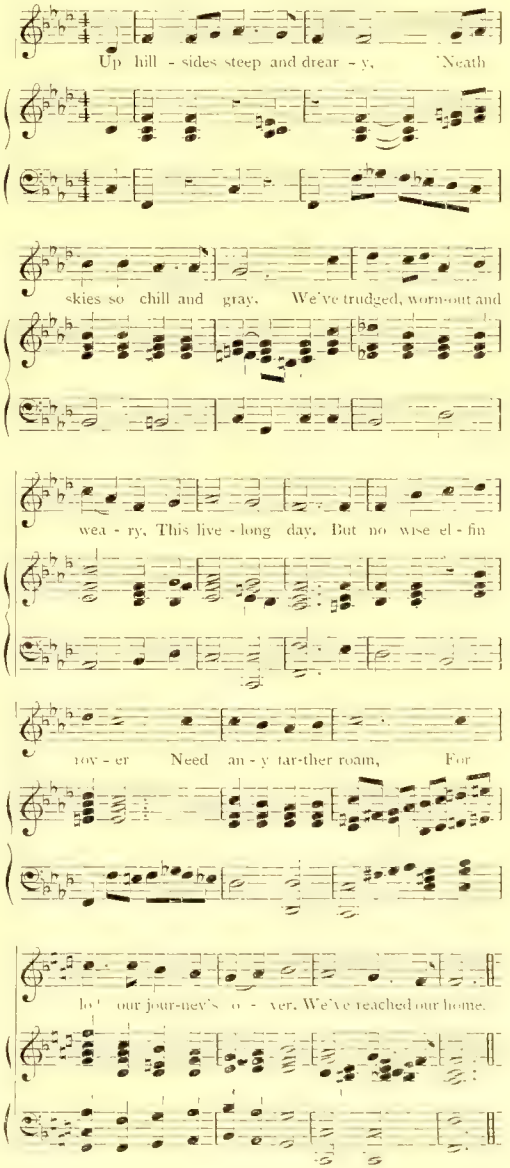
FATHER PINE. Only the boys, singing as they come home.

JACK and POLLY [*excitedly*]. And who are the boys?

FATHER PINE. Oh, a jolly set of fellows who live up here. Crawl in under my boughs, and they wont see you; but they would not hurt you if they did.

[Dwarfs enter, keeping step to the music, and when fairly upon the stage commence singing. Descriptive gestures introduced at the same moment by each little dwarf, and of *studied* similarity, will add greatly to the "taking" properties of the song.]

Homeward March:



Never were dwarfs enlisted in such a worthy cause
As we while we 've assisted good Santa Claus.
More work had he last season than he could fully do;
And for this simple reason, we 've helped him through.

Such scores of wee doll-mothers waited in every town;
Such ranks of baby brothers, lately come down.
And 't would have been so shocking, if any girls or boys,
Op'ning their Christmas stocking, had found no toys.

Therefore, with hearts most willing, we 've worked our level best —
Hundreds of stockings filling, no thought of rest.
Such dolls! such wondrous treasure! Such stacks of ginger-bread!
Have we, with keenest pleasure, dis-trib-u-ted.

Just what each child expected, we 've served on ev'ry hand —
Not one has been neglected in this great land.
So now, each conscience easy, softly to bed we 'll creep,
And in this bedroom breezy, all fall asleep.

[During the singing of the last four lines, the dwarfs crawl under the snow coverlid, and fall asleep, resting their right elbows on the floor, and their heads on their right hands.]

JACK [*after a pause, and in a stage whisper*]. Oh, please, I do not like it. I want to go home.

POLLY [*dragging him from under the boughs of the tree*]. Now, Jack, don't be afraid! If they are such good friends of Santa Claus, they 'll do something for us. We 'll ask them. [*Starts to touch one of them.*]

JACK. Oh, no! no! no! Don't waken 'em! They 're very tired, and they 'll be awful mad.

POLLY. No, they wont. I 'll risk it, and waken the one that seems kindest [*walking from one to the other, and bending over each critically*]. Snappish — cross — all worn out — rather grouty — Well! none of them look very kind, asleep.

FATHER PINE. Children! [*in a subdued tone.*]

JACK and POLLY. Yes, sir.

FATHER PINE. Sing a verse of your little hymn. It will waken them all at once, and waken them in a good humor. They are very susceptible to music.

[Jack and Polly sing a verse of the Christmas hymn in a frightened manner, and the dwarfs begin to yawn and stretch, and at the conclusion of verse sit bolt upright, with folded arms, and look wonderingly at the children.]

POLLY [*timidly*]. Please, sirs, we — we — we heard you say you had been working for Santa Claus, and that no child had been forgotten; but, please, sirs, you *are* mistaken. When Jack and I woke up this morning there was nothing for us; not — one — single — thing. Uncle Dick, who takes care of us, says he did not tell Santa Claus about us, because we did not deserve any presents. Then we both cried very hard, and were so disappointed, till a little boy told us Santa Claus lived somewhere up here, and gave Jack a candy rabbit what he had gotten for his own Christmas. So that is how we came up, trying to find him; for really we have not been so very bad. You see, it seems so to Uncle Dick because he is not fond of children. Now, could you do anything for us, sirs?

JACK [*beseechingly*]. Yes; could you?

ALL THE DWARFS [*rising*]. Yes; we could.

LOUIS SCREW. And we could hang your old Uncle Dick. He deserves it. How would you like that?

POLLY [*decidedly*]. Oh, we would not like that, sir; 'cause then there would be no one at all to care for us.

JACK. Besides, you see, he 's the muffin man, and makes splendid muffins what he sells out of a little cart. [*Thoughtfully.*] We 'd rather you would not hang him.

FELIX DEAN. We wont, then! But now, look here: tell us, what would you like for Christmas?

JACK. A great, big tree.

POLLY. With pretty lanterns.

JACK. [*holding up his hands*]. And some mittens!

POLLY. And books.

JACK. And a sled, and roller-skates, and candy — lots of candy — and a velocipede.

TINY MITE [*sarcastically, and in a piping voice*]. Is that all?

JACK [*slowly*]. Yes; — that 's all, — I think.

NEDDIE SHED. Well, you shall have them. Sit down yonder, on those little benches, and we 'll fix things up for you.

[JACK and POLLY sit down on the little benches, and the Dwarfs, taking hold of hands, dance, to the music of the Lantern Song, in front of FATHER PINE, during which the curtain falls.]

ACT SECOND.

[During the intermission between the acts, Father Pine must be trimmed with the usual Christmas-tree decorations. This process need consume but very little time, as only the side of the tree visible to the audience requires decoration. Some of the toys enumerated by Jack and Polly should be placed at its base. The curtain rises, discovering Jack and Polly still seated upon the little benches.]

CONE and SCRUB [*looking in wonder at Father Pine.*] Oh, Ma! Just look at Pa! Is n't he splendid?
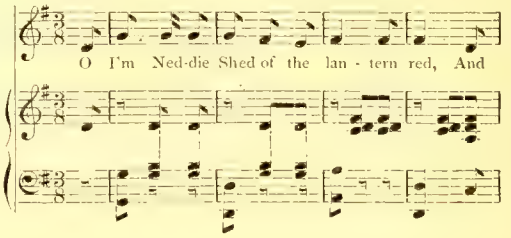
MOTHER PINE. Yes, dears, splendid. I always knew he had it in him to make a beautiful Christmas-tree. What wonderful miracle-workers these little dwarfs are, to be sure! To think that only a moment ago he was a sober, green pine, like the rest of us, and now — well! is n't he magnificent, Polly?
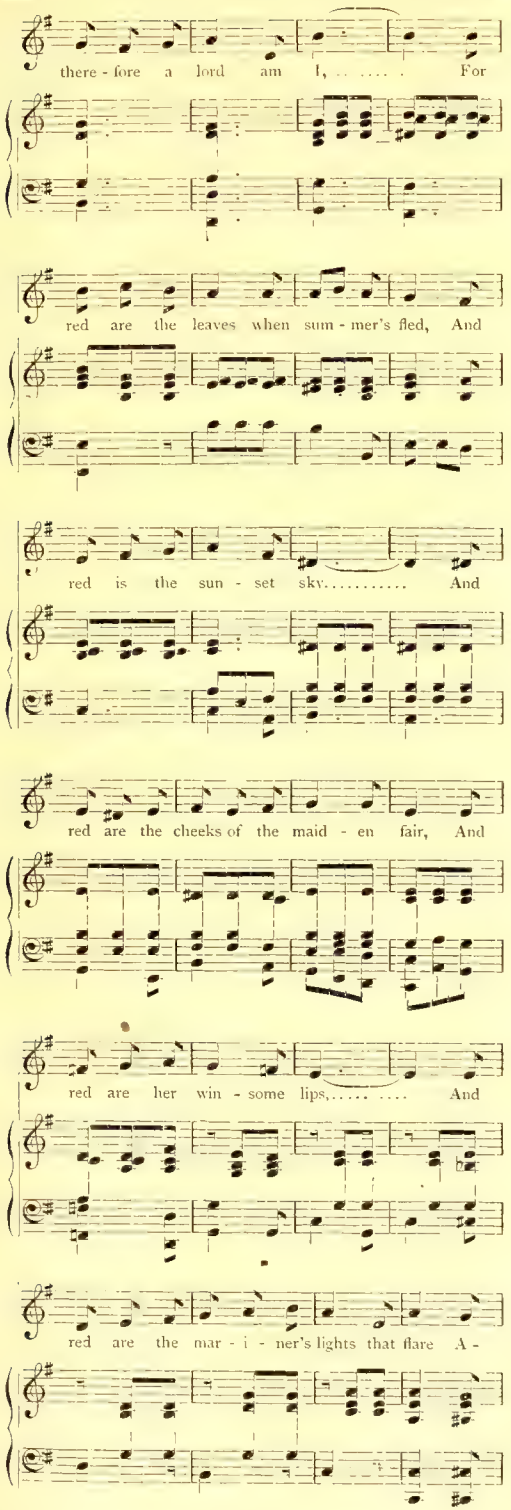
POLLY [*with a long-drawn sigh.*] Yes, magnificent.

JACK. But it seems to me, a *regular* Christmas-tree needs candles, or lanterns, or something.

FATHER PINE. You ungrateful little thing! You ought to be only too thankful to have any tree at all — but, hark!

[Enter the Dwarfs, each carrying lighted red lanterns, (the ordinary isinglass lanterns which come specially prepared for Christmas-trees are the best for this purpose), and keeping time to the music of the following song. NEDDIE SHED leads the rest, and coming to the front of stage, sings the Lantern Song, during which the other dwarfs fasten the lighted lanterns to the tree. Here again descriptive gestures on the part of the soloists will add greatly to the effectiveness of the song. The lights on the stage should be lowered to make the dwarfs' lanterns more effective.]





[*The Chorus should be sung by the Dwarfs and the* PINE FAMILY, *the Dwarfs coming to front of stage and dancing in perfect time.*]

NEDDIE SHED.

And red are the rubies that maidens coy
Contrast with their snow-white hands,
And red are the seals which great kings employ,
Indorsing their high commands;
And red is the rose whose op'ning bud
The loveliest grace attains,
And red is the silently coursing blood
Which tingles in mortal veins.

Chorus—Then hang, etc.

[N. B.—If more time is required for arranging the lanterns than is allowed by the song, let the interlude between the two verses be a prolonged one. At close of *second* chorus the Dwarfs dance off the stage and directly back again, each carrying blue lighted lanterns, and LOUIS SCREW leading the rest, with by-play same as before, and so in turn "Felix Dean, of the Lantern Green," and "Tiny Mite, of the Yellow Light."]

LOUIS SCREW.

Oh, I'm Louis Screw, of the lantern blue,
And therefore a lord am I,

For blue are the flowers of tend'rest hue,
And blue is the cloudless sky;
And blue are the eyes of the maiden grave
The sailor would make his bride,
And blue is the sweep of the crested wave
That kisses the brave ship's side.

CHORUS:
Then hang the blue lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine:
For who 'd care to see a brave Christmas-tree
Without these blue lights of { mine. / thine.

LOUIS SCREW.
And blue are the turquoise, and wondrous rare,
They set in the king's gold crown;
And blue is the robe he sees fit to wear
On occasions of great renown;
And blue is the tiny forget-me-not,
Which true lovers prize, I ween,
While blood that is red in a Hottentot
Is *blue* in a king or queen.

Chorus: Then hang the blue lanterns, etc.

FELIX DEAN.
Oh, I 'm Felix Dean, of the lantern green,
And therefore a lord am I,
For green is the moss of the deep ravine,
And green are its hemlocks high;
And green is the lane with tall, plumy ferns
Where violets and harebells hide,
And green is the signal the steamer burns
All night on her starboard side.

CHORUS:
Then hang the green lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine;
For grave as a rook any tree would look,
Without these green lights of { mine. / thine.
And green is the mermaid whose winning smile
Exerts such a wondrous spell;
And green are the shores of blest Erin's isle,
And green are her folk as well;
And green is the beautiful emerald stone,
That all other gems outvies;
And green, with a green that is all their own,
Are pussy-cats' brilliant eyes.

Chorus: Then hang the green lanterns, etc.

TINY MITE.
Oh, I 'm Tiny Mite, of the yellow light,
And therefore a lord am I,
For yellow 's the moon that shines at night
So clear in the dark, dark sky;
And yellow of hair, I make bold to claim,
Are ladies of high degree;
And yellow and bright is the beacon flame
Which gleams o'er the storm-tossed sea.

CHORUS:
Then hang yellow lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine;
For nothing, you know, can excel the glow
Of these yellow lights of { mine. / thine.
And yellow 's the ore that the goldsmith molds
For bracelet and brooch and ring,
And rich yellow gold is the cup which holds
The wine of the royal king;
And yellow of hue is the primrose sweet
Wherever maids chance to range,
And yellow 's the coin which buys a seat
For you in the Stock Exchange.

Chorus: Then hang yellow lanterns, etc.

[At conclusion of song the Dwarfs take their stand a little in the background, two on either side of the tree.]

CONE and SCRUB. There, now, Jack, what do you think of that?

JACK. I don't think at all. I can't think. I 'm too happy to think.

NEDDIE SHED. Come! help yourselves, children; step right up to the tree and help yourselves.

LOUIS SCREW [*taking* JACK *by the hand*]. Yes, indeed! Come right along. Don't be bashful!

[JACK and POLLY leave their benches and, while the air of the Christmas Hymn is played softly, appropriate some of the toys from the foot of the tree.]

POLLY [*standing with her arms full of toys*]. Oh, you have all been so very kind! I 'm sure we never dreamt of anything like this. I do not see how you ever did it!

TINY MITE. Of course you don't. We never tell how. Besides, you could not understand if we did.

[JACK, loaded with toys, starts to walk quietly off the stage.]

POLLY. Jack! Jack! Where are you going?

JACK. Home.

POLLY. But you have not so much as thanked Mr. Dean and all the rest of them.

JACK. What 's the use? I can't thank 'em enough.

POLLY. And is that any reason why you should not thank them at all? Come right back, Jack.

[JACK obeys, and POLLY takes him by the hand.]

POLLY. I would like to make you a fine little speech, sirs, because of all you have done for us; but you would only wonder *how* I did it, and [*slyly*] *I never tell how;* so I 'll just say that we are very much——

JACK. Don't make such a fuss, Polly! Just say "Thanks" and be done with it.

FATHER PINE. Oh, I do hope you will not "just say" anything of the kind. If there is a barbarous abbreviation in the English language, it is that word "Thanks." It is lazy; it is common. I sincerely hope it may never again be uttered in my presence. What has become of the courtly, old-fashioned "No, I thank you," and "Yes, I thank you"—— But I am lecturing.

POLLY [*indignantly*]. And Jack is almost crying, Mr. Pine.

FATHER PINE. No cause for tears, Jack! Now run along home, and show your presents to your uncle.

JACK [*wistfully to the Dwarfs*]. What—what are you going to do with all the other things?

NEDDIE SHED. Well—— Suggestions are in order.

JACK. I *would* like something for Uncle Dick, though he does not deserve anything.

POLLY. And there are a good many other people in the town besides Uncle Dick—real nice people, too.

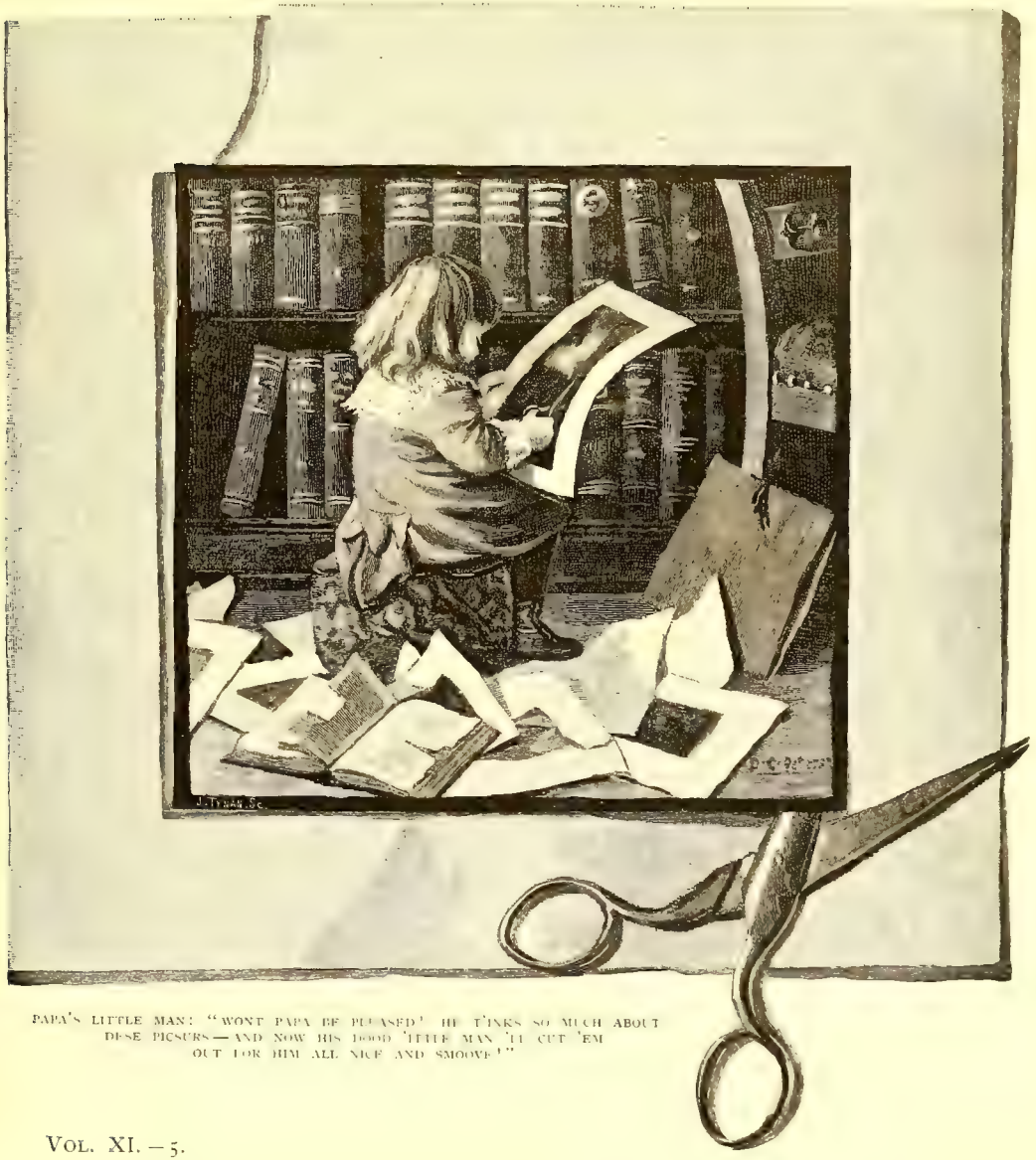
LOUIS SCREW. Is that so? Then I 'll tell you what we 'll do. Lay your toys down here; they 'll be safe. Cone and Scrub will watch them, and we 'll all load up and carry some presents to your friends. Do you approve of that, Miss Polly?

POLLY. Why, I 'd rather do that than have a Christmas of my own. Would n't you, Jack?

JACK [*hesitating*]. No, I would n't; but I think it would be very nice, very nice, indeed, to have both.

FATHER PINE. That 's right, Jack; whatever else you do, always speak the truth, and now, Mother and Cone and Scrub, we can surely sing our old carol merrily enough.

[The Pine family sing the Pine-tree Carol while JACK, POLLY, and the Dwarfs pass down among the audience and distribute presents or little souvenirs from the tree. It would be better, perhaps, to have the presents intended for distribution arranged on trays beforehand.]



PAPA'S LITTLE MAN: "WONT PAPA BE PLEASED? HE T'INKS SO MUCH ABOUT DESE PICSURS — AND NOW HIS GOOD 'ITTLE MAN 'LL CUT 'EM OUT FOR HIM ALL NICE AND SMOOVE!"

THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.*

By Edward W. Tuffley.

On the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This was the flag which, first unfurled by Captain John Paul Jones on the "Ranger," became the standard of the new American republic. It floated above the historic field of Yorktown, and fluttered from the north bastion of old Fort George when, one hundred years ago this very month of November, the troops of King George evacuated the city of New York, and the long war of the Revolution was ended.

Does any reader of ST. NICHOLAS know why the stars and stripes were adopted as our national emblem? Various theories have been advanced — from that which traces them to the "Union Jack" of England's flag to the highly poetical claim that the banner of the Union represents the crimson clouds of sunset blown into stripes by the free winds of heaven, and spangled with the evening stars just twinkling in the blue. But none of these can be proven, and, as one authority says, "the official origin of the 'grand Union' flag is involved in obscurity."

Let me tell you, if I can, the story of the flag as I have been able to read it.

Some twenty years ago, I drove, one fine summer day, through pleasant country roads from the borough town of Northampton, some sixteen miles north-west of London, to a glorious old mansion standing in a spacious park amid the green woodlands of Northamptonshire — Althorp House, for many generations the family-seat of the noble house of Spencer. I would like to introduce my young American readers to this great English estate, with its far-stretching fields and forests, its heronry (one of the very few still remaining in England), its dairy standing in the shadow of the ancestral oaks, its broad flower-beds and beautiful lawn, on which I saw such a funny sight — a mowing-machine drawn by a mule shod in leather boots so as not to injure the turf. I should like to tell you of the grand old house, with its state apartments, its superb antiquities, rich furniture, and rare paintings; its library, one of the finest in England, so lined with books that, once in, you can scarce find your way out; its patch-work bedroom, and other rare sights. But this is not part of my story. Althorp House is the home of Earl Spencer, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and not far away stands the parish church of Brington, rich in monuments and memorials of the noble Spencer family. Passing down the aisle with the parish clerk, he called my attention to an uninviting-looking spot — a board about two yards long and one wide, covering part of the pavement. Stooping down, he removed the board and uncovered one of the old-time "brasses," so common in the parish churches of England — a piece of *latten* or sheet brass, set into the pavement of the church, and bearing an engraved inscription.

"I wish to call your attention to this brass," said the clerk; "it is one to Robert Washington and his wife. They lived in this parish many years, and died in 1622, within a few days of each other. Here is their coat-of-arms," he continued. "See: the stars and stripes."

"What!" I exclaimed, starting in surprise, "do you really mean that the American flag, the stars and stripes, was taken from the arms of the Washington family?"

"Most certainly I do," he replied. "Earl Spencer frequently brings American gentlemen here to see this brass. Mr. Motley, the historian, has been here, and so has Senator Sumner."

I was interested at once, for I am something of an antiquary. "But surely," said I, "few Americans can know of this. I wish I could take the brass away with me, but that is out of the question."

"Why not take a rubbing in heel-ball on paper?" suggested the clerk.

"The very thing," I replied; and I soon transferred the whole inscription by what we call "heel-ball," that is, an impression on paper in the way that boys take the impressions of pennies, by covering them with paper and rubbing the surface vigorously with a blunt pencil.

I obtained a fair copy of the Washington brass, and, years after, traced the letters on gilt paper, so that I have a fac-simile of the brass as it now lies beneath the unattractive-looking board in Brington Church, and you will find a copy of it on the next page.

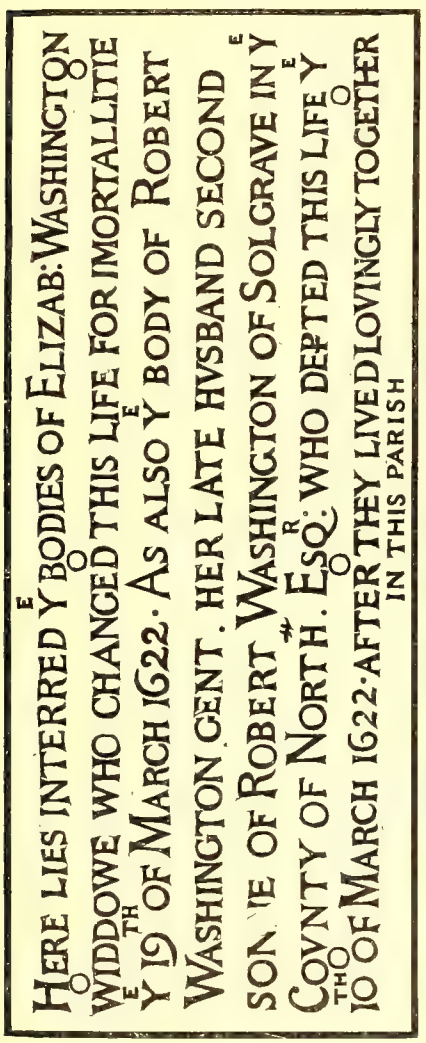
Well, I carried my treasure home and read and re-read the rubbing — "Robert Washington, gent, second son of Robert Washington of Solgrave."

"Sulgrave?" I repeated, "I wonder if there are any Washington relics at Sulgrave?"

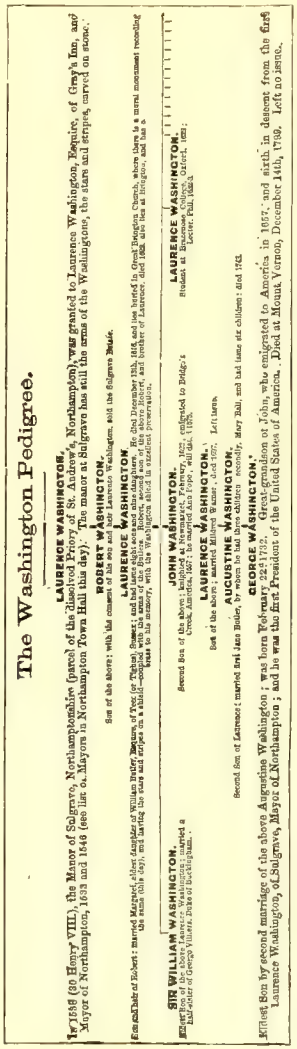
I wrote to the Vicar of Sulgrave and was politely

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informed that there was a tomb to Laurence Washington, bearing several brasses, in Sulgrave Church. In reply to a second letter, the vicar kindly sent me rubbings, beautifully done on tracing-paper, of the Sulgrave brasses. First of these was the inscription placed on the tomb by Laurence Washington upon the death of "Amee his wyf" in 1564, of which also a fac-simile is shown on this page.


HERE LIES INTERRED Y BODIES OF ELIZAB: WASHINGTON
WIDDOWE WHO CHANGED THIS LIFE FOR IMORTALLITIE
Y 19TH OF MARCH 1622. AS ALSO Y BODY OF ROBERT
WASHINGTON GENT. HER LATE HVSBAND SECOND
SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN Y
COVNTY OF NORTH. ESQ: WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE Y
10TH OF MARCH 1622 AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER
IN THIS PARISH

FAC-SIMILE OF BRASS IN GREAT BRINGTON CHURCH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.


The Washington Pedigree.

LAURENCE WASHINGTON,

1st=1588 (30 Henry VIII.), the Manor of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire (parcel of the dissolved Priory of St. Andrew's, Northampton), was granted to Laurence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn, and Mayor of Northampton, 1533 and 1545 (see list o. Mayors in Northampton Town Hall this day). The manor at Sulgrave has still the arms of the Washingtons, the stars and stripes, carved on stone.

Son of the above; with his consent of the use and title Laurence Washington, sold the Sulgrave Manor.

ROBERT WASHINGTON,

LAURENCE WASHINGTON

Eldest Son and Heir of the above; married Margaret, eldest daughter of William Butler, Esquire, of Tow (or Thibal, Somers; and by her had issue, Robert, second son of the above Robert, and brother of Laurence, died 1564; who has a mural monument recording the same (this day), and having the stars and stripes on a shield—coupled with the arms of the Butlers. Robert, second son of the above Robert, and brother of Laurence, died 1564; who has at Brington, and has a shield—coupled with the arms of the Butlers—and the stars and stripes thereon, and a modified form thereof.

SIR WILLIAM WASHINGTON.
Eldest Son of the above Laurence Washington; married a Lady (name unknown); and had issue, Sir William Washington.

JOHN WASHINGTON.
Second Son of the above; knighted at Hermansel, Tyburn, &c.; subscribed to Bridge's Book, 1619; married Anne Pope, daughter of Sir Thomas Pope, Kt., 1632.

LAURENCE WASHINGTON.
Son of the above; married Mildred Warner, died 1677. Left issue.

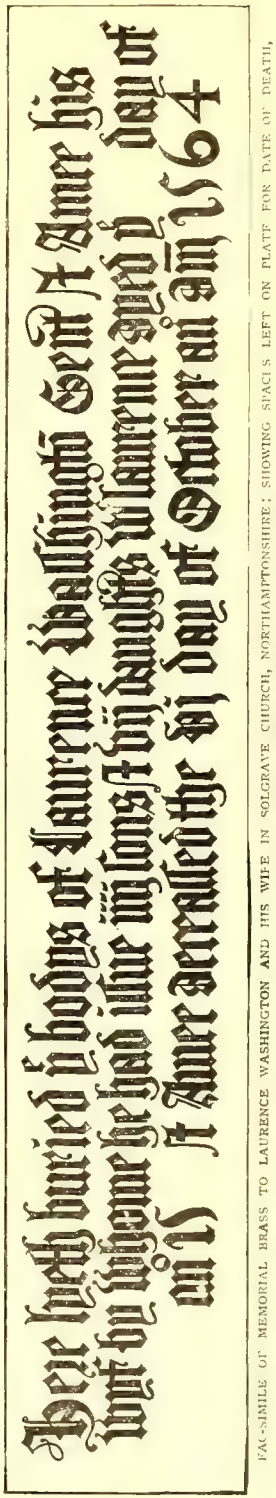
AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON.
Second Son of Laurence; married 1st Jane Butler, by whom he had three children; secondly, Mary Bali, and had issue six children; died 1743.

Eldest Son by second marriage of the above Augustine Washington; was born February 22nd 1731. Great-grandson of John, who emigrated to America in 1657, and sixth in descent from the first Laurence Washington, of Sulgrave, Mayor of Northampton; and he was the First President of the United States of America. Died at Mount Vernon, December 14th, 1799. Left no issue.

Then came the likeness of Laurence Washington, in his mayor's robes of black cloth trimmed with sable fur; for, as two of the five hundred shields of the mayors in the corridors of Northampton town-house bear record, the Worshipful Laurence Washington was twice mayor of Northampton—in 1532 and 1545.

Next to this came the brasses of his numerous family—four sons and seven daughters—all very quaint in style, as will be seen by the sketches on page 68.

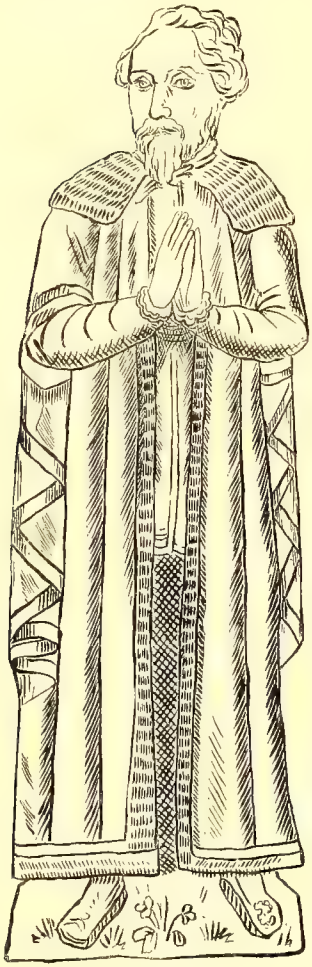
The shield, much defaced by the feet of three centuries of worshipers, is hard to decipher. But, dim as are the outlines, we may still


Here lyeth buried ye bodys of Laurence Washingto Gent & Amee his wyf by whome he had iiiie iiij sonnes & viij daughtes ye Laurence wyed ye day of viij & Amee deceased the vj day of October an dm 1564

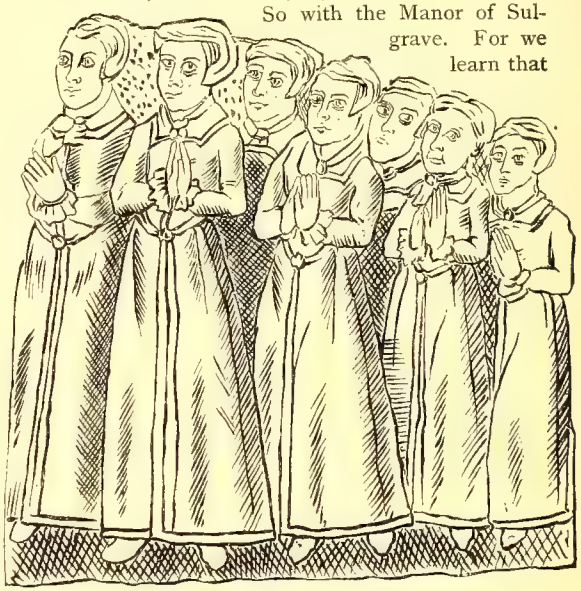
FAC-SIMILE OF MEMORIAL BRASS TO LAURENCE WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE IN SOLGRAVE CHURCH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE; SHOWING SPACE LEFT ON PLATE FOR DATE OF DEATH, WHICH WERE NEVER FILLED BY THE EXECUTORS.

trace there, on the pavement of Sulgrave Church, the shield bearing upon its face the Washington arms — the stars and stripes.

Every boy and girl who studies English history knows the sad and terrible story of "Bluff King Hal," Henry the Eighth of England, and his six unhappy wives. When, in 1533, this royal Blue-beard sought to marry fair Mistress Anne Boleyn, the Pope, Clement the Seventh, seeing no just cause for the King's divorce from Queen Katherine, refused his consent. But the self-willed monarch, throwing off all allegiance to the Pope, proclaimed himself "head of the Church," secured a divorce by English law, and married the fair Mistress Anne Boleyn, only (poor lady!) to cut off her head scarce three years after in his grim old Tower of London. And when King Henry had declared himself free of the "See of Rome," he took forcible possession of the religious houses in England, confiscated their money and divided the church lands among his friends and adherents. Now, the Worshipful Laurence Washington, some time mayor of Northampton, was an adherent of the King, a clever lawyer, and a man to conciliate, and how better could King Henry make a fast friend of him than by presenting him with a "parcel of the dissolved priory of St. Andrews, Northampton," under the name of the Manor of Sulgrave? This was done in 1538. But easily gotten wealth is not always the most secure, and sometimes, as the old saying is, it "spends badly." So with the Manor of Sulgrave. For we learn that Robert Washington, Esquire, the next heir, getting into difficulties, was forced to sell the estate in 1610; and his son Laurence, grandson of the mayor, went back to Great Brington, and died there in 1616, as



COPY OF BRASS IN SULGRAVE CHURCH TO THE MEMORY OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.



THE SEVEN DAUGHTERS OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

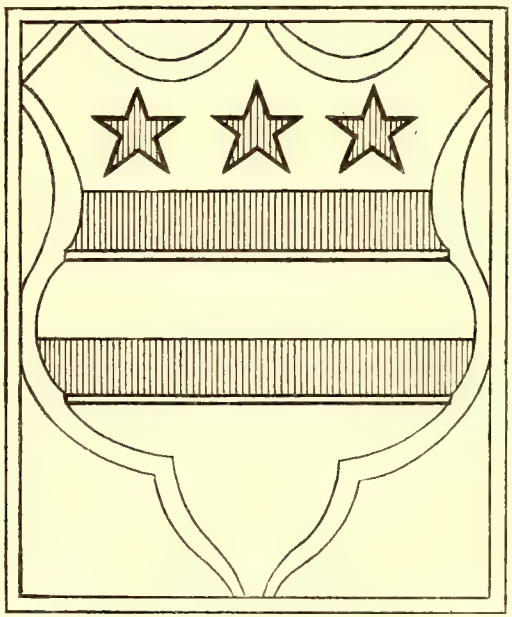


THE FOUR SONS OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

the "mural record" on his tomb in Brington Church, bearing the shield with the stars and stripes, bears witness. (In the Boston State House may be seen a facsimile of this inscription, presented by Earl Spencer, through the instrumentality of Governor Andrew, Senator Sumner, and Jared Sparks, the biographer of George Washington.) Twice had the Washingtons married into the lordly family of Spencer, and the removal to Brington was doubtless to be near their noble relatives, for, even in their days of adversity, we find the Washingtons to have been honored guests at Althorp House. John Washington, second son of this second Laurence, and great-grandson of the mayor, was knighted at Newmarket in 1622; and, when the great civil war between king and parliament filled England with blood and blows, we find this Sir John Washington a stanch cavalier, fighting "for church and king." But poor King Charles lost his crown and his head in 1649, and Cromwell, the Protector, was by no means a comfortable "protector" of those who had taken sides with the King. At least, Sir John Washington found it so; for, in 1657, he left his pleasant home in Yorkshire, and emigrating to the New World, settled at Bridge's Creek, in Westmoreland County, in the colony of Virginia, where he soon afterward married Mistress Anne Pope. Thus was established the American line of the Washingtons, for General George Washington, first President of the United States, was great-grandson of this same Sir John, the emigrant; as Sir John was great-grandson of the first Laurence, twice mayor of Northampton and lord of the Manor of Sulgrave.

This browsing among the Washington genealogies and studying of their monumental brasses and family records grew very interesting to me, and about a year ago I made a trip to Sulgrave on a search for Washington relics and memorials. There was the old church, and there, not far away, was the still older manor-house, part of the confiscated estates of the unfortunate priory of St. Andrew. I first visited the church and studied the brasses, of which I had received such excellent copies, and then turned my steps to the manor-house. The ancient home of the Washingtons belongs now to a farmer by the name of Cook, and is little more than a quaint and interesting ruin. A few signs of its former stability and grandeur may be traced; but the window with the Washington crest, which Washington Irving mentions in his "Life of Washington," is no longer to be seen, having been broken after it had been removed elsewhere "for safe keeping." The porch, or entrance, to the old manor-house still speaks, though somewhat shakily, of the early glory of the place; and from the village doctor I was fortunate enough to obtain a plaster cast of the Washington arms which King Henry's adherent, the worshipful ex-mayor of Northampton, had placed above the porch of the manor-house in 1540 — the now familiar shield bearing on its face the stars and stripes.

And now, from genealogy, come with me, girls and boys, into the Heralds' College, in London. We will take the Washington arms with us and make a short study of heraldry. You know what heraldry is, I suppose. It is the art of blazoning or describing in proper terms crests, arms, and armorial bearings. It is full of odd and curious terms which, to any one not versed in the mysteries



THE WASHINGTON SHIELD.
FAC SIMILE.
FROM OLD MANOR HOUSE, SULGRAVE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, A.D. 1540.

of the art, seem but a strange jargon. Representations of arms and crests can not, of course, be always given in colors, and in the study of heraldry, therefore, colors are denoted by the lines of shading. Thus perpendicular lines denote red; horizontal, blue; diagonal, green and purple; and these colors are thus designated: red is *gules;* white is *argent;* blue is *azure;* black is *sable;* green is *vert,* and purple is *purpure.* Gold is *or,* and silver is *argent.* An object given in its natural color is called *proper. Chief* is from *caput,* the head, and indicates the head or upper part of the shield, covering one-third of it and set off by a horizontal line. The *mullet* is the small star-shaped wheel or rowel of a spur and, in heraldry, indicates a third son. Now, with this short study as a guide, see whether

you can translate the description of the arms and crest of the Washington family as I obtained them from the Heralds' College in London. Remember that arms and crest are by no means the same thing. Arms means the shield itself — protection in battle; crest is the ornament that surmounts the shield.

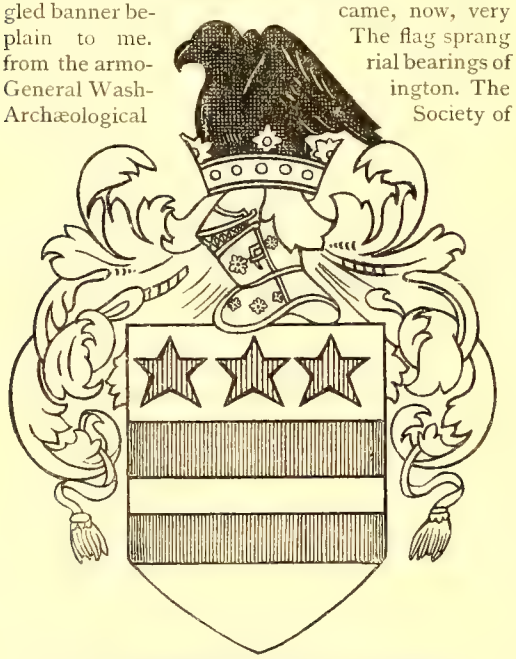
THE WASHINGTON FAMILY

ARMS: *argent;* two bars *gules;* in chief, three mullets of the second.

CREST: a raven with wings indorsed proper; issuant from a ducal coronet *or*.

I obtained a drawing of the armorial bearings of the Washingtons — a fac-simile of the illumination that has stood for centuries in the old and time-worn book I studied so carefully in the Heralds' College. And here it is.

The bars on the shield, you see, are in perpendicular shading, signifying red and white stripes, and the mystery as to the origin of the star-spangled banner became, now, very plain to me. The flag sprang from the armorial bearings of General Washington. The Archæological Society of



THE WASHINGTON ARMS & CREST.

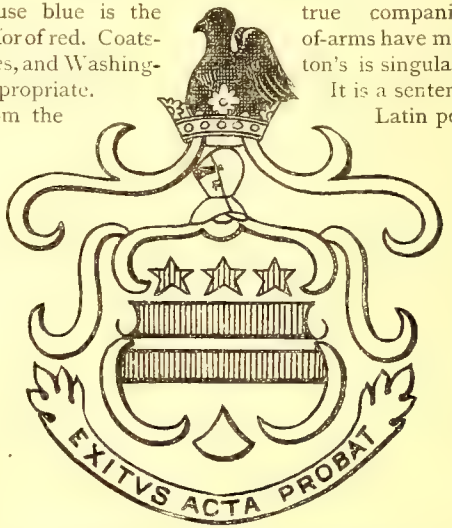
FROM HERALD'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

ARMS. *ARGENT*, TWO BARS *GULES*, IN CHIEF THREE MULLETS OF THE SECOND.

CREST: A RAVEN WITH WINGS INDORSED PROPER, ISSUING OUT OF A DUCAL CORONET *OR*.

England, the highest authority in the world on ancient church and heraldic matters, seems to indorse my opinion, for it has said that "in the red and white bars, and the stars of his shield, and the eagle issuant from his crest, borne later by General Washington, the framers of the Constitution got their idea of the stars and stripes and the spread eagle of the national emblem"—only an advance upon the bars *gules*, the three *mullets*, and the raven of the old shield of the Washingtons of Sulgrave Manor.

Blue seems to have been added to the flag because blue is the true companion color of red. Coats-of-arms have mottoes, and Washington's is singularly appropriate. It is a sentence from the Latin poet



THE ARMS EMBLAZONED ON GENERAL WASHINGTON'S COACH.

Ovid: "*Exitus acta probat*," which, freely translated, means "Actions are tested by their results." These arms were on his carriage panels, his bookmarks, and his watch-seals.

Admiral Preble, of the United States navy, who wrote a very interesting work on "Our Flag," says, in regard to Washington's crest and arms: "The American patriot was fond of genealogies, and corresponded with English heralds on the subject of his pedigree. Yes! this George Washington, who gave sanction, if not birth, to that most democratic of sentiments,—'all men are born free and equal,'—was, as the phrase goes, a gentleman of blood, of court armor, and ancient lineage. When the Americans, in their most righteous revolt against the tyranny of the mother country, cast about for an ensign with which to distinguish themselves from their English oppressors, what did they ultimately adopt? Why, nothing more than a gentleman's badge — a modification of the old English coat-of-arms borne by their leader and deliverer. A few stars and stripes had, in the old times, distinguished his ancestors; more stars and additional stripes were added, denoting the number of States that joined in the struggle, and this now became the standard round which the patriots so successfully rallied. It is not a little strange that this 'worn-out rag of feudalism,' as

so many would call it, should have expanded into that bright and ample banner that now waves on every sea."

So much for the flag; but ere I close, I wish to mention another matter that may be found of

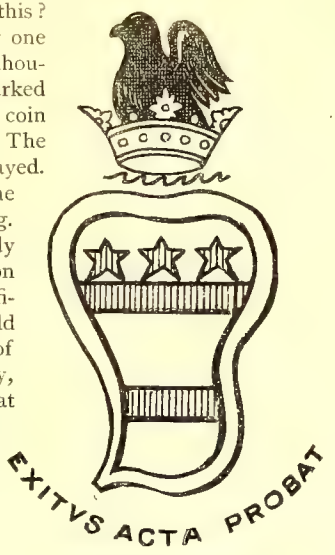


WASHINGTON'S SEAL



WASHINGTON'S LAST WATCH-SEAL

interest. The stars on the flag are five-rayed, that is, having five points. The stars on the coins of the United States have *six* points. Did you ever notice this? I doubt whether one American in a thousand ever remarked it. Look at any coin in your pocket. The stars are all six-rayed. Now, notice the stars on the flag. After my study of the Washington arms, I felt confident that, if I could obtain a coin of Washington's day, I should find that the stars corresponded with those on the flag. After long search, I finally found what I wished in a collection of coins belonging to an English friend—a fine specimen of a copper cent of 1791, showing a beautiful profile of Washington on one side, and on the reverse the eagle and the stars—*all with five points*. This confirmed my opinion. I joyfully pocketed the coin, with my friend's permission, of course, and when in America compared it with others in the Treasury Department at Washington. In every case I found that the coins of Washington's day have five-rayed stars. So the stars on the early coinage and the stars on the early flag of the young republic are but an adaptation of the "three mullets" of the old Washington arms. The five-rayed stars on the coins died with the great President, for I find that the coinage of the next Presidential term, and all issued since, have six-rayed stars. Here is a historical puzzle. Who can explain the reason for the change?



WASHINGTON'S BOOK-PLATE

This, girls and boys, is my story of your flag. The stars and stripes of the armorial bearings of old Laurence Washington, the worshipful mayor of Northampton three hundred years ago, as they appear on the brasses of Sulgrave Church and above the porch of the old manor-house, were the "heraldic insignia of the old English ancestry which is traced back almost to the days of Columbus," and these re-appear in the arms and crest of General George Washington of Virginia, first President of the United States of America, and sixth in descent from the first Laurence Washington of Sulgrave. The stars and stripes of the flag of the Union had their origin in the armorial bearings of the Washington family—a compliment from his fellow-citizens to the man whom they hailed as leader and deliverer, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." No written records exist to prove this, but the fact was well known at the time, and Washington's old friend, Mrs. Ross, an upholsteress of Arch street, Philadelphia, was intrusted by a committee of Congress, in June, 1776, to work these emblems into a flag, from designs drawn by Washington himself in the little back parlor of the Arch-street house.

So the Star Spangled Banner dates back almost to the days of knights and crusaders, and, as the English author of an interesting book on "the Washingtons" says (when speaking of doughty Sir John Washington, the King's man of the old Roundhead days, who left his Yorkshire fells for a new home beyond the sea): "On he rode to carry across the Atlantic a name which his great-grandson should raise to the loftiest heights of earthly glory, and a coat-of-arms which, transformed into



AN AMERICAN PENNY OF 1791.

the flag of a mighty nation, should float over every sea as far and as proudly as the blended crosses of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. George."

WILLIE AND ROSA.

By EMMA GILBERT.

LIT-TLE Wil-lie Jack-son and his sis-ter Ro-sa lived in a pret-ty lit-tle house in the coun-try. Wil-lie had six toys and Ro-sa had four dolls. And Wil-lie had a lit-tle toy-bank, too, that his pa-pa had given him; and his un-cle gave him ev-er so many pen-nies and some silver, to put in the bank.

Wil-lie and Ro-sa lived close by a riv-er. And they had fine times play-ing a-long the shore, throw-ing in sticks and stones, and sail-ing lit-tle bits of board and pieces of bark which they called boats. Wil-lie was six years old and Ro-sa was eight. The riv-er was not deep near their home, and they played near it all they chose, and they oft-en put a lot of small sticks on the bark boats and played that the sticks were boys and girls go-ing for a ride on the wa-ter.

One day, Ro-sa was gone from home, and Wil-lie played a-lone. Aft-er send-ing off some boats load-ed with lit-tle sticks, he wished for some-thing to sail that looked more like real peo-ple, and he went sly-ly in-to the house and got Ro-sa's four dolls, Maud, Fan-ny, Grace, and Pol-ly, and set them all on a large piece of board and pushed them off in-to the mid-dle of the riv-er with a long stick. He played that Maud, who was the larg-est, was the mam-ma of the oth-ers, and that they were go-ing to the end of the world. They float-ed a-long in fine style, and Wil-lie fol-lowed them a-long the shore, great-ly pleased to see them sail, un-til they got so far a-way that he could hard-ly see them when he went home, and the four dolls were left a-lone on the riv-er to sail as far as they liked.

Now, Ro-sa had gone to see a lit-tle girl named Hel-en, who lived far-ther down the riv-er, and as the dolls sailed a-long, the girls were at play on the shore throw-ing sticks in-to the wa-ter. For when-ev-er they threw a stick in-to the riv-er, Hel-en's big black dog would then swim out and bring the stick back in his mouth.

All at once, Hel-en cried out, "What is that com-ing down the riv er?" and as the boat came near-er, Ro-sa looked and looked, and soon she saw that her own dolls were up-on it, and she be-gan to cry for fear they would all be drowned.

Hel-en said, "Per-haps Trip will bring them in. There, Trip! There,

Trip!" and pointed to them; but Trip on-ly looked and wagged his tail. He would not go in-to the wa-ter un-less some-thing was thrown for him to go in aft-er; and when Hel-en threw a stick, he swam out and got it and let the dolls sail a-long.

"He does n't know what we want," said Hel-en. "I will run and tell Mam-ma; may-be she can get them out." But be-fore she got to the house the board ran a-gainst a rock, and all the dolls tipped in-to the wa-ter; and when Hel-en's mam-ma came, the emp-ty board was float-ing far a-way down the riv-er.

Then Ro-sa went home ver-y sad, and Hel-en cried a lit-tle, too.

When Wil-lie's mam-ma knew what he had done, she said he must o-pen his lit-tle bank and give all the pen-nies and sil-ver his un-cle had



"THERE, TRIP!" SAID ROSA, POINTING TO THE DOLLS.

giv-en him to Ro-sa, to buy her an-oth-er doll like La-dy Maud; and Hel-en's mam-ma and Ro-sa's aunt brought her some more, and Wil-lie nev-er sent Ro-sa's dolls to sail a-gain.

But when Wil-lie grew to be a big boy, he had a real boat with seats in it, and he oft-en took Ro-sa and Hel-en in his boat on the blue wa-ter. They were care-ful not to tip out, as the poor dolls did.

He could not think what had made him act so bad-ly to the dolls. But it must have been be-cause he was such a ver-y lit-tle boy in those days.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

IT may interest you, dear friends, young and otherwise, to know that the first of November is your Jack's birthday. Yes, with this month I enter upon the eleventh volume of my existence, so to speak, and a very happy one it promises to be, thanks to your faithful attendance, the state of things in general, and the success of ST. NICHOLAS in particular.

Now that I think on it, to be in the eleventh volume of one's age is about as grand a thing as a Jack-in-the-Pulpit of this latitude can desire — an unusual thing, too, though that 's neither here nor there in this case. Our family are mostly very sensitive to cold weather; but a ST. NICHOLAS Jack-in-the-Pulpit is quite another thing. The love of boys and girls should make even a mush-room as strong and hardy as an oak.

After all, every one of us, my chicks, begins a fresh volume once a year — so here 's to all our birthdays! May they be happy and honored — full of pleasant memories and joyful promises, and a hearty determination to go ahead!

FALLING STARS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I can answer the question asked by Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell in the August ST. NICHOLAS, saying that they have seen stars fall and wish to know if they really do fall and what becomes of them afterward, where do they go to, and do they ever shine again? *Answer:* A falling star is caused by a piece of star or planet falling down toward the earth. We know that when you get a certain distance from the earth the air becomes different from what it is around us here; thus the piece of planet or star falling downward from above, where the air is different, strikes the current of air around the earth, when it becomes warmed by the friction of falling through the air and shines like a star, and this is the cause of what we call a falling star. This is what I have been told, and I believe it. What becomes of them afterward and where they go, I guess nobody knows; and as they are not stars, they never shine again. Your fond admirer,

Lenox, Mass. JOHNNY.

You are shown Johnny's letter, my friends, just as he wrote it (excepting that the dear Little School-ma'am scratched out the rest of his name). Does he clear up the matter much? I fear not. You see, it is such a very hard subject. Well, here is a letter from a Washington boy:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17, 1883.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: If you will let me answer Lulu Clarke's and Nellie Caldwell's questions about "Shooting-stars," in the August ST. NICHOLAS, I will ask all those who have access to an encyclopedia or book on astronomy to look under the subjects "meteors" and "aerolites," as both are commonly called "shooting-stars." In the encyclopedia or book on astronomy will be found much more information than you would allow me space to give. I would like to say for those who can not see an encyclopedia or book on astronomy that the scientific men have decided that there is a stream of meteors or shooting-stars going around the sun all the time, after the manner of the going around of the earth and the other planets; but this stream forms a different ring, or "orbit," as they call it, from that of the earth, so that the two orbits or rings made by the earth and the stream of meteors cross every year about August or November, when we can see more shooting-stars than at other times. Now, when the earth passes through the stream of meteors as the rings of the two meet, the meteors pass through the air which is around the earth; some even fall to the earth, and because they move so fast through the air they begin to burn from friction. Friction, you know, is caused by the rubbing of two bodies together, and causes heat, as when we scratch a match to light it. How wonderful it is that, as light and thin as air is, there is enough friction between the air and meteors to make them light and burn. Meteors are found to be made mostly of iron. Some persons have collections of them. There are also some at the Smithsonian Institution in this city.

I believe I have answered all the questions Lulu and Nellie asked, and I hope, dear Jack, you will pardon me if my letter seems long, but I could n't see how I could make it shorter and make it plain.

Yours, etc., G. M. F.

Fred. H. W., of Michigan City, Indiana, writes that "these meteors, when rushing through the air, go with such velocity that they are ignited by friction and are consumed."— Jesse A——, of Detroit, Mich., says: "In answer to Miss L. Clarke, in the August number, I think that the stars do not fall. It looks as if they did, but what really falls is a stone. These are called meteorites. According to Miss Yonge, one of these which fell in the fifteenth century was four feet long and weighed 215 pounds. They are very numerous, and sometimes set houses afire."

Elise Van W. asks: "What makes these pieces break off and go rushing through the air? and what do they break off of, anyway?" and a number of correspondents tell your Jack that at the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, there are specimens of meteoric stones or acrolites — *real specimens* — that have been found on the ground after a meteoric shower, and that have fallen right out of the sky. The dear Little School-ma'am and Deacon Green have seen some of these very specimens at the Smithsonian Institute, and they tell me the stories about them are perfectly true. Big stones some of 'em are, too. I hope I shall never be honored by having any extra fine specimens rained upon my pulpit.

Many other letters on this subject have come from my boys and girls; but as I can not show them all to you, I must be content with thanking Ella B. G., Frank H. Stephens, Jr., "Barebones," F. C. L., Mary and Henry L., Edwin B. S., Red-school-house boy, and Willis F——, whose letters the Little School-ma'am says are very creditable.

The fact is, "Shooting-stars" are rather heavy and risky things for a Jack-in-the-Pulpit to handle; but so long as my chicks are pecking at it, I am

content. They 'll be sure to find out something before they get through — bless their busy noddles!

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.

BUT all the shooting-stars do not come from the great sea of air and the greater sea of nothing in particular that is said to surround our earth. Hear this letter from a California girl:

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, July 30, 1883.

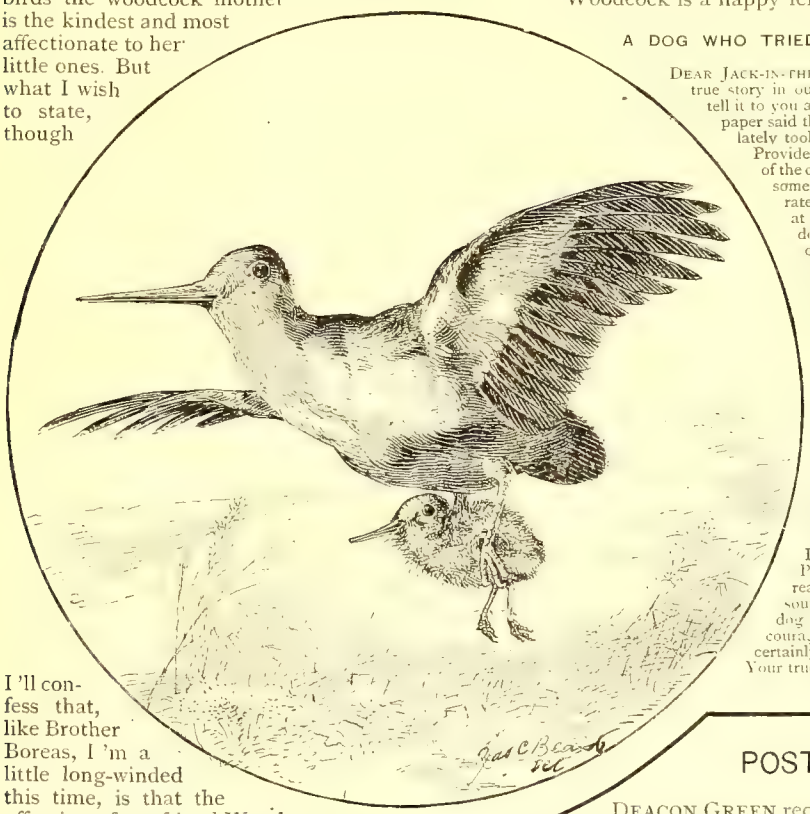
DEAR JACK: In the August number, in the reports from chapters of the Agassiz Association, I noticed a picture of one of our California wild flowers. The "shooting-stars," as we call them, grow in our fields in great abundance. They are a pale lavender color, or sometimes a pinkish tint.

These little flowers grow in clusters, as large as your hand, upon a single stem; the flowers are very drooping and sometimes quite large; they are also very fragrant. So we consider them as one of the most beautiful and sweet of all our wild flowers.

Yours truly, "S. S."

GOOD MOTHER WOODCOCK.

MY friend the woodcock has an excellent wife, and an excellent mother — that is, an excellent mother to his children. He may have had an excellent mother himself; probably he did, for of all birds the woodcock mother is the kindest and most affectionate to her little ones. But what I wish to state, though I 'll confess that, like Brother Boreas, I 'm a little long-winded this time, is that the offspring of my friend Woodcock actually are carried about by their mother when they are too young to escape from danger unaided. She does not carry them by her bill (no, even the cat-bird would not attempt that), but she closes her little feet upon them and so holds them as safely as your mother holds the baby in her careful arms.



In numbers of cases hunters have seen the great-eyed birds rise and fly away heavily and low, seemingly holding something between their feet. Mr. C. F. Holder, one of the ST. NICHOLAS writers, tells me that a Western sportsman recently had curiosity enough to follow such a bird, and a good chase she led him, through a hay-field, over brambles, bushes, and stones, but he finally gained upon her, and saw that in her feet she carried a tiny downy woodcock that seemed not the least alarmed by such a strange mode of traveling. The old bird carried it several hundred yards, before alighting with it; and then quickly disappeared in the tall thick grass.

My little Mrs. Woodcock is the proudest mother I ever knew. She thinks her children are perfection. To me they seem to have rather large mouths, but she scouts the idea of their being anything against their beauty. To her way of thinking, a large mouth gives an openness of expression to the young that is simply charming. Ah, Woodcock is a happy fellow!

A DOG WHO TRIED THE TELEPHONE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read such a queer true story in our paper to-day, that I want to tell it to you and all the girls and boys. The paper said that a Rhode Island gentleman lately took his pet dog (named Pat) to Providence, which, you know, is one of the capitals of Rhode Island. Well, somehow, he and Pat became separated and could not find each other at all. Well, what did that dog do but go to a certain telephone office, whither he had often gone with his master. He whined so dismally that the operator, understanding the case, telephoned to a store where he thought the dog's owner might be; and finding him there, asked him to speak to Pat by the telephone. The master did so. The operator held the instrument to Pat's ear, and the dog gave a joyful bark at the sound of his master's voice. Then, the paper says, Pat was let out and darted off to find him, as though he knew exactly where to go; but it does not tell any more. I wish I could say, for certain, that Pat found his master; but I really think he did, because the sound of his voice gave the poor dog courage, you see, and, with courage to help him, I think he must certainly have succeeded.

Your true young friend, JENNY S.

POSTPONED!

DEACON GREEN requests me to say that the announcement of his SPLENDID OFFER, as *I* call it, is unavoidably postponed to the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CARPENTERSVILLE, ILL., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not have much time to read, but always take time to read your interesting stories.

I am in an office from eight A. M. until five or six P. M. every day; and when I am at home I have other duties besides reading. My work is taking down in short-hand, from dictation, the business letters of the firm, and then printing them on a type-writer. I have other work also, putting up the mail, sending off circulars, indexing books, etc.

I began studying short-hand in February last, and was sixteen years old in July. Am now supporting myself, and intend to keep on doing so JOSEPHINE B.

Josephine B.'s welcome letter is but one out of many which we have received from boys and girls who are already supporting themselves or who are intending soon to begin the battle of life in earnest. And it is very gratifying to us to know that all of these budding men and women who have been reading ST. NICHOLAS refuse to outgrow the magazine, as they outgrow their juvenile toys and pleasures, and that they find it as interesting and helpful a companion on their return from office-desk or counter as when, in past times, they rushed home from school to greet it.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how an oil painting should be cleaned, when dusty and fly-stained? I have tried several methods, but have not succeeded in finding one that will not injure the painting. AGNES L.

An experienced dealer in oil-paintings sends us this answer to Agnes L.'s query: Take a quart of lukewarm water, and into it put ten drops of ammonia. With this water and a soft sponge clean the painting very carefully, and wipe it dry with a piece of chamois or soft silk.

THE "SHIP IN THE MOON" AGAIN.

NR. CAERNARVON, N. WALES, September 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was much interested in an article entitled "The Ship in the Moon," in the September number of your magazine, more especially as, a short time ago, I saw something rather similar to the curious sight described by S. T. R. We are staying two miles from Caernarvon, North Wales, and have a splendid view from our house over the Menai Straits, and also over the sea, where the sun sets. We have some beautiful sunsets here, over the water, and about ten days ago, when we were watching one, just as the sun was looking like a bright ball on the horizon, a distant ship crossed slowly in front of it, looking quite black against the golden orb. We all thought it rather a remarkable thing to see, for it was an occurrence quite new to us. I was, therefore, rather astonished when I saw in the next ST. NICHOLAS S. T. R.'s article, relating a somewhat similar coincidence. Yours truly, J. E. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Once at Eastbourne, England, in 1870, we had the rare experience mentioned by S. T. R. in the current number of ST NICHOLAS, only instead of a ship in the moon we saw an ocean steamer; and until seeing the article have never met with any one who had seen this unique and picturesque sight.

W. L.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer we were at Maplewood, N. H., and a gentleman told father, that from the hotel piazza there he had seen the moon rise behind Mt. Washington, bringing out the Tip Top House in strong relief. A sight, to be sure, somewhat different from that witnessed by S. T. R., but quite as rare. E. C.

STONINGTON, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you a little about our town of Stonington. When the war was going on between the British and the Americans, the British tried to capture our town on a certain morning — I forget the date. The British took us by surprise, and therefore we were not ready for the fight; but as all the people were pretty brave, we rose up in a multitude, at least as many as there were in the town. We had two cannons, and yet we were all so brave as to hold out till reënforcements came to our aid, and thus we won the battle, on the 10th of August, 1816. We have those two cannons yet, in the center of the town in a little square, and four bomb-shells that did not go off. Now I must say good-bye. Hoping that this will be published, I remain yours,

C. PALMER, JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading one of the old volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, I came across a story of a black-and-tan dog, which told of the numerous tricks that he could do, and I wish some of the little folks of the ST. NICHOLAS who have been successful in training dogs could tell me how to teach my little black-and-tan. He can already sit upon his haunches, waltz, and speak for things. Please print this, and oblige your true reader, AUNT EMILY.

Now, boys and girls whose pets under your careful tuition have graduated in tricks — who of you will best answer Aunt Emily's question?

ROME, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your Letter-box so much. The letters are so interesting. I often wonder how old the subscribers are, and try to guess from their letters. I composed a little piece of poetry, which I am going to ask you to publish if you can find a spare corner. I expect you are bothered by other such people as I, but I hope my epistle will not share the fate of some others. If you will publish my piece, you will oblige your little friend,

TOMMIE H.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS WITH GREAT ENDINGS.

See! a little brooklet is traveling through a field of clover.
It is running on as though a child at play,
Turning the little pebbles over and over.
In its happy and joyous way.

On and on it travels through miles and acres of land,
Carrying with it as it goes everything that comes on hand,
Such as pebbles, weeds, and sand,
As it begins to expand.

Lo! what do we see?
A river! Yes, a river traveling on to sea.
'T is the same little brooklet that through the field was flowing,
We did not think that it was to the great ocean going.

'T is thus with you, my little friend,
When a little baby in your cradle laid low,
We could not picture for you
Into a fine and noble woman to grow.

SCALES, SIERRA CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can not find words to express the pleasure I felt when I received a letter with a recent number of your dear magazine, from my aunt, who lives in Oakland, California, saying that she had subscribed to it for us as a present. There are eight of us, four boys and four girls. You can imagine what a commotion there is in our house when it arrives, for the little ones want to see the pictures, and the large ones to see the pictures and read the stories. My father is a miner, and we live in the Sierra mountains. In the winter the snow is from ten to thirteen feet deep, and we travel on snow-shoes, or skees, just like those you described in the February number. We have fine sport sliding down hill. But last winter was an exception, for we had only thirty inches of snow at one time.

From your ardent reader, MATTIE B. WESTALL.

PHILADELPHIA, July 15, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in Mr. Leland's article on "Brass Work," in the July number, as I know him and have been to the school he speaks of. I have never beaten brass, but have seen it done, and I do not think it looks very difficult. I take lessons in modeling, and I find it very interesting, and am extremely fond of it. It is not difficult to model, and I think any one could do it. My sister, who is nine years old, takes lessons in modeling at the school Mr. Leland mentions, and models very nicely. I also take lessons in painting and in designing from Mr. Leland. I do not go to the same school with my sister, but to the Art Club, of which Mr. Leland is also the founder. I am sure the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will like the article on "Modeling," and find it very interesting.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is my first.

Your constant reader, H. ROBINS.

Hosts of readers, we are sure, will welcome Mr. Leland's article on "Modeling," and the kindred articles that he is to contribute

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTY-SECOND REPORT.

THE Agassiz Association, as made known through ST. NICHOLAS, is three years old this month. The number of members as recorded a year ago was 3816, and we then remarked that the membership had doubled within the year. The latest number on our register is 5976, which shows a still larger increase for the closing year.

As ST. NICHOLAS greets a large number of new friends at the opening of the new volume, we will give a brief review of the organization, purposes, and methods of the A. A.

The association originated at Lenox, Mass., and its head-quarters are still in Lenox Academy. Here are kept our register, with its nearly six thousand names; our album, containing the faces of many of our members; our cabinet of some thousands of specimens, contributed by near and distant friends, and the file of letters, preserving the cream of a three years' correspondence. Grouped around this center are now 525 branch societies, or chapters, representing nearly every State and Territory, and also England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Canada, and South America. Each of these chapters is required to send a report of its doings to the President at the beginning of every other month. There is no charge for the admission of a chapter, and there are no dues, either yearly or monthly. The smallest number that can be recognized as a chapter is four.

In cases where four can not be found to unite as a chapter, individuals are admitted on the payment of a nominal entrance fee.

The purposes of the A. A. are thus briefly stated in Article 2 of the Constitution:

"It shall be the object of this Association to collect, study, and preserve natural objects and facts."

Our methods are as simple as possible. Natural objects must be studied from actual specimens. Rocks must be broken; flowers gathered, and studied as they grow; animals watched as they live freely in their own homes. Each member of the A. A. is encouraged to begin right at home; to collect the flowers, minerals, or insects of his own town; to learn to determine their names by his own study. Knowing well, however, the difficulties which beset the entrance of the young naturalist's path, we have considered how we may render him the assistance he most needs at the outset. We have prepared a list of the best books in each department of science, so that he may know what tools to work with; and best of all, a number of eminent scientists have most generously offered their services to aid in the classification and determination of specimens. So that now if a bright boy wishes to learn something about butterflies, or birds' eggs, or minerals, he can begin by picking up whatever he can find. Our hand-book tells him where to look for them, how to preserve and mount them, and what books to get to find out about their habits and names. Then, if he gets puzzled by some strange specimen, he has the privilege, at no expense, of addressing some gentleman "who knows all about it," and who will promptly answer any questions he may ask.

Further than this, we have begun to organize summer classes by correspondence,—also entirely free,—and we award certificates to all who satisfactorily complete the various courses of observation.

The names of the gentlemen who have so kindly volunteered their services in the several departments have been given from month to month in ST. NICHOLAS, but for the information of our new readers, and for the convenience of all, we herewith give a complete and classified list of them:

BOTANY.

I. N. E. States and Canada ..Prof. C. H. K. Sanderson, Greenfield, Mass.
II. Middle States ....Dr. Charles Atwood, Moravia, N. Y.
III. Southern States .....Dr. Chapman, Apalachicola, Fla.
IV. Western States to Colorado....Dr. Aug. F. Foerste (puff-balls a specialty), Dayton, O.
V. Far West and North-west.....Dr. Marcus L. Jones, Denver, Col.
VI. Prof. W. R. Dudley (ferns, sedges, and grasses specially), Ithaca, N. Y.
VII. Middle States.... . ...Prof. Edw. L. French, Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.
VIII. Mr. Wm. H. Briggs, Columbia, Cal.

CONCHOLOGY.

I. Prof. Bruce Richards, 1726 N. 18th st, Philadelphia, Pa.
II. Mr. Thomas Morgan, Somerville, N. J.
III. Mr. H. A. Pilsbey, Davenport, Iowa.
IV. Prof. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, 19th and Race sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
V. Mr Harry E. Dore, 521 Clay st., San Francisco, Cal. (*Pacific Mollusca.*)

ENTOMOLOGY.

I. Prof. G. Howard Parker (address above).
II. Prof. C. H. Fernald, State College, Orono, Me. (*Lepidoptera.*)
III. Mr. H. L. Fernald, Orono, Me. (*Hemiptera.*)
IV. Prof. Leland O. Howard, Dept. Agriculture, Entomological Div., Washington, D. C.
V. Prof. H. Atwood, office Germania Life Ins. Co., Rochester, N. Y. (*Parasites and microscopic infusoria.*)
VI. Dr. Aug. F. Foerste, Dayton, O. (*Spiders.*)

GEOLOGY.

I. Mr. Wm. H. Briggs, Columbia, Cal.
II. Mr. Jas. C. Lathrop, 134 Park Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
III. Mr. W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.
IV. Prof. Wm. M. Bowron, South Pittsburg, Tenn.

MINERALOGY.

I. Prof. Wm. M. Bowron (address above).
II. Mr. Jas. C. Lathrop (address above).
III. Prof. F. W. Staebner, Westfield, Mass.
IV. Mr. Chas. B. Wilson, Colby University, Waterville, Me. (*Minerals of Maine.*)
V. Mr. David Allan, box 113, Webster Groves, Missouri.

ORNITHOLOGY.

I. Mr. James De B. Abbott, Germantown, Pa.

ZOÖLOGY.

I. Prof. C. F. Holder, American Museum Nat. Hist., Central Park, N. Y., 77th st. and Eighth ave. (*Marine life.*)
II. Dr. Aug. Foerste, Dayton, O. (*Mammals*).

All questions relating to the identification of specimens are to be sent to these gentlemen, and those who avail themselves of this privilege must be members of the A. A., and must carefully observe the following rules:

1st. Never write for assistance, until you have tried your best to succeed without it; that is, do not ask *lazy* questions.

2d. Always inclose sufficient postage for the return of your specimens, and also an envelope, with a two-cent stamp, addressed to yourself.

Having now outlined the history, purposes, and methods of the A. A., the question arises,

WHO CAN JOIN IT?

We have no limitations of age, wealth, or rank. All who are interested in studying nature are welcome. We have members four years old, and members seventy years old, and of all ages intermediate. Some of our chapters are composed mainly of adults, and, as in the case of our Montreal chapter, bid fair to take a strong stand among the scientific organizations of the country. Others are made up mainly of children, who study and observe in their own way—not probing so deeply into scientific problems, but finding many very interesting specimens and facts, and often puzzling their older friends with their eager questions.

Some of our branches are "family chapters," consisting of father, mother, and the little ones, all working together, and holding meetings regularly in library or drawing-room. They constitute one of the pleasantest features of the association. Perhaps as common as any are school or college chapters, sometimes under the guidance of teacher or professor, sometimes not. By means of such societies, the study of natural history has been introduced profitably into many public schools. A live teacher will be able to accomplish unknown good by organizing and conducting such a chapter.

THE HAND-BOOK.

Of course, in the actual working of our association, hundreds of questions arise, concerning which the beginner desires information. How shall I organize a society? How ought the meetings to be conducted? How shall I awaken and keep alive the interest of others? What plan of work shall I follow? How shall I build a cabinet? How shall I collect and arrange my various specimens? What books shall I read? How about a badge? Etc., etc.

At first, we undertook to reply to all these questions by letter, but the task soon became an impossibility. Then, for a time, we

resorted to circulars; but finally the range of inquiry broadened so rapidly, and the number of inquirers increased so fast, that we were obliged to issue a little volume called "THE HAND-BOOK OF THE ST. NICHOLAS AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION." In this we endeavored to put answers to every possible question regarding the society, and the book has now come to be indispensable to every wide-awake member of the A. A. The first step, therefore, to be taken, if one wishes to form a "chapter," or to join the A. A. as an individual member, is to send for a copy of the hand-book. The price is fifty cents, and all orders should be sent to the President.

We should prefer writing personal letters to all of our kind friends, as a printed circular is apt to seem formal and cold; but with six thousand members this evidently can not often be done.

All who have not already done so are invited to send their photographs, and particularly group photographs of their chapters.

MORE HELP NEEDED

While, as seen above, we have a goodly array of scientific gentlemen ready to assist us, there is ample room for many more; particularly in more restricted subdivisions of the various branches: such as the "logies" of beetles, dragon-flies, birds' eggs, trees, etc., etc.

But now, to proceed with our regular work, the subject for Professor Parker's Entomological class for November is *Coleoptera*.

The work on *Lepidoptera* has been satisfactorily completed, and ten members have passed the examination We regret that the number pursuing the course is so small; but the success of these will doubtless stimulate others to join the class.

The best essay was

1. On *Dryocampa pellucida*, by Bashford Dean, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Then follow

2. On *Sphinx quinquemaculata*, by Fred. Clearwater, Brazil, Ind.
3. On *Telea polyphemus*, by Helen Montgomery, Saco, Me.
4. On *Attacus polyphemus*, by G. J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.
5. On *Platysamia cecropia*, Linn., by Daisy G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
6. On *Platysamia cecropia*, Linn., by Isabel G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
7. On *Dryocampa senatoria*, by Elizabeth Marquand, Newburyport, Mass.
8. On *Papilio turnus*, Linn., by A. H. Stewart, Washington, D.C.
9. On *Colias philodice*, by Arthur Stone, Boston, Mass.
10. On *General Lepidoptera*, by Rachel H. Mellon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Professor Parker writes, "I think all have earned their diplomas, so far, and that the essays reflect great credit on the association." Papers for November should be prepared and sent to Professor Parker, as explained in detail in ST. NICHOLAS for JULY. Any who have hitherto been prevented from joining the class may enter now and continue with the others; and on completing the course shall receive certificates of the actual work accomplished.

The Botanical section will now take up Flowers, and specimens, or better, drawings should be arranged according to the following scheme, and sent to Dr. Jones, as explained in July:

IV. FLOWERS

INFLORESCENCE (arrangement on stem).
- *Definite:*
  - glomerule,
  - fascicle,
  - cyme.
- *Indefinite:*
  - head,
  - spike,
  - spadix,
  - catkin,
  - umbel,
  - corymb,
  - raceme,
  - panicle,
  - thyrsus.

KINDS OF FLOWERS.
- *Perfect,*
- *Imperfect,*
- *Complete,*
- *Incomplete,*
- *Symmetrical,*
- *Unsymmetrical.*

PARTS OF FLOWERS.
- a. Calyx,
- b. Corolla,
- c. Stamens,
- d. Pistils,
- e. Receptacle

a. *Calyx.*
- Ordinary forms:
  - monosepalous (sepals united),
    - shapes (see corolla),
    - teeth, lobes, etc. (see leaf),
  - polysepalous (sepals not united),
    - shapes (see leaf).
- Special forms:
  - burs,
  - fruits (apples, etc.
  - pappus,
    - hairs.
    - awns,
    - scales,
    - cups, etc.,
    - petal-like, etc.,
    - uses.

b. *Corolla.*
- Monopetalous (parts united):
  - entire,
  - toothed,
  - cleft,
  - parted,
    - shapes (see blade of leaf),
  - wheel-shaped,
  - salver-form,
  - bell-shaped,
  - funnel-form,
  - tubular,
  - irregular,
    - labiate,
    - ringent,
    - personate,
    - strap-shaped,
    - spurred,
    - etc.,
  - appendages,
    - folds,
    - scales,
    - nectaries,
    - etc.
- Polypetalous (parts separate):
  - parts,
    - shapes (see blade of leaf),
    - number,
  - special forms
    - of Leguminosæ,
    - of Dicentra,
    - of Columbine,
    - etc.,
  - insertion,
    - on the receptacle,
    - ovary,
    - calyx,
  - æstivation (arrangement in the bud),
    - open,
    - valvate,
    - reduplicate,
    - induplicate,
    - convolute,
    - imbricated,
    - plaited,
    - supervolute,
    - etc.

c. *Stamens*
- Insertion
  - on receptacle,
  - ovary,
  - style (apparently),
  - calyx,
  - corolla.
- Free (from each other).
- United by filaments,
  - monadelphous,
  - diadelphous,
  - etc.
- United by anthers.
- Lengths,
  - individual,
  - comparative,
    - equal,
    - unequal,
      - didynamous,
      - tetradynamous,
      - etc.
- Number.
- Parts,
  - filaments,
    - lengths,
    - shapes (see stems and leaves),
  - anthers,
    - spherical,
    - didymous,
    - tailed,
    - etc. (see leaves and stems),
    - attachment to filaments,
      - innate,
      - adnate,
      - introrse,
      - extrorse,
      - versatile,
  - parts,
    - cells,
      - one,
      - two,
      - dehiscence, (mode of opening),
        - by slits,
        - valves,
        - holes,
      - shapes,
    - pollen,
      - shapes (see leaves and stems),
      - appendages,
        - spirals,
        - bands,
        - knobs,
        - points,
        - etc., etc.,
      - uses
        - to the plants,
        - insects,
        - other animals.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
514	Iowa City, Iowa, (A)....	4.	W. M. Clute.
515	Rogers Park, Ill., (A).	4.	C. B. Coxe
516	Dighton, Mass., (A).....	18.	W. A. Reade.
517	Trenton, N. J., (C)....	12.	Herbert Westwood.
518	Bergen Pt., N. J., (A)...	5.	Miss Alida Conover.
519	Lawrence, Kan., (A)...	5.	Fred. H. Bowersock.
520	Baltimore, Md., (G).....	4.	E. B. Stockton, 179 McCullogh street.
521	New York, N. Y., (O)	6.	R. A. Linden, 207 E. 122d st.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

H. H. BALLARD — *Dear Sir:* I would be very glad to assist any of your A. A. in geology, mineralogy, or microscopy. Having seen the ill effects of science teaching, as conducted at present generally, I am desirous of aiding *seekers* all I can. Yours, very truly,

JAS. C. LATHROP, 134 Park ave.

EXCHANGES.

A few fine moths.— Miss Lillie M. Stephan, sec., Pine City, Minn.

Plants, eggs, and minerals.— Edwin F. Stratton, sec., Greenfield, Mass.

Correspondence with distant chapters.— Miss Nellie Scull, box S, Rochester, Indiana.

NOTES.

(56) *Cicada.*— A cicada was in its immature state, destitute of wings, and evidently just out of the ground. I placed it under a glass, and left it a few minutes. On returning, I saw that the skin had separated along the back in a line from a point on the head in a line with the eyes, to the first segment of the abdomen. The body

was arched so as to rest on its extremities. By expanding and contracting its body, the insect drew the abdomen partly out of the enveloping skin, and still did not draw it forth through the opening in the back. When in this position, by the same process as before, it forced the skin of the head and thorax down until the eyes and head appeared. It then straightened itself, and lay as if exhausted. After a time it began again to move, and drew out first the thorax, then the first pair of legs, then the wings, folded and refolded, so that they seemed but small bits of tissue covered with minute veins. After the wings, the second and third pairs of legs appeared. By this time the abdomen had been drawn nearly half way through the opening. The remaining portion was now drawn slowly forth, segment by segment. The old skin discarded, the body of the insect was light pink; its feet bright red, its legs light green, and its eyes dark brown.

Its wings now began to expand, not apparently by any action of the insect, but by their natural expansion, much as a flower unfolds. The time occupied in the entire change was a little over an hour.

HIRAM H. BICE, Utica, N. Y.

In your August number, page 798, under the heading of "Reports from Chapters," reference is made to "a lavender drooping flower," and is accompanied by a wood-cut. The flower referred to must be *Dodecatheon Meadia* (a primrose), which is very common throughout California, growing in great abundance in meadow land. It has a fine perfume, and fills the air with fragrance. It resembles the cyclamen, but is more showy and fragrant. The children call it "shooting-star," and it is also known as the "American cowslip" and "Pride of Ohio."

The name Dodecatheon is derived from the Greek, and signifies twelve gods, in allusion to the flowers, which are sometimes twelve in number, though the usual number in this State is from three to six.

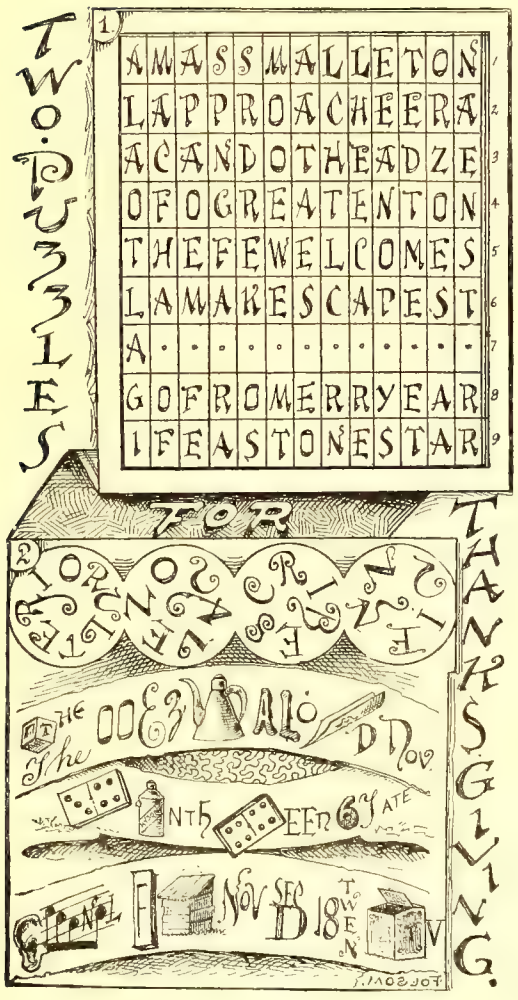
Respectfully yours,

DANIEL CLEVELAND, of San Diego, Cal.

We regret that a large number of interesting notes and very encouraging chapter reports are crowded out this month. We believe the A. A. was never in a more prosperous or happy condition than now. We invite all interested to join our ranks, and while we again heartily thank our many friends for their sympathy and aid, we urge all old members to renewed efforts for the cause, and to renewed energy in their special departments. Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



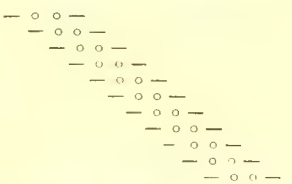
TWO PUZZLES FOR THANKSGIVING.

I. HIDDEN WORDS: In each of the nine horizontal lines are concealed one or more words. By selecting the right one from each line, a quotation from the "Comedy of Errors" may be formed.

II. A DOUBLE ACROSTIC: Divide each of the four letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. The four words, when rightly placed, will make a double acrostic; the initials and finals will each name the result of an engineering enterprise which is very useful to commerce.

The rebus beneath the letter-circles, when rightly read, will furnish some information concerning the primals and finals of the acrostic.

INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID.



ACROSS: 1. A circle. 2. A forest. 3. A dunce. 4. To plunder. 5. An apartment. 6. Meager. 7. An implement. 8. To decree. 9. The part of a class where nobody likes to be. 10. Midday. 11. A bird.

DOWNWARD: 1. In kerchief. 2. Two-thirds of an animal. 3. Three-fourths of the weft. 4. A small body of water. 5. An entrance-way. 6. A noose. 7. To blow. 8. Humor. 9. A covering. 10. A swimming and diving bird. 11. A heath. 12. Also. 13. A negative. 14. In kerchief.

M. V. W.

DIAMOND.

1. IN insipid. 2. A preposition. 3. A peninsula of Asia. 4. An instrument of torture employed by dentists. 5. Beloved by collectors of bric-à-brac. 6. To choose a second time. 7. Speedily. 8. To rest. 9. In insipid.

"ALCIBIADES."

THREE WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

IN each of the following sentences behead and curtail the word represented by the long dash, and there will remain three words, which may replace the three short dashes. EXAMPLE: It is Sue at the door — — ? — I am glad of it —. ANSWER: Y-is-it -I.

1. Joseph's brethren seemed to think — — — —— place to hide him in.

2. When such a claim — — — there is but little use in —— it.

3. One would gaze — — — admiration, no matter how large the —— at which she was met.

4. His success in — — — acknowledged fact by enemies as well as devoted ——.

5. We look with admiration only — — — of the career of Napoleon ——

F

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.

In each of these examples, the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. Tullipanil. Very small
2. Tenntoopmi. All-powerful.
3. Misscupocor. Confused.
4. Smeetutsolp. Turbulent.
5. Xigoreelphral. The author of a dictionary.
6. Tascoolnilne. A group of stars.

H. V. W

PROVERB REBUS.



The answer to this rebus is a saying of Poor Richard.

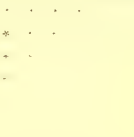
DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

Each word described contains eight letters. When these have been rightly selected, and placed one below another in the order here given, the diagonals (reading downward), from left to right, and from right to left, will spell the names of two large lakes in the central part of North America.

1. Supernatural events. 2. A formal conversation between two persons. 3. Broken down with age. 4. Up to this time. 5. Taking exorbitant interest for the use of money. 6. A three-sided figure. 7. Matrimonial. 8. Supplication.

"SUMMER BOARDER."

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.



Cross-words: 1. Blotted out. 2. Cut off or suppressed, as a syllable. 3. Cloth made of flax or hemp. 4. A paradise. 5. A numeral. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In diamond

Included Diamond: 1. In nimble. 2. A cover. 3. Cloth made from flax or hemp. 4. A cave. 5. In nimble.

C. D.

ZIGZAG.

Each of the words described contains four letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an Indian girl.

Cross-words: 1. To ripple. 2. To observe. 3. An instrument of torture. 4. A volcanic mountain of Sicily. 5. A Roman emperor who reigned but three months. 6. A burrowing animal. 7. Close at hand. 8. A minute particle. 9. A decree. 10. The principal goddess worshiped by the Egyptians.

"ROBIN HOOD."

EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Part of a book. 2. A girl's name. 3. Part of a prayer 4. Useful in summer.

II. 1. Weapons of defense 2. Part of a plant. 3. Fashion. 4. Part of a plant.

III. 1. To blink. 2. A metal. 3. Part of the face. 4. The joint covered by the patella.

LIZZIE D. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

Illustrated Geographical Puzzle. First row: white letters, Maryland; first monogram, Frederick; second, Potomac; third, Annapolis; fourth, Chesapeake; fifth, Salisbury. Second row: white letters, France; first monogram, Cher; second, Rouen; third, Marne; fourth, Nantes; fifth, Fécamp. Third row: white letters, Asia; first monogram, Kiusiu; second, Japan; third, Burmah; fourth, Mandaleh; fifth, Osaka. Fourth row: white letters, Maine; first monogram, Deer; second, Schoodic; third, Frenchman's; fourth, Machias; fifth, Portland. Fifth row: white letters, England; first monogram, Thames; second, London; third, Birmingham; fourth, Avon; fifth, Penzance.

Substitutions. Third row, Bull Run; fourth row, Atlanta. Cross-words: 1. Abet, abba. 2. Rose, rout. 3. Rope, roll. 4. Else, Ella. 5. Ease, earn. 6. Bore, bout. 7 Anon, Anna.

Connected Diamonds. Central words, Charles Dickens. I. 1. C. 2. Oho. 3. Opals. 4. Charles. 5. Ollie. 6. See. 7. S. II. 1. D. 2. Lid. 3. Lucre. 4. Dickens. 5. Dread. 6. End. 7. S. —— Charade. Hottentot.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Mozart. Finals, Goethe. Cross-words: 1 MeddlinG. 2. OportO. 3. ZonE. 4. AraraT. 5. RajaH. 6. Terpsichore.

Illustrated Hour-glass Puzzle. Centrals, Cat tail. Cross-words: 1. ChiCken. 2. SlAte. 3. STy. 4. T. 5. CAt. 6. ChIld. 7. BalLoon.

Beheaded Rhymes. 1. Spout, pout, out. 2. Chill, hill, ill.

Word-square. 1. Opera. 2. Piper. 3. Epode. 4. Redan. 5. Arena.

Rimless Wheel. From 1 to 8, Columbus. From 1 to 9, Cone; from 2 to 9, Oboe; from 3 to 9, Lane; from 4 to 9, Urge; from 5 to 9, Mate; from 6 to 9, Blue; from 7 to 9, Urge; from 8 to 9, Sage.

Double Diagonals. Diagonals, Polka, Waltz. Cross-words: 1. Pshaw. 2. Nomad. 3. Sulky. 4. Stake. 5. Zebra.

Easy Beheadings. Beheaded letters, Colt. 1. C-lock. 2. O-men. 3. L-one. 4. T-ill.

Half-square. 1. Hudson. 2. Union. 3. Dial. 4. Sol. 5. On. 6. N. —— Riddle. Bar.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the September Number were received, before September 20, from Elsie T.—Lulu M. Stabler—Paul Reese—Frances Salisbury—Davidson Kennedy—Lizzie Hall and Mary Nicolson—"The Twins and their Cousin"—S. R. T.—Estelle Riley—Louisa Stuart Lennox—P. S. Clarkson—"The Three Graces"—Clara J. Child—Willie C. White—Minnie B. Murray—Maggie T. Turrill—Jennie and Birdie—Arthur Gride—Mamie Hitchcock—Francis W. Islip—"Nip and Tuck"—Hugh and Cis—Bessie C. Rogers—Jessie A. Platt—F. and H. Davis.

Answers to Puzzles in the September Number were received, before September 20, from Buckrop Van Amringe, 1—Eliza Westervelt, 2—"The Two Annies," 10—Cambridge Livingston, 6—Eddie Shipsey, 4—Violet and Pansy, 2—"We, Us, and Company," 2—Eva Cora Deemer, 1—.E., 2—Pansy, 6—Pussy B., 3—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Alice F. Wann, 1—"Chingachgook," 1—Theodore S. Palmer, 9—Horace R. Parker, 4—E. P. and J. H., 2—Louisa H., 5—Weston Stickney, 3—Alex. Laidlaw, 6—"Sisters Twain," 9—Professor and Co., 6—G. M. L., 4—Florence Savoye, 8—"Kingfishers," 3—Lillian C. Byrne, 8—Hattie Brown Badeau, 9—Philip Embury, Jr., 7—Charles H. Kyte, 8—"Ignoramus and Nonentity," 7—O. K. Fagundus, 2—Dycie, 9—"Bob Buss and Winkie," 7—No Name (England)—"Fortress Monroe," 6—Jeannie M. Elliott, 9—Heath Sutherland, 9—"Alcibiades," 9—S. L. P. and John Hobbie, 8—Josephine, Josias, and Jonas, 5—Kate B Deane, 1—G. L. and J. W., 4—May G. Jones, 6—Florence E. Provost, 5—Katie L. Robertson, 6—D. B Shumway 6—Charles H. Wright. 5—Eddie, 4—L. I., 6.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI. DECEMBER, 1883. NO. 2.

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HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

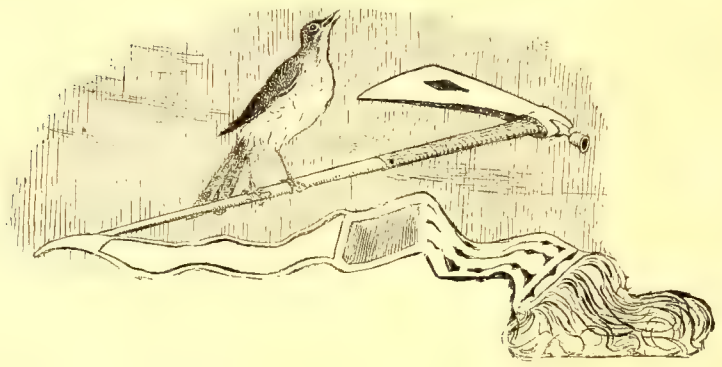
HAPPY young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple-tree;
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be:

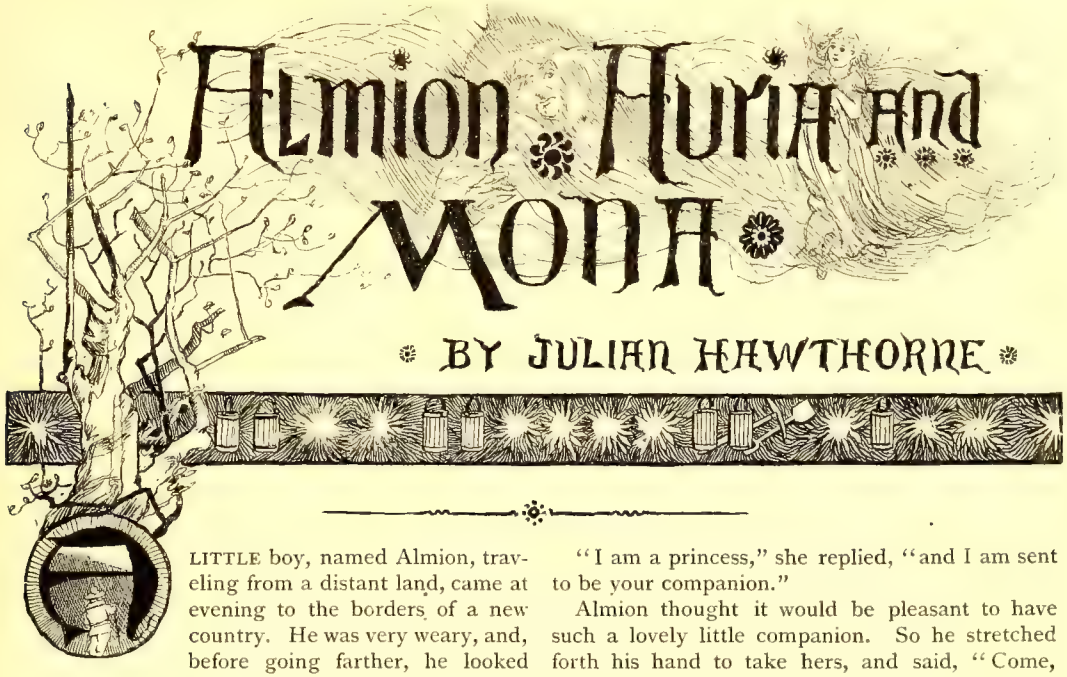
Once a great chief left his son,—
Well-beloved, his only one,—
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trial-lodge alone.
Left for tortures long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food, and rest.
Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven nights he never slept.
Then the poor boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's overstrain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint:
"Spare me, Father, for I faint!"
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
Hid his pity in his pride.
"You shall be a hunter good,
Knowing never lack of food;
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
One day more!" the father said.
When, next morn, the lodge he sought,

And boiled samp and moose-meat brought
For the boy, he found him dead.

As with grief his grave they made,
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid—
On the lodge-top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red
And the brown coat that it wore,
Sat a bird, unknown before.
And as if with human tongue,
"Mourn me not," it said, or sung;
"I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter fleet,
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.
Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind-flower lifts its bells.
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son,
And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life from death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis,
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith:
Unto gentleness belong
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise —
He who sings than he who slays.





ALMION, AURIA AND MONA

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

LITTLE boy, named Almion, traveling from a distant land, came at evening to the borders of a new country. He was very weary, and, before going farther, he looked about for a place in which to rest himself. He soon found a bank of soft moss beneath the face of a rock, which was still warm from the sunshine that had been on it all the afternoon. So he laid himself down on the moss, with his back against the warm rock, and began to wonder what adventures awaited him in the country over yonder. The duskiness of twilight had by this time so overspread the earth that Almion could see little. He fancied there was a glimmer of many lights somewhere in the distance in front of him, and a murmur as of many voices: but while he was straining his eyes and ears, trying to make out what the lights were and what the voices said, his weariness overcame him, and he fell asleep.

He had a strange dream during his sleep. He dreamt that it was early morning, just before sunrise, and that he was walking toward the East, when he saw, advancing to meet him, a beautiful little girl. She was dressed in a wonderful garment, soft as the touch of the south wind in June, and changing with rainbow hues as she moved. Her hair flowed down on her shoulders like a delicate mist of amber; her eyes sparkled like blue stars, and her voice was like the music of birds singing for joy—only birds can not speak in words, as this little maiden did.

"Almion, is that you?" she said.

"I am Almion," he said, gazing at her; "but I have never seen you before. Who are you?"

"I am a princess," she replied, "and I am sent to be your companion."

Almion thought it would be pleasant to have such a lovely little companion. So he stretched forth his hand to take hers, and said, "Come, then, let us go together!"

"That can not be, Almion," answered the princess, "until you have become rich and beautiful, and wear a garment like this of mine."

"How shall I become rich and beautiful, and where shall I find such a garment?" asked the boy.

"That you may learn in yonder country," said the little princess, pointing toward the West. "There is work to be done there which will give you both riches and beauty and the power to weave a rainbow garment. And then, dear Almion, we will be happy together."

As she said these words, the princess smiled and waved her hand to him, as if she were about to go away. But Almion exclaimed: "Shall I never see you while my work is going on? Must I be all alone?"

The princess was silent for a moment, and Almion fancied he saw tears in her eyes. At last she said:

"You will not be alone, Almion, unless you wish to be. But your princess can not show herself to you unless you seek for her. And sometimes, perhaps, when you think she is nearest you, she will be farthest away. But if you find the right gold, and know the true beauty, all will be well. Otherwise, even though I stood beside you, you would not know me."

"Oh, I shall always know you!" exclaimed Almion. The princess smiled again, though the

tears were still in her eyes, and again waved her hand. And at that moment the great sun rose above the earth, directly behind her, and in its strong brightness her rainbow figure seemed to be absorbed and to vanish; so that when the sun had risen a little higher, the place where she had just stood was empty. Almion turned around and looked behind him, but saw only his long shadow stretching over the borderland of the new country. With that he awoke and rubbed his eyes, and found that it was a dream; but the night had passed over him while he slept, and the sun had indeed arisen, and was shining over the new country. The princess was nowhere to be seen; but over the meadow there was a wreath of golden mist that reminded Almion of her hair, and from the grove came a music of birds that was like the tones of her voice, and the grass was sprinkled with dew that sparkled like the tears in her eyes when she had smiled through them. So, although he had only dreamt of her, he felt sure that she was a real princess, and that they would meet again.

Almion's sleep had rested him, but he felt quite hungry; so, having washed his face in a brook that flowed across the road, he set forward briskly in the hopes of meeting with some one who would give him a breakfast. The new country, seen by daylight, looked very pleasant. Before him stretched a wide plain, which, beyond, seemed to descend into a deep valley, with rocky clefts here and there, and shaggy clumps of pine-trees and tangled bushes. On the farther side of this valley a great mountain rose high aloft, with a misty height of snowy pinnacles, and its dark sides, above the forest-belt, seamed with the ancient furrows made by glaciers and avalanches. The valley and the mountain seemed wild and perilous; but the plain was fertile, with cultivated fields and waving crops, and shady roads winding through the midst. Upon the verge of the plain, just where it overhung the deep valley, stood a pretty village with many little white houses ranged in rows, each house with a red brick chimney, and standing in the midst of a small square yard surrounded by a wall. The road along which Almion was walking led directly to this village, and as he came nearer, he saw numbers of little people hastening to and fro in the streets. At first, he thought they were children, for few of them were any taller than himself; but when he reached the entrance of the village, he saw that their faces were old, like those of grown-up people. They all appeared very busy, for they hurried along, with their eyes on the ground or looking straight before them; and they paid no attention to one another.

"Will you tell me where I can get some breakfast?" asked Almion of one of them who was passing him.

The little man, without stopping or even looking around, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and hurried on.

Almion went in the direction indicated, which was toward the center of the village. On his way thither, he passed and was passed by many persons, and often he repeated to them his question, "Where can I get my breakfast?" Some of them turned their heads aside, and crossed the road as if to get out of his way; others stared at him and frowned; others smiled oddly; and others again pointed with their thumbs in the same way that the first had done. At last the hungry traveler came to a large open square, in the midst of which was a large table heaped up with pies and cake and other good things to eat; and sitting in a chair beside the table was a little old woman—the very first woman that Almion had seen in the whole village.

"Good-morning," said Almion, walking up to the table. "Is this breakfast for me?"

The old woman had two boxes, one on each side of her, both containing a quantity of coarse yellow dust that glowed in the sunlight with a dull, tawny luster, and which Almion thought looked too dirty to handle. Nevertheless, the old woman kept dipping her fingers into the box on the right, clutching up handfuls of the yellow dust, and putting it into the box on the left; and every time she did this, she would mutter to herself the following rhyme:

"Double must, pretty dust,
Hearts of men and iron rust."

On hearing Almion's question, she glanced up at him for a moment, and then said, while she went on with her occupation: "Yes, if you have gold enough."

"What sort of gold?" asked Almion, remembering what the princess had told him.

"The right sort, to be sure," answered the old woman—"the sort I have here;" and she fished up another handful of the tawny dust.

"If that is gold," said Almion, "I have none, and don't want any."

"Then you don't want any breakfast," replied the old woman.

Now Almion did want his breakfast very much, and the sight of the cakes and pies had made him hungrier than ever. So he said, "Where can I find the gold, then?"

"Where other honest folks do, I suppose," returned she.

"And where is that?"

"In the pit!" was her answer; and nothing more could he induce her to say, except to mutter the old doggerel:

> "Double must, pretty dust,
> Hearts of men and iron rust."

Almion turned away, feeling rather down-hearted; but he told himself that such yellow dirt as the old woman wanted must be common enough, and that if he could but find his way to the pit, all would soon be well. "Besides," added he, brightening up a little, "gold is what the princess told me to get; and if the old woman told the truth about this being the right gold, then I shall not only be earning my breakfast, but my princess, too!" This idea so encouraged him that he stepped out briskly, and, overtaking a little man who was hurrying along with a spade in one hand and a bucket in the other, he inquired his way to the pit.

The little man gave his head a jerk in the direction in which they both were going, as much as to say that the pit lay before them; so, without more words (for Almion had by this time begun to find out that very little talking was done in this country), they jogged along together side by side, and the road by which they went led toward the deep valley beyond the verge of the plain.

When they got there, Almion looked down and saw an immense hole, big enough to have held a good-sized hill; and multitudes of the little people were scattered all about in its depths, working as if their lives depended upon it. Each man had a spade and a bucket, and they would first loosen the earth with their spades, and then sit down and sift it carefully through their fingers; and all the yellow grains that were sifted out they would put into the buckets. It was a very tiresome and dirty business, but otherwise there seemed to be no particular difficulty about it, and Almion thought he would soon be able to get all the gold he needed. So he set about clambering down into the pit. But, before doing so, he looked out across the valley and toward the mountain. The valley was a vast chasm of wild and awful beauty; the sunshine never seemed to find its way into the lower depths, where the black rocks and swarthy pines made a sort of midnight even at noon. Far beyond, on the farther side, uprose the mighty mountain, towering toward the sky, steep and sublime, with the pure gleam of snow upon its pinnacled summit. It seemed a pity to go down into the dirty pit, out of sight of all this grandeur. But how else was Almion to earn his breakfast? Down he went, therefore, and on his way he asked his companion whether any one ever had crossed the valley and climbed the mountain. The little man seemed perplexed at this question. He put on a pair of horn spectacles and stared in the direction Almion pointed; but soon he shook his head and smiled oddly, as much as to say that there were no such things as a valley and a mountain, and that Almion must be out of his wits to talk about such things. It is evident, however, that one might as well shut one's eyes as attempt to see through a pair of horn spectacles.

All day long, Almion dug and sifted in the pit, and by evening he had quite a large heap of yellow dust in his bucket; but he was all begrimed with dirt, and very tired. As he climbed out of the hole, on his way back to the village, he saw that a mist had gathered over the valley, making it look like a cloudy ocean; but around the crest of the mountain was a wreath of vapor, which the setting sun had turned into celestial gold. As Almion gazed at it, a fear came over him that this might be the right sort of gold after all, and that the stuff he had in his bucket was nothing but the dirt that it appeared to be. The thought almost made him cry; but just at that moment some one touched his shoulder, and looking around, whom should he see but the little old woman, with a basket full of pies and cakes on her arm.

"Come, my dear," she said, speaking in a much pleasanter tone than in the morning. "You have dug well to-day, and that is a fine lot of gold you have sifted out. Come home with me, and since you had no breakfast this morning, you shall now have breakfast, dinner, and supper all in one. Come along, my dear; you will be as rich and handsome as any of them before long."

The sight of the good things to eat, and the pleasant manner of the old woman, encouraged Almion greatly, and made him forget all about the golden wreath on the mountain. So he let the old woman take him to her house, which was a little square white building like the others, with a brick chimney, and a wall surrounding the yard. There Almion ate until he was satisfied; and then, feeling very heavy and stupid, he fell asleep. But he had no such dream as had visited him the night before.

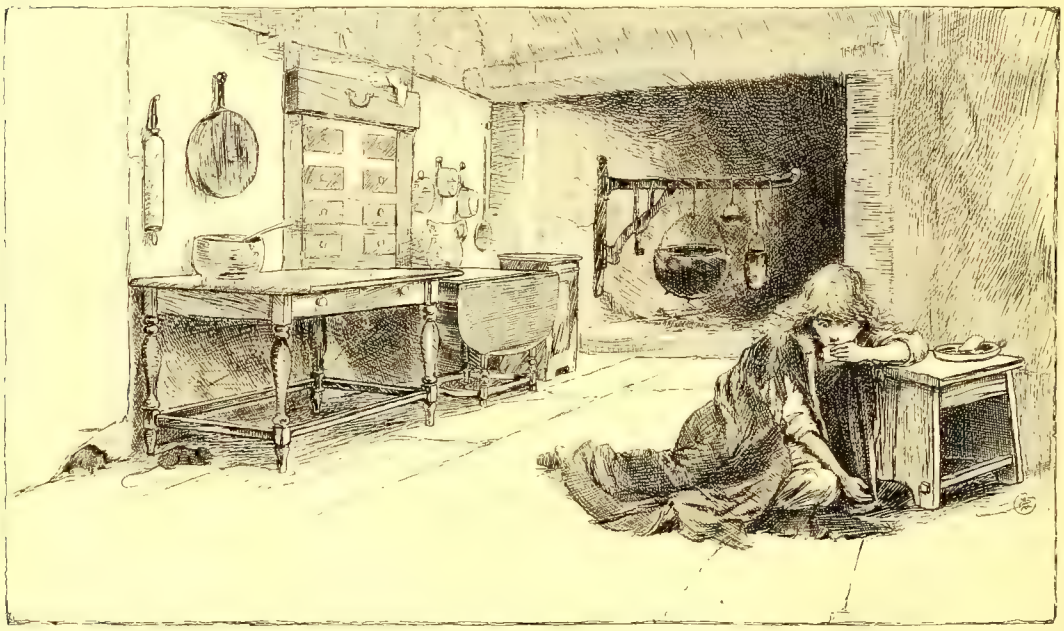
He was awakened in the morning by hearing the voice of the old woman in the kitchen, where she was scolding somebody very hard. Almion looked in, and saw her standing over a little creature in a black gown, who was on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor.

"Who is that you are scolding?" Almion asked.

"She is our servant, my dear," the old woman answered; "and a more lazy, good-for-nothing, vicious little wretch does not live in this village. And the more I scold her the worse she gets."

Almion thought that, in that case, it might be better not to scold her at all. But just at that moment the old woman began to lay the table for breakfast, and the sight of it put the thought of the little servant out of his head. He ate very heartily, the old woman all the while pressing him to eat more; and when he had finished, she said:

"And now, my dear, you can go back to the pit and get some more of the pretty dust. And while you are away, I will begin to weave your garment for you."



"'SHE CERTAINLY IS A WRETCHED LITTLE CREATURE,' SAID ALMION TO HIMSELF."

"My rainbow garment?" cried Almion, brightening up.

"To be sure, my dear; only it will be much prettier than a rainbow, for it will be all made of gold and precious stones. And the more dust you get the prettier it will be, and the sooner it will be finished."

"And then shall I find my princess?" inquired Almion.

"To be sure you will, my dear," replied the other, nodding knowingly. "You will find her sooner than you expect, and a very pretty princess she will be, though I say it."

Almion looked at the old woman, and it seemed to him that she was neither so old nor so ugly as the day before, and her voice was quite soft and agreeable. He hardly knew what to make of it; but he resolved to get a great deal of dust that day. As he went out of the house, he heard the old woman scolding Mona, the little servant, in the kitchen, and he even thought she was beating her. He could not help feeling sorry for the poor creature, who seemed to him more feeble and unhappy than vicious. But he told himself that the old woman must know more about that than he; so he drove the subject out of his mind, and went down to the pit. As he descended, he glanced over at the valley and the mountain; but a heavy gray mist still lay over the former, and the latter seemed so remote and dim as almost to be invisible. But the pit was full of little men, all of them working as hard as if their lives depended upon it, and chanting this rhyme:

"Pretty pelf, pretty pelf,
Every man for himself;
Lay it up on the shelf,
Pretty pelf, pretty pelf."

At first, it struck Almion as being mere meaningless doggerel; but after awhile, as the chant went on, he found himself joining in with the rest, and the chanting of the words seemed really to make the digging and sifting easier to him. So he dug and sifted and chanted all day long, and by evening he had filled his bucket up to the brim with yellow dust. At the pit's mouth he met the old woman, as before; but it was surprising to see how much she had improved in appearance. She

seemed scarcely more than middle-aged, and her face was almost handsome. Almion gazed at her, and hardly knew what to make of it.

"There you are, my dear!" she exclaimed, smiling at him; "and a very good day's work you have done, sure enough. Come home with me at once; there is a delicious supper waiting, if that lazy girl, Mona, has not spoiled it while I was away. But I'll give her what she deserves!"

"Why don't you send her away, since she is good for nothing?" asked Almion.

"Ah! that is just what she would like; but I'm not going to please her. No, indeed; she shall stay and work her fingers to the bone, if I have to scold her from morning till night. But don't you trouble yourself about her, my dear. I have begun to weave your garment, and it will be finished by the end of the week, if you work as well as you have done."

When they reached the house, the mistress bustled about to get the supper on the table, rating Mona soundly all the while. Almion peeped into the kitchen, and there was the little servant on her knees on the floor, scrubbing away with soap and sand, and looking dingier and raggeder than ever. She kept her face turned away from Almion, but he could imagine how homely and haggard it must look. "She certainly is a wretched little creature," he said to himself; "I wish we could get rid of her altogether." By this time supper was ready, and it tasted even better than the evening before, and Almion ate till he was as full as his own bucket, his companion heaping more good things on his plate. At last he fairly fell asleep in his chair, and slept heavily until the next morning.

At breakfast the old woman appeared, looking so fresh and young and agreeable that it was plainly impossible to think of her as an old woman any longer. She was youthful, rosy, comely, with the softest of voices and the sweetest of smiles. Her eyes were bright blue, like bits of blue china, and instead of the old hood which had, till now, covered her head, she wore a great coil of yellow hair, very much the same color as the gold dust that Almion had been so busy gathering. Altogether, if Almion had not had an idea that he had heard her scolding and beating that wretched little Mona just before he was fully awake, he would have taken her to be a charming young lady, as good-tempered as she was good-looking. But it was a curious fact, which Almion hardly knew what to make of, that whenever she spoke to Mona, her voice had the same harsh and cracked tone that he had noticed when he first talked with her in the market-place, as she sat scooping the dust out of one box into the other. As for Mona, it did not seem likely that she would last much longer. She tottered about as if she were going to fall down from weakness, and her old black gown hung about her in tatters. She had apparently got all the age and infirmity that her mistress had lost.

"Good-morning, Almion dear," said the young lady, smiling at him with her blue eyes and her red lips. "How well and handsome you look after your night's sleep! And you will soon be so rich that nothing short of a princess will be good enough for you. But see what a beautiful garment I am weaving for you—all gold thread and precious stones!"

"Yes, it is very fine," said Almion, looking at the half-finished garment, which was rich, heavy, and glittering. "But it does not look much like a rainbow."

"There is always a difference, Almion dear," replied she, in a soft voice, "between what one imagines in a dream and what one sees in reality. A garment made of a rainbow would not last you ten minutes; it is nothing but a silly fancy; but this that I am making for you is all gems and precious metal, and will last all your life."

"But I saw the princess in my dream," said Almion. "Was she a silly fancy, too?"

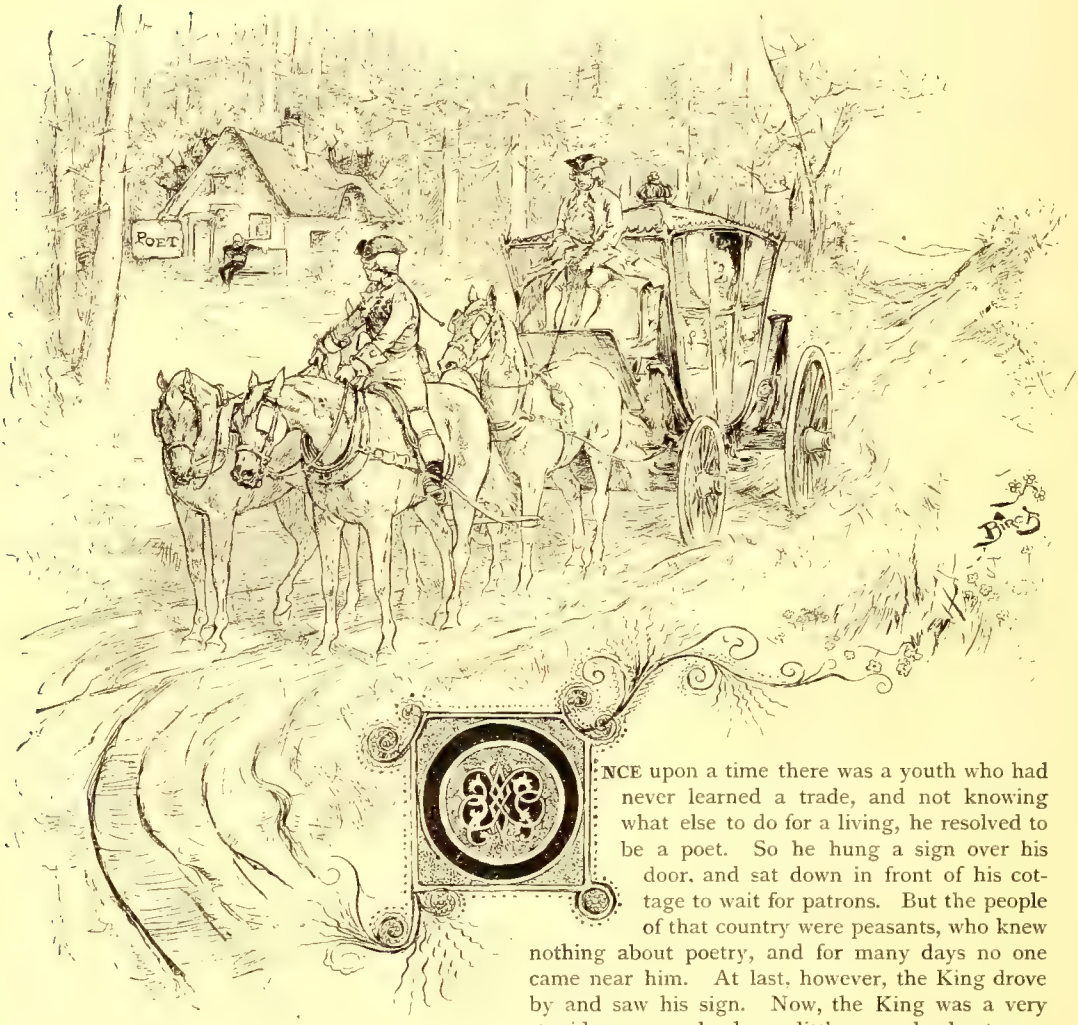
"A real princess is better than a dream one," answered the other, nodding with a knowing look. "But, dear me!" she added, turning away, "there is that lazy wretch, Mona, at her tricks again!" And she ran into the kitchen.

"So this it is to be rich and handsome!" said Almion to himself, with a sigh, as he ate his breakfast. "But the real princess—who can she be?" In truth, Almion had begun to have an idea that the real princess was not far off; but for the present he thought it as well to keep his ideas to himself.

(To be concluded.)

THE RHYME FOR TWELFTH.

By Frank M. Bicknell.



ONCE upon a time there was a youth who had never learned a trade, and not knowing what else to do for a living, he resolved to be a poet. So he hung a sign over his door, and sat down in front of his cottage to wait for patrons. But the people of that country were peasants, who knew nothing about poetry, and for many days no one came near him. At last, however, the King drove by and saw his sign. Now, the King was a very stupid person, who knew little enough about anything; yet he had been sufficiently cunning to make his subjects believe he knew everything, and the way he managed it was this: He always took with him, wherever he went, an exceedingly clever young man, and when he needed any information, he would question him as a teacher catechises a pupil who is reciting his lesson. The name of this young man was Koruhl, and he was also called the Catechised.

When the King noticed the poet's sign, he wanted to know its meaning, so he said to the Catechised:

"Attention, Koruhl! What do you see over yonder door?"

"A sign-board bearing the word 'Poet,' sire," answered the Catechised, promptly.

"Very good," said the King, approvingly; "and what does the word 'poet' signify, Koruhl?"

"One who writes poetry, sire."

"Right, Koruhl; right. And now tell me—what do we understand by the term poetry?"

"Poetry, sire, is metrical composition," returned the Catechised, and the King became silent until, noticing that the Catechised seemed to be pondering deeply, he exclaimed:

"Koruhl, what do you suppose I am thinking about?"

"Sire," answered the Catechised, slowly, "you have already a Court Orator, a Court Historian, a Court Story-teller, a Court Riddle-maker, and a Court Jester; perhaps you want to add a Court Poet."

"You have guessed my thoughts, Koruhl," returned the King, much delighted. "Let it be done."

So the poet was taken to the palace, and made Court Poet. He was given a fine apartment, where he might sit and meditate all day long, and everybody who saw him admired him, for he had a pale face, long, fair hair, and large, mournful eyes.

"How handsome and interesting he is!" they all said. "He looks as if he could write beautiful poetry." Yet no one ever knew of his writing a single word.

Every morning, the King sat in his audience chamber, after the fashion of the country, and heard the complaints and settled the disputes that his subjects brought before him; that is to say, this business was attended to with the help of the Catechised, who was always the real judge. One day, after an unusual number of decisions had been rendered, the King said, with a great yawn:

"Perhaps, sire, you are going to bid me send for the Court Poet, and order him to make some verses for you?"

"Exactly, Koruhl," answered the King, much pleased; "let it be done."

The Court Poet being summoned and the King's wishes made known, he bowed low and said:

"On what subject will Your Majesty have me write?"

"Koruhl," demanded the King, "on what subject do poets usually write?"

"On a variety of subjects, sire," answered the Catechised; "though in this case you will doubtless ask for a poem to be read on the twelfth birth-day of the princess, which will occur next month."

The King nodded loftily to the Court Poet.

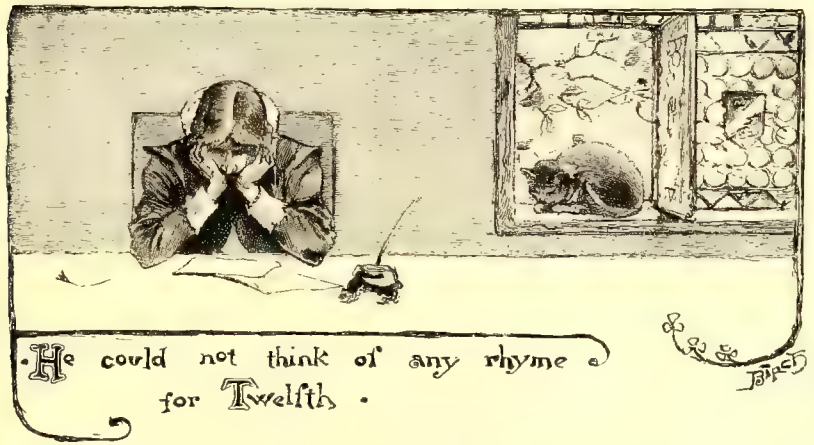
"Such is my will; let it be done."

"Your Majesty is doubtless aware," said the Court Poet, "that poetry is a work of time, and to be really good must be written in solitude."

"Certainly," returned the King, who would have been ashamed to appear ignorant in the matter; "you may go back to your apartment until the poem is done."

So the Court Poet went to his room and, taking pen and paper, he thought intently until bed-time; but he wrote nothing whatever. The next day, it was the same; he did not write because he could not think of anything to say.





"Koruhl, I am tired, really fatigued, with so much hard thinking; do you happen to know what I am going to do for recreation?"

"If I could only make a beginning," he exclaimed over and over again; but he could not make a beginning, so at length he threw down his pen and went to the Court Physician for help. The Court Physician was a learned man, and when the Court Poet asked him how he should begin his poem, he answered immediately:



"He left the palace and went to walk"

"Oh, that is very simple; your first two lines should be something like this:

"Beautiful little princess, on your birthday—'t is the twelfth—
Permit your loving subjects to inquire about your health."

The Court Poet thanked him and went back to his work, but as he repeated the lines to himself, he noticed that *health* was not a rhyme for *twelfth* at all.

"This will not do," he said; "unless I begin my poem aright, I shall never be able to carry it through. I must find a suitable rhyme for *twelfth* before going any farther." He leaned his head on his hands, and his long hair fell down until it almost covered his face; but although he thought steadily for a long time, he could not think of any rhyme for *twelfth*.

"This is very strange," he said at last; "I did not know I should be troubled in this way. Perhaps if I go out into the open air the rhyme will come to me. I have heard that poets sometimes write their poetry while wandering in the fields."

So he left the palace and went to walk. He had not been out very long when he heard some birds singing among the trees. This led him to wonder if they ever sung in rhyme, and he listened to them patiently for nearly an hour, hoping to hear a rhyme for *twelfth;* but the birds knew nothing about *twelfth* or its rhymes, and so he was disappointed. By and by, a bright idea came to him.

"I will ask every one I meet," he said; "surely some one must know a rhyme for *twelfth*."

The first person who chanced to pass that way was the Court Historian, who walked with hands clasped behind him and eyes fixed on the ground.

"No," said he, grandly, in answer to the question of the Court Poet, "history never uses rhymes; they are undignified," and he went his way.

Next came the Court Orator, who held his head very high and waved his hands in air majestically as he rehearsed a speech he was to give that evening at a grand dinner. He would hardly listen to the Court Poet at all.

"Rhyming is a silly amusement, unworthy a great mind," he declared, and also went his way.

Then came the Court Riddle-maker, in a great hurry.

"I am chasing an idea," he said; "do not stop me. I have something else to do beside finding rhymes for other people; I have already too much

trouble with my own duties," and he, too, disappeared.

As the Court Poet cast his eyes about, he saw, sitting on a stone bench under a tree, a man who was weeping bitterly; and when he went toward him he saw he was no other than the Court Jester.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, bending over him.

"Nothing," answered the Court Jester.

"Why do you weep, then?" persisted the Court Poet.

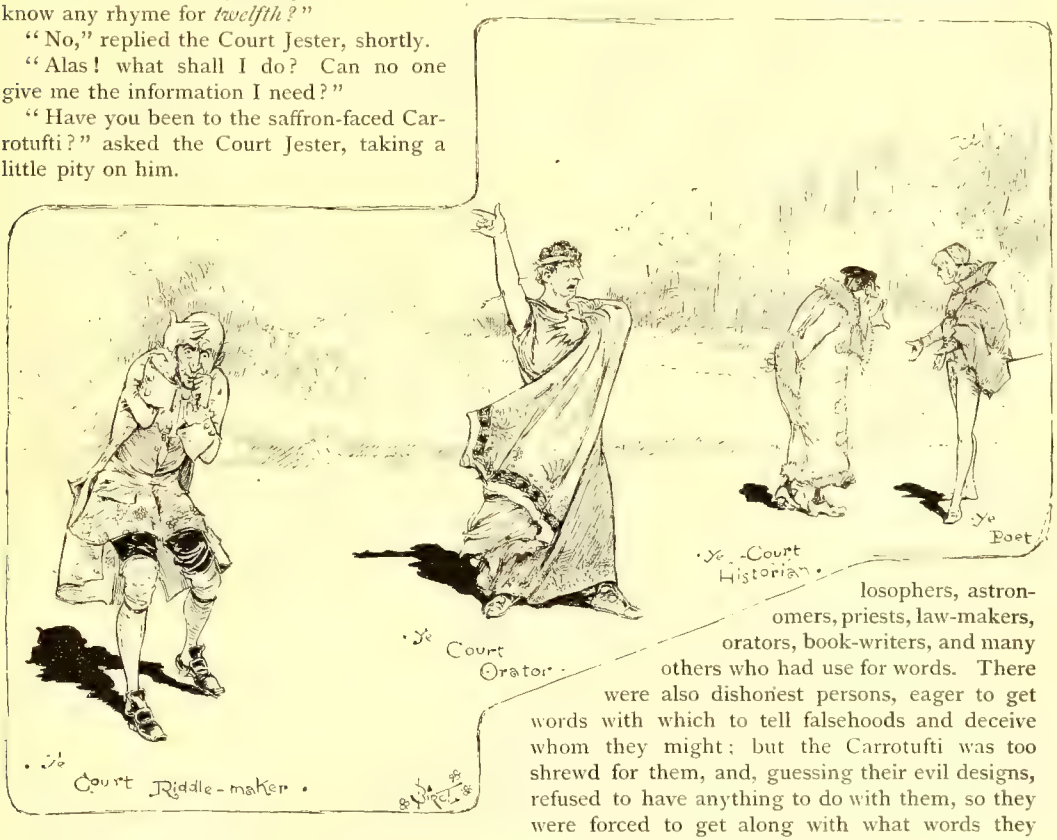
"Because the King has given me a holiday. After I have earned my bread so many years by making jokes and being merry, why may I not now enjoy a few tears undisturbed?"

"Certainly, you may; only tell me first, do you know any rhyme for *twelfth?*"

"No," replied the Court Jester, shortly.

"Alas! what shall I do? Can no one give me the information I need?"

"Have you been to the saffron-faced Carrotufti?" asked the Court Jester, taking a little pity on him.



"No, I have not," returned the Court Poet, brightening. "Who is he?"

"Do you not know?" asked the Court Jester, in surprise. "He is the wisest man in the world and he deals in language. He has a collection of many thousand words, from which he sells to those who want to buy. If there are any rhymes for *twelfth* he will surely have them."

"Can you tell me where he lives?"

"In the lower left-hand corner of the Kingdom of Kandalabara, in a stone house."

The Court Poet thanked the Court Jester (who immediately resumed his weeping just where he had left it off) and set out for the house of the saffron-faced Carrotufti, where he arrived in about five days. This house was very large, for although only the Carrotufti lived in it, he had so many words, letters, figures, and other useful and curious things, that a great deal of room was necessary to hold them. The Carrotufti was a very old person with bright yellow skin and a long white beard, and he wore a green gown, a pair of immense round-eyed spectacles, and a pointed cap. He was exceedingly busy when the Court Poet entered his house, for there were, waiting to be served, philosophers, astronomers, priests, law-makers, orators, book-writers, and many others who had use for words. There were also dishonest persons, eager to get words with which to tell falsehoods and deceive whom they might; but the Carrotufti was too shrewd for them, and, guessing their evil designs, refused to have anything to do with them, so they were forced to get along with what words they could beg or steal from the others.

As each one made known his needs, the Carrotufti went to something that looked like a large book set up on end, and, turning one or another of its huge leaves, selected from among the little cases or drawers with which it was filled the letters, words, or figures required, laid them on the counter, and took payment according to their value.

By and by, when it was the Court Poet's turn to

be waited upon, the Carrotufti nodded for him to make known his wants.

"Sir," said the Court Poet, "I have come a long distance to learn whether you have any rhymes for *twelfth*."

The Carrotufti shook his head. "There is but one rhyme for *twelfth* in the whole world, and that I sold a hundred years ago, to be used at the coronation of our good king, Sharlos Twelfth. Perhaps the rhyme is still in the royal treasury, and the young queen who is now reigning may be willing to let you have it. You might go to the palace and see her."

The Court Poet thanked the saffron-faced Carrotufti for his information, and, having taken his leave, set out for the royal palace, which he reached in something less than two days. The Queen, who was young and very beautiful, received him graciously, and directed that he should be lodged in a splendid guest-chamber and presented with a fine new suit of clothes, for his own were worn and travel-stained. After he had rested and refreshed himself he came into the Queen's presence, looking so noble and handsome in his elegant apparel that she fell in love with him straightway, and made him sit down at her side and talk with her for several hours. When he asked her about the rhyme for *twelfth*, and told her why he wanted it, she hesitated before answering, for she thought to herself:

"Although I have the rhyme among my treasures, I must not give it to him at once, lest, when he has it in his hands, he may leave me and return to his own country, which must not be, for one does not every day encounter a young man so beautiful to behold, so agreeable to converse with, and also a poet." So she presently said to him carelessly: "I think the rhyme you seek is somewhere about the palace, though I don't know exactly where. It has long been out of style, and is so cumbrous I have made no use of it whatever; therefore, I fear it has not been well taken care of, and the letters may be scattered from one end of the house to the other. I will order a search, and if it can be found you shall have it. Meanwhile, tarry with us, and I will take care that time shall pass pleasantly with you."

The Court Poet was very glad to stay and be entertained by the Queen, who, on the first day,



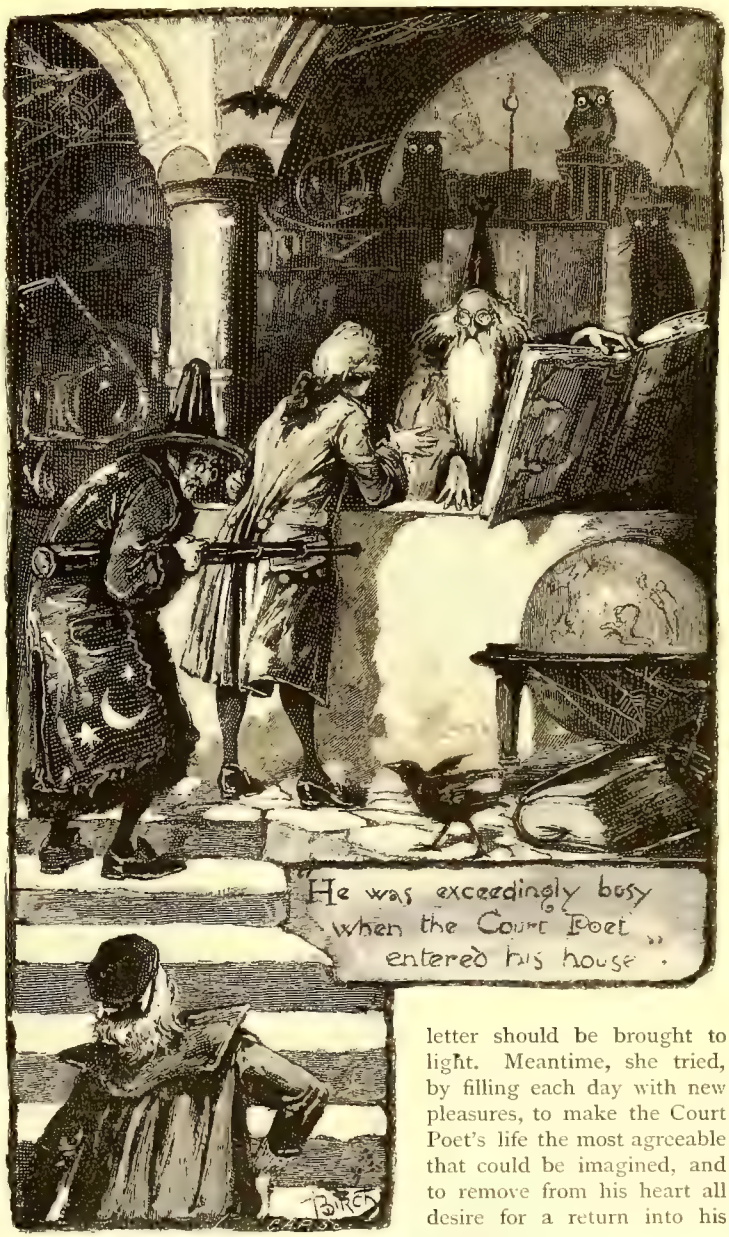
ordered a great dinner to be prepared, and invited a brilliant company, who treated the Court Poet as if he had been a prince. At night, after this feasting had been brought to an end, the Lord Chamberlain came before the Queen and the

Court Poet to make his report. He informed them that a strict search had been made through one wing of the palace, and the last letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* had been found in an old book of songs on a stone table in one of the tower chambers. He then presented the letter to the Queen, who gave it to the Court Poet, who, for safe keeping, strung it on a silken cord which he put about his neck.

On the morrow, the Queen again called together a great many illustrious people and made a grand chase, to which the Court Poet rode at her side, mounted on a cream-yellow horse, and armed with a costly hunting-knife having three large diamonds in the hilt. When they returned to the palace, the Lord Chamberlain appeared as before, to say that the servants had hunted carefully through another part of the palace, and had found the next to the last letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* in a cookery book hanging on the wall near the great fire-place in the kitchen. This letter he also laid before the Queen, who handed it to the Court Poet, who put it on the silken cord with the other.

The next day, there was a grand tournament, and the next a series of games such as were peculiar to that country. Then the Queen gave a splendid ball, at which she would dance only with the Court Poet, although many nobles, and even princes, sought her as a partner.

And so each day was spent in some kind of festivity, and each night the Lord Chamberlain brought another letter of the rhyme for *twelfth*, until all but one had been given into the hands of the Court Poet and strung on the cord about his neck. This, the first and most important, the Lord Chamberlain declared, could not be found; whereupon the Queen pretended to be vexed, and ordered a continual search to be made, not only in and about the palace, but throughout the kingdom, until the missing



letter should be brought to light. Meantime, she tried, by filling each day with new pleasures, to make the Court Poet's life the most agreeable that could be imagined, and to remove from his heart all desire for a return into his own country.

But, although much gratified by the attentions shown him, he could not forget that his poem was unfinished and the birthday of the little princess was approaching; so, when the Lord Chamberlain had announced for the tenth time that

nothing had been found during the day, he addressed the Queen thus:

"Your Majesty, since your servants are unable to find the letter needed to complete the rhyme for *twelfth*, I am of the opinion that it must certainly have been stolen and carried out of Your Majesty's dominions. Therefore, I pray you, permit me to express my devout gratitude for all Your Majesty's gracious kindnesses, — and now to go away into the world in quest of the missing letter."



At hearing these words, the Queen was very sad, for she could think of no excuse for denying his request, and she perceived he was unwilling to be detained any longer; nevertheless, she besought him to remain one more day, promising that, if the letter were not then found, she would suffer him to depart.

So he staid, and she tried to think of a plan whereby she might forever prevent him from leaving her domains. By and by, she decided how to act, and when the sun began to go down in the western sky, she invited him to take a sail with her on a beautiful lake lying in front of the palace. When they were in the middle of this lake, which was very deep and very clear, she took from her pocket the missing first letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* and secretly dropped it into the water, where it immediately sank until it rested on the bottom, far below. Then she leaned over the side of the boat and gazed at it in silence for a long time, until the Court Poet, observing her, finally asked why she did so.

"I think," answered the Queen, slowly, "that the first letter of the rhyme for *twelfth* has fallen into the lake."

He bent over to see if this were true, and as he looked down into the water, she seized a pair of scissors which she had concealed and quickly cut the silken cord on which all the other letters were hanging, so that they also fell into the lake and sank to the bottom.

At this accident — for such he thought it — the Court Poet was much dismayed, and wrung his hands with grief.

"What shall I do!" he exclaimed. "Now all are lost. I never can finish my poem without the rhyme for *twelfth*, which an unhappy mischance has now made it impossible for me ever to obtain, and I shall not dare go back to the King, who will be very angry with me, and will doubtless order me to be put to death at once. What shall I do to 'escape my fate!'"

Then the Queen looked at him kindly, and said, in her most gracious tones:

"Do not lament; why need you go back at all? Is not my country as beautiful as yours? Is not my palace as splendid as your King's? Is not my kingdom as grand and large as his? My people

have asked me to choose a husband, but I have never until now cared to make a choice, for I have sworn I will wed none but a poet. But you are a great poet; can you not stay with me and share my possessions?"

It is not every one to whom is made an offer so fine as this. The Court Poet did not hesitate long before accepting it.

"Madam," he returned, "the honor and the happiness are beyond my deserts; but to me your wishes are commands, and obedience to you is always a pleasure."

So they were married, and the Court Poet became King. He never again tried to write any poetry; the ill success of his first attempt had completely discouraged him, and, besides, he had not time for rhyming, with the affairs of a great kingdom to look after.

As for the birthday of the little princess, it came and went without any poem whatever; for the rhyme for *twelfth* lay out of reach hundreds and hundreds of feet below the surface of the lovely lake, where, if this story be true, it doubtless lies to this day.

A LULLABY.

By Mary A. Lathbury.



CAT'S-CRADLE.



"IT 'S criss-cross high, and it 's criss-cross flat;
Then four straight lines for the pussy cat;
Then criss-cross under; ah, now there 'll be
A nice deep cradle, dear Grandpa! See!

"Now change again, and it 's flat once more
A lattice-window! But where 's the door?
Why, change once more, and, holding it so,
We can have a very good door, you know.

"Now over, now under, now pull it tight;
See-saw, Grandpa!—exactly right!"
So prattled the little one, Grandfather's pet,
As deftly she wrought. "See, now it 's a net!

"But where did you learn cat's-cradle so well?"
She suddenly asked; and he could not tell.
He could not tell, for his heart was sore,
As he gravely said, "I have played it before."

What could the sweet little maiden know
Of beautiful summers long ago?
Of the merry sports, and the games he played,
When "Mamma," herself, was a little maid?

What could she know of the thoughts that ran
Through the weary brain of the world-worn man?
But she knew, when she kissed him, dear Grandpa smiled,
And that was enough for the happy child.

TALES OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

First Story—Magnie's Dangerous Ride.

Magnie was consumed with the hunting fever. He had been away to school since he was ten years old, and had never had the chance of doing anything remarkable. While his brother, Olaf, who was a midshipman in the navy, roamed about the world, and had delightful adventures with Turks and Arabs, and all sorts of outlandish peoples, Magnie had to scan Virgil and Horace and torment his soul with algebraic problems. It was not at all the kind of life he had sketched out for himself, and if it had not been his father who had imposed it upon him, he would have broken away from all restraints and gone to Turkey or China, or some place where exciting things happened. In the meanwhile, as he lacked money for such an enterprise, he would content himself with whatever excitement there was in hunting, and as his brothers, Olaf and little Edwin (who was fourteen years old), were also at home for the vacation, there was a prospect of many delightful expeditions by sea and by land. Moreover, their old friend, Grim Hering-Luck, who was their father's right-hand man, had promised to be at their disposal and put them on the track of exciting experiences. They had got each a gun, and had practiced shooting at a mark daily since their return from the city. Magnie, or Magnus Birk as his real name was, had once (though Olaf stoutly maintained that it was mere chance) hit the bull's-eye at a hundred yards, and he was now eager to show his skill on something more valuable than a painted target. It was, therefore, decided that Grim and the boys should go reindeer hunting. They were to be accompanied by the professional hunter, Bjarne Sheepskin.

It was a glorious morning. The rays of the sun shot from the glacier peaks in long radiant shafts down into the valley. The calm mirror of the fiord glittered in the light and fairly dazzled the eye, and the sea-birds drifted in noisy companies about the jutting crags, plunged headlong into the sea, and scattered the spray high into the air. The blue smoke rose perpendicularly from the chimneys of the fishermen's cottages along the beach, and the housewives, still drowsy with sleep, came out, rubbed their eyes and looked toward the sun to judge of the hour. One boat after another was pushed out upon the water, and the ripples in their wakes spread in long diverging lines toward either shore. The fish leaped in the sun, heedless of the gulls which sailed in wide circles under the sky, keeping a sharp lookout for the movements of the finny tribe. The three boys could only stand and gaze in dumb astonishment upon the splendid sights which the combined heavens, earth, and sea afforded. Their father, who was much pleased with their determination and enterprise, had readily given his consent to the reindeer hunt, on condition that Grim should take command and be responsible for their safety. They were now mounted upon three sturdy ponies, while their provisions, guns, and other commodities were packed upon a fourth beast—a shaggy little monster named Bruno, who looked more like a hornless goat than a horse. Bjarne Sheepskin, a long, round-shouldered fellow, with a pair of small, lively eyes, was leading this heavily laden Bruno by the bridle, and the little caravan, being once set in motion, climbed the steep slopes toward the mountains with much persistence and dexterity. The ponies, which had been especially trained for mountain climbing, planted their hoofs upon the slippery rocks with a precision which was wonderful to behold, jumped from stone to stone, slipped, scrambled up and down, but never fell. As they entered the pine forest, where the huge trunks grew in long, dark colonnades, letting in here and there stray patches of sunshine, partridges and ptarmigan often started under the very noses of the horses, and Magnie clamored loudly for his gun, and grew quite angry with Bjarne, who would allow "no fooling with tomtits and chipmunks, when they were in search of big game." Even hares were permitted to go unmolested; and it was not until a fine caper-cailzie* cock tumbled out of the underbrush close to the path, that Bjarne flung his gun to his cheek and fired. The caper-cailzie made a somersault in the air, and the feathers flew about it as it fell. Bjarne picked it up quietly, tied its legs together, and hung it on the pommel of Edwin's saddle. "That will make a dinner for gentlefolks," he said, "if the dairy-maids up on the *saeters* should happen to have nothing in the larder."

Gradually, as they mounted higher, the trees became more stunted in their growth, and the whole character of the vegetation changed. The low dwarf-birch stretched its long, twisted branches along the earth, the silvery-white reindeer-moss clothed in patches the barren ground, and a few shivering alpine plants lifted their pale, pink

* A species of grouse.

flowers out of the general desolation. As they reached the ridge of the lower mountain range, the boys saw before them a scene the magnificence of which nearly took their breath away. Before them lay a wide mountain plain, in the bottom of which two connected lakes lay coldly glittering. Round about, the plain was settled with rude little log-houses, the so-called *saeters*, or mountain dairies, where the Norse peasants spend their brief summers, pasturing their cattle.

They started at a lively trot down the slope toward this highland plain, intending to reach the Hasselrud *saeter*, where they expected to spend the night; for it was already several hours past noon, and there could be no thought of hunting reindeer so late in the day. Judging by appearances, the boys concluded that fifteen or twenty minutes would bring them to the *saeter;* but they rode on for nearly two hours, and always the cottages seemed to recede, and the distance showed no signs of diminishing. They did not know how deceptive all distances are in this wondrously clear mountain air, whose bright transparency is undimmed by the dust and exhalations of the lower regions of the earth. They would scarcely have believed that those huge glacier peaks, which seemed to be looming up above their very heads, were some eight to twelve miles away, and that the eagle which soared above their heads was far beyond the range of their rifles.

It was about five o'clock when they rode in upon the *saeter* green, where the dairy-maids were alternately blowing their horns and yodeling. Their long flaxen braids hung down their backs, and their tight-fitting scarlet bodices and white sleeves gave them a picturesque appearance. The cattle were lowing against the sky, answering the call of the horn. The bells of cows, goats, and sheep were jangled in harmonious confusion; and the noise of the bellowing bulls, the bleating sheep, and the neighing horses was heard from all sides over the wide plain.

The three brothers were received with great cordiality by the maids, and they spent the evening, after the supper was finished, in listening to marvelous stories about the ogres who inhabited the mountains, and the hunting adventures with which Bjarne Sheepskin's life had been crowded, and which he related with a sportsman's usual exaggeration. The beds in one of the *saeter* cottages were given up to the boys, and they slept peacefully until about four o'clock in the morning, when Grim aroused them and told them that everything was ready for their departure. They swallowed their breakfast hastily and started in excited silence across the plateau. Edwin and the horses they left behind in charge of the dairy-maids, but took with them a shepherd dog who had some good blood in him, and had a finer scent than his sedate behavior and the shape of his nose would have led one to suppose.

Light clouds hovered under the sky; the mist lay like a white sheet over the mountain, and drifted in patches across the plain. Bjarne and Grim were carrying the guns, while Olaf led the dog, and Magnus trotted briskly along, stooping every now and then to examine every unfamiliar object that came in his way. The wind blew toward them, so that there was no chance that their scent could betray them, in case there were herds of deer toward the north at the base of the glaciers. They had not walked very far, when Bjarne put his hand to his lips and stooped down to examine the ground. The dog lifted his nose and began to snuff the air, wag his tail, and whine impatiently.

"Hush, Yutul," whispered Bjarne; "down! down, and keep still!"

The dog crouched down obediently and held his peace.

"Here is a fresh track," the hunter went on, pointing to a hardly perceptible depression in the moss. "There has been a large herd here — one buck and at least a dozen cows. Look, here is a stalk that has just been bitten off, and the juice is not dry yet."

"How long do you think it will be before we shall meet them?" asked Magnus, breathlessly. The hunting-fever was throbbing in his veins, and he crawled cautiously among the bowlders with his rifle cocked.

"Could n't tell; may be an hour, may be three. Hand me your field-glass, Lieutenant, and I will see if I can catch sight of 'em. A gray beast is n't easily seen agin the gray stone. It was fer the same reason I wanted ye to wear gray clothes; we don't want to give the game any advantage, fer the sentinels be allers on the lookout fer the herd, and at the least bit of unfamiliar color, they give their warnin' snort, and off starts the flock, scudding away like a drift of mist before the wind."

Crouching down among the lichen-clad rocks, all listened in eager expectation.

"Down!" commanded Bjarne, "and cock rifles! A pair of antlers agin the snow! That 's all. Don't anybody rise so as to show agin the sky. Hallo! it is as I thought — a big herd. One, two, three — five — seven — ten — fourteen! One stunnin' buck, worth his forty dollars, at least. Now follow me slowly. Look out for your guns! You, Grim, keep the dog muzzled."

The boys strained their eyes above the edge of the stones, but could see nothing. Their hearts hammered against their sides, and the blood throbbed in their temples. As far as their eyes

could reach, they saw only the gray waste of bowlders, interrupted here and there by patches of snow or a white glacier-stream, which plunged wildly over a precipice, while a hovering smoke indicated its further progress through the plain. Nevertheless, trusting the experience of their leader, they made no remark, but crept after him, choosing, like him, every available stone for cover. After half an hour of this laborious exercise, Bjarne suddenly stretched himself flat upon the ground, and the others, though seeing no occasion for such a maneuver, promptly followed his example. But the next moment enlightened them. Looming up against the white snow, some sixty or a hundred feet from them, they saw a magnificent pair of antlers, and presently the whole body of a proud animal was distinctly visible against the glacier. In the ravine below, a dozen or more cows with their calves were nibbling the moss between the stones, but with great deliberateness, lifting their heads every minute and snuffing the air suspiciously; they presently climbed up on the hard snow and began a frolic, the like of which the boys had never seen before. The great buck raised himself on his hind-legs, shook his head, and made a leap, kicking the snow about him with great vehemence. Several of the cows took this as an invitation for a general jollification, and they began to frisk about, kicking their heels against the sky and shaking their heads, not with the wanton grace of their chief, but with half-pathetic attempts at imitation. This, Magnus thought, was evidently a reindeer ball; and very sensible they were to have it early in the morning, when they felt gay and frisky, rather than in the night, when they ought to be asleep. What troubled him, however, was that Bjarne did not shoot; he himself did not venture to send a bullet into the big buck, although it seemed to him he had an excellent aim. The slightest turn in the wind would inevitably betray them, and then they would have had all their toil for nothing. He would have liked to suggest this to Bjarne; but in order to do this, he would have to overtake him, and Bjarne was still wriggling himself cautiously forward among the stones, pushing himself on with his elbows, as a seal does with his flippers. In his eagerness to impart his counsel to Bjarne, Magnus began to move more rapidly; raising himself on his knees, he quite inadvertently showed his curly head above a bowlder. The buck lifted his superb head with a snort, and with incredible speed the whole herd galloped away; but in the same moment two bullets whistled after them, and the buck fell flat upon the snow. The cow which had stood nearest to him reared on her hind-legs, made a great leap, and plunged headlong down among the stones. With a wild war-whoop, the boys jumped up, and Magnus, who had come near ruining the whole sport, seized, in



"PRESENTLY THE WHOLE BODY OF A PROUD ANIMAL WAS DISTINCTLY VISIBLE AGAINST THE GLACIER."

order to make up for his mishap, a long hunting-knife and rushed forward to give the buck the *coup de grace*,* in accordance with the rules of the chase.

thing was being done by his companions for his rescue. But he could see nothing except a great expanse of gray and white lines, which ran into



"MAGNIE INSTINCTIVELY SEIZED ONE OF THE REINDEER'S HORNS TO KEEP FROM FALLING."

Bounding forward with reckless disregard of all obstacles, he was the first down on the snow. In one instant he was astride of the animal, and had just raised his knife, when up leaped the buck and tore away along the edge of the snow like a gust of wind. The long-range shot, hitting him in the head, had only stunned him, but had not penetrated the skull. And, what was worse, in his bewilderment at the unexpected maneuver, Magnus dropped his knife, seizing instinctively the horns of the reindeer to keep from falling. Away they went with a terrific, dizzying speed. The frightened boy clung convulsively to the great antlers; if he should fall off, his head would be crushed against the bowlders. The cold glacier-wind whistled in his ears, and stung his face like a multitude of tiny needles. He had to turn his head in order to catch his breath; and he strained his eyes to see if anyeach other and climbed and undulated toward him and sloped away, but seemed associated with no tangible object. He thought, for a moment, that he saw Grim Hering-Luck aiming his gun, but he seemed to be up in the sky, and to be growing huger and huger until he looked more like a fantastic cloud than a man. The thought suddenly struck him that he might be fainting, and it sent a thrill of horror through him. With a vehement effort he mastered his fear and resolved that, whatever happened, he would not give way to weakness. If he was to lose his life, he would, at all events, make a hard fight for it; it was, on the whole, quite a valuable life, he concluded, and he did not mean to sell it cheaply.

Troubling himself little about the direction his steed was taking, he shut his eyes, and began to meditate upon his chances of escape; and after

* The finishing stroke.

some minutes, he was forced to admit that they seemed very slim. When the buck should have exhausted his strength, as in the course of time he must, he would leave his rider somewhere in this vast trackless wilderness, where the biting wind swept down from the eternal peaks of ice, where wolves roamed about in great hungry companies, and where, beside them, the reindeer and the ptarmigan were the only living things amid the universal desolation. When he opened his eyes again, Magnus discovered that the buck had overtaken the fleeing herd, which, however, were tearing away madly at his approach, being evidently frightened at the sight and the scent of the unfamiliar rider. The animal was still galloping on, though with a less dizzying rapidity, and Magnus could distinguish the general outline of the objects which seemed to be rushing against him, as if running a race in the opposite direction. The herd were evidently seeking safety in the upper glacier region, where no foot less light and swift than their own could find safety among the terrible ravines and crevasses.

Fully an hour had passed, possibly two, and it seemed vain to attempt to measure the distance which he had passed over in this time. At all events, the region did not present one familiar object, and of Olaf and his companions Magnie saw no trace. The only question was, what chance had they of finding him, if they undertook to search for him as, of course, they would. If he could only leave some sign or mark by which they might know the direction he had taken, their search might perhaps be rewarded with success. He put one hand in his pocket, but could find nothing that he could spare except a red silk handkerchief. That had the advantage of being bright, and would be sure to attract attention. The dog would be likely to detect it or to catch the scent of it. But he must have something heavy to tie up in the handkerchief, or it might blow "all over creation." The only thing he could find was a silver match-box which he had obtained by a trade with Olaf, and which bore the latter's initials. He carefully emptied it, and put the matches (which he foresaw might prove useful) in his vest pocket; then tied up the box securely and dropped it, with the handkerchief, upon a conspicuous rock, where its bright color might appear striking and unnatural. He was just on the ridge of what proved to be a second and higher mountain plateau, the wild grandeur of which far transcended that of the first. Before him lay a large sheet of water of a cool green tint, and so clear that the bottom was visible as far as the eye could reach. A river had made its way from the end of this lake and plunged, in a series of short cataracts, down the slope to the lower plain.

It made Magnus shiver with dread to look at this coldly glittering surface, and what was his horror when suddenly his reindeer, in his pursuit of the herd, which were already in the water, rushed in, and began with loud snorts to swim across to the further shore! This was an unforeseen stratagem which extinguished his last hope of rescue; for how could Bjarne track him through the water, and what means would he find of crossing, in case he should guess that the herd had played this dangerous trick on him? He began to dread also that the endurance of the buck would be exhausted before he reached dry land again, and that they might both perish miserably in the lake. In this horrible distress, nothing occurred to him



"HE CLIMBED UP ON THE GREAT ANTLERS, STEADYING HIMSELF CAREFULLY."

except to whisper the Lord's Prayer; but as his terror increased, his voice grew louder and louder, until he fairly shouted the words, "And deliver us from evil," and the echoes from the vast solitudes repeated first clearly and loudly, then with fainter and fainter accents: "And deliver us from evil—and deliver us from evil." His despairing voice rang strangely under the great empty sky, and rumbled away among the glaciers, which flung it back and forth until it died away in the blue distance. It was as if the vast silent wilderness, startled at the sound of a human voice, were wonderingly repeating the strange and solemn words.

A vague sense of security stole over him when he had finished his prayer. But the chill of the icy water had nearly benumbed his limbs, and he feared that the loss of heat would conquer his will, and make him unconscious before the buck should reach the shore. He felt distinctly his strength ebbing away, and he knew of nothing that he could do to save himself. Then suddenly a daring thought flashed through his brain. With slow and cautious movements he drew his legs out of the water, and, standing for a moment erect on the buck's back, he crawled along his neck and climbed up on the great antlers, steadying himself carefully and clinging with all his might. His only fear was that the animal would shake him off and send him headlong into the icy bath from which he was endeavoring to escape. But, after two futile efforts, during which the boy had held on only by desperate exertion, the buck would probably have resigned himself to his fate, if he had not been in imminent danger of drowning. Magnus was, therefore, much against his will, forced to dip his limbs into the chilly water, and resume his former position. It was a strange spectacle, to see all the horned heads round about sticking out of the water, and Magnus, though he had always had a thirst for adventures, had never expected to find himself in such an incredible situation. Fortunately, they were now approaching the shore, and whatever comfort there was in having *terra firma* under his feet would not be wanting to him. The last minutes were indeed terribly long, and again and again the buck, overcome with fatigue, dipped his nose under the water, only to raise it again with a snort, and shake his head as if impatient to rid himself of his burden. But the boy, with a spark of reviving hope, clung only the more tenaciously to the antlers, and remained unmoved.

At last,—and it seemed a small eternity since he had left his brother and companions,—Magnus saw the herd scramble up on the stony beach, and the buck he rode was soon among the foremost, and, having reached the land, shook his great body and snorted violently.

"Now 's my chance," thought Magnus, "now I can slide off into the snow before he takes to his heels again."

But, odd as it may seem, he had a reluctance to part company with the only living creature (except the wolves) that inhabited this awful desert. There was a vague chance of keeping from freezing to death as long as he clung to the large, warm animal; while, seated alone upon this bleak shore, with his clothes wringing wet, and the cold breath of the glacier sweeping down upon him, he would die slowly and miserably with hunger and cold. He was just contemplating this prospect, seeing himself in spirit lying dead upon the shore of the lake, and picturing to himself the grief of his brother and father, when suddenly his glance was arrested by what seemed a faint column of smoke rising from among the bowlders. The herd of reindeer had evidently made the same discovery, for they paused, in a startled manner, and wheeled about toward the easterly shore, past which a branch of the glacier was pushing downward into the lower fiord-valley.

Magnie, who had by this time made up his mind not to give up his present place except for a better one, strained his eye in the opposite direction, to make sure that he was not deceived; and having satisfied himself that what he saw was really smoke, he determined to leap from his seat at the very first opportunity. But as yet the speed of the buck made such a venture unsafe. With every step, however, the territory was becoming more irregular, and made the progress even of a reindeer difficult.

Magnus drew up his feet, and was about to slide off, having planned to drop with as slight a shock as possible upon a flat moss-grown rock, when, to his utter amazement, he saw a human figure standing at the edge of the glacier, and aiming a rifle, as it appeared, straight at his head. He tried to scream, but terror choked his voice. He could not bring forth a sound. And before even the thought had taken shape in his bewildered brain he saw a flash, and heard the report of a shot which rumbled away with tremendous reverberations among the glaciers. There was a surging sound in his ears, and strange lights danced before his eyes. He thought he must be dead.

(Concluded next month.)

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES AND HIS PALACE.

By Olive May Eager.



THE PRINCE OF NAPLES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D'ALLESANDRI BROTHERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ITALY.)

All boys and girls who have read recent Italian history are familiar with the name of Victor Emmanuel, who united the various states of Italy into one kingdom. As the Italians had long been hoping and praying for this union, they naturally regarded Victor Emmanuel as the savior of their country, and were much grieved when he died, in 1878. His son Humbert succeeded him on the throne, and he in time will be followed by his only son, the Prince of Naples, this title corresponding in Italy to the title of Prince of Wales in England.

The little Prince bears his grandfather's name, Victor Emmanuel, and was born November 11, 1869, in Naples, probably the most beautiful city of the whole world. Should the Prince marry before he becomes king, he will live in the royal palace of Naples, which is built overlooking the lovely bay, and in full view of Vesuvius, with its

undying volcanic fires and streams of smoke. As I walked through the large palace, passing *suite* after *suite* of elegantly furnished rooms, I thought of the boyish owner, and wondered if he feels very haughty and proud as he gazes upon his possessions. In the center of the superb dining-room stands an ornamental cradle presented at his birth by the city of Naples.

Adjoining one end of the palace is the theater of San Carlo, which has an interesting story. When Charles III. was King of Naples, he issued orders for the most magnificent theater of Europe to be built in the shortest time possible. Angelo Carasale, a Neapolitan architect, offered to complete it in three months, and by great effort and energy actually did so. On the opening night, the King sent for the architect to come to the royal balcony, and there publicly commended his work, adding that only one thing was lacking, and that was a private door and stair-case leading from the palace into the theater for the use of the royal family. The architect bowed low, and retired that the play might begin. When the play was finished, the architect again appeared before the King, saying, "Your Majesty's wish is accomplished," and preceded the astonished monarch to a private entrance in one end of the theater. In the three hours that the acting had engaged the King's attention, the untiring architect had collected his workmen, and by almost superhuman effort had completed his task. He had torn down partitions and laid huge logs of wood for a stairway: but elegant velvet carpets and beautiful curtains concealed the rough floors and defaced walls, while a skillful arrangement of handsome mirrors and chandeliers produced a magical effect, and made the whole seem the work of fairy hands. Afterward, the entrance was properly finished, and last summer I walked from the palace through this private door, and stood in the royal balcony where the King had received the architect nearly one hundred and fifty years before. I trust the Prince of Naples will profit by this monument of energy and perseverance which he has continually before him in his own palace.

The young Prince spends his winters in Rome, and may be often seen driving on the Corso, the main street of the city. Were it not for the bright scarlet livery of the coachmen, a stranger would not notice particularly the neatly and quietly dressed boy, driving with a middle-aged gentleman. But the Romans all know and love the boyish face, raising their hats politely as the carriage passes, while the *principino* (little prince), as they call him, gracefully bows in acknowledgment of their courtesy. He is a fine, manly little fellow, and is being trained with the care and attention that his rank deserves. He has the best masters that it is possible to procure, and they instruct him in various branches of study.

At rare intervals he is seen driving with his mother, the beautiful and beloved Queen Margaret; but he is usually accompanied by his private tutor, a cultured and educated man, whose chief thought is to interest his young charge and improve his mind. They often drive by in earnest conversation, the Prince evidently asking questions about something he has seen in passing, and the tutor giving him all the information in his power. I am sure this gentleman is fully sensible of the great responsibility resting upon him, for upon him more than any other man depends the character of the next king of Italy, who will have grave matters to decide and momentous questions to settle. Judging from his face, I feel equally sure that the *principino* himself thinks seriously of the importance of improving the present, in order that he may know how to rule his people with judgment and wisdom.

I give the following incident as it was related to me by the personal friend of an English peeress who was in the habit of attending the court receptions. She was at a private reception of the Queen, when the *principino* came into the room and gave her a kiss of greeting. His mother told him it was rude not to ask permission to kiss a lady. The boy replied archly, "Ah, Mother, *English* ladies like to be kissed."

I conclude this short sketch with two items that may interest you. The Prince of Naples speaks the English language very well, and is also a constant reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE BIRDS AT MONKSTOWN CASTLE.

By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.



MONKSTOWN CASTLE, IRELAND. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. JENKINS & SON.)

I know a ruin on a hill —
  Like other ruins it may be,
It must be tired of standing still
  And always looking at the sea.

So old that I am young by it,
  It tells me tales of monk and knight—
Tales that no chronicler hath writ,
  Just as my great-grandmother might.

It likes to talk of silken train,
  Of jeweled sword and plumèd head,
And quite forgets how low the rain
  Has beaten down its courtly dead.

It told me, with a gracious air,
  About Elizabeth's best gown;
But when I spoke of her red hair
  And painted nose, I saw it frown!

It has invited me to sit
  Till after dark. But then it 's clear—
Somehow—oh, I don't care a whit
  For Things you can not see nor hear.

But, children, though this ruin might
  Not be the place to sleep, you see,
At morning it 's the prettiest sight
  In all this pretty world to me.

For when, like one that 's slept too long,
  The sudden sun before me springs,
Ivy and stone break into song
  And hall and battlement take wings!

The lords of earth lie still down there:
  They have their night who had their day.
See, in their place the lords of air
  Make merry with their honors gray;

From mullioned windows they peep out,
In families or in lover-pairs;
On the high walls they walk about
And chatter of their sweet affairs.

Sir Something, gone from grave-yard fame,
God rest you under flower and dew!
The wind has blown away your name,
But, in my heart, I reverence you.

Oh, you were good to build (too good
For me to set your praise to words)
So brave a castle by the wood
To be the happy home of birds!



By Tudor Jenks.

A lazy magician, tired of work, left Damascus and went into a sandy desert, seeking quiet and solitude. Finding a lonely place, he filled his pipe, and, after smoking it out, fell fast asleep.

An indolent wizard, looking for rest, came riding across the desert upon a magic camel, which he had made out of an old rug that morning, and, not seeing the sleeping magician, ran over him.

Now, magical creations can not touch magicians without vanishing. So the wizard's camel vanished, the wizard fell plump down on top of the magician, and the baggage which the camel carried was scattered on the sand.

The wizard was the first to collect his senses, and asked, in a fierce voice: "Where is my camel?"

The magician replied, with some anger: "Don't you think you 'd better ask some one who was awake while your camel was getting away?"

"You are the only man I have met in this desert," replied the wizard.

"Perhaps," resumed the magician, "your camel may have climbed one of the trees with which you see the desert is covered; if you think I 've got him, you can search me."

"I made that camel only this morning," said the wizard, complainingly.

"You are then a magician?" asked the other.

"No; I 'm only a wizard," replied the first.

"Well, *I 'm* a magician, and I should think you would know better than to drive your camel up against me."

"It was careless, I admit," replied the wizard. "But let that go; I can make another. I hope I did n't hurt you?"

"Oh! not at all; I was lying down there on purpose; that is why I came to the desert, where there are so many passing," remarked the magician, rubbing his side.

"I can not regret an accident which brings me so agreeable a companion," replied the wizard, with a low bow.

"I 'm sorry to have lost my temper," said the magician, more good naturedly; "but, since I came to this desert looking for quiet and solitude, I was *not* glad to see you."

"I, also, was sorry to meet any one, even yourself, for I was equally anxious to be alone," rejoined the wizard, frankly.

"Well," said the magician, thoughtfully, "since you are a wizard and I a magician, and each of us wishes solitude, the matter is easily remedied. Nothing is easier than to put twenty leagues between us. I have only to wish it."

"Allow me," asked the wizard, politely, "to join you in the wish."

"Certainly," said the magician; "we can save our feelings by making the parting mutual. We will wish together."

"Agreed," said the wizard, eagerly. "Are you ready?"

"Quite!" returned the magician, delighted.

So they raised their wands, shook hands, and said together: "I wish myself twenty leagues away!"

They were powerful enchanters, and the wish was at once accomplished. In an instant they stood together in a place twenty leagues away.

"I am afraid," said the magician, after a moment's silence,—"I am afraid that this can not be called a success. We have traveled some distance, but solitude seems as far off as ever. Perhaps we forgot to take it with us. We must wish again; this time, each for himself!" The wizard agreed that this was the best plan. So, saying, "Excuse my back," he turned from the magician and wished himself back again where he was at first. Instantly he was there, among his pieces of baggage.

"Ah," said he, smiling, "it was not a bad adventure, but I am glad to be alone again!"

"Ahem!" exclaimed a voice behind him. "I beg pardon, I 'm sure; but I fear there has been another mistake. I am sorry to see we both happened to find this spot so attractive!"

The wizard turned and saw the magician standing behind him, looking very foolish.

"So you 're there, are you? Well, it was a natural mistake! We must have no mistake this time. I 'll give the word, and let us each wish ourselves forty leagues away in opposite directions — you to the east, I to the west."

The word was given, the wands waved, and, presto! — nothing at all! Each stood where he was before, for each expected the other to wish himself away.

"It seems to me," said the wizard, after a slight pause, "that it is hardly fair to expect me to leave all my baggage lying around here on the sand!"

"But I was here first," said the magician.

"Yes, to sleep. It strikes me as rather a spacious bedroom!"

"I like a large bedroom," replied the magician. "But we wander from the subject. It is, of course, useless for us to wish again. We have had our three chances, and must now make the best of it. Sit down and have a smoke."

In a moment they were puffing out blue clouds of smoke, sitting cross-legged opposite each other.

"May I ask," said the wizard, presently, "how long you have been practicing your profession?"

"Only since Merlin's time — say about a thousand years. I was a pupil of Merlin, and a very good teacher he was."

"Indeed!" said the wizard, with more respect; "that is a long time. I can not claim more than five centuries. I am but a beginner beside you."

"By hard work you might have learned much in that time."

"I fear I have been lazy," said the wizard, regretfully.

"Perhaps being, as Shakespeare will soon say, 'an older soldier, not a better,' I might be able to give you a useful hint or two. We have still some daylight before us. Suppose we have a lesson?"

"I fear I will only bore you," said the wizard, rather nettled by the patronage of the other.

"I have nothing else to do, and should enjoy teaching so promising a pupil," said the magician, rather pompously.

This was a little too much, for the wizard had graduated with the degree of F. W. (Full Wizard) some three centuries before. He attempted to make excuses, saying: "I am really out of practice; my wand is dusty from disuse."

"Oh, bother your excuses! I can see your true rank at once. Go ahead!" said the magician.

Not seeing how to refuse without being rude, the wizard, after a minute's hesitation, rose and, walking a little apart, drew a circle in the sand. Standing here, he waved his wand slowly in the air and repeated a mystic incantation. The magician, who had only received the degree of P. M. (Passable Magician) when *he* graduated, looked on very critically.

At the most impressive part of the charm, the wizard suddenly and violently sneezed, in spite of all he could do. Much ashamed, he turned to excuse himself.

"Oh, that 's nothing," said the magician, with a condescending smile. "It is a little awkwardness natural to a beginner. No more than I expected! Throwing your arms about creates a draft — makes you chilly; you sneeze, naturally enough. Go on; we wont count this time."

The wizard was much vexed, but kept his temper and resumed the charm. Soon, a mist poured from the tip of his wand, like the smoke from a cigar, and formed a cloud above his head, which slowly revolved and wound itself up into a ball until, as the chant ended, an enormous figure appeared. The wizard turned proudly to the magician, who said nothing. At length the wizard,

seeing no sign of movement in his rival, asked confidently: "How 's that?"

"Well," said the other, crossing his legs as he filled his pipe, "it is n't bad — not *very* bad. It

The magician smiled, and rising, took a handful of dust and threw it over the wizard's head.

"When are you to begin?" asked the wizard.

"Look around," said the magician.



THE INDOLENT WIZARD ON THE MAGIC CAMEL MEETS THE LAZY MAGICIAN IN THE DESERT.

is really fair work, of a certain kind. But it is n't the way *I* was taught. However, I 'm afraid of hurting your feelings."

"Not at all," said the wizard. "I am delighted to be criticised. Speak freely, I beg!"

The old magician, with a bland smile and half-shut eyes, went on: "Well, it seems to me too long — much too long. If you were in a hurry, — suppose a rhinoceros was stamping his feet on your door-mat, — you would n't have time to do all that. That cloud is no use — it only spoils the effect; it is out of style. And your spirit looks rather stupid and under-bred — an ugly wretch!"

A terrific howl was heard as the spirit dashed down upon the magician, seeking to tear him to pieces. The magician gently raised his wand, and the spirit melted as snow does into the ocean, and the magician went on quietly: "That shows you what a fool he is — no discretion and no stamina."

The wizard was rather cast down and said sullenly: "Perhaps you will show me how you would do it?"

The wizard turned and saw a little winged figure, looking like a fairy.

"That is *my* spirit," said the magician.

"It 's too small to be of any use," remarked the wizard, scornfully.

"I think you will find it quite large enough for all practical purposes."

"Why, *my* spirit," said the wizard, "could roll yours up like a dry leaf and put it in his pocket!"

"Well," said the magician, good naturedly, "I have no objection to that; let him try."

The wizard pronounced the incantation and summoned his spirit.

"Ahab," cried the wizard, calling the spirit by name, "fetch me that small imp!"

"Master, I obey!" shouted the spirit in a voice of thunder, and then suddenly dashed down upon the little fairy.

If the fairy had remained still it might have been hurt; but, just as Ahab came rushing down, the fairy darted away like a humming-bird, too quick for the eye to see the motion. Ahab made a clutch, but caught nothing but sand. Again he tried, but

with no better success. A third and fourth trial so exhausted the huge monster that he sat down upon the sand completely tired out.

The wizard danced around in a perfect rage; and when Ahab gave it up, raising his wand he waved it thrice, and commanded the fairy to stand still. The fairy bowed, and stood quiet.

"Now, Ahab," said the wizard, triumphantly, "bring her to me!"

Ahab arose, and walking heavily to the fairy, took her by the arm. The arm came off in his grasp; but Ahab, not noticing this, brought it to the wizard.

"You dunce!" commenced the wizard; but the absurdity of the situation overcame him, and he laughed, saying: "Well, bring me the rest of her!"

On the next trip, Ahab brought the head.

"Very good," said the wizard; "perseverance will bring her. Go on."

In a few more journeys the pieces of the fairy lay at the wizard's feet.

"There!" said the wizard, in triumph, "I think that ends *your* spirit!"

"Not at all," said the magician, pointing his wand at the heap of arms, wings, body, and head. In an instant the pieces flew together, and the fairy stood before them as well as ever.

"Come now," said the wizard, angrily, "that 's not fair!"

"You had to help your spirit, why should n't I help mine?"

"I only kept your spirit still!"

"I only put mine together!"

The wizard had to admit the justice of the magician's claim; but, completely losing his temper, he said angrily: "I don't believe you are any sort of a magician, with all your airs! You may have a friend among the fairies, but I 'd like to see what you can do by yourself; send your spirit away, and we 'll see who is the better man!"

The spirits were dismissed, and the magician, never losing his temper, said with a smile: "I can't afford to show my magic for nothing! If you will insist on seeing what I can do in the way of real old Egyptian magic, I will show you, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That he who shows the best magic shall take the wand and power of the other. Do you agree?"

The wizard, although startled, was too angry to be prudent, and replied boldly: "I agree!"

"Let us lose no time, then," said the magician, with a crafty smile. "Are you ready?"



THE WIZARD RAISES AHAB.

"Quite ready," said the wizard.

"Find that, then!" and, as he spoke, the magician threw his wand high into the air. An immense bird, that was flying overhead, clutched the wand, and flew off with lightning speed.

"A baby's trick!" said the wizard, laughing. "I learned that with the alphabet. The idea of playing magical hide-and-seek with me!" and breaking his wand into nine short pieces, he stuck them up in the sand, forming a circle around him. Out from each suddenly sprang a wire and stretched itself along above the sand, like a serpent, only a thousand times faster; and down from this wire fell poles and stuck up in the sand. In the middle of the ring of sticks sat the wizard, with a telegraph instrument, ticking away for dear life. In a moment he stopped and listened. An answering tick was soon heard; and the wizard, smiling, said: "We shall have a dispatch very soon! Wonderful thing, the telegraph — wonderful!"

A speck was seen in the distance coming quickly toward them. It soon resolved itself into a small boy, running as fast as he could.

"Well, my boy?" said the wizard, rubbing his hands, as the messenger arrived.

"Please, sir, here 's a package and a letter for you, sir," replied the boy, puffing a little from his run. "Please sign my receipt."

"Certainly, certainly," said the wizard, scarcely hearing what was said; and handing the package to the magician, he opened his letter. It read as follows:

"BORNEO, July 12th

"Your message received. Inclosed find wand as requested. Had to shoot bird. Sorry. Will have it stuffed.

"Yours, AHAB."

The magician opened the package, and there was the wand.

"You are a little behind the age," said the wizard. "I should think you would know better than to race with electricity!"

"You really did it very well, very well, indeed," said the magician, a little vexed; "but, as you say, it was a baby's trick; I was foolish to try it."

"Well," said the wizard, "let us not waste any more time. Do your very best this time, and let us get through with it!"

"Please, sir," said the telegraph messenger, "sign my receipt; I 'm in a hurry."

"Get out! I can't bother with you now!" said the wizard, impatiently. "The idea," he went on, to the magician, "of stopping me now for such a trifle as signing a receipt!"

The boy laughed softly to himself, but no one noticed him, so he stood and watched what was going on.

Meanwhile, the magician was thinking over his very best tricks. At last he said, solemnly: "This time I 'll show you something worth seeing!"

Then he wiped his wand in the skirt of his robe, and pronounced a long incantation, while the wizard pretended to be very tired of it. As the incantation proceeded, a crystal ball formed itself out of the air and floated before them.

"What 's that for?" asked the boy, apparently much interested. "That 's the biggest marble I ever saw!"

"That," said the magician with great impressiveness, not noticing who spoke, "is the magician-tester. Merlin invented it for the express purpose of putting down conceited magicians. Such is its peculiar construction that only the greatest and most powerful magician can get inside of it."

"Get into that marble!" said the boy. "I don't see what for."

"Probably not," said the magician, much amused.

"Now see here, Johnny," said the wizard, impatiently, "don't you think you 'd better run home?"

"I must have my receipt signed," said the boy, positively; "besides, it 's fun to see this game."

"Never mind him," said the magician. "Now, what I propose is this: You and I stand about twenty paces from the tester; then let the boy count three (for, while you pay for his time, we may as well use him). Whoever first appears in the tester shall be the winner."

"Am I in this?" asked the boy, much delighted.

"Certainly," said the magician, smiling graciously.

"Let 's see if I know the game," said the boy, eagerly. "You two fellows stand a little way off, then I count three, and you two cut as fast as you can for the marble; and then whoever of us three gets into it first wins?"

The magician was much amused to see that the boy included himself in the "game," and replied: "Well, yes; that 's the game. There can be no harm in your trying."

"What 's the use of talking nonsense to the boy?" asked the wizard.

"Oh, it amuses him and does n't hurt us," replied the magician, good naturedly.

"Get your places!" called the boy, who seemed to enjoy the game very much.

They retired in opposite directions, while the boy also went back some distance.

"All ready?" cried the magician.

"Hold on," said the boy, suddenly; "I 'm not half so big as you two — I ought to have a start!"

The wizard was much provoked at the delay, but the magician said, laughing: "All right, my boy; take any start you like, but hurry."

The boy took a few steps, carefully compared the distances, and took a step or two more. He seemed very much excited.

"Is that about right?" he asked.

"Yes, yes; do hurry up!" said the wizard.

"Are you ready?" said the boy.

"Yes!" they replied.

"One—two—three!" shouted the boy, and off he went as fast as his short legs could carry him. The wizard and magician, starting at the same instant, ran with very great speed, and reached the tester on opposite sides at about the same time. Both did their best to get inside; but it was no use. Each turned away, thinking himself defeated. In turning from the tester, they met.



"BOTH DID THEIR BEST TO GET INSIDE."

"Hallo!" cried the magician, "I thought you were inside the tester!"

"And I thought you were!" said the wizard, equally surprised.

"Well, what means this?" asked the magician.

"I can't tell," replied the wizard; "I did n't make the tester; there must have been some mistake."

"Oh, no; it 's all right," said the magician; "we must try again. Where 's the boy?"

"Here I am!" said the boy's voice.

"Where?" they asked, not able to see him.

"In the marble!" said the boy. "I 've won!"

There was no mistake. They could both see him, coiled up in the tester and grinning with delight.

"This is too ridiculous!" said the magician. "Come out of that, you little monkey!"

"I sha n't," said the boy, clapping his hands with glee. "I 've won, and I 'm to have the prize!"

"You sha'n't have anything but a good thrashing!" said the wizard, and catching up his wand he rushed toward the tester.

But at that moment, a crack was heard. The tester broke like a bubble, and forth from it came the majestic figure of the enchanter Merlin.



THE MAGICIAN AND THE WIZARD GO HOME.

The wizard and magician fell upon their knees.

"It is Merlin!" they cried.

"Yes," replied the enchanter, gravely, "it is Merlin. When a wizard and magician spend their mighty powers in juggling tricks fit only to amuse fools, those powers must be taken from them. You have made the agreement and must abide by it. Drop your wands!"

The wands fell upon the sand.

"Go home, and work!"

They went home and worked, and neither of them married a princess or lived happily ever after.

Merlin laughed softly to himself, and remarking, "There 's a couple of dunces!" changed himself back into a messenger-boy, signed his receipt himself, and walked away over the desert. Soon he disappeared over the horizon, and all was still.



THEY put me in the great spare bed, and there they bade me sleep:
I must not stir; I must not wake; I must not even peep!
Right opposite that lonely bed, my Christmas stocking hung;
While near it, waiting for the morn, my Sunday clothes were flung.

I counted softly, to myself, to ten, and ten times ten,
And went through all the alphabet, and then began again;
I repeated that Fifth Reader piece — a poem called "Repose,"
And tried a dozen other ways to fall into a doze —
When suddenly the room grew light. I heard a soft, strong bound —
'T was Santa Claus, I felt quite sure, but dared not look around.
'T was nice to know that he was there, and things were going rightly,
And so I took a little nap, and tried to smile politely.

"Ho! Merry Christmas!" cried a voice; I felt the bed a-rocking;
'T was daylight — Brother Bob was up! and oh, that splendid stocking!



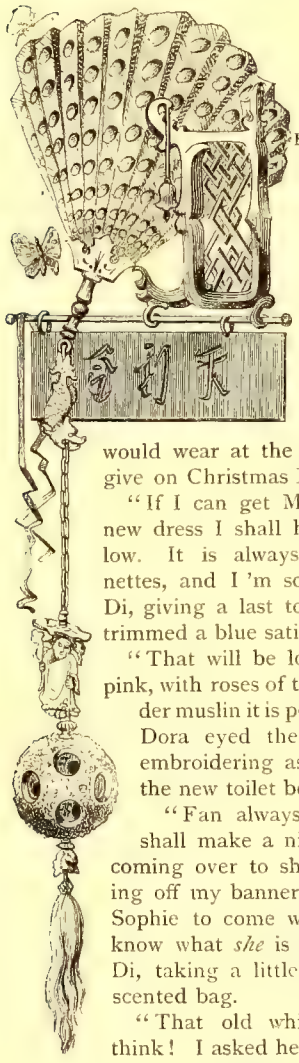
"A Miss is as good as a mile" I think
When pretty Kitty Lee
Leaning upon the well's soft brink
Lingers to talk with me
And mother wonders why I don't
Get home in time for tea.



SOPHIE'S SECRET—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Begun on page 25 of the November number.)

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



PART III.

DECEMBER snow was falling fast and the wintry wind whistled through the streets, but it was warm and cozy in the luxurious parlor where Di and Do were sitting making Christmas presents, and planning what they would wear at the party Fanny was to give on Christmas Eve.

"If I can get Mamma to buy me a new dress I shall have something yellow. It is always becoming to brunettes, and I 'm so tired of red," said Di, giving a last touch to the lace that trimmed a blue satin *sachet* for Fanny.

"That will be lovely. I shall have pink, with roses of the same color. Under muslin it is perfectly sweet." And Dora eyed the sunflower she was embroidering as if she already saw the new toilet before her.

"Fan always wears blue, so we shall make a nice contrast. She is coming over to show me about finishing off my banner-screen, and I asked Sophie to come with her. I want to know what *she* is going to wear," said Di, taking a little sniff at the violet-scented bag.

"That old white cashmere. Just think! I asked her why she did n't get a new one, and she laughed and said she could n't afford it. Fan told me Sophie's father sent her a hundred dollars not long ago, yet she has n't got a thing that we know of. I do think she 's mean."

"She bought a great bundle of books. I was there when the parcel came, and I peeped while she was out of the room, because she put it away in a great hurry. I 'm afraid she *is* mean, for she never buys a bit of candy, and she wears shabby boots and gloves, and she has made over her old hat instead of having that lovely one with the pheasant's breast in it."

"She 's very queer; but I can't help liking her, she 's so pretty and bright and obliging. I 'd give anything if I could speak three languages and play as she does."

"So would I. It seems so elegant to be able to talk to foreigners. Papa had some Frenchmen to dinner the other day, and they were so pleased to find they need n't speak English to Sophie. I could n't get on at all, and I was so mortified when Papa said all the money he had spent on my languages was thrown away."

"I would n't mind. It 's so much easier to learn those things abroad, she would be a goose if she did n't speak French better than we do. There 's Fan! she looks as if something had happened. I hope no one is ill and the party spoilt."

As Dora spoke, both girls looked out to see Fanny shaking the snow from her seal-skin sack on the doorstep; then Do hastened to meet her, while Di hid the *sachet* and was hard at work on an old-gold sofa cushion when the new-comer entered.

"What 's the matter? Where 's Sophie?" exclaimed the girls together as Fan threw off her wraps and sat down with a tragic sigh.

"She will be along in a few minutes. I 'm disappointed in her! I would n't have believed it if I had n't seen them. Promise not to breathe a word to a living soul and I 'll tell you something dreadful," began Fanny, in a tone that caused her friends to drop their work and draw their chairs nearer as they solemnly vowed eternal silence.

"I 've seen Sophie's Christmas presents—all but mine, and they are just nothing at all! She has n't bought a thing, not even ribbons, lace, or silk to make up prettily as we do. Only a painted shell for one, an acorn emery for another, her ivory fan with a new tassel for a third, and I suspect one of those nice handkerchiefs embroidered by the nuns for me, or her silver filigree necklace. I saw the box in the drawer with the other things. She 's knit woolen cuffs and tippets for the children, and got some eight-cent calico gowns for the servants. I don't know how people do things in Switzerland, but I do know that if *I* had a hundred dollars in my pocket, I would be more generous than that!"

As Fanny paused, out of breath, Di and Do groaned in sympathy, for this was indeed a sad state of things; because the girls had a code that Christmas being the season for gifts, extravagance would be forgiven then as at no other time.

"I have a lovely smelling-bottle for her, but I've a great mind not to give it now," cried Di, feeling defrauded of the bracelet she had plainly hinted she would like.

"I shall heap coals of fire on her head by giving her *that*," and Dora displayed a very useless but very pretty apron of muslin lace and carnation ribbon.

"It is n't the worth of the things; I don't care for that so much as I do for being disappointed in her, and I have been lately in more ways than one," said Fanny, listlessly taking up the screen she was to finish. "She used to tell me everything, and now she does n't. I'm sure she has some sort of a secret, and I do think *I* ought to know it. I found her smiling over a letter one day, and she whisked it into her pocket and never said a word about it. I always stood by her and I do feel hurt."

"I should think you might! It 's real naughty of her, and I shall tell her so! Perhaps she 'll confide in you then, and you can just give *me* a hint; I always liked Sophie, and never thought of not giving *my* present," said Dora, persuasively, for both girls were now dying with curiosity to know the secret.

"I 'll have it out of her, without any dodging or bribing. I 'm not afraid of any one, and I shall ask her straight out, no matter how much she scowls at me," said dauntless Di, with a threatening nod.

"There she is! Let us see you do it now!" cried Fanny, as the bell rang, and a clear voice was heard a moment later asking if Mademoiselle was in.

"You shall!" and Di looked ready for any audacity.

"I 'll wager a box of candy that you don't find out a thing," whispered Do.

"Done!" answered Di, and then turned to meet Sophie, who came in looking as fresh as an Alpine rose with the wintry wind.

"You dear thing! we were just talking of you. Sit here and get warm, and let us show you our gifts. We are almost done, but it seems as if it got to be a harder job each Christmas. Don't you find it so?"

"But no; I think it the most charming work of all the year," answered Sophie, greeting her friend, and putting her well-worn boots toward the fire to dry.

"Perhaps you don't make as much of Christmas as we do, or give such expensive presents. That would make a great difference, you know," said Di, as she lifted a cloth from the table where her own generous store of gifts was set forth.

"I had a piano last year, a set of jewels, and many pretty trifles from all at home. Here is one;" and pulling the fine gold chain hidden under her frills, Sophie showed a locket set thick with pearls, containing a picture of her mother.

"It must be so nice to be rich, and able to make such fine presents. I've got something for you, but I shall be ashamed of it after I see your gift to me, I 'm afraid."

Fan and Dora were working as if their bread depended on it, while Di, with a naughty twinkle in her eye, affected to be re-arranging her pretty table as she talked.

"Do not fear that; my gifts this year are very simple ones. I did not know your custom, and now it is too late. My comfort is, that you need nothing, and, having so much, you will not care for my — what you call — coming short."

Was it the fire that made Sophie's face look so hot, and a cold that gave a husky sort of tone to her usually clear voice? A curious expression came into her face as her eyes roved from the table to the gay trifles in her friend's hands, and she opened her lips as if to add something impulsively. But nothing came, and for a moment she looked straight out at the storm as if she had forgotten where she was.

"'Short-coming' is the proper way to speak it. But never mind that, and tell me why you say 'too late'?" asked Di, bent on winning her wager.

"Christmas comes in three days, and I have no time," began Sophie.

"But with money, one can buy plenty of lovely things in one day," said Di.

"No, it is better to put a little love and hard work into what we give to friends. I have done that with my trifles, and another year I shall be more ready."

There was an uncomfortable pause, for Sophie did not speak with her usual frankness, but looked both proud and ashamed, and seemed anxious to change the subject, as she began to admire Dora's work, which had made very little progress during the last fifteen minutes.

Fanny glanced at Di with a smile that made the other toss her head and return to the charge with renewed vigor.

"Sophie, will you do me a favor?"

"With much pleasure."

"Fan has promised me a whole box of French bonbons, and if you will answer three questions you shall have it."

"*Allons*," said Sophie, smiling.

"Have n't you a secret?" asked Di, gravely.

"Yes."

"Will you tell us?"

"No."

Di paused before she asked her last question,

and Fan and Dora waited breathlessly, while Sophie knit her brows and looked uneasy.

"Why not?"

"Because I do not wish to tell it."

"Will you tell if we guess?"

"Try."

"You are engaged."

At this absurd suggestion Sophie laughed gayly, and shook her curly head.

"Do you think we are betrothed at sixteen in my country?"

"I *know* that is an engagement-ring: you made such a time about it when you lost it in the water, and cried for joy when Tilly dived and found it."

"Ah, yes, I was truly glad. Dear Tilly, never do I forget that kindness!" and Sophie kissed the little pearl ring in her impulsive way, while her eyes sparkled and the frown vanished.

"I *know* a sweetheart gave it," insisted Di, sure now she had found a clew to the secret.

"He did," and Sophie hung her head in a sentimental way that made the three girls crowd nearer with faces full of interest.

"Do tell us all about it, dear. It 's *so* interesting to hear love stories. What is his name?" cried Dora.

"Hermann," simpered Sophie, drooping still more, while her lips trembled with suppressed emotion of some sort.

"How lovely!" sighed Fanny, who was very romantic.

"Tell on, do! Is he handsome?"

"To me the finest man in all the world," confessed Sophie as she hid her face.

"And you love him?"

"I adore him!" and Sophie clasped her hands so dramatically that the girls were a little startled, yet charmed at this discovery.



"'HAVE N'T YOU A SECRET, SOPHIE?'" ASKED DI, GRAVELY.

"Have you his picture?" asked Di, feeling that she had won her wager now.

"Yes," and pulling out the locket again, Sophie showed in the other side the face of a fine old gentleman who looked very like herself.

"It 's your father!" exclaimed Fanny, rolling her blue eyes excitedly. "You are a humbug!" cried Dora. "Then you fibbed about the ring," said Di, crossly.

"Never! It is Mamma's betrothal ring, but her

finger grew too plump, and when I left home she gave the ring to me as a charm to keep me safe. Ah, ha! I have my little joke as well as you, and the laugh is for me this time." And falling back among the sofa cushions, Sophie enjoyed it as only a gay girl could. Do and Fanny joined her, but Di was much disgusted, and vowed she *would* discover the secret and keep all the bonbons to herself.

"You are most welcome, but I will not tell until I like, and then to Fanny first. She will not have ridicule for what I do, but say it is well, and be glad with me. Come now and work. I will plait these ribbons, or paint a wild rose on this pretty fan. It is too plain now. Will you that I do it, dear Di?"

The kind tone and the prospect of such an ornament to her gift appeased Di somewhat, but the mirthful malice in Sophie's eyes made the other more than ever determined to be even with her by and by.

Christmas Eve came and found Di still in the dark, which fact nettled her sadly, for Sophie tormented her and amused the other girls by pretended confidences and dark hints at the mystery which might never, never be disclosed.

Fan had determined to have an unusually jolly party, so she invited only her chosen friends, and opened the festivities with a Christmas-tree as the prettiest way of exchanging gifts and providing jokes for the evening in the shape of delusive bottles, animals full of candy, and every sort of musical instrument to be used in an impromptu concert afterward. The presents to one another were done up in secure parcels, so that they might burst upon the public eye in all their freshness. Di was very curious to know what Fan was going to give her, for Fanny was a generous creature and loved to give. Di was a little jealous of her love for Sophie, and could n't rest till she discovered which was to get the finer gift.

So she went early and slipped into the room where the tree stood, to peep and pick a bit as well as to hang up a few trifles of her own. She guessed several things by feeling the parcels; but one excited her curiosity intensely, and she could not resist turning it about and pulling up one corner of the lid. It was a flat box, prettily ornamented with sea-weeds like red lace, and tied with scarlet ribbons. A tantalizing glimpse of jeweler's cotton, gold clasps, and something rose-colored conquered Di's last scruples, and she was just about to untie the ribbons when she heard Fanny's voice, and had only time to replace the box, pick up a paper that had fallen out of it, and fly up the back-stairs to the dressing-room, where she found Sophie and Dora surveying one another as girls always do before they go down.

"You look like a daisy," cried Di, admiring Dora with great interest because she felt ashamed of her prying and the stolen note in her pocket.

"And you like a dandelion," returned Do, falling back a step to get a good view of Di's gold-colored dress and black velvet bows.

"Sophie is a lily of the valley, all in green and white," added Fanny, coming in with her own blue skirts waving in the breeze.

"It does me very well. Little girls do not need grand toilets, and I am fine enough for a 'peasant,'" laughed Sophie, as she settled the fresh ribbons on her simple white cashmere and the holly wreath in her brown hair, but secretly longing for the fine dress she might have had.

"Why did n't you wear your silver necklace? It would be lovely on your pretty neck," said Di, longing to know if she had given the trinket away.

But Sophie was not to be caught, and said, with a contented smile: "I do not care for ornaments, unless some one I love gives me them. I had red roses for my *bouquet de corsage;* but the poor Madame Page was so *triste*, I left them on her table to remember her of me. It seemed so heartless to go and dance while she had only pain, but she wished it."

"Dear little Sophie, how good you are!" and warm-hearted Fan kissed the blooming face that needed no roses to make it sweet and gay.

Half an hour later, twenty girls and boys were dancing round the brilliant tree. Then its boughs were stripped. Every one seemed contented; even Sophie's little gifts gave pleasure, because with each went a merry or affectionate verse, which made great fun on being read aloud. She was quite loaded with pretty things, and had no words to express her gratitude and pleasure.

"Ah, you are all so good to me! and I have nothing beautiful for you. I receive much and give little, but I can not help it! Wait a little and I will redeem myself," she said to Fanny, with eyes full of tears and a lap heaped with gay and useful things.

"Never mind that now, but look at this, for here 's still another offering of friendship, and a very charming one, to judge by the outside," answered Fan, bringing the white box with the sea-weed ornaments.

Sophie opened it, and cries of admiration followed, for lying on the soft cotton was a lovely set of coral. Rosy pink branches, highly polished, and fastened with gold clasps, formed necklace, bracelets, and a spray for the bosom. No note or card appeared, and the girls crowded round to admire and wonder who could have sent so valuable a gift.

"Can't you guess, Sophie?" cried Dora, longing to own the pretty things.

"I should believe I knew, but it is too costly. How came the parcel, Fan? I think you must know all," and Sophie turned the box about, searching vainly for a name.

"An expressman left it, and Jane took off the wet paper and put it on my table with the other things. Here 's the wrapper — do you know that writing?" and Fan offered the brown paper which she had kept.

"No; and the label is all mud, so I can not see the place. Ah, well, I shall discover some day, but I should like to thank this generous friend at once. See now, how fine I am! I do myself the honor to wear them at once."

Smiling with girlish delight at her pretty ornaments, Sophie clasped the bracelets on her round arms, the necklace about her white throat, and set the rosy spray in the lace on her bosom. Then she took a little dance down the room and found herself before Di, who was looking at her with an expression of naughty satisfaction on her face.

"Don't you wish you knew who sent them?"

"Indeed, yes;" and Sophie paused abruptly.

"Well, *I* know, and *I* wont tell till I like. It 's my turn to have a secret, and I mean to keep it."

"But it is not right," began Sophie, indignantly.

"Tell me yours and I 'll tell mine," said Di, teasingly.

"I will not! You have no right to touch my gifts, and I am sure you have done it, else how know you who sends this fine *cadeau?*" cried Sophie, with the flash Di liked to see.

Here Fanny interposed: "If you have any note or card belonging to Sophie, give it up at once. She shall not be tormented. Out with it, Di. I see your hand in your pocket, and I 'm sure you have been in mischief."

"Take your old letter, then. I know what 's in it, and if I can't keep my secret for fun, Sophie shall not have hers. That Tilly sent the coral, and Sophie spent her hundred dollars in books and clothes for that queer girl, who 'd better stay among her lobsters than try to be a lady," cried Di, bent on telling all she knew, while Sophie was reading her letter eagerly.

"Is it true?" asked Dora, for the four girls were in a corner together, and the rest of the company busy pulling crackers.

"Just like her! I thought it was that, but she would n't tell. Tell us now, Sophie, for *I* think it was truly sweet and beautiful to help that poor girl, and let us say hard things of you," cried Fanny, as her friend looked up with a face and a heart too full of happiness to help overflowing into words.

"Yes; I will tell you now. It was foolish, perhaps, but I did not want to be praised, and I loved to help that good Tilly. You know she worked all summer and made a little sum. So glad, so proud she was, and planned to study that she might go to school this winter. Well, in October, the uncle fell very ill, and Tilly gave all her money for the doctors. The uncle had been kind to her, she did not forget; she was glad to help, and told no one but me. Then I said, 'What better can I with my father's gift than give it to the dear creature, and let her lose no time? I do it; she will not at first, but I write and say, 'It must be,' and she submits. She is made neat with some little dresses, and she goes, at last, to be so happy and do so well that I am proud of her. Is not that better than fine toilets and rich gifts to those who need nothing? Truly, yes! yet I confess it cost me pain to give up my plans for Christmas, and to seem selfish or ungrateful. Forgive me that."

"Yes, indeed, you dear generous thing!" cried Fan and Dora, touched by the truth.

"But how came Tilly to send you such a splendid present?" asked Di. "Should n't think you 'd like her to spend your money in such things."

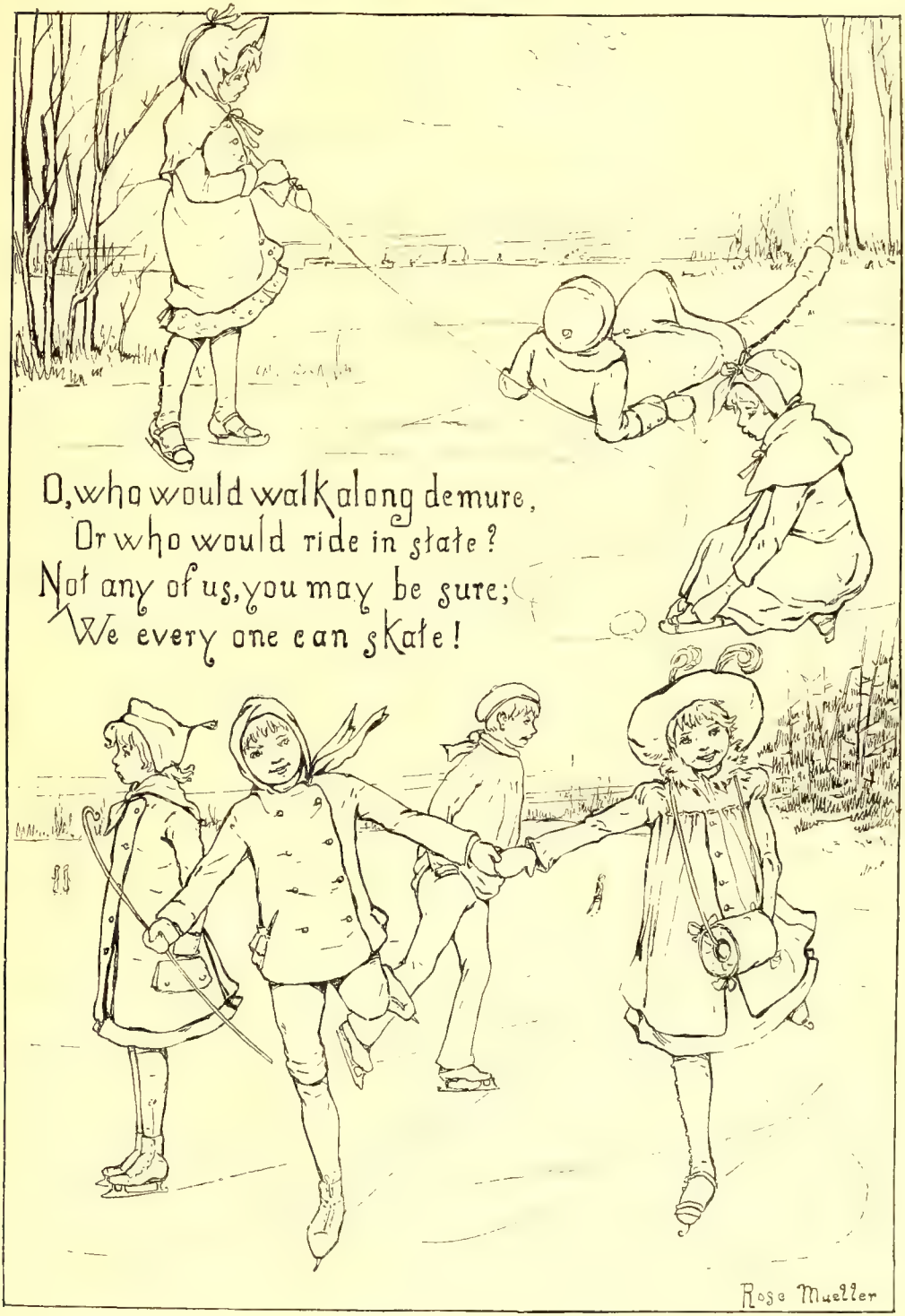
"She did not: a sea-captain, a friend of the uncle, gave her these lovely ornaments, and she sends them to me with a letter that is more precious than all the coral in the sea. I can not read it, but of all my gifts *this* is the dearest and the best!"

Sophie had spoken eagerly, and her face, her voice, her gestures made the little story eloquent; but with the last words she clasped the letter to her bosom as if it well repaid her for all the sacrifices she had made. They might seem small to others, but she was sensitive and proud, anxious to be loved in the strange country, and fond of giving; so it cost her many tears to seem mean and thoughtless, to go poorly dressed, and be thought hardly of by those she wished to please. She did not like to tell of her own generosity, because it seemed like boasting, and she was not sure that it had been wise to give so much. Therefore, she waited to see if Tilly was worthy of the trust reposed in her, and she now found a balm for many wounds in the loving letter that came with the beautiful and unexpected gift.

Di listened with hot cheeks, and when Sophie paused she whispered regretfully:

"Forgive me, I was wrong! I 'll keep your gift all my life to remember you by, for you *are* the best and dearest girl I know."

Then, with a hasty kiss, she ran away, carrying with great care the white shell on which Sophie had painted a dainty little picture of the mermaids waiting for the pretty boat that brought good fortune to poor Tilly, and this lesson to those who were hereafter her faithful friends.


O, who would walk along demure,
Or who would ride in state?
Not any of us, you may be sure;
We every one can skate!
Rose Mueller

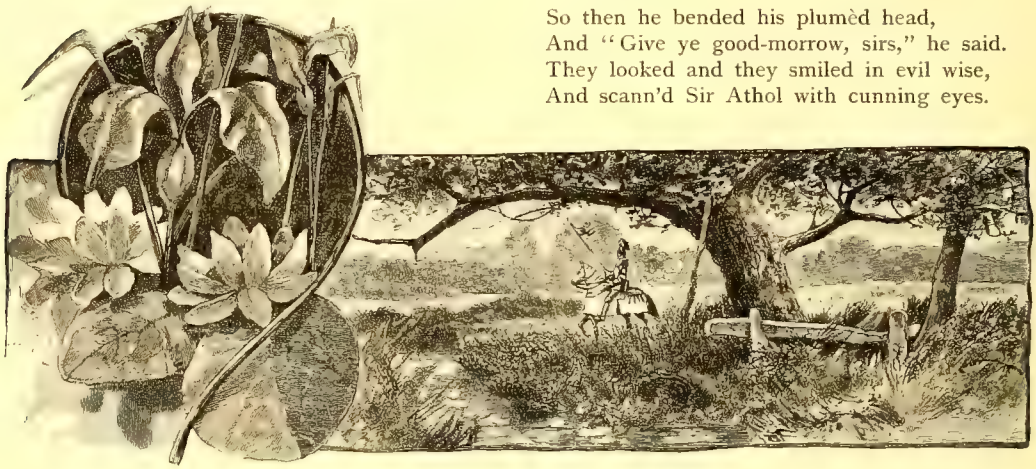
HOW SIR ATHOL CAME TO HIS KINGDOM.

By E. Vinton Blake.

'T was brave Sir Athol of Balderstone
Who rode by the woodside all alone;
All alone, in his armor dight,
And he was a passing goodly knight.

"Right heavy the grudge they bear to me,
Though ever I greet them courteously;
But it shall not be said Sir Athol shrank
From seven old men on a river bank."

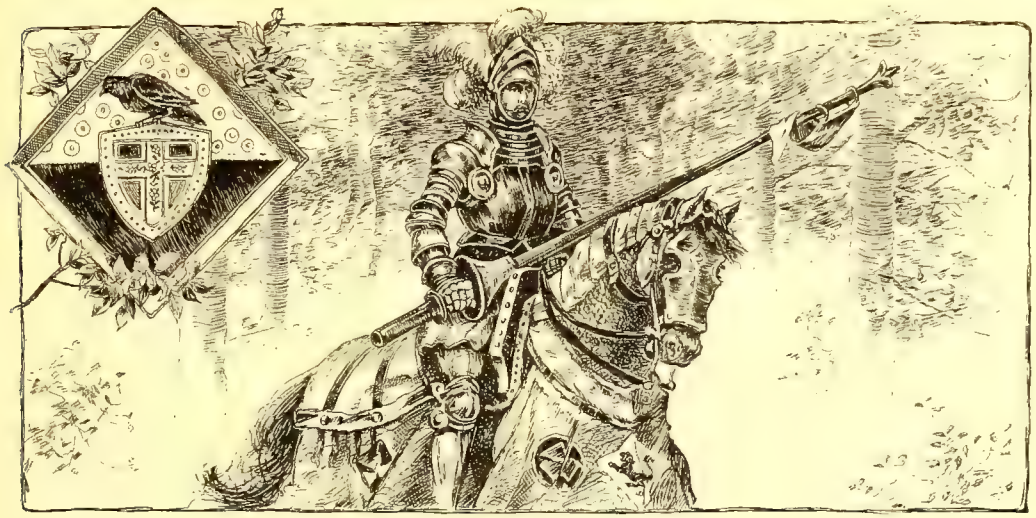
So then he bended his plumèd head,
And "Give ye good-morrow, sirs," he said.
They looked and they smiled in evil wise,
And scann'd Sir Athol with cunning eyes.



It chanced as he rode, a harness clank
Of riders came from the river bank;
He said to himself as he saw the first,
"Now here be the Seven Wise Men of Hirst."

The first was palsied, the second lame,
And blind, deaf, halting, the others came;
On seven black mules in single rank
They rode along on the river bank.





In shrewish voices the knight they cursed—
The wicked Seven Wise Men of Hirst;
With wag of head and with wave of arm,
They prophesied he would come to harm.

"Now fare ye well with your sorry cheer;
For what has a knight to do with fear?"
And brave Sir Athol, no whit dismayed,
Rode blithely down through the thicket's shade.

And in at the river's brink he rides,
To find him a way through its foaming tides.
But the furious stream's resistless force
Bears down with the current man and horse.

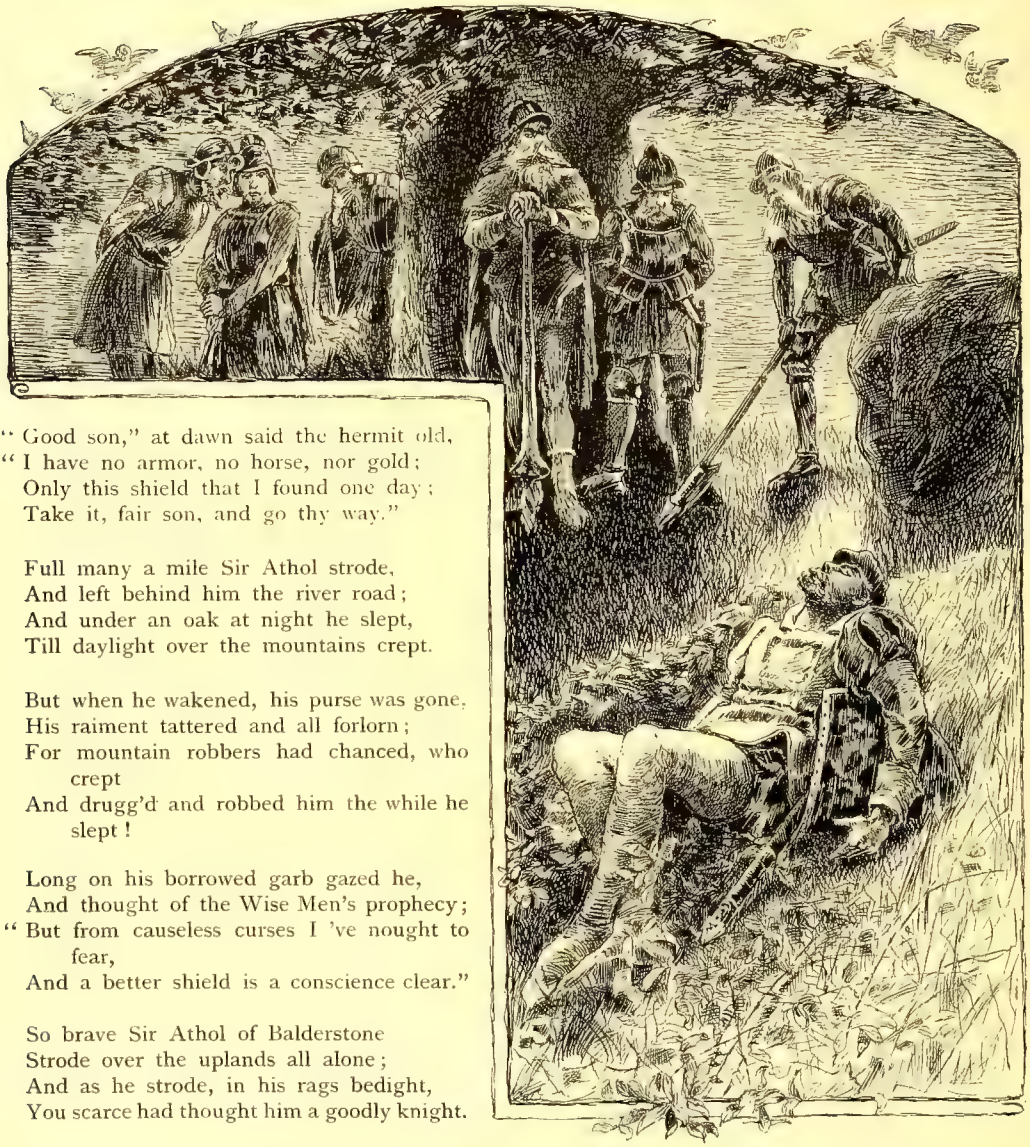
A drooping bough by an islet shore
The brave Sir Athol at last upbore;
But, weighted down with his armor, sank
The good roan steed by the island bank.

And safely landed, the knight made moan:
"I sore regret thee, my noble roan;
And how shall I from this islet's strand—
All heavy-armor'd—achieve the land?"

He scann'd the river both far and wide,
But nothing of hope or help espied;
Then down on the sand his armor laid,
And girt himself with his trusty blade.

Then plunging into the sweeping tide
He gained, exhausted, the other side;
And all that night with a hermit 'bode
In an ivied cell by the river road.





"Good son," at dawn said the hermit old,
"I have no armor, no horse, nor gold;
Only this shield that I found one day;
Take it, fair son, and go thy way."

Full many a mile Sir Athol strode,
And left behind him the river road;
And under an oak at night he slept,
Till daylight over the mountains crept.

But when he wakened, his purse was gone,
His raiment tattered and all forlorn;
For mountain robbers had chanced, who crept
And drugg'd and robbed him the while he slept!

Long on his borrowed garb gazed he,
And thought of the Wise Men's prophecy;
"But from causeless curses I 've nought to fear,
And a better shield is a conscience clear."

So brave Sir Athol of Balderstone
Strode over the uplands all alone;
And as he strode, in his rags bedight,
You scarce had thought him a goodly knight.

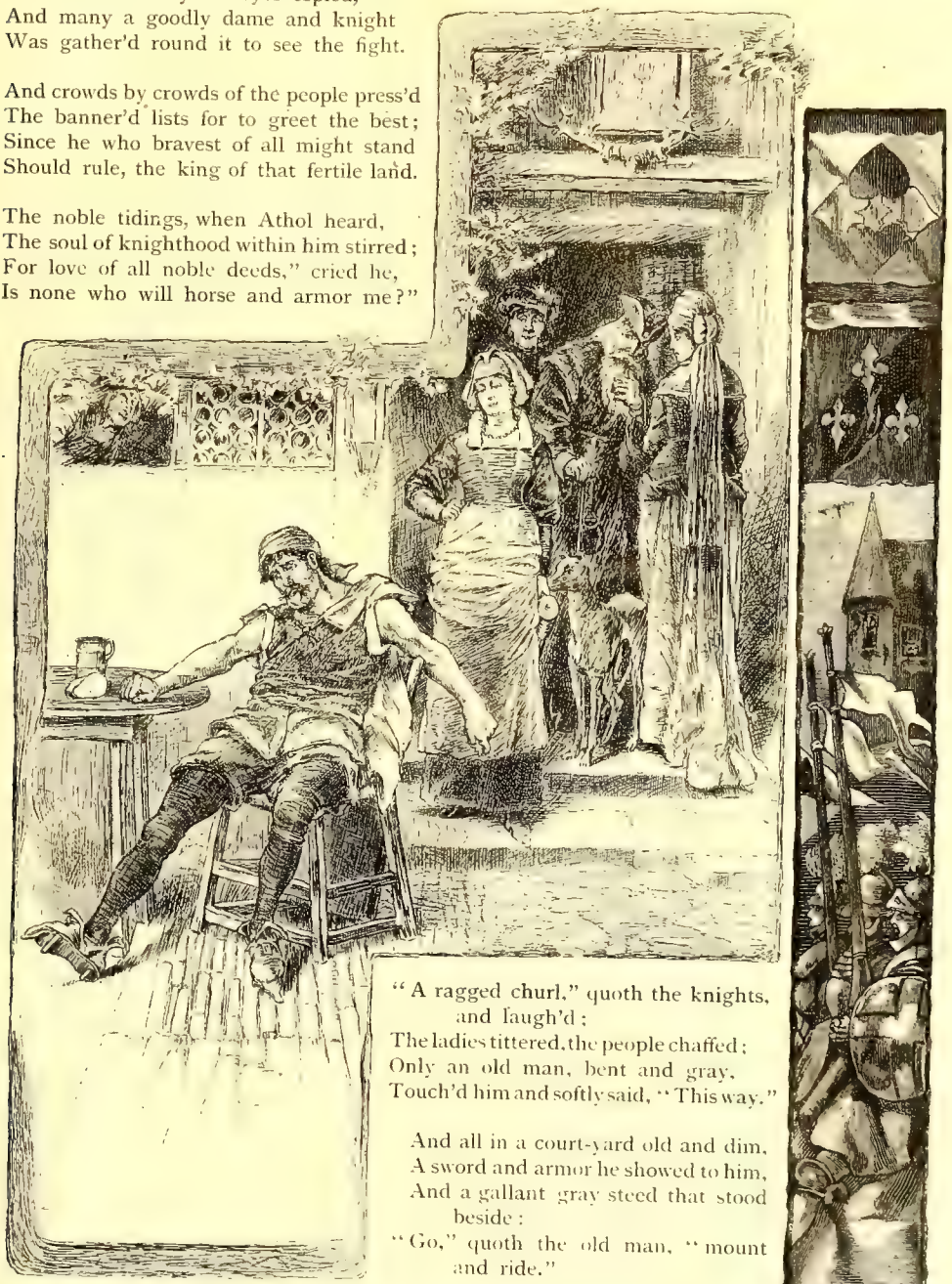
And thirst and hunger endurèd he,
And many a flout and contumely;
For many a day believed him none
That he was Athol of Balderstone.



It chanced one day by a meadow side
A field of tourney his eyes espied,
And many a goodly dame and knight
Was gather'd round it to see the fight.

And crowds by crowds of the people press'd
The banner'd lists for to greet the best;
Since he who bravest of all might stand
Should rule, the king of that fertile land.

The noble tidings, when Athol heard,
The soul of knighthood within him stirred;
"For love of all noble deeds," cried he,
"Is none who will horse and armor me?"



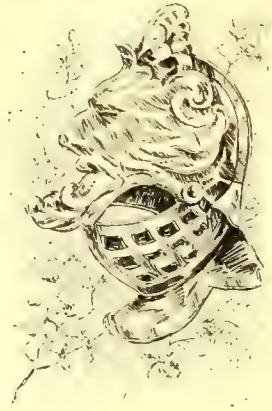
"A ragged churl," quoth the knights, and laugh'd;
The ladies tittered, the people chaffed;
Only an old man, bent and gray,
Touch'd him and softly said, "This way."

And all in a court-yard old and dim,
A sword and armor he showed to him,
And a gallant gray steed that stood beside:
"Go," quoth the old man, "mount and ride."

Then rode Sir Athol of Balderstone,
A happier man than he was none:
He into the heat of battle flew,
And seventeen knights that day o'erthrew;

Then heard, as he paused, the greetings flung,
With cries and praises from every tongue;
They bow'd to greet him with loud acclaim,
And gather'd round him and asked his name.

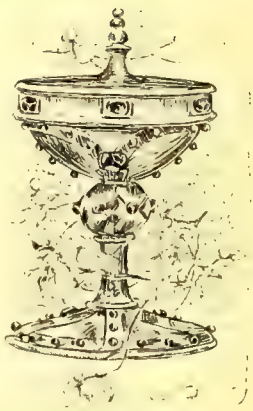




* * * * * *

That night, in his palace chamber dim,
The Wise Men's prophecy came to him:
"'T was only a road,—this toil and shame,—
By which I into my kingdom came."

And I,—as I read my story back,—
I wonder if o'er the self-same track,
Like to King Athol, you and I
Will come to OUR kingdoms by and by.



ÉDOUARD FRÈRE AND HIS CHILD PICTURES.

By Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney.

A TINY gem on the beautiful belt of clustered country-seats, abbeys, chateaux, parks, villas, and charming suburban resorts that girdle Paris, there nestles a queer little village overflowing with children. They swarm in the court-yards, floating wooden shoes for boats in the water-tank. They sit contentedly on door-steps, plastering their faces with bread and jam. Their white caps make a dash of light above the scarlet geraniums which flame at the windows. They troop over the cobble-stone pavements, with a clatter like that of a passing regiment. They buzz and hum in the school, defying the efforts of even the good curate to keep them in order. They skirmish over the fields and meadows, gathering bouquets of poppies, or raiding after fruit and birds' nests; and they are to be seen in every glimpse which we catch of home interiors. Sometimes a sweet face is outlined against a great brass platter, like an angel head with its golden aureole, and again the sooty cavern of the chimney furnishes to another a Rembrandtesque background.

Everywhere children; with their dolls and carts, their little pet animals, their treasures of flowers and dainties, their pleasures of play, their little griefs and troubles. And such picturesque children, in peasant suits of blue petticoats with white sleeves and odd little caps and kerchiefs, and clumsy wooden shoes. "Pretty enough for a picture!" would be your exclamation, and the wisest art-lover would agree with you; for since the time of Raphael, the greatest child-painter, artists have agreed that there is nothing more lovely on this beautiful earth than a sweet-faced boy or girl.

And so you will not be surprised to learn that this village of Ecouen has become the haunt of artists, who go there not because of its fine scenery or architecture, but because a great painter was first attracted to the spot by these peasant babies, and made such charming pictures of them that the world cried out for more.

When Édouard Frère first came to Ecouen the world did not call him a great painter. He was only a young art-student who had graduated at the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, had been four years the pupil of the celebrated artist, Paul Delaroche, and was gaining a slender livelihood as an illustrator. If he had had the means he might have gone to Rome to study, and have lost all originality in the mannerisms of the Italian school; but he was poor and in love, and looking about, among the many charming villages which cluster around Paris, for some cozy spot in which to build his home-nest where living would not be so dear as in the great city, he chanced upon this queer little nook.

I have no doubt that his bride's relations pitied poor Gabrielle, and thought of her as buried alive in this obscure country place. But Gabrielle had the keen insight and foresight of a loving woman. She could see genius, in this gentle-mannered youth, which as yet no one else could see, and to her all the long years which lay between them and recognition were as nothing for the love which she bore him.

For a time after their coming to Ecouen, Édouard Frère continued his work as an illustrator. But this did not satisfy him. He had a true artist's love for color, and when not busied with his black-and-white drawings he made little paintings of the Ecouen babies and pinned them to the walls of his studio. The children learned to love him and kept on with their little games when he was near, for they knew that Monsieur Frère was interested in their play, and liked to snare birds and play at soldier, and watch the little girls nurse their hideous dolls, as much as if he were himself a child. He had such a sympathetic, kindly manner, that they were never afraid to trust their secrets with him, to show him the white rabbit's little bunnies, or to ask him to set the leg of their tame crow. He knew each child by name, and sometimes on his sketches names are to be found noted under the figures. As the villagers gathered around his easel when he painted in the open air, or now and then paid a reverent visit to his studio and scanned the sketches on the wall, they would pick out their friends and acquaintances from the pictured groups with many an exclamation of delight.

"See!" they would exclaim, before a painting representing boys coasting, "there is Toupet scratching up snow with his hands. Ernest Joly has fallen, the awkward one!"

"And here are the three Arnoux, hugging each other tight, and sliding down hill upon one small sled. Ah! it is so in life; if brothers are rich and live in a wide house, then they can quarrel politely, and stand aloof from one another like gentlemen; but when quarters are narrow, then there is the more need for affectionate embracing."

"Hold — Sainte Beuve and Yvon have tumbled

together! That is good. If one must be down in the world, it is more endurable if you have good company."

"Look, there is Donat, the dandy; how proud he is of his new hat! He must needs be painted in it before the boys had spoiled the shape for him, and now all the world will imagine that he wears a hat like that every day of his life — the pretender!"

And so the villagers would rattle on, almost without cessation.

Édouard Frère did not try to invent pictures, but took just such as he found, not fancying that any one else would care greatly for them, but painting them because they appealed to him. He soon found that these young faces were not all joyous; some were pinched and pale with hunger, or drawn with pain, and often the eyes had the wistful, patient look that belongs to the poor. The parents were hard-worked, poorly paid men and women, who toiled all day in the fields, and either became brutalized and hard of heart and life, or faded away and died under their cruel lot. Millet, the great French painter, himself a peasant, saw all the pathos in these lives of labor and endurance, and a little later touchingly interpreted it for the world. But no one at this time painted peasants, and even Millet did not care greatly for the children. Édouard Frère alone seemed to recognize and appreciate the beauty of their simple pleasures, their little deeds of self-denial and kindness, and the brave helpfulness, the grateful content and love, with which a little child graces poverty.



MOTHER COCOTTE (SEE PAGE 130)

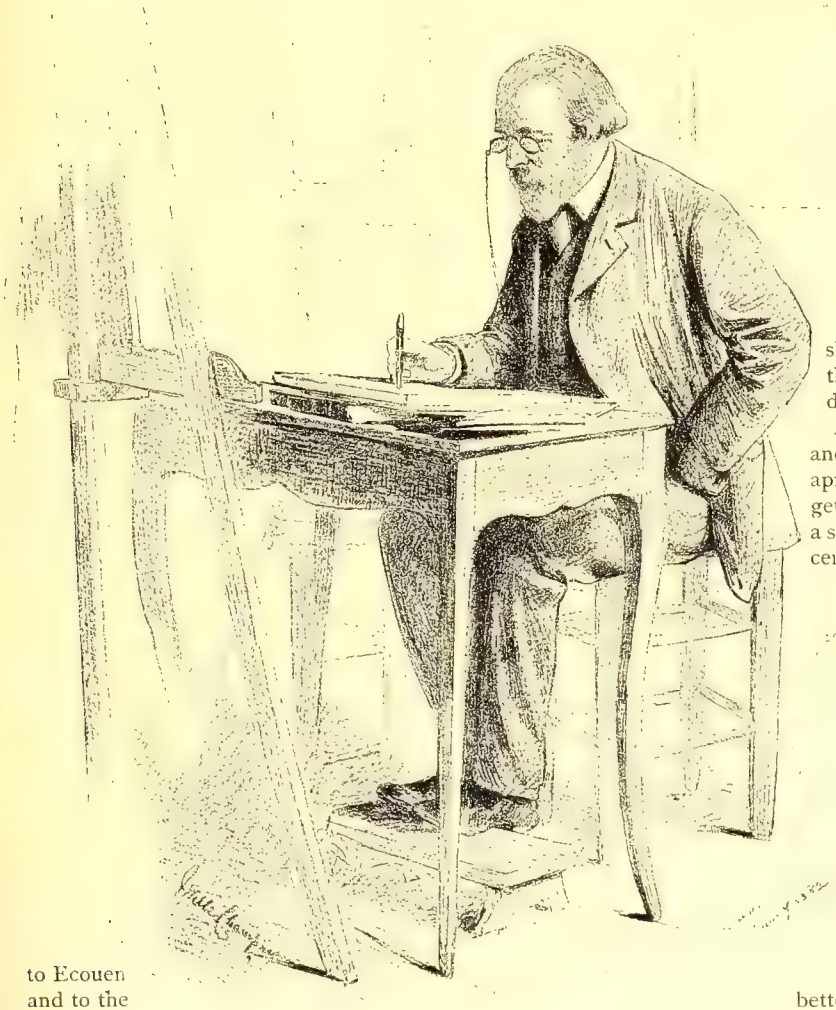
He was twenty-nine years old when his wife persuaded him that the great world might care for these little pictures of child-life, and induced him to exhibit seven tiny canvases at the *Salon*. The *Salon* is the yearly exhibition of pictures at Paris, many times larger than the exhibition of our National Academy in New York, and though thirty-four apartments open into each other, and the pictures are hung so closely that the frames touch from wainscot to ceiling, giving space for from two to three thousand canvases, there are yet so many painters in France and in other countries who send to the *Salon* that thousands of pictures are always rejected. A committee of artists view the paintings sent, and only the best are accepted. It is always a great event in a young artist's life when his first picture is hung at the *Salon*. We can imagine that Édouard Frère and his young wife were very anxious to hear the decision of the committee in regard to the seven little pictures. Many times the artist must have regretted sending them — it would be such a disappointment and disgrace to be refused. Madame Gabrielle must have been in a fever of impatience, for she, at least, had no doubt of their acceptance.

And they were accepted, well hung, and commanded attention. Eminent critics paused, pencil in hand, before them. Young mothers grasped their husbands' arms to have them notice how like little Annette, or Jean, or François, this child was. And the committee of awards made a note of the name of Édouard Frère as that of a new man of surprising originality, whose career must be followed. French artists hitherto had not dared to paint real country folk; their peasants were masquerade shepherds and shepherdesses of the theater, dressed in pink-and-blue satin, with powdered hair and ribboned crooks. But here was a young man who had actually found sentiment and beauty in the every-day life of the poor, in their worn and tattered clothing, with all its pitiful story of privation and suffering, in the brave cheerfulness with which the young faces uncomplainingly met their tasks, and found pleasure in toil. He had touched the commonplace with something of the radiance which a carpenter's son shed upon it when he dwelt, long ago, among the peasants of Galilee.

Four years later the *Salon* awarded him a medal, — a wonderful success for a man hitherto entirely unknown to the art world, — and at the Exposition of 1855 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Then Monsieur Gambart, of Brussels, one of the great picture dealers who tell the rich people all over the world whose paintings are the only proper ones to be bought, packed his portmanteau and hurried to Ecouen to inquire where Édouard Frère lived. Every child in the village street lifted up his hand to point and his voice to shout: "There — there, over yonder, is our good little Papa Frère;" and preceded by an advance guard and followed by a retinue of young models, the capitalist entered Monsieur Frère's studio, bringing the lady Fortune with him.

Success had come to him in early middle life, while there were still long years before him in which to enjoy all the good things of the world.

He could make his residence where he chose; could study the masterpieces of Italy as he had longed to do as a young man; could join his brother, who was painting the glowing skies and warm colors of the Orient, then so much in vogue; could be one of the centers of social life in gay Paris. But he had grown attached to Ecouen and to the children, and he kept on painting them until they grew to men and women, and in their turn led their children by the hand to pose for "Papa Frère."



ÉDOUARD FRÈRE AT WORK. (FROM A PENCIL-SKETCH BY J. W. CHAMPNEY.)

Aimée, who was one of his early models, has been *bonne*, or maid, in the family for over twenty-five years. She is drill-master and nursery-maid for the children who pose, and is a great institution. She goes for the children and returns them; keeps a mental inventory of ages, sizes, types, and can tell Monsieur Frère on the instant just what child he ought to have for a required action. "Let us see, my good Aimée," says the artist, at the end of one day's work, "to-morrow I begin a new picture. I remember long ago seeing Rosalie Seignac getting dinner for her sick mother, with the aid of her little brother. It was a pretty picture. I said when I saw it, I must paint that. But Rosalie has grown into a tall young woman now, and her brother is with the angels. Seek a little, whom shall we get to pose for the figures? Will Fifine do for one?"

Aimée purses her lips and rolls the corner of her apron. "Monsieur forgets — that girl grows like a squash-vine; she is fifty centimeters too tall."

"Elise, then?"

"Elise is engaged to sit for Monsieur Chialiva's turkey picture."

"How would Annette do?"

"Annette is too fat; Clarice is never still, she is as restless as the vane on the chimney; Marie is sulky; Babette has the chicken-pox; Jeanne has gone to Ezanville. There is no one but Angelique, and she is freckled and red-headed."

"She will do nicely. I can leave the freckles out, and her hair is just the thing. For the boy, I suppose we must take Amedée."

"Amedée is too mischievous; I had the trouble of a lost soul to keep him away from the strawberry beds. Baptiste, now, would be better behaved."

"He is a homely little fellow; I do not think I could use him. What has become of that little Henri La Fontaine, with the blonde curls?"

"His mother has had them cut since the hot weather; besides, he has the mumps in both cheeks. However, I will get him if Monsieur desires."

"Certainly not; but tell me whom I ought to have?"

"Narcisse might do, if I could keep him awake. (That child would sleep if the Prussians bombarded the château!) Quentin is a little runaway; when he sees me coming he makes straight for the forest, where no one can lay a hand on him. Emile is in school; he is a good student, and his mother will not let him pose except on Saturdays. Maurice is beautiful as an angel, but shy as a rabbit, and he weeps if one but looks at him. If Monsieur should tell him to hold the soup-ladle he would faint with fright. Anethol is a gourmand; if he is desired, I must fry a whole kettle of *merveilles*,* and he will eat them every one."

"Can you not overcome Maurice's timidity? Surely I have not the reputation of an ogre."

"No, Monsieur, it is because you are so good and great in his eyes; it is the reverence for a saint. To speak with you is almost to him as if the picture of the Cardinal Odet de Coligny on the church window should step smilingly down toward us! Surely then we should all faint with terror."

"Perhaps if I should play a game of marbles with him, he would feel less of awe."

"Monsieur must not so trouble himself. The child is fond of fairy stories; I will tell them while he is posing, and distract his mind."

No matter how many children figure in his picture, Monsieur Frère requires to see them all in their proper positions, in order to relate them one to the other. Aimée keeps the battalion in order; now and then they are allowed to run out to play, and she watches that they do no mischief. She washes their faces, arranges their hair, costumes them, comforts the homesick, encourages with candy, or punishes the refractory, deals out the copper sous with which they are paid at the end of the sitting, and carries a report to the parents of their behavior. The lazy straighten up and take better positions when they hear the crackle of her stiffly starched petticoats, and the woe-begone, half-starved children of the drunkard know that between their tasks Aimée will take them to the kitchen and feed them until they can eat no more.

What wonder that Aimée fancies that much of the credit for the success of these pictures belongs rightly to her—since all that Monsieur does is to spread the paint on the canvas?

* A kind of pasty.

Édouard Frère now lives in a handsome little château in the center of an extensive park, which contains many interesting rooms, a grand studio, a library, a parlor that is a picture gallery of the works of other French artists, which have been presented to him or to Madame Frère; other apartments rich in bronzes, in water-colors, and handsome furniture. But secluded from the rest is Madame Frère's boudoir, which is perhaps the heart of the house. The furniture here is upholstered with embroidery by the hand of the mistress of the house, rich in color, but of bewildering design—labyrinthine tracery which you fancy must mean something if you could only find the key to the combination. Madame Frère calls it *vitraux d'église*,* from its resemblance to shattered stained glass. She has worked the many strips that compose the furnishing of this room through the long years that stretch between her present and those early days in Ecouen. How many loving thoughts have slipped in with the threads of rose, how many ambitious hopes have followed those ciphers in royal purple. Here is a crimson cartouche; perhaps it is the record of the coming of the red ribbon which marks her husband a Chevalier d'Honneur; and there is a tiny white cross that may tell the giving to God of their baby. On the wall hang thirty or forty engravings from M. Frère's pictures. Here we have a history of his work during all these busy, patient years. Here is "The Little Flute-player," with its companion piece of a tall boy, almost embracing a sturdy little fellow in his efforts to teach him to drum. Here are three pictures of boys snaring snow-birds: the first represents the repressed excitement with which the children watch the birds' survey of the trap, anxiously asking, "Will he be caught?" In the second "He is caught!" and the children are enjoying a brief moment of triumph; but there is many a slip 'twixt the trap and the cage, and in the third scene "He has escaped!" and the children stretch their hands in vain after the fugitive. Another well-known and charming subject which we find here is a wee tot gravely etching a picture with a forefinger through the molasses which covers her bread and butter. Here, too, are the little boy and girl who are carefully dosing a sick doll. The lad plays the doctor very gravely, while the deep solicitude of the child's mamma is not all make-believe. This is the picture which gained Édouard Frère his first medal. Here a young girl stands upon a chair in front of a fire-place to twine a rosary about a crucifix. There is a thoughtful sadness in her face. Is she thinking of Monsieur le Curé's words, "Woman's lot is to love, to suffer, to pray"?

School pictures are evident favorites. In one, two faithful scholars plod through the wet, their

* Church-glass—meaning, stained-glass window.



"THE YOUNG GUARD."—ENGRAVED BY T. COLF, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD FRÈRE. (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.)



"WILL HE BE CAUGHT?"

torn umbrella resolutely set against the driving storm, while in the "Sortie d'École" ("The Sortie from School") the children, trooping down the narrow staircase, come "bounding out of school," full of frolic and the happy spirit of play-time, and as if glad, one and all, to get into the sunshine again.



"HE IS CAUGHT."

The weary seamstresses toiling in the next picture in their dormered attic remind one of Millet's hopeless peasants; and so the subjects run, alternating pathos with glee, and each treated with such tenderness that the simple stories never fail to touch the fancy and the heart.

Quite a colony of artists have gathered in Ecouen about this great painter, and so fatherly and kindly is he to all that he is usually spoken of by them by the name which the peasant children first gave him —"Papa Frère." He is a small man, of delicate frame and fine proportions, but big and burly men have learned to look *down* with a respect which is almost reverence upon him. His own son overtops him, and addresses his father playfully as "My good little author"; but there is a dignity mingled with his gentle courtesy which removes any impression of insignificance.



"HE HAS ESCAPED"*

The men and women who were in middle life when he came to Ecouen have either died or are aged now. There are grandmothers who are past working in the fields, who sit contentedly on the sunny side of the court, or cower by the chimney-corner, waiting, quietly waiting. Some of these have not saved a pittance for their support in old age, their children have all that they can do to care for their little ones, and it grieves the dear old bodies to be useless and dependent. It was a great consolation to them when the artists, following Monsieur Frère's example, and realizing the touching stories which are written in every wrinkle of their kindly faces, began to paint these aged women as well as the children. And so the old ladies still sit quietly, their frosty locks drawn smooth under queer lace caps, or bound by gay kerchiefs, their tear-dimmed eyes closing drowsily and the toil-cramped fingers resting idly in their laps; but even while they rest they are earning money, for some artist of the sympathetic school is busy transferring the pitiful figure to his canvas.

One such old lady I distinctly remember, the Mère Cocotte ("Mother Cocotte"), a universal favorite. Some might have considered her poor, but she felt well-to-do and pleasantly independent; for did she not live in a picturesque old house, so crazy and dilapidated, so darkened with smoke and cobwebs, and so filled with old rubbish of faded pink bed-hangings, Mother Hubbard cupboards, with bits of coarse pottery and shining copper and brass, that the artists loved to paint within it? And did they not pay her well for the privilege? It was true that she did not own this poor home, but "Papa Frère" paid the rent, the town awarded her a fagot of fire-wood and a loaf of bread daily,

* The three pictures on these two pages are engraved by kind permission of L. H. Lefèvre, of London, owner of the copyrights.

the butcher gave her a pint of soup every Sunday, and as for other luxuries, she made as much as twenty cents, and sometimes even forty in a day, by sitting for the artists. It was pleasant to listen to the prattle of the old soul. She disliked the Prussians, for when they besieged Paris they stole her two pet rabbits; but she was always merry-hearted and sang delicious little love songs, in a cracked voice which must have been very sweet when she was young. She had a cap of fine lace, which had been handed down to her possibly by her own grandmother, and which she wore only on holidays, when she sat under the great trees that adjoin the castle and watched the young people dance in the open air. It seems to her that they do not dance with the grace and spirit of the young people of sixty years ago, but still she enjoys watching them. She loves to see people happy. The ear-rings, and freshly fluted frills, and look so charming that you would never suspect that a bit of dry bread is all they had for dinner to-day.

"Farewell to misery, poverty, sorrowing,
While we 've a fiddle we still will dance;
Supper we 've none, nor can we go borrowing;
Dance and forget is the fashion of France."

Papa Frère's fête day (or day of his patron saint, which in France is celebrated instead of one's own birthday) was the occasion of the year for popular rejoicing for Ecouen. A grand dinner was served, and in the evening the peasants gathered about his park to see the annual display of fire-works. Since the death of his little granddaughter these festivities have been discontinued, at Monsieur Frère's desire. The peasants of Ecouen are as quick to sympathize with grief as to join in merriment. Mother Cocotte attends every funeral and mass for



"DON'T BE SHY." (ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF L. H. LEFÈVRE.)

charcoal-seller there is on working days as grimy as a pitman, but his face is clean now, and his shirt-sleeves are tied with ribbons. The butcher's boy has scented his curly locks and has a rose in his button-hole, and all the young girls from the village have donned their Sunday finery, their gold

the dead, decently clad in black, and has a picture of the Virgin beside her little fire-place, with a blessed branch which the priest gave her last Palm Sunday.

The largest of the bells which hang in the belfry of the little church was given to the parish by

Madame Frère, and when the children hear it tolling they exclaim, "There is Madame Frère calling us." This village church is rich in old stained glass and looks out upon the Place shaded by a magnificent old chestnut tree. It is said that the Chevalier Bayard fastened his horse to this tree while calling on the Montmorencys, who built the old castle which still looks down upon Ecouen. Monsieur has used the Place as a background for "The Young Guard," one of his later pictures, a reproduction of which is given on page 129. France is preëminently a military nation. The artists, Berne Bellecour, Detaille, De Neuville, and others, have given us thrilling episodes in the last war with the Prussians. The same military enthusiasm glows in the breasts of the boys, and we can see the *esprit de corps* shining in each of the young faces. Some of the men who served as soldiers in the French army during the campaign of 1870, Monsieur Frère painted long ago as children learning to drum and playing at drill. His own little grandson, Gabriel Frère, figures in the awkward squad of "The Young Guard."

Monsieur Frère writes in a recent letter:

"I am making a drawing from one of my latest paintings — the face of a child four years of age, my favorite model, who died just as my picture was finished. The drawing is for his mother. The poor woman employed all the money which the child gained in dressing him handsomely. Dear little fellow, with what courage he held himself motionless in order to earn a pair of velvet pantaloons, a vest of velvet, fine shoes, and a hat with ribbons! He was buried with all his bravery. There remain sixty-two francs of his earnings, with which they intend to erect a little monument."



"A LESSON IN DRUMMING." (ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF L. H. FEVRE.)

While Édouard Frère's pictures have been painted almost without exception in this secluded spot, they have found their way to all art centers. In England they are especially admired. Early in his successful career he was persuaded to visit a friend in London. He enjoyed the novel experience exceedingly, but as he was entirely unacquainted with the English language, he was extremely dependent on his friend. He was invited with him on one occasion to a grand dinner. There were speeches and toasts, of which he understood not one word; but he followed his friend's cue, applauding where he applauded and answering the jokes and stories with an appreciative smile. Presently some one at the other end of the table proposed a toast which was greeted with universal enthusiasm. Papa Frère clapped his hands with the rest, whereat every one smiled or laughed and applauded more uproariously. Following his friend's example, Papa Frère smiled, nodded, and cheered; but was overcome with confusion when it was explained to him that he had been applauding his own name and some extremely flattering compliments which had just been paid him. It might have occurred to Madame Frère that this was the

case, for to her swift intuitions no success which comes to her husband is a surprise, and she shares his honors with the calm satisfaction of one who had foreseen them from the first. But Papa Frère was of too simple and modest a nature to imagine for a moment that such admiration could be meant for him.

The same sweet and unassuming spirit dwells in him still. His genius, not satisfied with past achievements, has ripened and matured with conscientious study, so that his later pictures are better than the ones which made him famous. The world about him changes, the old people pass away and the children grow old; but the child-heart that is in Édouard Frère can not change. The beauty which he has created can never die, but is a glorious gift from one life to mankind; the great, busy world is more humane and looks with tenderer compassion upon the children of the poor because he has lived, while all who have known him personally are the richer for that privilege, and thank God that he still lives to bless others.

THE LITTLE STONE BOY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

HE stood in a fountain and held up a shell,
From which a bright shower of diamonds fell,
Just catching the glance of the sunshine which played
Bo-peep in and out of the jessamine shade;
And back at the children, who laughed up in joy,
He laughed, as they called him The Little Stone Boy.

He laughed at the dew and he laughed at the flowers,
Which smiled up at him through the long summer hours;
He laughed as the robin and blue-bird and jay,
Just ceasing a moment their caroling gay,
Came peeping and hopping, with coquetries coy,
To flit round the feet of the Little Stone Boy.

He laughed when the flowers were drooping and dead,
And autumn was painting in gold and in red;
And bleaker and lower the gloomy clouds hung,
Awaking no gleam in the waters he flung—
For nothing of shadow could dim or alloy
The gladness and mirth of the Little Stone Boy.

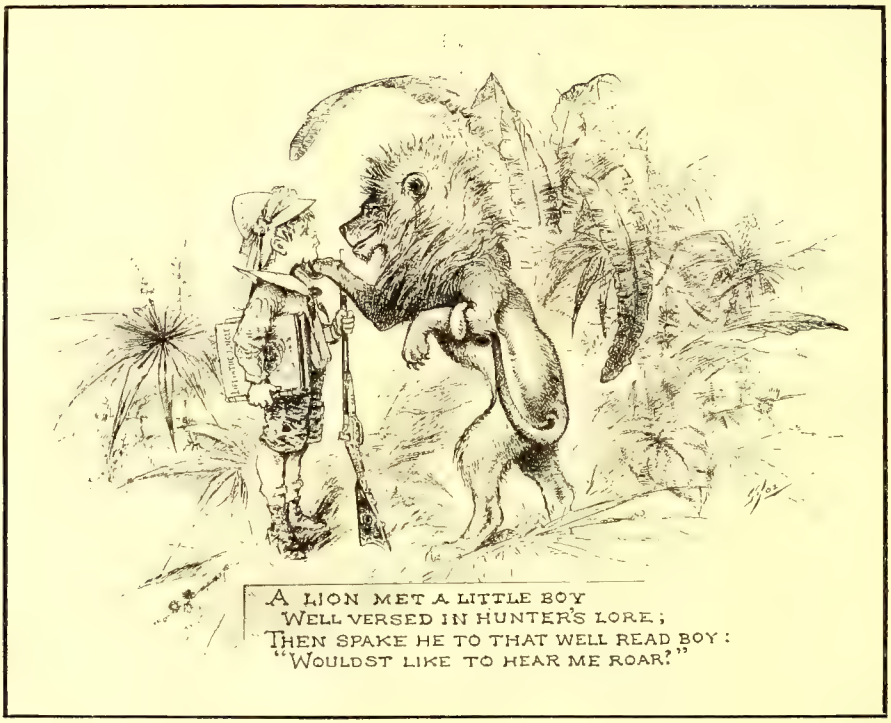
But soon, shaken down from the feathery wing
Of the blast bearing onward the chilly Ice King,
The fast whirling snow lay a covering white
Over garden and lawn. And the children at night
Looked up with a whisper, from picture and toy:
"He has n't a coat on — poor Little Stone Boy!"

But morning, all beaming with sparkles of light,
Brought forth in the brightness each frolicsome wight,
To see if the spirit of winter could quell
The smile of the sprite of the fountain and shell.
"Ho! ho! he is dressed!" cried a chorus of joy,
"And laughing as ever — the jolly Stone Boy!"

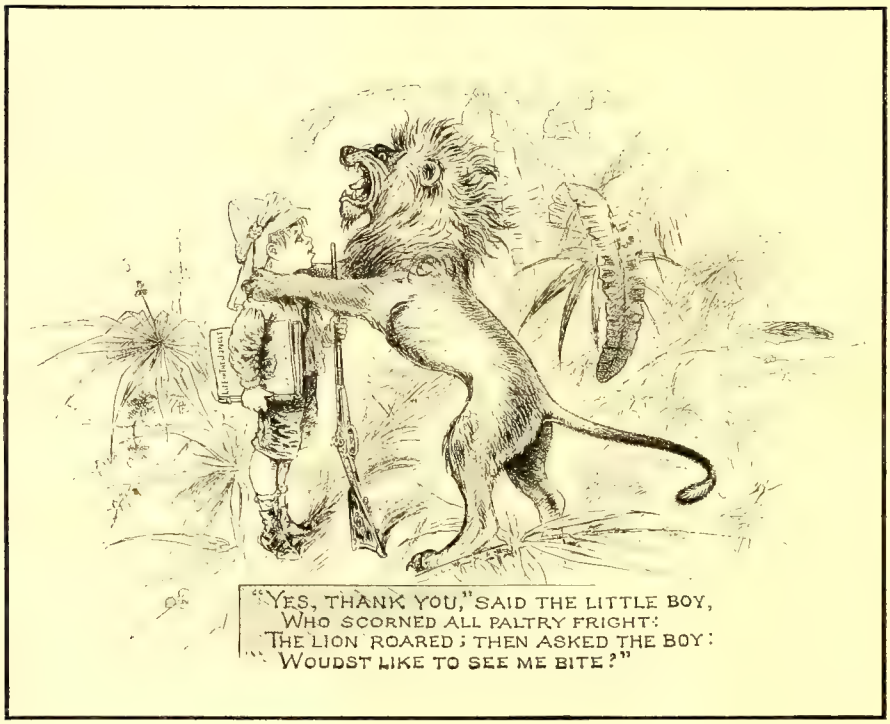
The Snow Queen had tenderly woven for him
A mantle, hung softly o'er each little limb;
An icicle coronet shone on his head—
"Jack Frost made it for him," the little ones said.
Thus decked with the treasures of winter, he bore
As proudly his burthen aloft as before,
And laughed at the storm which could never destroy
The happy, hilarious, Little Stone Boy.



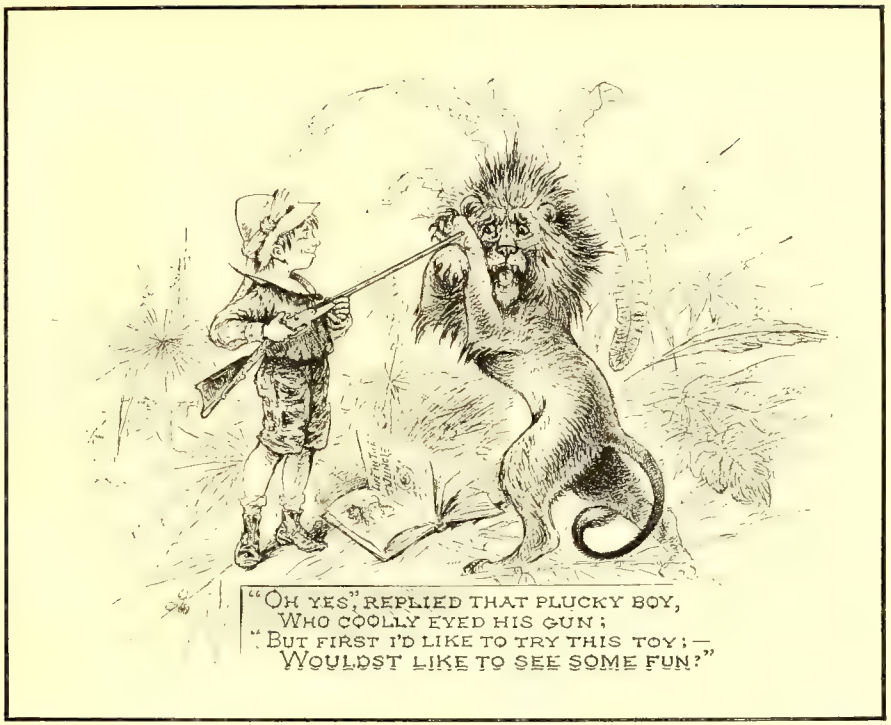
THE LITTLE STONE BOY.



A LION MET A LITTLE BOY
WELL VERSED IN HUNTER'S LORE;
THEN SPAKE HE TO THAT WELL READ BOY:
"WOULDST LIKE TO HEAR ME ROAR?"



"YES, THANK YOU," SAID THE LITTLE BOY,
WHO SCORNED ALL PALTRY FRIGHT:
THE LION ROARED; THEN ASKED THE BOY:
"WOUDST LIKE TO SEE ME BITE?"



"Oh yes," replied that plucky boy,
Who coolly eyed his gun;
"But first I'd like to try this toy;—
Wouldst like to see some fun?"



Then fled that lion from the boy,
As beast ne'er ran before;—
And to this day that little boy
Enjoys his hunter's lore.



THE WHALEBONE-WHALE FEEDING UPON JELLY-FISHES.

A SUBMARINE FIRE-EATER.

By John R. Coryell.

What a monster of contradictions!

An animal which looks like a fish, but which is not a fish; which lives always in the water, but which can not live long under water, and which nevertheless will die on land; which has a mouth large enough to engulf at once a dozen readers of St. Nicholas, but whose throat is so small that your father's fist can fill it.

A whale! Yes, a veritable giant among giants, the largest of all living creatures.

To one who does not know the reason for it, it must seem odd to say that the whale is not a fish. But, in fact, it is no more a fish than you are. A fish has cold blood, and takes the little oxygen it needs from the water by means of gills; while the whale must take its oxygen from the atmospheric air, just as you do.

You need to take oxygen into your lungs to give to your blood at very short intervals, so that you can not exist for more than two or three minutes at the utmost without breathing. Of course, it would not do for the whale to have to breathe so often, for in that case he could never stay under water long enough to secure his food, and would consequently starve.

To provide against this catastrophe the whale is enabled to charge a reservoir of blood with oxygen, and thus, with an hour's supply of aerated blood, it can dive down and remain under water until the supply is exhausted. Should it be detained after the supply is gone, it will drown as surely as your own self.

The tail is the only swimming apparatus of the whale, and by it the whale can shoot its entire body, weighing, perhaps, four hundred thousand pounds, entirely out of water. One authentic writer says he has seen a whale leap so high out of the water that he, while standing on the quarter-deck of a ship, saw the horizon under its body.

The tail is set transversely to the body, and its motion, unlike that of the same member in a fish, is up and down; and with such vigor does it move that the surrounding water is forced into a series of whirling eddies.

This tail is, moreover, the whale's chief weapon, though occasionally it does make use of its head or of its teeth, if it have the latter. Stung to fury by a harpoon, it will sometimes lash about with its tail to such purpose as to dash the stout whale-boat to pieces and hurl the inmates into the sea. As a rule, however, the whale prefers to run.

Although many whales have no teeth, the spermaceti whale, for example, has a most formidable set. With these it sometimes does terrible execution among the pursuing boats.

As may be supposed, such whales as have no teeth are properly provided for in some other way. Many of them subsist entirely upon the countless millions of jelly-fish, molluscs, and other kindred animals with which the ocean is plentifully stocked; and as they are soft and yielding, teeth are not needed either to capture or masticate them.

A net is what is needed, and this the toothless whales have. Depending from the upper jaw, which may be sixteen or seventeen feet long, is a hedge of baleen, or whale-bone, as it is commonly called. This is about ten feet long, and consists of a number of plates, solid at the upper end, but fraying out, fringe-like, at the lower end. There are about six hundred of these plates on each side of the jaw, and in a large whale their weight will be some two thousand pounds.

When the hungry giant wishes a meal, he opens wide his cavernous mouth, and letting his enormous lower lips drop down, drives through the water with all the force of his powerful tail. Millions upon millions of the tiny creatures upon which he feeds are thus taken into the gaping mouth which, when full, shuts tight.

The plates of baleen close down on the lower jaw and the prey is secure. A large volume of water has been taken in, too, however, and this must be gotten rid of in some way. The way is simple. The whale merely forces the water out through the interstices in the baleen, and the hapless fish remain to be swallowed at leisure down the throat, which is often not more than two inches in diameter.
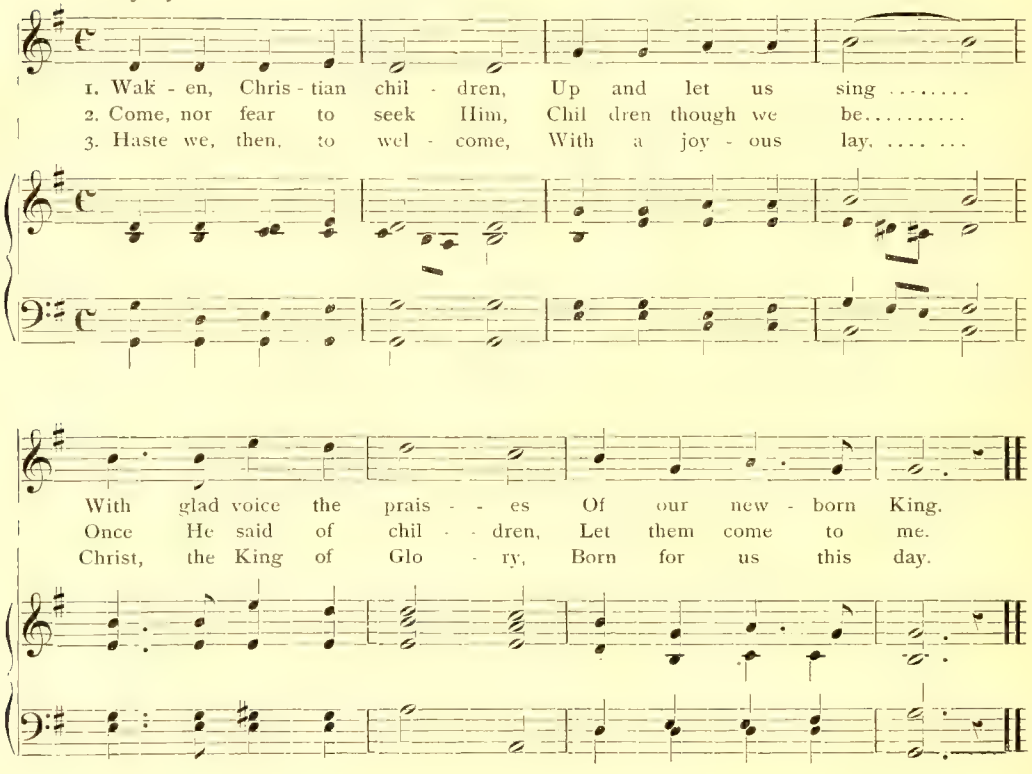
Occasionally this habit of the whale produces a very curious and beautiful effect. Many of the soft, jelly-like creatures in which the ocean abounds shine at night with a bright, phosphorescent light; and the water, too, dashed into spray by the vigorous sweep of the monster's tail, becomes charged with the same phosphorescent glow, and lights up the sea like drops of molten silver.

Under such circumstances, when the dark giant surges through the waves with distended maw, he seems a monstrous submarine fire-eater swallowing lumps of flame and defying the wet element with showers of flaming drops, which he leaves behind him in a weird, shining wake.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Cheerfully. WM. E. ASHMALL.



PRINCE HASSAK'S MARCH.

By Frank R. Stockton.

In the spring of a certain year, long since passed away, Prince Hassak, of Itoby, determined to visit his uncle, the King of Yan.

"Whenever my uncle visited us," said the Prince, "or when my late father went to see him, the journey was always made by sea; and, in order to do this, it was necessary to go in a very roundabout way between Itoby and Yan. Now, I shall do nothing of this kind. It is beneath the dignity of a prince to go out of his way on account of capes, peninsulas, and promontories. I shall march from my palace to that of my uncle in a straight line. I shall go across the country, and no obstacle shall cause me to deviate from my course. Mountains and hills shall be tunneled, rivers shall be bridged, houses shall be leveled; a road shall be cut through forests; and, when I have finished my march, the course over which I have passed shall be a mathematically straight line. Thus will I show to the world that, when a prince desires to travel, it is not necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

As soon as possible after the Prince had determined upon this march, he made his preparations, and set out. He took with him a few courtiers, and a large body of miners, rock-splitters, bridge-builders, and workmen of that class, whose services would, very probably, be needed. Besides these, he had an officer, whose duty it was to point out the direct course to be taken, and another who was to draw a map of the march, showing the towns, mountains, and the various places it passed through. There were no compasses in those days, but the course-marker had an instrument which he would set in a proper direction by means of the stars, and then he could march by it all day. Besides these persons, Prince Hassak selected from the schools of his city five boys and five girls, and took them with him. He wished to show them how, when a thing was to be done, the best way was to go straight ahead and do it, turning aside for nothing.

"When they grow up they will teach these things to their children," said he; "and thus I will instill good principles into my people."

The first day Prince Hassak marched over a level country, with no further trouble than that occasioned by the tearing down of fences and walls, and the destruction of a few cottages and barns. After encamping for the night, they set out the next morning, but had not marched many miles before they came to a rocky hill, on the top of which was a handsome house, inhabited by a Jolly-cum-pop.

"Your Highness," said the course-marker, "in order to go in a direct line we must make a tunnel through this hill, immediately under the house. This may cause the building to fall in, but the rubbish can be easily removed."

"Let the men go to work," said the Prince. "I will dismount from my horse, and watch the proceedings."

When the Jolly-cum-pop saw the party halt before his house, he hurried out to pay his respects to the Prince. When he was informed of what was to be done, the Jolly-cum-pop could not refrain from laughing aloud.

"I never heard," he said, "of such a capital idea. It is so odd and original. It will be very funny, I am sure, to see a tunnel cut right under my house."

The miners and rock-splitters now began to work at the base of the hill, and then the Jolly-cum-pop made a proposition to the Prince.

"It will take your men some time," he said, "to cut this tunnel, and it is a pity your Highness should not be amused in the meanwhile. It is a fine day: suppose we go into the forest and hunt."

This suited the Prince very well, for he did not care about sitting under a tree and watching his workmen, and the Jolly-cum-pop having sent for his horse and some bows and arrows, the whole party, with the exception of the laborers, rode toward the forest, a short distance away.

"What shall we find to hunt?" asked the Prince of the Jolly-cum-pop.

"I really do not know," exclaimed the latter, "but we'll hunt whatever we happen to see — deer, small birds, rabbits, griffins, rhinoceroses, anything that comes along. I feel as gay as a skipping grasshopper. My spirits rise like a soaring bird. What a joyful thing it is to have such a splendid hunt on such a glorious day!"

The gay and happy spirits of the Jolly-cum-pop affected the whole party, and they rode merrily through the forest; but they found no game; and, after an hour or two, they emerged into the open country again. At a distance, on a slight elevation, stood a large and massive building.

"I am hungry and thirsty," said the Prince, "and perhaps we can get some refreshments at

yonder house. So far, this has not been a very fine hunt."

"No," cried the Jolly-cum-pop, "not yet. But what a joyful thing to see a hospitable mansion just at the moment when we begin to feel a little tired and hungry!"

The building they were approaching belonged to a Potentate, who lived at a great distance. In some of his travels he had seen this massive house, and thought it would make a good prison. He accordingly bought it, fitted it up as a jail, and appointed a jailer and three myrmidons to take charge of it. This had occurred years before, but no prisoners had ever been sent to this jail. A few days preceding the Jolly-cum-pop's hunt, the Potentate had journeyed this way and had stopped at his jail. After inquiring into its condition, he had said to the jailer:

"It is now fourteen years since I appointed you to this place, and in all that time there have been no prisoners, and you and your men have been drawing your wages without doing anything. I shall return this way in a few days, and if I still find you idle I shall discharge you all and close the jail."

This filled the jailer with great dismay, for he did not wish to lose his good situation. When he saw the Prince and his party approaching, the thought struck him that perhaps he might make prisoners of them, and so not be found idle when the Potentate returned. He came out to meet the hunters, and when they asked if they could here find refreshment, he gave them a most cordial welcome. His men took their horses, and, inviting them to enter, he showed each member of the party into a small bedroom, of which there seemed to be a great many.

"Here are water and towels," he said to each one, "and when you have washed your faces and hands, your refreshments will be ready." Then, going out, he locked the door on the outside.

The party numbered seventeen: the Prince, three courtiers, five boys, five girls, the course-marker, the map-maker, and the Jolly-cum-pop. The heart of the jailer was joyful; seventeen inmates was something to be proud of. He ordered his myrmidons to give the prisoners a meal of bread and water through the holes in their cell-doors, and then he sat down to make out his report to the Potentate.

"They must all be guilty of crimes," he said to himself, "which are punished by long imprisonment. I don't want any of them executed."

So he numbered his prisoners from one to seventeen, according to the cell each happened to be in, and he wrote a crime opposite each number. The first was highway robbery, the next forgery, and after that followed treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning his grandmother by proxy.

This report was scarcely finished when the Potentate returned. He was very much surprised to find that seventeen prisoners had come in since his previous visit, and he read the report with interest.

"Here is one who ought to be executed," he said, referring to Number Seventeen. "And how did he poison his grandmother by proxy? Did he get another woman to be poisoned in her stead? Or did he employ some one to act in his place as the poisoner?"

"I have not yet been fully informed, my lord," said the jailer, fearful that he should lose a prisoner; "but this is his first offense, and his grandmother, who did not die, has testified to his general good character."

"Very well," said the Potentate; "but if he ever does it again, let him be executed; and, by the way, I should like to see the prisoners."

Thereupon the jailer conducted the Potentate along the corridors, and let him look through the holes in the doors at the prisoners within.

"What is this little girl in for?" he asked.

The jailer looked at the number over the door, and then at his report.

"Piracy," he answered.

"A strange offense for such a child," said the Potentate.

"They often begin that sort of thing very early in life," said the jailer.

"And this fine gentleman," said the Potentate, looking in at the Prince, "what did he do?"

The jailer glanced at the number, and the report.

"Robbed hen-roosts," he said.

"He must have done a good deal of it to afford to dress so well," said the Potentate, passing on, and looking into other cells. "It seems to me that a great many of your prisoners are very young."

"It is best to take them young, my lord," said the jailer. "They are very hard to catch when they grow up."

The Potentate then looked in at the Jolly-cum-pop, and asked what was his offense.

"Conspiracy," was the answer.

"And where are the other conspirators?"

"There was only one," said the jailer.

Number Seventeen was the oldest of the courtiers.

"He appears to be an elderly man to have a

grandmother," said the Potentate. "She must be very aged, and that makes it all the worse for him. I think he should be executed."

"Oh, no, my lord," cried the jailer. "I am assured that his crime was quite unintentional."



THE TRUANT AND THE PIGWIDGEONS.

"Then he should be set free," said the Potentate.

"I mean to say," said the jailer, "that it was just enough intentional to cause him to be imprisoned here for a long time, but not enough to deserve execution."

"Very well," said the Potentate, turning to leave; "take good care of your prisoners, and send me a report every month."

"That will I do, my lord," said the jailer, bowing very low.

The Prince and his party had been very much surprised and incensed when they found that they could not get out of their rooms, and they had kicked and banged and shouted until they were tired, but the jailer had informed them that they were to be confined there for years; and when the Potentate arrived they had resigned themselves to despair. The Jolly-cum-pop, however, was affected in a different way. It seemed to him the most amusing joke in the world that a person should deliberately walk into a prison-cell and be locked up for several years; and he lay down on his little bed and laughed himself to sleep.

That night one of the boys sat at his iron-barred window, wide awake. He was a Truant, and had never yet been in any place from which he could not run away. He felt that his school-fellows depended upon him to run away and bring them assistance, and he knew that his reputation as a Truant was at stake. His responsibility was so heavy that he could not sleep, and he sat at the window, trying to think of a way to get out. After some hours the moon arose, and by its light he saw upon the grass, not far from his window, a number of little creatures, which at first he took for birds or small squirrels; but on looking more attentively he perceived that they were pigwidgeons, a kind of fairy, about six inches high. They were standing around a flat stone, and seemed to be making calculations on it with a piece of chalk. At this sight, the heart of the Truant jumped for joy. "Fairies can do anything," he said to himself, "and these certainly can get us out." He now tried in various ways to attract the attention of the pigwidgeons; but as he was afraid to call or whistle very loud, for fear of arousing the jailer, he did not succeed. Happily, he thought of a pea-shooter which he had in his pocket, and taking this out he blew a pea into the midst of the little group with such force that it knocked the chalk from the hand of the pigwidgeon who was using it. The little fellows looked up in astonishment, and perceived the Truant beckoning to them from his window. At first they stood angrily regarding him; but on his urg-

ing them in a loud whisper to come to his relief, they approached the prison and, clambering up a vine, soon reached his window-sill. The Truant now told his mournful tale, to which the pigwidgeons listened very attentively; and then, after a little consultation among themselves, one of them said: "We will get you out if you will tell us how to divide five-sevenths by six."

The poor Truant was silent for an instant, and then he said: "That is not the kind of thing I am good at, but I expect some of the other fellows could tell you easily enough. Our windows must be all in a row, and you can climb up and ask some of them; and if any one tells you, will you get us all out?"

"Yes," said the pigwidgeon who had spoken before. "We will do that, for we are very anxious to know how to divide five-sevenths by six. We have been working at it for four or five days, and there wont be anything worth dividing if we wait much longer."

The pigwidgeons now began to descend the vine; but one of them lingering a little, the Truant, who had a great deal of curiosity, asked him what it was they had to divide.

"There were eight of us," the pigwidgeon answered, "who helped a farmer's wife, and she gave us a pound of butter. She did not count us properly, and divided the butter into seven parts. We did not notice this at first, and two of the party, who were obliged to go away to a distance, took their portions and departed, and now we can not divide among six the five-sevenths that remain."

"That is a pretty hard thing," said the Truant, "but I am sure some of the boys can tell you how to do it."

The pigwidgeons visited the four next cells, which were occupied by four boys, but not one of them could tell how to divide five-sevenths by six. The Prince was questioned, but he did not know; and neither did the course-marker, nor the map-maker. It was not until they came to the cell of the oldest girl that they received an answer. She was good at mental arithmetic; and, after a minute's thought, she said, "It would be five forty-seconds."

"Good!" cried the pigwidgeons. "We will divide the butter into forty-two parts, and each take five. And now let us go to work and cut these bars."

Three of the six pigwidgeons were workers in iron, and they had their little files and saws in pouches by their sides. They went to work manfully, and the others helped them, and before morning one bar was cut in each of the seventeen windows. The cells were all on the ground floor, and it was quite easy for the prisoners to clamber out. That is, it was easy for all but the Jolly-cum-pop. He had laughed so much in his life that he had grown quite fat, and he found it impossible to squeeze himself through the opening made by the removal of one window-bar. The sixteen other prisoners had all departed; the pigwidgeons had hurried away to divide their butter into forty-two parts, and the Jolly-cum-pop still remained in his cell, convulsed with laughter at the idea of being caught in such a curious predicament.

"It is the most ridiculous thing in the world," he said. "I suppose I must stay here and cry until I get thin." And the idea so tickled him, that he laughed himself to sleep.

The Prince and his party kept together, and hurried from the prison as fast as they could. When the day broke they had gone several miles, and then they stopped to rest. "Where is that Jolly-cum-pop?" said the Prince. "I suppose he has run home as fast as he could. He is a pretty fellow to lead us into this trouble and then desert us! How are we to find the way back to his house? Course-marker, can you tell us the direction in which we should go?"

"Not until to-night, your Highness," answered the course-marker, "when I can set my instrument by the stars."

The Prince's party was now in a doleful plight. Every one was very hungry; they were in an open plain, no house was visible, and they knew not which way to go. They wandered about for some time, looking for a brook or a spring where they might quench their thirst; and then a rabbit sprang out from some bushes. The whole party immediately started off in pursuit of the rabbit. They chased it here, there, backward and forward, through hollows and over hills, until it ran quite away and disappeared. Then they were more tired, thirsty, and hungry than before; and, to add to their miseries, when night came on the sky was cloudy, and the course-marker could not set his instrument by the stars. It would be difficult to find sixteen more miserable people than the Prince and his companions when they awoke the next morning from their troubled sleep on the hard ground. Nearly starved to death, they gazed at one another with feelings of despair.

"I feel," said the Prince, in a weak voice, "that there is nothing I would not do to obtain food. I would willingly become a slave if my master would give me a good breakfast."

"So would I," ejaculated each one of the others.

About an hour after this, as they were all sitting disconsolately upon the ground, they saw, slowly approaching, a large cart drawn by a pair of oxen. On the front of the cart, which seemed to be

heavily loaded, sat a man, with a red beard, reading a book. The boys, when they saw the cart, set up a feeble shout, and the man, lifting his eyes from his book, drove directly toward the group on the ground. Dismounting, he approached Prince Hassak, who immediately told him his troubles and implored relief. "We will do anything," said the Prince, "to obtain food."

The man with the red beard had upon his brow the marks of earnest thought. Standing for a minute in a reflective mood, he addressed the Prince in a slow, meditative manner: "How would you like," he said, "to form a nucleus?"



"'AND HERE IS ONE WHO OUGHT TO BE EXECUTED!' SAID THE POTENTATE, REFERRING TO THE SEVENTEENTH PRISONER."

"Can we get anything to eat by it?" eagerly asked the Prince.

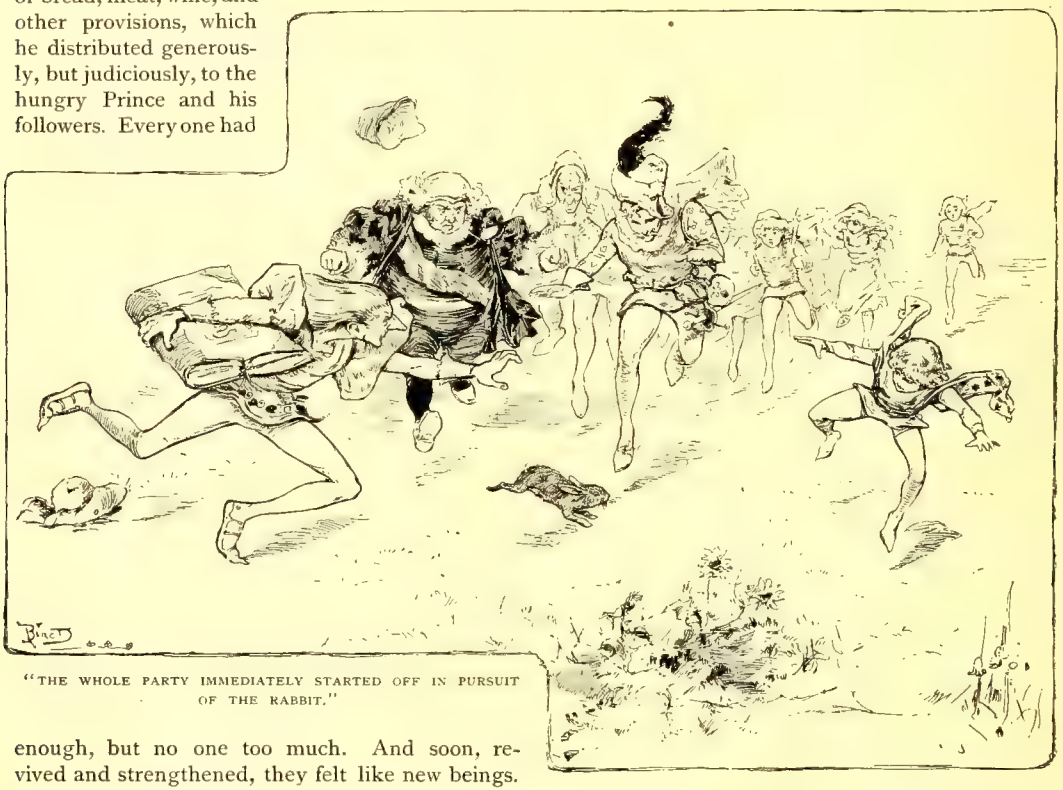
"Yes," replied the man, "you can."

"We 'll do it!" immediately cried the whole sixteen, without waiting for further information.

"Which will you do first," said the man, "listen to my explanations, or eat?"

"Eat!" cried the entire sixteen in chorus.

The man now produced from his cart a quantity of bread, meat, wine, and other provisions, which he distributed generously, but judiciously, to the hungry Prince and his followers. Every one had enough, but no one too much. And soon, revived and strengthened, they felt like new beings.



"THE WHOLE PARTY IMMEDIATELY STARTED OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE RABBIT."

"Now," said the Prince, "we are ready to form a nucleus, as we promised. How is it done?"

"I will explain the matter to you in a few words," said the man with the red beard and the thoughtful brow. "For a long time I have been desirous to found a city. In order to do this one must begin by forming a nucleus. Every great city is started from a nucleus. A few persons settle down in some particular spot, and live there. Then they are a nucleus. Then other people come there, and gather around this nucleus, and then more people come and more, until in course of time there is a great city. I have loaded this cart with provisions, tools, and other things that are necessary for my purpose, and have set out to find some people who would be willing to form a nucleus. I am very glad to have found you and that you are willing to enter into my plan; and this seems a good spot for us to settle upon."

"What is the first thing to be done?" said the Prince.

"We must all go to work," said the man with the red beard, "to build dwellings, and also a school-house for these young people. Then we must till some ground in the suburbs, and lay the foundations, at least, of a few public buildings."

"All this will take a good while, will it not?" said the Prince.

"Yes," said the man, "it will take a good while; and the sooner we set about it, the better."

Thereupon tools were distributed among the party, and Prince, courtiers, boys, girls, and all went to work to build houses and form the nucleus of a city.

When the jailer looked into his cells in the morning, and found that all but one of his prisoners had escaped, he was utterly astounded, and his face, when the Jolly-cum-pop saw him, made that individual roar with laughter. The jailer, however, was a man accustomed to deal with emergencies. "You need not laugh," he said, "everything shall go on as before, and I shall take no notice of the absence of your companions. You are now numbers One to Seventeen inclusive, and you stand charged with highway robbery, forgery, treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using

false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning your grandmother by proxy. I intended to-day to dress the convicts in prison garb, and you shall immediately be so clothed."

"I shall require seventeen suits," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Yes," said the jailer, "they shall be furnished."

"And seventeen rations a day," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Certainly," replied the jailer.

"This is luxury," roared the Jolly-cum-pop. "I shall spend my whole time in eating and putting on clean clothes."

Seventeen large prison suits were now brought to the Jolly-cum-pop. He put one on and hung up the rest in his cell. These suits were half bright yellow and half bright green, with spots of bright red, as big as saucers.

The jailer now had doors cut from one cell to another. "If the Potentate comes here and wants to look at the prisoners," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "you must appear in cell number One, so that he can look through the hole in the door, and see you; then, as he walks along the corridor, you must walk through the cells, and whenever he looks into a cell, you must be there."

"He will think," merrily replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "that all your prisoners are very fat, and that the little girls have grown up into big men."

"I will endeavor to explain that," said the jailer.

For several days the Jolly-cum-pop was highly amused at the idea of his being seventeen criminals, and he would sit first in one cell and then in another, trying to look like a ferocious pirate, a hard-hearted usurer, or a mean-spirited chicken thief, and laughing heartily at his failures. But, after a time, he began to tire of this, and to have a strong desire to see what sort of a tunnel the Prince's miners and rock-splitters were making under his house. "I had hoped," he said to himself, "that I should pine away in confinement, and so be able to get through the window-bars; but with nothing to do, and seventeen rations a day, I see no hope of that. But I must get out of this jail, and, as there seems no other way, I will revolt." Thereupon he shouted to the jailer through the hole in the door of his cell: "We have revolted! We have risen in a body, and have determined to resist your authority, and break jail!"

When the jailer heard this, he was greatly troubled. "Do not proceed to violence," he said; "let us parley."

"Very well," replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "but you must open the cell door. We can not parley through a hole."

The jailer thereupon opened the cell door, and the Jolly-cum-pop, having wrapped sixteen suits of clothes around his left arm as a shield, and holding in his right hand the iron bar which had been cut from his window, stepped boldly into the corridor, and confronted the jailer and his myrmidons.

"It will be useless for you to resist," he said. "You are but four, and we are seventeen. If you had been wise you would have made us all cheating shop-keepers, chicken thieves, or usurers. Then you might have been able to control us; but when you see before you a desperate highwayman, a daring smuggler, a blood-thirsty pirate, a wily poacher, a powerful ruffian, a reckless burglar, a bold conspirator, and a murderer by proxy, you well may tremble."

The jailer and his myrmidons looked at each other in dismay.

"We sigh for no blood," continued the Jolly-cum-pop, "and will readily agree to terms. We will give you your choice: Will you allow us to honorably surrender, and peacefully disperse to our homes, or shall we rush upon you in a body, and, after overpowering you by numbers, set fire to the jail, and escape through the crackling timbers of the burning pile?"

The jailer reflected for a minute. "It would be better, perhaps," he said, "that you should surrender and disperse to your homes."

The Jolly-cum-pop agreed to these terms, and the great gate being opened, he marched out in good order. "Now," said he to himself, "the thing for me to do is to get home as fast as I can, or that jailer may change his mind." But, being in a great hurry, he turned the wrong way, and walked rapidly into a country unknown to him. His walk was a very merry one. "By this time," he said to himself, "the Prince and his followers have returned to my house, and are tired of watching the rock-splitters and miners. How amused they will be when they see me return in this gay suit of green and yellow, with red spots, and with sixteen similar suits upon my arm! How my own dogs will bark at me! And how my own servants wont know me! It is the funniest thing I ever knew of!" And his gay laugh echoed far and wide. But when he had gone several miles without seeing any signs of his habitation, his gayety abated. "It would have been much better," he said, as he sat down to rest under the shade of a tree, "if I had brought with me sixteen rations instead of these sixteen suits of clothes." As he said this, he heard six small laughs, which seemed to be near him, and, looking around, he perceived in a little pathway, which passed under the trees, six pigwidgeons, each carrying five little earthen

pots, one on the head, one under each arm, and one in each hand. As he looked at them, the pots on the heads of the pigwidgeons were so shaken by the laughter of the little creatures, that every one of them fell to the ground, and was broken to pieces.

"Now, then," cried one of the pigwidgeons, "see what you have made us do! The idea of a man wearing such clothes as those you have on, and having besides sixteen other suits of the same kind, is so ridiculous that we could not help laughing. And now each of us has broken a pot."

"What do you want with so many little pots?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

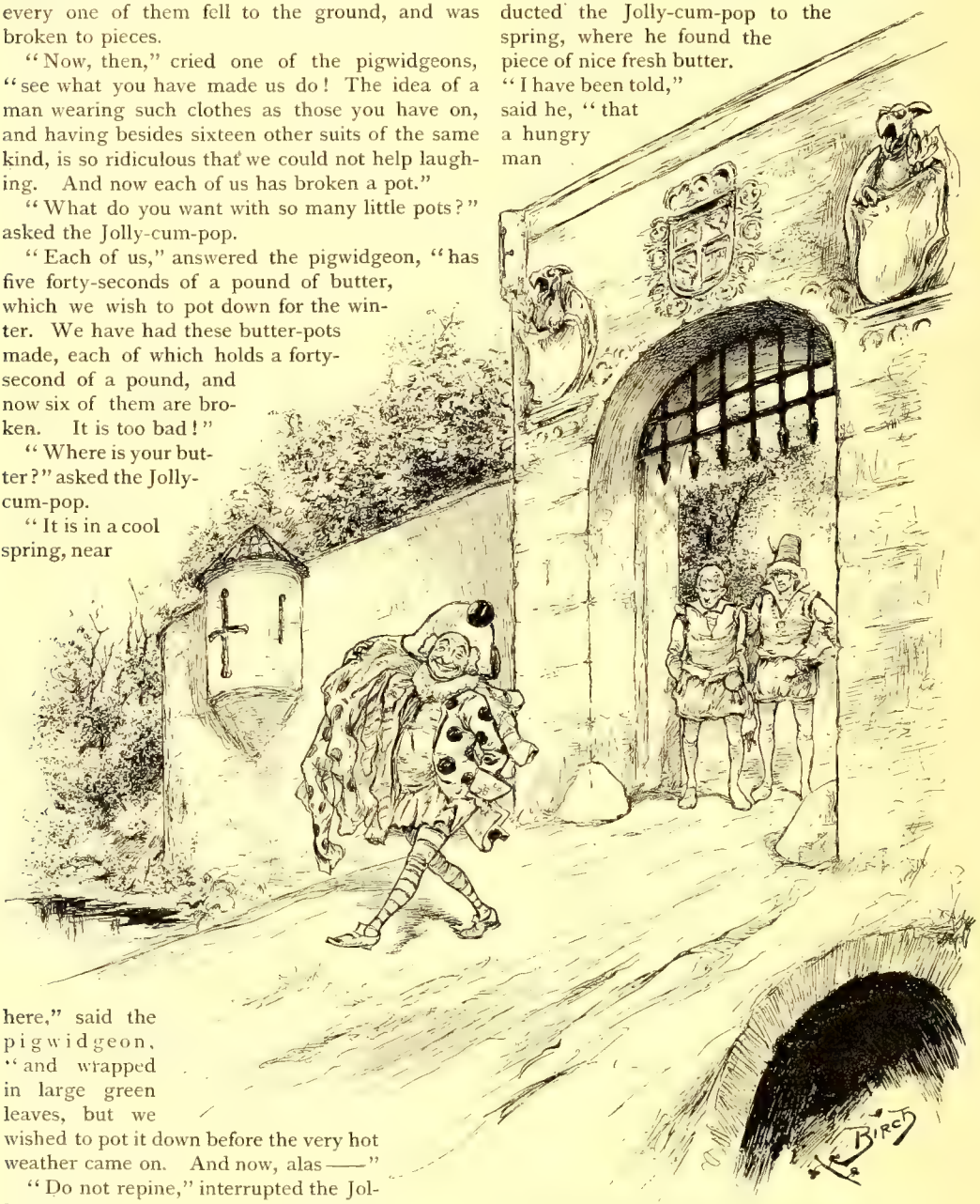
"Each of us," answered the pigwidgeon, "has five forty-seconds of a pound of butter, which we wish to pot down for the winter. We have had these butter-pots made, each of which holds a forty-second of a pound, and now six of them are broken. It is too bad!"

"Where is your butter?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"It is in a cool spring, near here," said the pigwidgeon, "and wrapped in large green leaves, but we wished to pot it down before the very hot weather came on. And now, alas——"

"Do not repine," interrupted the Jolly-cum-pop. "I will make you a proposition. I am very hungry, and must have something to eat. Give me your butter, and if you will come to my house in the autumn, I will repay you with two pounds of the best butter. This will save you the trouble of keeping it through the summer, and you will profit by the bargain."

The pigwidgeons agreed to this plan, and conducted the Jolly-cum-pop to the spring, where he found the piece of nice fresh butter. "I have been told," said he, "that a hungry man would eat bread without butter, and I suppose the rule will work both ways." And, thereupon, he ate



"THE JOLLY-CUM-POP MARCHED OUT IN GOOD ORDER."

the butter. "It is not a rule," he said, when he had finished, "that I would care about following very often, but there is a great deal of nutriment in butter, and I will not complain."

"Where is your house?" asked a pigwidgeon.

"That is what I am trying to find out," he answered. "But of one thing I am certain; it is not a day's journey from the prison where you sawed out the window-bars. Inquire for the Jolly-cum-pop and all will be right."

"Very well," said the pigwidgeons, "we shall find you." And they departed, each carrying four little butter-pots.

The Jolly-cum-pop now set out again, but he walked a long distance without seeing any person or any house. Toward the close of the afternoon he stopped, and, looking back, he saw coming toward him a large party of foot travelers. In a few moments, he perceived that the person in advance was the jailer. At this the Jolly-cum-pop could not restrain his merriment. "How comically it has all turned out!" he exclaimed. "Here I 've taken all this trouble, and tired myself out, and eaten butter without bread, and the jailer comes now, with a crowd of people, and takes me back. I might as well have staid where I was. Ha! ha!"

The jailer now left his party and came running toward the Jolly-cum-pop. "I pray you, sir," he said, bowing very low, "do not cast us off."

"Who are you all?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop, looking with much surprise at the jailer's companions, who were now quite near.

"We are myself, my three myrmidons, and our wives and children. Our situations were such good ones that we married long ago, and our families lived in the upper stories of the prison. But when all the convicts had left we were afraid to remain, for, should the Potentate again visit the prison, he would be disappointed and enraged at finding no prisoners, and would, probably, punish us grievously. So we determined to follow you, and to ask you to let us go with you, wherever you are going. I wrote a report, which I fastened to the great gate, and in it I stated that sixteen of the convicts escaped by the aid of outside confederates, and that seventeen of them mutinied in a body and broke jail."

"That report," laughed the Jolly-cum-pop, "your Potentate will not readily understand."

"If I were there," said the jailer, "I could explain it to him; but, as it is, he must work it out for himself."

"Have you anything to eat with you?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Oh, yes," said the jailer, "we brought provisions."

"Well, then, I gladly take you under my protection. Let us have supper. I have had nothing to eat since morning but thirty forty-seconds of a pound of butter."

The Jolly-cum-pop and his companions slept that night under some trees, and started off early the next morning. "If I could only get myself turned in the proper direction," said he, "I believe we should soon reach my house."

The Prince, his courtiers, the boys and girls, the course-marker, and the map-maker worked industriously for several days at the foundation of their city. They dug the ground, they carried stones, they cut down trees. This work was very hard for all of them, for they were not used to it. After a few days' labor, the Prince said to the man with the red beard, who was reading his book: "I think we have now formed a nucleus. Any one can see that this is intended to be a city."

"No," said the man, shading his thoughtful brow with a green umbrella, "nothing is truly a nucleus until something is gathered around it. Proceed with your work, while I continue my studies upon civil government."

Toward the close of that day the red-bearded man raised his eyes from his book and beheld the Jolly-cum-pop and his party approaching. "Hurrah!" he cried, "we are already attracting settlers!" And he went forth to meet them.

When the Prince and the courtiers saw the Jolly-cum-pop in his bright and variegated dress, they did not know him; but the boys and girls soon recognized his jovial face, and, tired as they were, they set up a hearty laugh, in which they were loudly joined by their merry friend. While the Jolly-cum-pop was listening to the adventures of the Prince and his companions, and telling what had happened to himself, the man with the thoughtful brow was talking to the jailer and his party, and urging them to gather around the nucleus which had been here formed, and help to build a city.

"Nothing will suit us better," exclaimed the jailer, "and the sooner we build a town wall so as to keep off the Potentate, if he should come this way, the better shall we be satisfied."

The next morning, the Prince said to the red-bearded man: "Others have gathered around us. We have formed a nucleus, and thus have done all that we promised to do. We shall now depart."

The man objected strongly to this, but the Prince paid no attention to his words. "What troubles me most," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "is the disgraceful condition of our clothes. They have been so torn and soiled during our unaccustomed work that they are not fit to be seen."

"As for that," said the Jolly-cum-pop, "I have sixteen suits with me, in which you can all dress,

if you like. They are of unusual patterns, but they are new and clean."

"It is better," said the Prince, "for persons in my station to appear inordinately gay than to be seen in rags and dirt. We will accept your clothes."

Thereupon, the Prince and each of the others put on a prison dress of bright green and yellow, with large red spots. There were some garments left over, for each boy wore only a pair of trousers with the waistband tied around his neck, and holes cut for his arms; while the large jackets, with the sleeves tucked, made very good dresses for the girls. The Prince and his party, accompanied by the Jolly-cum-pop, now left the red-bearded man and his new settlers to continue the building of the city, and set off anew on their journey. The course-marker had not been informed the night before that they were to go away that morning, and consequently did not set his instrument by the stars.

"As we do not know in which way we should go," said the Prince, "one way will be as good as another, and if we can find a road let us take it; it will be easier walking."

In an hour or two they found a road and they took it. After journeying the greater part of the day, they reached the top of a low hill, over which the road ran, and saw before them a glittering sea and the spires and houses of a city.

"It is the city of Yan," said the course-marker.

"That is true," said the Prince; "and as we are so near, we may as well go there."

The astonishment of the people of Yan, when this party, dressed in bright green and yellow, with red spots, passed through their streets, was so great that the Jolly-cum-pop roared with laughter. This set the boys and girls and all the people laughing, and the sounds of merriment became so uproarious that when they reached the palace the King came out to see what was the matter. What he thought when he saw his nephew in his fantastic guise, accompanied by what seemed to be sixteen other lunatics, can not now be known; but, after hearing the Prince's story, he took him into an inner apartment, and thus addressed him: "My dear Hassak: The next time you pay me a visit, I beg that, for your sake and my own, you will come in the ordinary way. You have sufficiently shown to the world that, when a Prince desires to travel, it is often necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

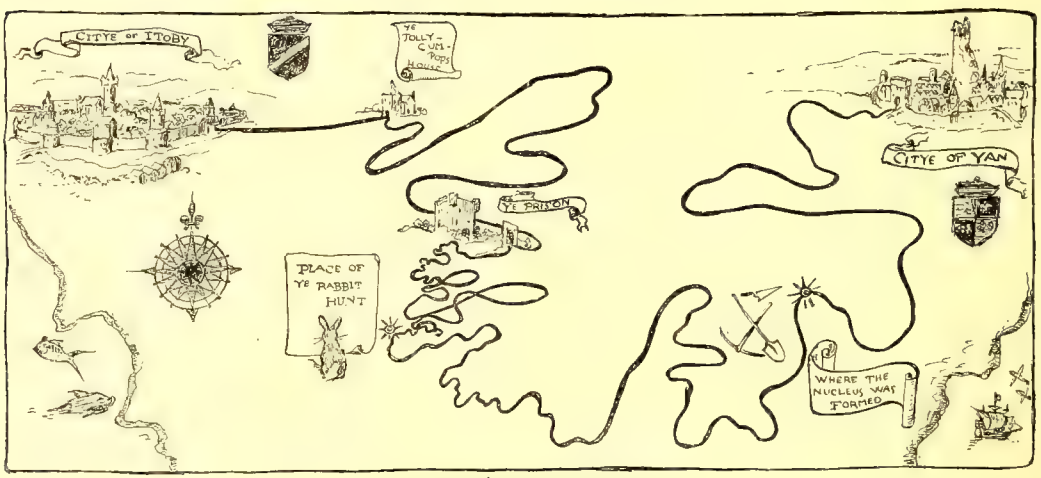
"My dear uncle," replied Hassak, "your words shall not be forgotten."

After a pleasant visit of a few weeks, the Prince and his party (in new clothes) returned (by sea) to Itoby, whence the Jolly-cum-pop soon repaired to his home. There he found the miners and rock-splitters still at work at the tunnel, which had now penetrated half-way through the hill on which stood his house. "You may go home," he said, "for the Prince has changed his plans. I will put a door to this tunnel, and it will make a splendid cellar in which to keep my wine and provisions."

When the pigwidgeons came to see him in the autumn, he took from this cellar two pounds of butter and a large comb of honey, and gave it to them, at which they were greatly delighted, although they had to make several journeys to carry it home.

The day after the Prince's return his map-maker said to him: "Your Highness, according to your commands I made, each day, a map of your progress to the city of Yan. Here it is."

The Prince glanced at it and then he cast his eyes upon the floor. "Leave me," he said. "I would be alone."

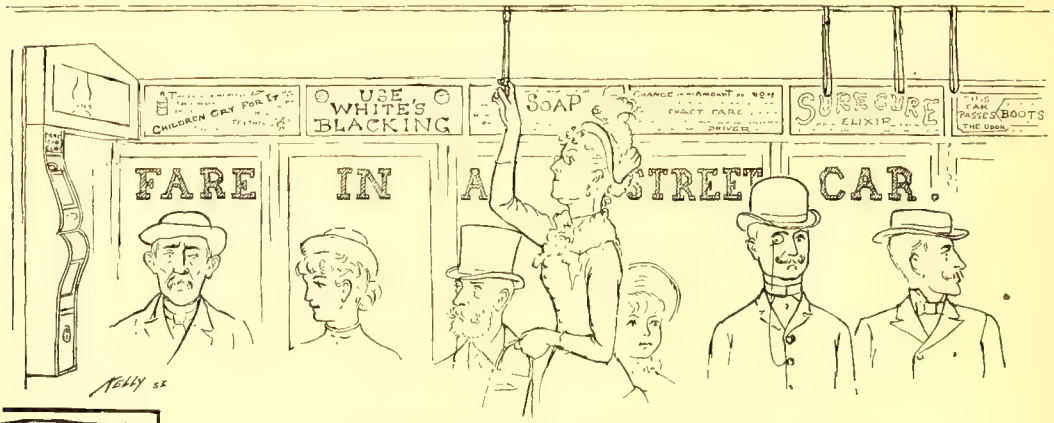


THE MAP OF THE PRINCE'S JOURNEY FROM ITOBY TO YAN.

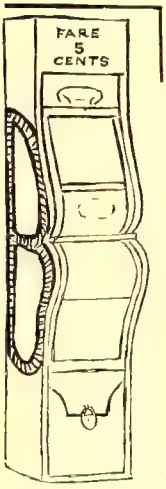
THE TWO PUSSIES.

By Phil. Robinson.





By Charles Dudley Warner.



IDDING good-bye to my family, I started one fine morning on a journey in a horse-railway car. People begin journeys nowadays with little preparation and on slight resources, and think no more of travel across a great city and into the suburbs than they formerly did of a tour around the garden.

To a person not much accustomed to travel, there is a mild excitement in getting on board of a street-car; it is in the nature of an adventure. The roar of the wheels in the iron track, the cheerful jingling of the bells, the effort to attract the attention of the driver, who, with one hand on the brake and the other controlling his fiery steeds, is always looking for a belated and hurrying passenger up the wrong street; the scant courtesy of the conductor, who watches, with his hand on the bell-pull, the placing of your foot on the step in order to give you the little shock necessary to settle your ideas — this mere getting on board has its pleasing anxieties and surprises. And then there is always the curiosity as to your fellow-passengers, and the advantage in studying character in a vehicle where people usually think it unnecessary to conceal their real natures. I have noticed that the first-comers in a car seem to think they have a sort of property in it, and they resent with a stare of surprise the entrance of the last-comer as if his right to a seat depended upon their courtesy. In no other conveyance, I think, does one so perfectly realize how queer people are. Nowhere else, perhaps, is ugliness and oddity and eccentricity in dress such an offense. And then the passengers, ugly as they may be, are so indifferent to your opinion. It is something amazing, the conceit of ugly people.

The car which I entered was nearly full — no car is ever full. It was one of the short cars called by the light-minded "bob-tailed," having one horse and no conductor — one of the contrivances that presumes upon the honesty of everybody except the driver. The car was dirty; but as this is the only dirty line in the United States it would be ill-natured to mention its name and city; besides, it is unnecessary to do so, as no doubt most of my readers have been on it. I was interested in studying the legends in English and German posted above the windows. They related, mostly, to diseases and the benefit of soap applied. There were also directions about negotiating with the driver for change, and one, many times repeated, and written over the fare-box by the door, requested the passenger to "put the exact fare in the box." This legend always annoys me by its narrowness and petty dictation. Often I do not feel like being bound by this iron rule; sometimes I would like to put in more, sometimes less, than the exact five cents. But no allowance is made for different moods and varying financial conditions. I often wonder if this rule is founded on real justice in the bosom of the company, and whether it would be as anxious to seek out the traveler who should by chance overpay and restore the excess, as it is to follow him when he puts in too little. If this is not the meaning of "exact," then the company is more anxious to make money than to do justice. I do not suppose this is so, but there is one suspicious thing about a horse-car. The floor is sometimes a grating, and straw is spread on this, so that if the passenger, who is often nervous and obliged to pass his fare from hand to hand to the box, lets it drop in the straw, he never can find it.

This plan of a double floor is adopted in the United States Mint, and the sweepings of the gold amount to a considerable sum. I wonder if the sweepings of the horse-cars go to the driver, or if the company collect them in order to put them in the nearest "poor-box."



The car in which I had taken passage did not differ from others in any of the above respects. The passengers seemed to have self-selected themselves with the usual regard to variety and the difficulty of fitting themselves and their baskets and packages into the seats — so many people start to travel in the horse-car as if they expected to have all the room to themselves, and a good many do have it, in point of fact. But I had not been seated long, letting the directions about the fare run around in my brain with their dreadful and idiotic iteration (I wonder how long a person could keep sane if he were shut up in a horse-car, compelled to read these legends; for he always is compelled to read them, however well he knows them),— I had not been seated long when I noticed a new legend posted over the fare-box. It read:

NO FARE TAKEN THAT HAS NOT BEEN EARNED.

And then I saw, standing by the box, an official whom I had never seen in a car before. I knew he was an official, not from any badge he wore, but from his unmistakable official air. He was a slender, polite young fellow, with cool gray eyes, a resolute nose, and a mouth that denoted firmness, tempered by an engaging smile. I should think that a locomotive engineer who was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association might look as he did.

I wondered what the young man was stationed there for; but his office became apparent when the first passenger stepped forward to deposit his exact fare in the box; he was to enforce the new regulation — "No fare taken that has not been earned." It struck me as an odd stand for a company to take; but I have for some time been convinced that these great corporations, which are called monopolies, are moral and benevolent associations in disguise, seeking to elevate the condition of their fellow-men, and studying devices for the public good that will keep down dividends. I got this idea from the recent examinations of the railway and telegraph magnates by the Senate Committee.

The first person who went forward to deposit her fare was a bright-faced school-girl. She evidently had not read the new legend,— since, in our day, school-children are taught not to observe anything outside of their text-books,— and she was surprised when the attendant at the box arrested her hand and asked:

"Did you earn that five cents?"

The girl started, but quickly recovered her presence of mind, and replied:

"Yes, sir; I earned it by going without butter, to get money to send to the poor heathen."

The official looked surprised, but asked kindly:

"Why don't you give it to the heathen, then, instead of spending it to ride about the city?"

"Oh," said the little girl, with that logical readiness which distinguishes the American woman at the tenderest age,— "oh, I did n't eat so much more butter than Mother expected, that I earned more than enough for the heathen, and I have some for myself."



This really ingenious reply puzzled the young man for a moment; but he shook his head, and said that this way of making profit out of self-sacrifice under the guise of benevolence would

have a bad effect on the character in the long run. She was no doubt a nice girl, but she would have to walk the rest of the way, for the company could not think of taking money that might, at the final day, be claimed by the heathen. She got out, with a little ruffled manner, and I watched her make her way straight to a candy-shop.

The next person who stepped up to the box was one of the most pleasing men we meet in modern society, neatly dressed, with a frank, open, unabashed face, a hearty manner, and an insinuating smile. With a confident air, born of long impunity in a patient community, without condescending to look at the box-keeper, he put out his hand toward the box.

"Excuse me," said the keeper, "how did you earn it?"

"Earn it?" repeated the man, in imperturbable good humor. "As everybody earns money nowadays—by talking. By persuading people to look out for their own interests; by showing the uncertainty of life, the probability of accidents, and the necessity of providing for the family. Are you insured?"

"Yes; I believe in insurance. It is the practical benevolent institution of the century. It counteracts the natural improvidence of human nature. Yours is a noble profession. Insurance is a little dear, however. Now, there 's your diamond pin. It is ornamental, but to me it represents too high a percentage on the insured. I 've got a big insurance, but I suppose you make more in one year than my family will get at my death on the savings of a life-time. I don't doubt you talk enough to earn your money, but I 'm obliged to consider the time of other people you consume, in talking, as an offset, and your account with the world is already overdrawn. I shall save somebody's time to-day if I compel you to walk the remainder of your journey."

This was most surprising talk from a horse-car official, and I saw that the passengers began to look uneasy at it.

The next one who got up was, I saw by his dress and manner, an easy-going farmer. The official, who appeared to know all about everybody at a glance, and to have the power of compelling the exact truth from everybody, at once said:

"Oh! you have a farm in the suburbs. Do you work at it yourself?"

"Well, I sorter look after things, and pay the hands."

"How much time do you spend at the store and the post-office, talking?"

"Oh! I have to be around to keep watch of the markets and see what 's going on. *She* aint no hand to do business."

"Who makes the butter and cheese?"

"She does that."

"Who cooks for the hired men?"

"Of course, she cooks."

"And does the washing, I suppose, and the house-work generally, and sews in the evening, and looks after the children. Don't you think she earns most of the money?"

"I never looked at it in that light. It 's my farm. She never complains."

"I dare say not. But you go home, and let her come and ride in the horse-car for a change."

As the farmer got out, looking a little sheepish, a smartly dressed young fellow stepped forward



and offered his fare. He was stopped by the sharp question:

"Where did you get that five cents?"

"Got it of the gov'ner."

"And the governor is ——"

"He 's a carpenter."

"And a good one, I hear."

"You bet. It 's a cold day when he gets left on a job."

"And you are in school, I see. Are you in the high school?"

"No; I did n't pass."

"I thought so. You have n't time for study.

I 've seen you around the streets at night with other young hoodlums. Do you work with your father, out of school?"



"Not much. See here, old fellow, you know how it is; a fellow 's got to play lawn tennis, and see all the base-ball matches, and go to the races and the minstrels, with the other fellows, else he aint nowhere."

"You are right, my boy. You are a product of your age. But in future you 'll have to walk to these shows, so far as this company is concerned." The fellow got down. As he stepped on the sidewalk he gave a long, shrill whistle, and was at once joined by another fellow of like nature, and the two loafed along up the street, staring in at the shop-windows, and ogling all the girls they met.



The passengers by this time seemed a little reluctant to come forward, but the driver's bell jingled sharply, and a rather pretty young woman, with a care-worn face, timidly offered her money. There was a look of compassion on the official's face that I had not seen before as he asked her occupation.

"I make shirts, sir," she said, in a low voice, "for six cents apiece."

"Poor thing!" said the official. "You 've overearned your money; but somehow the rule of the company does n't seem to apply to you. If I had my way, you should ride all day for nothing. It 's a great shame. I 've half a mind—it 's monstrous that half your daily earnings should go for car-fare. Ah! those ear-rings must have cost you at least twenty-five cents each. And yet, it 's a natural vanity. A woman must have something to sweeten life. No, I can not take your fare; but you sit still. I 'll refer your case to the company."

A gentleman whom I had been noticing for some time, and who regarded these proceedings with an amused air, now took his turn. He was past middle life, had a prosperous, self-contented, well-fed appearance, and seemed, as he stepped forward, in no doubt of his position or of the receipt of his fare. But he was stopped, all the same.



"How did you get your money?"

"I inherited it."

"And you have never, in all your life, performed a single hour's real labor by which you added to the productiveness of the world, or earned a cent? You need not answer. I know you have n't. You are a fortunate man. You will be fortunate until you are compelled to account for your time and opportunity. Most men would like to change places with you, and I confess that I should. I respect you. Still, you must see for yourself that this particular car is no place for you."

While this conversation was going on, a young man who had been standing, holding on to a strap, with a nonchalant air, looked around to see if the exit was clear. I did not wonder at his





standing, for his pantaloons were so tight that he could not sit down. His waist was drawn in, his fashionable coat was padded, to give him square shoulders, his high collar kept his nose in the air, his hair was banged, and he wore a high, shiny hat and carried a short cane. He belonged to a species that has been very conspicuous lately. He slipped through the door and disappeared as the bell rang to let out the inheritor. It was the only sensible thing that ever I knew one of his class do; and his action proved to me that any one of his tribe, as one of his friends said of the late English male Lily, is not such a fool as he pretends to be. With him also slipped out three or four others — a well-known broker, an operator in flour and pork, an agent for the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Jews, and a seedy-looking man whose breath gave a spiritual tone to the car, and whom I had never seen active at any other time than in an election campaign.

The car was pretty well thinned out by this time. The bell rang sharply for the delinquents. A thick-set man, who might have been taken for a philosopher, if the manner in which he sat, with his knees drawn together and his feet spread apart, had not betrayed his occupation as a shoemaker, arose and approached the official. The latter merely looked at him with a quizzical expression, and then lifted up one foot and turned up the sole of his boot. The leather was spongy and worn into holes, and the tops were cracked in three places.

"This is your work," said the official. "I have to wear these, because the new ones you promised week before last have not come home."

The shoemaker went out without a word, and another mechanic stepped up. Everybody knows him, in his working garb, with his well-to-do air and his agreeable manner. The whole of our modern civilization rests on him. His name is oftener in our mouths than "malaria." Some experts think that he is the cause of malaria, while others hold that malaria originated him.

"Where are you going?" asked the official, blandly.

"Back to the shop. I 've got a job on the hill."

"And I dare say you are going back to get a tool you forgot in the morning."

"Yes."

"And you 'll charge for the time going for the forgotten tool, and your fare back and forth. Your innocent forgetfulness is costing the



community too much. This company can not be longer a party to it."

There was now left in the car only the seamstress, who was riding on sufferance, a woman with a big basket, apparently containing somebody's "washing," and myself. I was curious to see how the official would treat the washerwoman. It is not always convenient to ride with a lot of clothes-baskets and market-baskets (I forgot to mention that a gaudily dressed woman with a poodle-dog had descended at the time the "dude" escaped), but if any one earns her money, I said to myself, it must be this poor washerwoman. The official seemed to be of my opinion. He was about to receive the fare when a thought struck him. He lifted the cloth that covered the clothes and exposed them to view. The sight was too painfully familiar. The dirt had been soaked and ironed into the linen. The shirt-bosoms were streaked with iron-rust. The tender-hearted official sighed, and the poor woman took up her basket and went her painful way. Alas! where are we to look for virtue in this world?



It was now my turn. I was disposed to depart without any parley, but the official, who knew how long I had been riding, cried out, "Fare, please." I offered the five cents to the box.

"You are something in the pen line, I think?"

"Nothing very remunerative," I replied, with assumed indifference. "I do not write deluding advertisements for the newspapers."

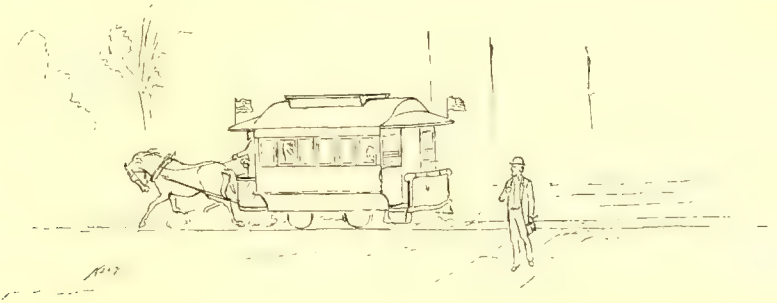


"True; but there is a popular notion that your copyright is a hinderance to the diffusion of knowledge. I don't share this notion as to anything you write, so we will let that point pass. Is there any other way in which you can account for this five-cent piece as fairly earned?"

"Well," I said, "I think I have earned it by refraining from riding in the horse-cars. I usually walk."

"Your reason is ingenious: it is even plausible," he replied. "I even think you are right in principle. But in the interest of the company I can not admit it. What would become of the horse-cars, if people should find the use of their legs again and walk as they did before horse-cars were invented? No, sir; you stand in the way of civilization. Saving is not earning in these days."

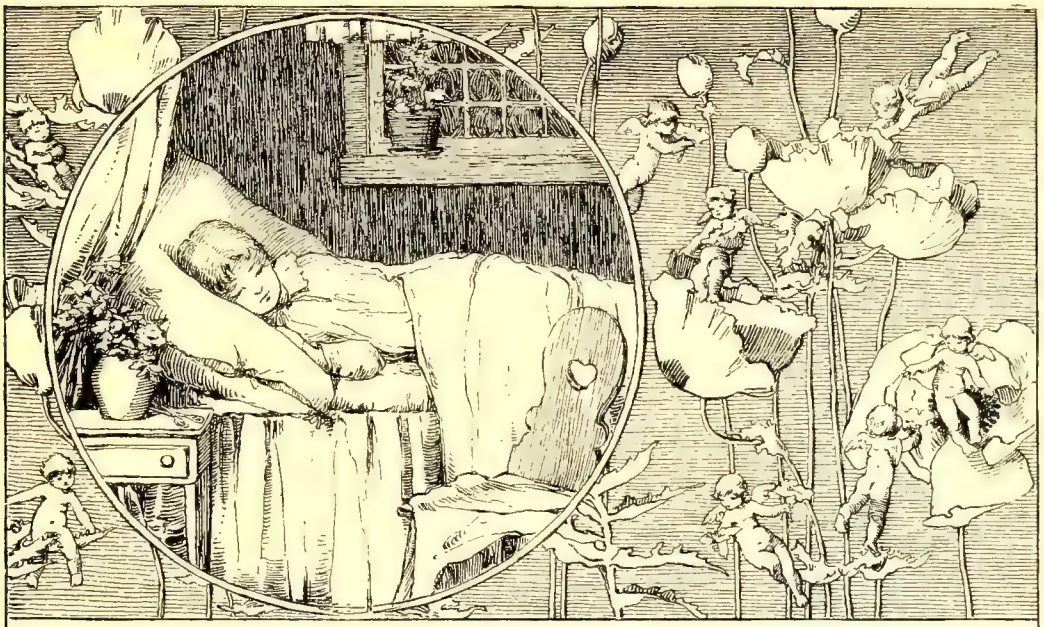
As the car jolted on its way,—it is torture to ride over our roughly laid track,—I stopped for a moment and reflected upon the whimsical conduct of this car company. If its test were generally applied, what would become of our civilization?





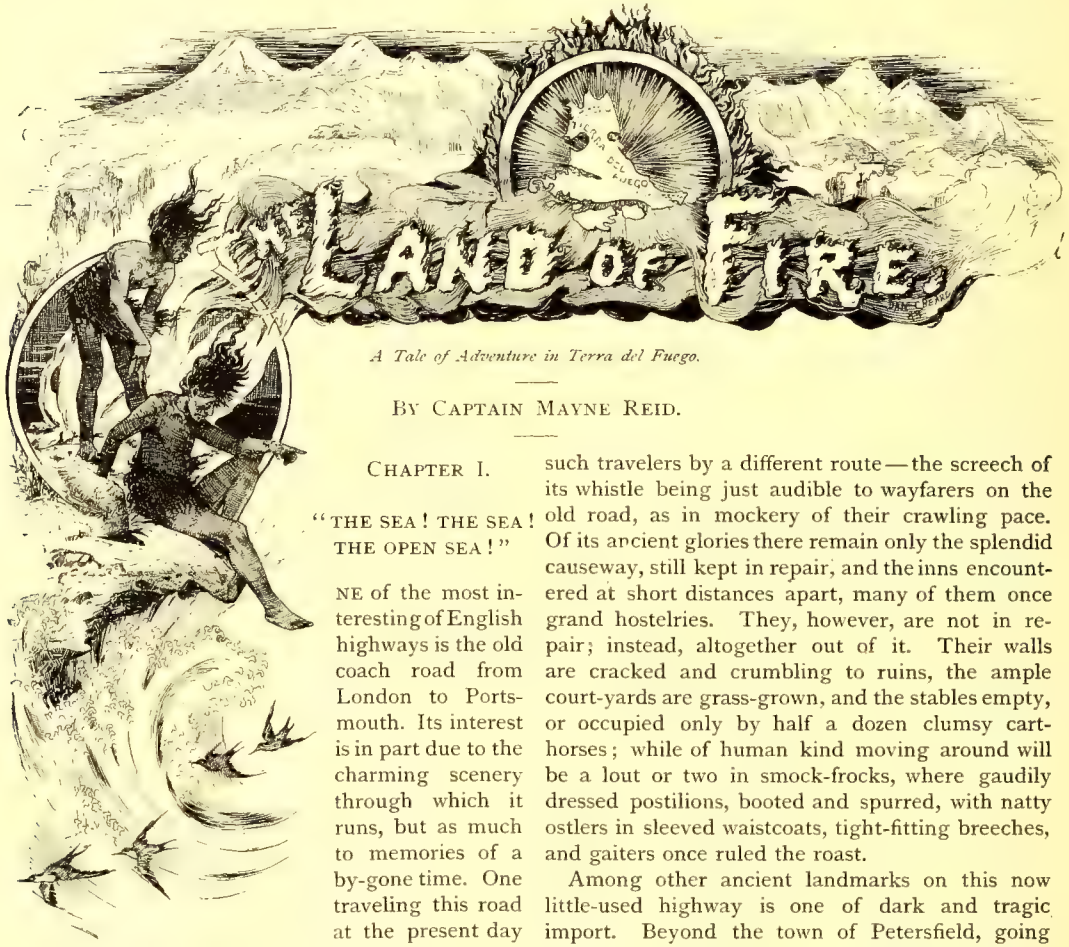
THE little angels, maiden dear, I trow
Are just as dainty and as fair as thou;
Only, to us it is not ever given
To see them when they fly to earth from heaven.
But if thou dost not yet, dear maiden, know
Where little angels love to dwell below,
When they come down to earth from heaven's bowers,
I'll tell thee where they live—'t is in the flowers.
A tiny tent each opening blossom is,
Some little angel chose it out for his,
That he might rest there from his wanderings
Ere heavenward again he spreads his wings.
He takes much thought about his dwelling, too—
Ay, just as much as lowly mortals do.
He decks it out on every side with care,
That so he may with pleasure linger there.
He fetches sunbeams brightly glittering,
And makes his roof a golden covering.
He fetches radiant colors, one and all,
And paints his tiny dwelling's inner wall.
With blossom-meal he bakes celestial bread,
Lest he on earth should be an hungerèd.
He brews his drink from fresh and sparkling dew,
And keeps his house as well as I or you.





The flower is happy when this master makes
So great a stir within and brews and bakes.
And when the angel flies to heaven again,
The little house falls ruined, all for pain.
And so, if thou art fain, O maiden dear,
To have the little angels ever near,
Then keep amid the flowers, and there will be
Some little angel always guarding thee.
Before thy window let a floweret bloom—
No evil thought may pass into thy room;
A knot of flowers upon thy bosom bear—
An angel shall go with thee everywhere;
Water a lily-spray at morning-light—
All day thou shalt remain as lily-white;
At night, let roses guard thy sleeping head—
Angels shall rock thee on a rose-strewn bed.
No dream of evil may brood over thee,
For little angels close will cover thee.
And when they suffer dreams to enter there,
Such dreams will surely all be good and fair.
And if, while guarded safely thus thou art,
Thou dreamest of the love of some true heart,
Then think that it must good and faithful be,
Or angels had not let it in to thee.





A Tale of Adventure in Terra del Fuego.

By Captain Mayne Reid.

Chapter I.

"THE SEA! THE SEA! THE OPEN SEA!"

One of the most interesting of English highways is the old coach road from London to Portsmouth. Its interest is in part due to the charming scenery through which it runs, but as much to memories of a by-gone time. One traveling this road at the present day might well deem it lonely, as there will be met on it only the liveried equipage of some local magnate, the more unpretentious turn-out of country doctor or parson, with here and there a lumbering farm wagon, or the farmer himself in his smart two-wheeled "trap," on the way to a neighboring market.

How different it was half a century ago, when along this same highway fifty four-horse stages were "tooled" to and fro from England's metropolis to her chief sea-port town, top-heavy with fares—often a noisy crowd of jovial Jack-tars, just off a cruise and making Londonward, or with faces set for Portsmouth, once more to breast the billows and brave the dangers of the deep! Many a naval officer of name and fame historic, such as the Rodneys, Cochranes, Collingwoods, and Codringtons,—even Nile's hero himself,—has been whirled along this old highway.

All that is over now, and long has been. To-day the iron horse, with its rattling train, carries such travelers by a different route—the screech of its whistle being just audible to wayfarers on the old road, as in mockery of their crawling pace. Of its ancient glories there remain only the splendid causeway, still kept in repair, and the inns encountered at short distances apart, many of them once grand hostelries. They, however, are not in repair; instead, altogether out of it. Their walls are cracked and crumbling to ruins, the ample court-yards are grass-grown, and the stables empty, or occupied only by half a dozen clumsy cart-horses; while of human kind moving around will be a lout or two in smock-frocks, where gaudily dressed postilions, booted and spurred, with natty ostlers in sleeved waistcoats, tight-fitting breeches, and gaiters once ruled the roast.

Among other ancient landmarks on this now little-used highway is one of dark and tragic import. Beyond the town of Petersfield, going southward, the road winds up a long steep ridge of chalk formation—the "Southdowns," which have given their name to the celebrated breed of sheep. Near the summit is a crater-like depression, several hundred feet in depth, around whose rim the causeway is carried—a dark and dismal hole, so weird of aspect as to have earned for it the appellation of the "Devil's Punch Bowl." Human agency has further contributed to the appropriateness of the title. By the side of the road, just where it turns around the upper edge of the hollow, is a monolithic monument, recording the tragic fate of a sailor who was there murdered and his dead body flung into the "Bowl." The inscription further states that justice overtook his murderers, who were hanged on the self-same spot, the scene of their crime.

It is a morning in the month of June, the hour a little after day-break. A white fog is over the land

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of South Hampshire — so white that it might be taken for snow. The resemblance is increased by the fact of its being but a layer, so low that the crests of the hills and tree-tops of copses appear as islets in the ocean, with shores well defined, though constantly shifting. For, in truth, it is the effect of a *mirage*, a phenomenon aught but rare in the region of the Southdowns.

The youth who is wending his way up the slope leading to the Devil's Punch Bowl takes no note of this illusion of nature. But he is not unobservant of the fog itself; indeed, he seems pleased at having it around him, as though it afforded concealment from pursuers. Some evidence of this might be gathered from his now and then casting suspicious glances rearward and at intervals stopping to listen. Neither seeing nor hearing anything, however, he continues up the hill in a brisk walk, though apparently weary. That he is tired can be told by his sitting down on a bank by the roadside, as soon as he reaches the summit, evidently to rest himself. What he carries could not be the cause of his fatigue — only a small bundle done up in a silk handkerchief. More likely it comes from his tramp along the hard road, the thick dust over his clothes showing that he has been on it for hours.

Now, high up the ridge, where the fog is but a thin film, the solitary wayfarer can be better observed, and a glance at his face forbids all thought of his being a runaway from justice. Its expression is open, frank, and manly; whatever of fear there is in it certainly can not be due to any consciousness of crime. It is a handsome face, moreover, framed in a profusion of blonde hair, which falls curling past cheeks of ruddy hue. An air of rusticity in the cut of his clothes would bespeak him country bred, probably the son of a farmer. And just that is he, his father being a yeoman-farmer near Godalming, some thirty miles back along the road. Why the youth is so far from home at this early hour, and afoot,—why those uneasy glances over the shoulder, as if he were an escaping convict,—may be gathered from some words of soliloquy half spoken aloud by him, while resting on the banks:

"I hope they wont miss me before breakfast-time. By then I ought to be in Portsmouth, and if I 've the luck to get apprenticed on board a ship, I 'll take precious good care not to show myself on shore till she 's off. But, surely, Father wont think of following this way — not a bit of it. The old wagoner will tell him what I said about going to London, and that 'll throw him off the scent completely."

The smile that accompanied the last words is replaced by a graver look, with a touch of sadness in the tone of his voice as he continues:

"Poor, dear Mother, and Sis Em'ly! It 'll go hard with them for a bit, grieving. But they 'll soon get over it. 'T is n't like I was leaving them never to come back. Besides, wont I write Mother a letter soon as I 'm sure of getting safe off?"

A short interval of silent reflection, and then follow words of a self-justifying nature:

"How could I help it? Father would insist on my being a farmer, though he knows how I hate it. One clod-hopper in the family 's quite enough; and brother Dick 's the man for that. As the song says, 'Let me go ploughing the sea.' Yes, though I should never rise above being a common sailor. Who 's happier than the jolly Jack-tar? He sees the world, any way, which is better than to live all one's life, with head down, delving ditches. But a common sailor — no! Maybe I 'll come home, in three or four years, with gold buttons on my jacket and a glittering band around the rim of my cap. Ay, and with pockets full of gold coin! Who knows? Then wont Mother be proud of me, and little Em, too?"

By this time, the uprisen sun has dispelled the last lingering threads of mist, and Henry Chester (such is the youth's name) perceives, for the first time, that he has been sitting beside a tall column of stone. As the memorial tablet is right before his eyes, and he reads the inscription on it, again comes a shadow over his countenance. May not the fate of that unfortunate sailor be a forecast of his own? Why should it be revealed to him just then? Is it a warning of what is before him, with reproach for his treachery to those left behind? Probably, at that very moment, an angry father, a mother and sister in tears, all on his account!

For a time he stands hesitating, in his mind a conflict of emotions — a struggle between filial affection and selfish desire. Thus wavering, a word would decide him to turn back for Godalming and home. But there is no one to speak that word, while the next wave of thought surging upward brings vividly before him the sea with all its wonders — a vision too bright, too fascinating, to be resisted by a boy, especially one brought up on a farm. So he no longer hesitates, but, picking up his bundle, strides on toward Portsmouth.

A few hundred paces farther up, and he is on the summit of the ridge, there to behold the belt of low-lying Hampshire coastland, and beyond it the sea itself, like a sheet of blue glass, spreading out till met by the lighter blue of the sky. It is his first look upon the ocean, but not the last; it can surely now claim him for its own.

Soon after, an incident occurs to strengthen him in the resolve he has taken. At the southern base of the "Downs," lying alongside the road, is the park and mansion of Horndean. Passing its lodge

gate, he has the curiosity to ask who is the owner of such a grand place, and gets for answer, "Admiral Sir Charles Napier." *

"Might not *I* some day be an admiral?" self-interrogates Henry Chester, the thought sending lightness to his heart and quickening his steps in the direction of Portsmouth.

CHAPTER II.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

THE clocks of Portsmouth are striking nine as the yeoman farmer's son enters the suburbs of the famous sea-port. He lingers not there, but presses on to where he may find the ships—"by the Hard, Portsea," as he learns on inquiry. Presently, a long street opens before him, at whose farther end he descries a forest of masts, with their net-work of spars and rigging, like the web of a gigantic spider. Ship he has never seen before, save in pictures or miniature models; but either were enough for their identification, and the youth knows he is now looking with waking eyes at what has so often appeared to him in dreams.

Hastening on, he sees scores of vessels lying at anchor off the Hard, their boats coming and going. But they are men-of-war, he is told, and not the sort for him. Notwithstanding his ambitious hope of one day becoming a naval hero, he does not quite relish the idea of being a common sailor — at least, on a man-of-war. It were too like enlisting in the army to serve as a private soldier — a thing not to be thought of by the son of a yeoman-farmer. Besides, he has heard of harsh discipline on war vessels, and that the navy tar, when in a foreign port, is permitted to see little more of the country than may be viewed over the rail or from the rigging of his ship. A merchantman is the craft he inclines to, at least to make a beginning with, especially one that trades from port to port, visiting many lands; for, in truth, his leaning toward a sea-life has much to do with a desire to see the world and its wonders. Above all, would a whaler be to his fancy, as among the most interesting books of his reading have been some that described the chase of "Leviathan," and he longs to take a part in it. But Portsmouth is not the place for whaling vessels, not one such being there.

For the merchantmen he is directed to their special harbor; and proceeding thither, he finds several lying alongside the wharves, some taking in cargo, some discharging it, with two or three fully freighted and ready to set sail. These last claim his attention first, and, screwing up courage, he boards one, and asks if he may speak with her captain.

The captain being pointed out to him, he modestly and somewhat timidly makes known his wishes. But he meets only with an off-hand denial, couched in words of scant courtesy.

Disconcerted, though not at all discouraged, he tries another ship; but with no better success. Then another, and another, with like result, until he has boarded nearly every vessel in the harbor having a gang-plank out. Some of the skippers receive him even rudely, and one almost brutally, saying: "We don't want land-lubbers on this craft. So cut ashore — quick!"

Henry Chester's hopes, high-tide at noon, ere night are down to lowest ebb; and greatly humiliated, he almost wishes himself back on the old farmstead by Godalming. He is even again considering whether it would not be better to give it up and go back, when his eyes chance to stray to a flag on whose corner is a cluster of stars on a blue ground, with a field of red and white bands alternating. It droops over the taffrail of a bark of some six hundred tons burden, and below it on her stern is lettered "The Calypso." During his perambulations to and fro, he has more than once passed this vessel; but, the ensign not being English, he did not think of boarding her. Refused by so many skippers of his own country, what chance would there be for him with one of a foreign vessel? None whatever, reasoned he. But now, more intelligently reflecting, he bethinks him that the bark, after all, is not so much a foreigner, a passer-by having told him she is American,—or "Yankee," as it was put,—and the flag she displays is the famed "Star-Spangled Banner."

"Well," mutters the runaway to himself, "I 'll make one more try. If this one, too, refuses me, things will be no worse; and then — then — home, I suppose."

Saying which, he walks resolutely up the sloping plank and steps on board the bark, to repeat there the question he has already asked that day for the twentieth time — "Can I speak with the captain?"

"I guess not," answers he to whom it is addressed, a slim youth who stands leaning against the capstan. "Leastways, not now, 'cause he 's not on board. What might you be wantin', mister? Maybe I can fix it for you."

Though the words are encouraging and the tone

* The Sir Charles Napier known to history as the "hero of St. Jean d'Acre," but better known to sailors in the British navy as "Old Sharpen Your Cutlasses!" This quaint soubriquet he obtained from an order issued by him when he commanded a fleet in the Baltic, anticipating an engagement with the Russians.

kindly, Henry Chester has little hopes that he can, the speaker being but a boy himself. Still, he speaks in a tone of authority, and though in sailor garb, it is not that of a common deck-hand. He is in his shirt-sleeves, the day being warm, but the shirt is of fine linen, ruffled at the breast, and gold-studded, while a costly Panama hat shades his somewhat sallow face from the sun. Besides, he is on the quarter-deck, seeming at home there.

Noting these details, the applicant takes heart to tell again his oft-told tale, and await the rejoinder.

"Well," responds the young American, "I 'm sorry I can't give you an answer about that, the Cap'n, as I told you, not being aboard. He 's gone ashore on some Custom-house business. But, if you like, you can come again and see him."

"I would like it much; when might I come?"

"Well, he might be back any minute. Still, it 's uncertain, and you 'd better make it to-morrow morning; you 'll be sure to find him on board up till noon, anyhow."

Though country born and bred, Henry Chester was too well-mannered to prolong the interview, especially after receiving such courteous treatment, the first shown him that day. So, bowing thanks, as well as speaking them, he returns to the wharf. But, still under the influence of gratitude, he glances back over the bark's counter, to see on her quarter-deck what intensifies his desire to become one of her crew. A fair vision it is — a slip of a girl, sweet-faced and of graceful form, who has just come out of the cabin, and joined the youth by the capstan, to all appearance asking some question about Chester himself, as her eyes are turned shoreward after him. At the same time, a middle-aged, lady-like woman shows herself at the head of the companion-stair and seems interested in him also.

"The woman must be the captain's wife and the girl his daughter," surmises the English youth, and correctly. "But I never knew that ladies lived on board ships, as they seem to be doing. An American fashion, I suppose. How different from all the other vessels I 've visited. Come back to-morrow morning? No, not a bit of it! I 'll hang about here, and wait the captain's return. That will I, if it be till midnight."

So resolving, he looks around for a place where he may rest himself. After his thirty miles' trudge along the king's highway, with quite ten more back and forth on the wharves, to say naught of the many ships boarded, he needs rest badly. A pile of timber here, with some loose planks alongside it, offers the thing he is in search of; and on the latter he seats himself, leaning his back against the boards in such a position as to be screened from the sight of those on the bark, while himself having a view of the approaches to her gang-plank.

For a time he keeps intently on the watch, wondering what sort of man the "Calypso's" captain may be, and whether he will recognize him amidst the moving throng. Not likely, since most of those passing by are men of the sea, as their garb betokens. There are sailors in blue jackets and trousers that are tight at the hip and loose around the ankles, with straw-plaited or glazed hats, bright-ribboned, and set far back on the head; other seamen in heavy pilot-cloth coats and sou'-westers; still others wearing Guernsey frocks and worsted caps, with long points drooping down over their ears. Now, a staid naval officer passes along in gold-laced uniform, and sword slung in black leathern belt; now, a party of rollicking midshipmen, full of romp and mischief.

Not all who pass him are English; there are men loosely robed, and wearing turbans, whom he takes to be Turks, or Egyptians, which they are; others, also of Oriental aspect, in red caps, with blue silk tassels — the fez. In short, he sees sailors of all nations and colors, from the blonde-complexioned Swede and Norwegian to the almost jet-black negro from Africa.

But while endeavoring to guess the different nationalities, a group at length presents itself which puzzles him. It is composed of three individuals — a man, boy, and girl; their respective ages being about twenty-five, fifteen, and ten. The oldest (the man) is not much above five feet in height, the other two short in proportion. All three, however, are stout-bodied, broad-shouldered, and with heads of goodly size; the short, slender legs alone giving them a squat, diminutive look. Their complexion is that of old mahogany; hair straight as needles, coarse as bristles, and crow-black; eyes of jet, obliqued to the line of the nose, this thin at the bridge, and depressed, while widely dilated at the nostrils; low foreheads and retreating chins — such are the features of this singular trio. The man's face is somewhat forbidding, the boy's less so, while the countenance of the girl has a pleasing expression, or at least a picturesqueness such as is commonly associated with gypsies. What chiefly attracts Henry Chester to them, however, while still further perplexing him as to their nationality, is that all three are attired in the ordinary way as other well-dressed people in the streets of Portsmouth. The man and boy wear broadcloth coats, tall "chimney-pot" hats, and polished boots; white linen shirts, too, with standing collars, and silk neck-ties: the boy somewhat foppishly twirling a light cane he carries in his kid-gloved hand. The girl is dressed neatly and becomingly in a gown of

cotton print, with a bright-colored scarf over her shoulders, and a bonnet on her head, her only adornment being a necklace of imitation pearls and a ring or two on her fingers.

Henry Chester might not have taken such particular notice of them but that, when opposite him, they came to a stand, though not on his account. What halts them is the sight of the starred and striped flag on the "Calypso," which is evidently nothing new to them, however rare a visitor in the harbor of Portsmouth. A circumstance that further surprises Henry is to hear them converse about it in his own tongue.

"Look, Ocushlu!" exclaims the man, addressing the girl. "That the same flag we often see in our own country on real fisher ship."

"Indeed so—just same. You see, Orundelico?"

"Oh, yes," responds the boy, with a careless toss of head and wave of the cane, as much as to say, "What matters it?"

"'Merican ship," further observes the man. "They speak Inglis, same as people here."

"Yes, Eleparu," rejoins the boy. "That true; but they different from Inglismen—not always friends; sometimes they enemies and fight. Sailors tell me that when we were in the big war-ship."

"Well, it no business of ours," returns Eleparu. "Come 'long!" Saying which, he leads off, the others following; all three at intervals uttering ejaculations of delighted wonder, as objects novel and unknown come before their eyes.

Equally wonders the English youth as to who and what they may be. Such queer specimens of humanity! But not long does he ponder upon it. Up all the night preceding and through all that day, with his mind constantly on the rack, his tired frame at length succumbs, and he falls asleep.

CHAPTER III.

PORTSMOUTH MUD-LARKS.

THE Hampshire youth sleeps soundly, dreaming of a ship manned by women, with a pretty, child-like girl among the crew. But he seems scarcely to have closed his eyes before he is awakened by a clamor of voices, scolding and laughing in jarring contrast. Rubbing his eyes and looking about him, he sees the cause of the strange disturbance, which proceeds from some ragged boys, of the class commonly termed "wharf-rats" or "mud-larks." Nearly a dozen are gathered together, and it is they who laugh; the angry voices come from others, around whom they have formed a ring and whom they are "badgering."

Springing upon his feet, he hurries toward the scene of contention, or whatever it may be; not from curiosity, but impelled by a more generous motive—a suspicion that there is foul play going on. For among the mud-larks he recognizes one who, early in the day, offered insult to himself, calling him a "country yokel." Having other fish to fry, he did not at the time resent it, but now—now he will see.

Arriving at the spot, he sees, what he has already dimly suspected, that the mud-larks' victims are the three odd individuals who lately stopped in front of him. But it is not they who are most angry; instead, they are giving the "rats" change in kind, returning their "chaff," and even getting the better of them, so much so that some of their would-be tormentors have quite lost their tempers. One is already furious—a big, hulking fellow, their leader and instigator, and the same who had cried "country yokel." As it chances, he is afflicted with an impediment of speech, in fact, stutters badly, making all sorts of twitching grimaces in the endeavor to speak correctly. Taking advantage of this, the boy Orundelico—"blackamoor," as he is being called—has so turned the tables on him by successful mimicry of his speech as to elicit loud laughter from a party of sailors loitering near. This brings on a climax, the incensed bully, finally losing all restraint of himself, making a dash at his diminutive mocker, and felling him to the pavement with a vindictive blow.

"Tit-it-it-take that, ye ugly mim-m-monkey!" is its accompaniment in speech as spiteful as defective.

The girl sends up a shriek, crying out:

"Oh, Eleparu! Orundelico killed! He dead!"

"No, not dead!" answers the boy, instantly on his feet again like a rebounding ball, and apparently but little injured. "He take me foul. Let him try once more. Come on, big brute!"

And the pigmy places himself in a defiant attitude, fronting an adversary nearly twice his own size.

"Stan' side!" shouts Eleparu, interposing. "Let me go at him!"

"Neither of you!" puts in a new and resolute voice, that of Henry Chester, who, pushing both aside, stands face to face with the aggressor, fists hard shut, and eyes flashing anger. "Now, you ruffian," he adds, "I 'm your man."

"Wh-wh-who are yi-yi-you? an' wh-wh-what 's it your bi-bib-business?"

"No matter who I am; but it 's my business to make you repent that cowardly blow. Come on and get your punishment!" And he advances toward the stammerer, who has shrunk back.

This unlooked-for interference puts an end to the fun-making of the mud-larks, all of whom are now highly incensed. For in their new adversary

they recognize a lad of country raising,—not a town boy,—which of itself challenges their antagonistic instincts. On these they are about to act, one crying out: "Let 's pitch into the yokel and gie him a good trouncin'!"—a second adding: "Hang his impcrence!"—while a third counsels teaching him "Portsmouth manners."

Such a lesson he seems likely to receive, and it would probably have fared hardly with our young hero but for the sudden appearance on the scene of another figure—a young fellow in shirt-sleeves and wearing a Panama hat—he of the "Calypso."

"Thunder and lightning!" he exclaimed, coming on with a rush. "What 's the rumpus about? Ha! A fisticuff fight, with odds—five to one! Well, Ned Gancy aint going to stand by an' look on at that; he pitches in with the minority."

And so saying, the young American placed himself in a pugilistic attitude by the side of Henry Chester.

This accession of strength to the assailed party put a different face on the matter, the assailants evidently being cowed, despite their superiority of numbers. They know their newest adversary to be an American, and at sight of the two intrepid-looking youths standing side by side, with the angry faces of Eleparu and Orundelico in the background, they become sullenly silent, most of them evidently inclined to steal away from the ground.

The affair seemed likely thus to end, when, to the surprise of all, Eleparu, hitherto held back by the girl, suddenly released himself and bounded forward, with hands and arms wide open. In another instant he had grasped the big bully in a tiger-like embrace, lifted him off his feet, and dashed him down upon the flags with a violence that threatened the breaking of every bone in his body. Nor did his implacable little adversary, who seemed possessed of a giant's strength, appear satisfied with this, for he afterward sprang on top of him, with a paving-stone in his uplifted hands.

The affair might have terminated tragically had not the uplifted hand been caught by Henry Chester. While he was still holding it, a man came up, who brought the conflict to an abrupt close by seizing Eleparu's collar, and dragging him off his prostrate foe.

"Ho! what 's this?" demands the new-comer, in a loud, authoritative voice. "Why, York! Jemmy! Fuegia! what are you all doing here? You should have staid on board the steam-ship, as I told you to do. Go back to her at once."

By this time the mud-larks have scuttled off, the big one, who had recovered his feet, making after them, and all speedily disappearing. The three gypsy-looking creatures go, too, leaving their protectors, Henry Chester and Ned Gancy, to explain things to him who has caused the stampede. He is an officer in uniform, wearing insignia which proclaim him a captain in the royal navy. And as he already more than half comprehends the situation, a few words suffice to make it all clear to him; when, thanking the two youths for their generous and courageous interference in behalf of his *protégés*,—as he styles the odd trio whose part they had taken,—he bows a courteous farewell, and continues his interrupted walk along the wharves.

"Guess you did n't get much sleep," observes the young American, with a knowing smile, to Henry Chester.

"Who told you I was asleep?" replies the latter in some surprise.

"Who? Nobody."

"How came you to know it, then?"

"How? Was n't I up in the main-top, and did n't I see everything you did? And you behaved particularly well, I must say. But come! Let 's aboard. The captain has come back. He 's my father, and maybe we can find a berth for you on the 'Calypso.' Come along!"

That night, Henry Chester eats supper at the "Calypso's" cabin table, by invitation of the captain's son, sleeps on board, and, better still, has his name entered on her books as an apprentice. And he finds her just the sort of craft he was desirous to go to sea in—a general trader, bound for the Oriental Archipelago and the isles of the Pacific Ocean. To crown all, she has completed her cargo, and is ready to put to sea.

Sail she does, early the next day, barely leaving him time to keep that promise, made by the Devil's Punch Bowl, of writing to his mother.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF THE "FURIES."

A SHIP tempest-tossed, laboring amid the surges of an angry sea; her crew on the alert, doing their utmost to keep her off a lee-shore. And such a shore! None more dangerous on all ocean's edge; for it is the west coast of Terra del Fuego, abreast the Fury Isles and that long belt of seething breakers known to mariners as the "Milky Way," the same of which the great naturalist, Darwin, has said: "One sight of such a coast is enough to make a landsman dream for a week about shipwreck, peril, and death."

There is no landsman in the ship now exposed to its dangers. All on board are familiar with the sea—have spent years upon it. Yet is there fear in their hearts, and pallor on their cheeks, as their eyes turn to that belt of white, frothy

water between them and the land, trending north and south beyond the range of vision.

Technically speaking, the endangered vessel is not a ship, but a bark, as betokened by the fore-and-aft rig of her mizzen-mast. Nor is she of large dimensions; only some six or seven hundred tons. But the reader knows this already, or will, after learning her name. As her stern swings up on the billow, there can be read upon it "The Calypso"; and she is that "Calypso" in which Henry Chester sailed out of Portsmouth harbor to make his first acquaintance with a sea life.

Though nearly four years have elapsed since then, he is still on board of her. There stands he by the binnacle — no more a boy, but a young man, and in a garb that bespeaks him of the quarter-deck, — not the fore-peak, — for he is now the "Calypso's" third officer. And her second is not far off; he is the generous youth who was the means of getting him the berth. Also grown to manhood, he, too, is aft, lending a hand at the helm — the strength of one man being insufficient to keep it steady in that heavily rolling sea. On the poop-deck is Captain Gancy himself, consulting a small chart, and filled with anxiety as, at intervals looking toward the companion-way, he there sees his wife and daughter holding on by the man-ropes. For he knows his vessel to be in danger, and his dear ones as well.

A glance at the bark reveals that she has been on a long voyage. Her paint is faded, her sails patched, and there is rust along the chains and around the hawse-holes. She might be mistaken for a whaler coming off a four years' cruise. And nearly that length of time has she been cruising, but not after whales. Her cargo, a full one, consists of sandal-wood, spices, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and real pearls also — in short, a miscellaneous assortment of the commodities obtained by traffic in the islands and around the coasts of the great South Sea.

Her last call has been at Honolulu harbor in the Sandwich Isles, and she is now homeward-bound for New York, around the Horn. A succession of westerly winds, or rather continuation of them, has forced her too far on to the Fuegian coast, too near the Furies; and now tossed about on a billowy sea, with the breakers of the Milky Way in sight to leeward, no wonder that her crew are apprehensive for their safety.

Still, perilous as is their situation, they might not so much regard it were the "Calypso" sound and in sailing trim. Unfortunately, she is far from this, having a damaged rudder, and with both courses torn to shreds. She is lying-to under storm forestay-sail and close-reefed try-sails, wearing at intervals, whenever it can be done with advantage, to keep her away from those "white horses" a-lee. But even under the diminished spread of canvas the bark is distressed beyond what she can bear, and Captain Gancy is about to order a further reduction of canvas, when, looking westward, — in which direction he has been all along anxiously on the watch, — he sees what sends a shiver through his frame: three huge rollers, whose height and steepness tell him the "Calypso" is about to be tried to the very utmost of her strength. Good sea-boat though he knows her to be, he knows also that a crisis is near. There is but time for him to utter a warning shout, ere the first roller comes surging upon them. By a lucky chance the bark, having good steerage-way, meets and rises over it unharmed. But her way being now checked, the second roller deadens it completely, and she is thrown off the wind. The third, then taking her right abeam, she careens over so far that the whole of her lee bulwark, from cat-head to stern-davit, is ducked under water.

It is a moment of doubt, with fear appalling — almost despair. Struck by another sea, she would surely go under. But, luckily, the third is the last of the series, and she rights herself, rolling back again like an empty cask. Then, as a steed shaking his mane after a shower, she throws the briny water off, through hawse-holes and scuppers, till her decks are clear again.

A cry of relief ascends from the crew, instinctive and simultaneous. Nor does the loss of her lee-quarter boat, dipped under and torn from the davits, hinder them from adding a triumphant hurrah, the skipper himself waving his wet tarpaulin and crying aloud:

"Well done, old 'Calypso!' Boys! we may thank our stars for being on board such a seaworthy craft!"

Alas! both the feeling of triumph and security are short-lived, ending almost on the instant. Scarce has the joyous hurrah ceased reverberating along her decks, when a voice is heard calling out, in a tone very different:

"The ship 's sprung a leak! And a big one, too! The water 's coming into her like a sluice!"

There is a rush for the fore hatch-way, whence the words of alarm proceed, the main one being battened down and covered with tarpaulin. Then a hurried descent to the "'tween decks" and an anxious peering into the hold below. True — too true! It is already half-full of water, which seems mounting higher, and by inches to the minute! So fancy the more frightened ones.

"Though bad enuf, taint altogether so bad 's that," pronounced Leugriff, the carpenter, after a brief inspection. "There 's a hole in the bottom for sartin'; but mebbe we kin beat it by pumpin'."

Thus encouraged, the captain bounds back on deck, calling out: "All hands to the pumps!"

There is no need to say that; all take hold and work them with a will: it is as if every one were working for his own life.

A struggle succeeds, triangular and unequal, being as two to one. For the storm still rages, needing helm and sails to be looked after; while the inflow must be kept under in the hold. A terrible conflict it is, between man's strength and the elements; but short, and alas! to end in the defeat of the former. The "Calypso" is water-logged, will no longer obey her helm, and must surely sink.

At length convinced of this, Captain Gancy calls out: "Boys, it 's no use trying to keep her afloat. Drop the pumps, and let us take to the boats."

But taking to the boats is neither an easy nor hopeful alternative, seeming little better than that of a drowning man catching at straws. Still, though desperate, it is their only chance; and with not a moment to be wasted in irresolution. But the "Calypso's" crew is a well-disciplined one; every hand on board having served in her for years. The only two boats left them — the gig and pinnace — are therefore let down to the water, without damage to either, and, by like dexterous management, everybody got safely into them. It is a quick embarkation, however, so hurried, indeed, that few effects can be taken along — only those that chance to be readiest to hand. Another moment's delay might have cost them their lives; for scarce have they taken their seats and pushed the boats clear of the ship's channels, when, another sea striking her, she goes down head foremost like a lump of lead, carrying masts, spars, torn sails, and rigging — everything — along with her.

Captain Gancy groans at the sight. "My fine bark gone to the bottom of the sea; cargo and all — the gatherings of years! Hard, cruel luck!"

Mingling with his words of sorrow are cries that seem cruel, too — the screams of sea-birds, gannets, gulls, and the wide-winged albatross, that have been long hovering above the "Calypso," as if knowing her to be doomed, and hoping to find a feast among the floating remnants of the wreck.

(To be continued.)

LONG before our readers can see this first installment of Captain Mayne Reid's story, they will have heard, through the newspapers, the announcement that comes to us just as this Christmas number is going to press. "Captain Mayne Reid," the cable dispatch of October 22d states, "died at his residence in London, last evening, after a short illness."

Little did we think, when, early in October, ST. NICHOLAS received a message from Captain Reid to the boys and girls of America, that it would be conveyed to them with so unwelcome an introduction. But the affectionate words of greeting, thus unexpectedly turned into a last good-bye, will be not the less appreciated now that the chivalrous heart that prompted them beats no more.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I have heard,"—wrote Captain Reid in his letter of September 22d, received too late to be inserted in Mr. Trowbridge's paper in the November ST. NICHOLAS,—"I have heard that you intend honoring me by a biographical sketch—and, furthermore, that I am to receive this honor at the hands of one of America's most celebrated, and justly celebrated, writers, Mr. Trowbridge. Will you kindly notify this gentleman that the only thing about myself I specially care to have recorded is my great love and reverence for the American people and, above all, for the American youth, whom I regard with an affection warm and strong, almost as a man would feel for his own children? I am told it is reciprocated; and this knowledge is much—I should say *full*—compensation for a life of toil which has been otherwise ill-rewarded.

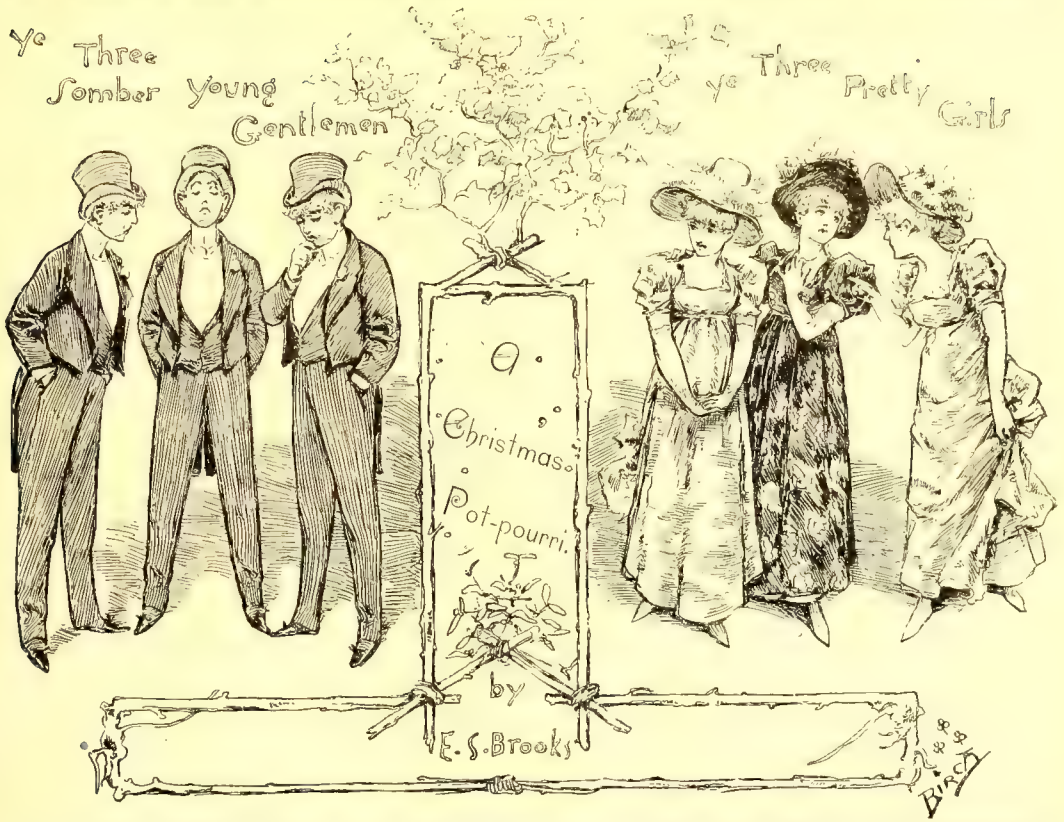
"Therefore, I trust Mr. Trowbridge will tell my youthful *clientèle* of America how much they are in my heart; and, moreover, how much I long to instruct them in a higher way than I have hitherto done by my carelessly written romances. I am now seeking such opportunity; and, if life be spared me long enough to find it, I promise it shall be taken advantage of."

"At Crystmasse wel mery may ye davnce"



Come bring with a noise, my merry merry boys
The Christmas log to the firing
While the good dame, she, bids ye all be free
And dance to yovr heart's desiring

"WELCOME, YULE!" (SEE PAGE 172.)



[This Christmas *pot-pourri* of the joyous holiday, past and present, of Christmas carols and of popular airs, seeks to enter a protest against the denial of Santa Claus, and to show the eternal freshness of the story "ever old, yet ever new." The music to accompany the airs, as indicated, is popular and familiar, and the singing of the "Carols," if given without instrumental accompaniment, may be made very effective. The piece is intended to precede the stripping of the Christmas-tree.]

CHARACTERS.

NED, FRED, TED, } The Three Somber Young Gentlemen.
MOLLY, DOLLY, POLLY, } The Three Pretty Girls.
SANTA CLAUS, "The same old two-and-sixpence."
THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.
THE WAITS.
THE SENESCHAL, THE JESTER, THE BOYS WITH THE BOAR'S HEAD AND THE CANDLE; THE GIRL WITH THE CHRISTMAS PIE; THE BOYS WITH THE YULE LOG.
THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.
THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

COSTUMES.

THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN should be boys of from fourteen to sixteen, in prim black suits ("swallow-tails," if possible, and high hats). THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS — girls of twelve to fourteen, in pretty æsthetic or French Directory costumes. THE WAITS — eight good singers, girls and boys, in ancient costumes, time of 1700; bell-crowned hats, poke bonnets, long coats and cloaks, and mufflers. THE SENESCHAL — boy of fourteen; long violet robe, short clothes, velvet bonnet, gray wig and beard, long staff, keys and chain. THE JESTER — boy of ten to twelve; court-jester's suit. THE BOYS WITH THE BOAR'S HEAD AND THE CANDLE — old-time court suits. THE GIRL WITH THE CHRISTMAS PIE — "Dolly Varden" suit of 1780. THE BOYS WITH THE YULE LOG — yeoman's dress of sixteenth century. THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT — brilliant Oriental costumes. THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL — conventional fairy's dress — wings, wand, and spangles. SANTA CLAUS — the "Simon Pure" article, "all in furs, from his head to his foot." THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN — in modern street or Christmas-party dress.

THE POT-POURRI.

[A winter scene. Stage spread with white, to represent snow. At rear, a painted curtain, or shifting scene, readily prepared, representing the front of an old-fashioned house, with wide latticed window above. This scene should be movable, as it must conceal the Christmas-tree, which is to be disclosed in the *finale*. Cut-paper falling, to represent snow, will add a pretty effect. As the curtain rises, THE WAITS, standing beneath the window, sing Miss Muloch's version of the Christmas carol, beginning —

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay," etc.

At close of carol, the window slowly opens and discloses THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who say, or sing, dismally] —

Who calls us merry gentlemen,
And says let naught dismay?
For what care we for Christmas-tree,
And what for Christmas Day?
Though hearts are bold, yet hopes are cold,
And gloom has come to stay;
No joy we see in Christmas-tree,
And none in Christmas Day!

THE WAITS [*sing, as before, the Christmas carol beginning*] — "Carol, brothers, carol, carol joyfully," etc. *After the song, they look at the* THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN, *and lift their hands in pity.*

FIRST WAIT.

Why, what is the matter, young gentlemen three?
Now tell us — oh, tell us, we pray.

SECOND WAIT. And why are you sad?
THIRD WAIT. When you ought to be glad—
FOURTH WAIT. On this blessed and bright Christmas Day?
FIFTH WAIT. When the world 's all aglow,
Why be moping here so?
SIXTH WAIT. Oh, why are n't you jolly as we?
SEVENTH WAIT. On this glad Christmas Day—
EIGHTH WAIT. When you ought to be gay.
ALL WAITS. Why be grouty, young gentlemen three?

[THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN lean gloomily out of the window to emphasize their remarks, and say] —

NED. We 're just out of college, and bubbling with knowledge;
There 's nothing on earth we don't know.
Hebrew—
FRED. Sanskrit—
TED. And Greek—
NED. We can each of us speak,
And the reason for everything show!
FRED. But we' ve grown, oh, so gray
Since that dolefulest day
When science our fondest dream twisted
By that grim Q.
TED. E.
NED. D.*
FRED. Which has proved to us three
That Santa Claus never existed!
TED. So we mope and we moan,
And we grumble and groan;
And we wonder so how you can play.
And we sigh—O
NED. Heigh—
FRED. O—!
TED. And we 're puzzled to know,
What *is* there to see in the Day?

THE WAITS [*sing, as before, the nursery carol*].
"I saw three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning," etc.

[Words in "Baby's Opera," and as they sing, THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS come dancing in and curtsy prettily to THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN in the latticed window.]

THE WAITS.
Oh, just please to tell us, young gentlemen three,
As your eyes o'er this picture must stray,
Are n't three pretty girls, with their curtsies and curls,
Quite enough, sirs, to see in the Day?

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN seem surprised.]

NED. There 's some mystery here;
FRED. Or an error, 't is clear.
TED. 'T is not *my* wedding-day, I 'll agree!
NED. Nor yet mine, sir!
FRED. Nor mine!
ALL THREE [*gallantly*].
But we 'll cease to repine,
If you 'll stay here, O pretty girls three!

[THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS curtsy again, and say] —

MOLLY. Why, of course, sirs, we 'll stay;
DOLLY. For we 've come here to say—
POLLY. O you somber Young Gentlemen three!
MOLLY. Though you 're stuffed full of knowledge—
DOLLY. From cramming in college—
POLLY. Yet, you 're stupid as stupid can be!
THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN [*greatly surprised*].
What—stupid?
THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS [*emphatically*].
Yes—stupid!
THE WAITS [*decidedly*]. As stupid as stupid can be!
MOLLY. For, if you can't tell,
DOLLY. Though with science you swell,
POLLY. Why Christmas Day comes with its glee—
MOLLY. Then the children will say,
As they all troop this way,
DOLLY and POLLY.
Why—you 're stupid as stupid can be!
THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. What—stupid?
THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS. Yes—stupid!
THE WAITS. As stupid as stupid can be!
NED [*to* FRED *and* TED, *looking decidedly dazed*].
Can this really be so?
FRED. Oh, it can't be, you know!
TED. College graduates stupid? Heyday!

[Music and hurrahs heard outside.]

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.
Hallo! What 's that noise?
THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS.
'T is the girls and the boys keeping step to their bright *reveille*!

[The "Children's Reveille" sounds without, and the CHORUS OF CHILDREN march in and around, keeping time to their chorus. These words, with numerous repetitions and a plentiful sprinkling of "Hail" and "Hurrah," can be sung to the well-known, "Turkish Reveille," or "Turkish Patrol," by Michaelis.]

Hail to the Day we welcome here—to Christmas Day, hurrah!
Hail to the jolly saint so dear—to Santa Claus, hurrah!

[THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, with WAITS at left, face the CHORUS OF CHILDREN massed at right.]

MOLLY. You are greatly mistaken—no saint greets you here,
Just three somber young gentlemen—dismal and drear.
DOLLY.
Three somber young gentlemen, just out of college,
And from eyelid to instep stuffed "cram-full" of knowledge.
POLLY.
Christmas Day is a fable—these wise ones declare—
And Old Santa Claus! He 's a—delusion and snare!
ALL THREE.
They say you 're all wrong with your gladness and glee——
CHILDREN [*interrupting excitedly*].
They do? Then—they 're stupid as stupid can be!
THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. What—stupid?
CHILDREN [*vociferously*].
Yes—stupid as stupid can be!

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN shake their heads in woful warning and sing together their warning verses. Air, "The Magnet and the Churn," from *Patience*.]

This Santa Claus is a fable old,
By unwise parents unwisely told;
His reindeer and stockings and Christmas-tree
Deceive the children most wofully.
For all the text-books we 've used at school
Say a fact is a fact and a fool 's a fool!

* Q. E. D.—A term in Geometry, which, as every high-school scholar knows, stands for a Latin phrase signifying: There, now I've proved it!

Then *down* with this Santa Claus they laud;
He 's an utter farce and a perfect fraud!

CHILDREN. A perfect fraud?

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.
A perfect fraud!
This hypothetic, peripatetic
Person who walks abroad
On Christmas Day, we grieve to say,
Is really a monstrous fraud!

ALL THE GIRLS. Do you 'spose this is so?

ALL THE BOYS. Why, it can't be, you know!

ALL THE GIRLS. 'T is too awfully awful—boo-hoo!
[*Drying their tears.*]
But suppose it should be?

ALL THE BOYS. Then we 're all "up a tree."

ALL THE CHILDREN. With no Santa Claus, what can we do?

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN, equally moved by the children's grief, wring out their handkerchiefs and say] —

ALL THREE. Why—

NED. In science—

FRED. Place reliance—

TED. And give fiction hot defiance.

ALL. Though your fathers and your mothers all agree
That there is a Santa Claus—

NED. Don't believe them—

FRED. Don't—

TED. Because—

ALL. You must never trust a thing you can not see!

[THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, facing the window indignantly, shake their fingers at THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.]

MOLLY. Do you only believe what you only can see,
Oh, you somber but stupid young gentlemen three?

DOLLY. Why, you might as well say there 's no man in the moon!

POLLY. Or deny that the dish ran away with the spoon!

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Well, we do!

THE CHILDREN. What? You do?

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS.
But, whatever 's the use?
Do you think you know better than old Mother Goose?

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. She 's a myth!

CHILDREN. She 's a—*what?*

THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. Why, there is no such woman!

CHILDREN [*plaintively*]. Now, there 's no Mother Goose!

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS. This is simply inhuman.

[THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN, grouping dolefully and dejectedly on the stage,—some standing, some reclining, so as to make an attractive tableau,—sing their chorus to the air of "Twenty Love-sick Maidens," from *Patience*. Let THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS stand central in tableau.]

CHORUS. Twenty homesick children we
(This is such a bitter pill),
Every Christmas we shall be
Twenty homesick children still!

THREE PRETTY GIRLS.
Who 'll fill the stockings in the chimney now?
CHORUS—*Ah, miserie!*
If there 's no Santa Claus, in grief we bow.
CHORUS—*Ah, miserie!*
Alas, poor heart! go hide thyself away,
And mourn and mourn the death of Christmas Day.
CHORUS—*Ah, miserie!*

CHORUS. All our love for Santa Claus
Falls quite flat if he is not!
This is of our woe the cause—
Sad and sorry is our lot!
Ah, miserie.

THREE PRETTY GIRLS.
Go, breaking hearts, go, dream of Christmas jolly!
Go, foolish hearts, go, dream of Christmas holly!
Go, hopeless hearts, go, dream of vanished glory;
And, in your dreams, forget this horrid story!
CHORUS—*Ah, miserie!*
Forget this horrid story!

CHORUS. Twenty homesick children we,
And we ne'er can merry be.
Twenty homesick children we
(This is such a bitter pill),
Every Christmas we shall be
Twenty homesick children still!

[Burst of merry music. Enter FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.]

FAIRY.
I come as a light that is breaking,
I come as a gleam in the night,
I come as a dawn that is waking,
I come as the sun's happy light.
For children who mourn upon Christmas
Must, sure, need a fairy like me,
To dispel all the doubt and the darkness
Of these Somber Young Gentlemen three!

[The WAITS and CHILDREN join in the Christmas carol.]

"And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the children for joy shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

FAIRY [*to* THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN *in window*].
Come down here, come down here, ye skeptical band!
O Somber Young Gentlemen three!
Come, watch while I summon, with magical wand,
The old Christmas-time wassail and glee;
For Christmas *did* come, with its mirth and its noise,
Many years, sirs, before you were born,
And has lived in the hearts of the girls and the boys
From the days of the first Christmas morn!

[THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN take their places with the other children at right. FAIRY waves her wand.]

Come forth from the mists of the vanishing years,
O days that the past doth infold,
And let each girl and boy, as the vision appears,
Hear the joys of the Christmas of old!

[Enter, from left, the "Christmases past" led by the Baron's SENESCHAL.]

SENESCHAL [*standing central*].

[Extract from Wither's "Juvenilia"—Time, 1600.]

"Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Eache roome with yoie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke
And Christmas blocks are burning;

Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without ye door let sorrow lie,
And yif, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'le bury 't in a Christmas pye —
And evermore be merry."

[Following SENESCHAL comes a boy with Christmas Candle "very large and long," two boys with the Boar's Head on silver salver — this may be made of paper and trimmed with greens — and the girl with the great Christmas Pie. COURT-JESTER follows behind. Some appropriate music here. Then JESTER comes forward and speaks.]

JESTER [*with great wassail-cup or bowl — time of 1550*].

I 'm the Lord of Misrule, and though known as the Fool,
By my pranks I gain many a tester.
On the glad Christmas Day o'er all I hold my sway.
Then huzzoy for the king — and his jester!

[Lifting wassail-cup.]

Here 's a health to ye all, both in cottage and hall;
On Christmas no sorrows must pester;
Through our wassail and rout, Noel! Noel!* we shout;
And huzzoy for the king — and his jester!

[BOYS WITH BOAR'S HEAD come forward and repeat the old-time Oxford carol, date unknown.]

FIRST BOY. "*Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino!*

SECOND BOY. "The boar's head in hand bring we,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily.

FIRST BOY. "*Qui este in convivio.*

SECOND BOY. "Our steward he hath provided this,
In honor of the King of Bliss;
Which on this Christmas served is,
In Reginensi atrio.

FIRST BOY. "*Caput apri defero, reddens laudes Domino!*

SECOND BOY. "The boar's head," etc.

JESTER [*extract from Herrick's "Christmas" — Time, 1650*].

"Come, bring with a noise, my merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While the good dame she bids ye all be free,
And dance to your heart's desiring."

GIRL WITH CHRISTMAS PIE [*also adapted from Herrick*].

"Christmas Day is here — bring the white loaf near;
And while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince-pie, and the plums stand by
To fill the paste that 's a-kneading" —

[The JESTER repeats his verse as above, "Come, bring with a noise," and enter boys dragging in the "Yule Log." As the JESTER concludes, the WAITS, coming forward, sing the old carol, "Welcome, Yule." Time of Henry VI., 1450.]

"Welcome be thou, Heavenly King,
Welcome born on this morning,
Welcome, for whome we shall sing,
Welcome, Yule!

"Welcome be ye, Candlemas,
Welcome be ye, Queen of Bliss,
Welcome both to more and less,
Welcome, Yule!

"Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all and make good cheer,
Welcome all another year.
Welcome, Yule!"

THE SENESCHAL [*standing central repeats an extract from Wither's "Juvenilia"*].

"Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing our roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller.

"Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat!
And, therefore, let 's be jolly.

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And yf, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'le bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry!"



["Christmases past" draw to one side, right. FAIRY BOUNTIFUL, central, waves her wand and says] —

FAIRY:

This for the Past. Now let the Christmas joys,
That fill the Present, greet the girls and boys.

[Sleigh-bells heard without.]

*An old-time shout of joy at the Christmas-tide.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

[Air, "Lightly Row."]

Hark how clear, sweet and clear,
Christmas sleigh-bells jingle out;
Now in joy, girl and boy,
Ring the welcome shout!
Hail to Santa Claus, whose voice
Bids each youthful heart rejoice;
Children cheer, shout it clear,
Santa Claus is here!

[Enter SANTA CLAUS, with a bound. He comes to the front with lively motion, both hands extended, and sings with spirit.]

[Air, "I 'm called Little Buttercup," from *Pinafore*.]

I 'm called Mr. Santa Claus,—dear Mr. Santa Claus,—
Though I could never say why!
But still I 'm called Santa Claus,—dear Mr. Santa Claus,
Jolly old Santa Claus, I!

I 've toys and I 've trinkets, I 've crankums and crinkets,
I 've presents for good children all;
I 've straps for the bad ones and mops for the sad ones,
I 've something for large and for small.

I 've got a big pack full, with every gimcrack full,
A Christmas-tree here in the hall;
And to all your bright faces, so glowing with graces,
I sing: Merry Christmas to all!

CHORUS [SANTA CLAUS and CHILDREN].

I 'm / He 's called Mr. Santa Claus,
Dear Mr. Santa Claus—
Though I / why we could never tell why; / quite see;
But still I 'm / he 's called Santa Claus,
Dear Mr. Santa Claus, I.
Jolly old Santa Claus, he.

[He joins hands with the children, and they all dance around once, leaving FAIRY BOUNTIFUL and THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN in the middle.]

FAIRY. Well, what do you say now, about Christmas Day now—
O Somber Young Gentlemen three?
Will you strike from the year, sirs, all the fun you see here, sirs,
And the Christmas Day frolics so free?

[THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN bow low to FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.]

NED. O sweet Mistress Fairy,
So winsome and airy—
FRED. No longer all somber are we!
TED. Christmas Day is a pearl, ma'am.

[They spring to the sides of THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, and with a courtly salute each Young Gentleman leads forward a Pretty Girl.]

ALL THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

And with each Pretty Girl, ma'am,
We 're as jolly as jolly can be!

FAIRY. What—jolly?
CHILDREN [*pointing at them*]. Yes—jolly!

[THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN and THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS, in joyful chorus]—

As jolly as jolly can be!

[Here let a large gilt star, previously arranged, appear above the house-top. Enter THE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT. Let them sing the old carol, "We three kings of Orient are," the children all joining in the chorus, turning toward the star. Then let the FAIRY, stepping central, say—from Adelaide A. Proctor's "Christmas Carol"]—

"The Eastern Kings before him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshiped and adored
The wonders God had wrought.

"But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings
Of Glory and of Peace!"

SANTA CLAUS [*stepping forward*].

You who would mar the children's joy,
Their childish trust dispelling,
By casting doubts on Santa Claus
And "facts" forever telling—
Remember this: The Christmas-tree
Is ever green with glory,
And childish love will ever cling
Around the "old, old story."
He who would break must first prepare
Some more inviting face, sirs;
Tell me, I pray, on Christmas Day,
Who 'll take old Santa's place, sirs?
Good-bye—good-day—

[Murmurs among the children. SANTA CLAUS turns quickly, as if he heard a complaint]—

What 's that you say?
CHILDREN. You said, "a Christmas-tree," sir!
SANTA CLAUS [*as if recollecting something*].
Oh, so I did! It must be hid.
We 'll find it, I 'll agree, sir.

[Seizing the FAIRY'S wand and waving it gracefully.]

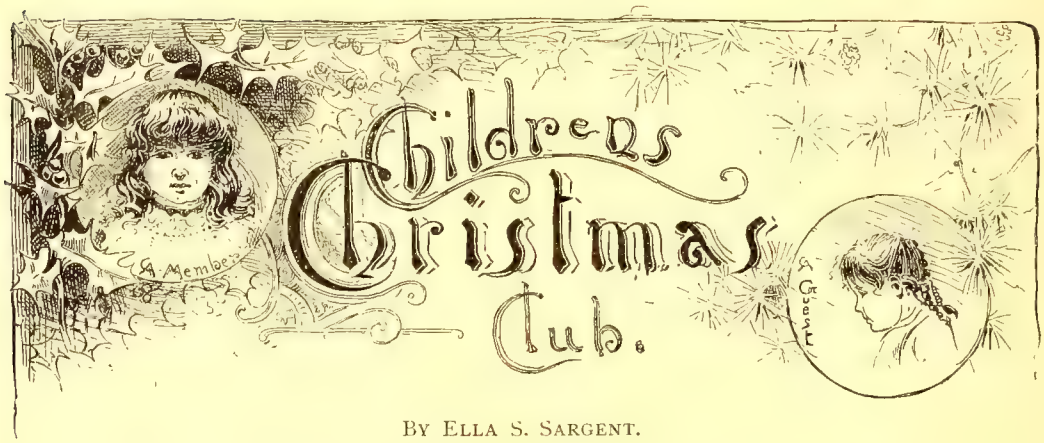
Burst now, O gate—the children wait,
To bear off all they 're able.
Ho, tree, appear! Prove, now and here,
Old Santa Claus no fable!

[The house scene separates or draws off, and discloses the Christmas-tree. Mount the platform of the tree on rollers; and, with light cords attached, the tree can now be moved to its proper place in center of the stage by seemingly invisible and magical means. This has already been done at many Christmas festivals, to the great delight of the children.]

CHILDREN [*delightedly*]. Oh, my! Oh, see!
SANTA CLAUS [*pointing with wand, which he afterward returns with a bow to Fairy*].
There—there 's your tree!
THE THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN [*kneeling to* SANTA CLAUS].
We 're loyal to your cause, sir.
SANTA CLAUS [*slyly*]. Am I a fraud?
THE THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. (Let's go abroad!)
CHILDREN ALL [*vociferously*]. You 're dear old Santa Claus, sir!

[All join hands and dance around SANTA CLAUS and the Christmas-tree, singing the college glee, "For he 's a jolly good fellow."]

DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS FROM THE TREE.



BY ELLA S. SARGENT.

PORTLAND, MAINE, November, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write a letter to every boy and every girl in the world. But if I should write steadily to-day, and to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and the next, and the next, I should be an old lady with dim eyes and trembling fingers before all the children in the United States were written to—and what could I do then about the others?

There are so many children!

I wonder, ST. NICHOLAS dear, if you know how many there are in this beautiful country of ours, and have you ever thought how much work these hundreds of thousands of children could do?

I have, and that is why I want to write them.

Oh! a bright thought has come to me. It tells me what to do about my letters.

"ST. NICHOLAS is your man!" it cries. "He has a printing-press. He can print more letters in one day than you can write in a hundred years. Write one letter to him and ask him to print a hundred thousand like it."

Will you do it, you kind, bright, loving child's friend? Will you say in every one, "Read this letter to your neighbors; call them together,—big girls and little girls, big boys and little boys,—and tell them there is work for them to do"?

If you will, please write in this way:

TO EVERY GIRL AND EVERY BOY IN NORTH AMERICA, SOUTH AMERICA, EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS: Do you know what a "club" is?

I hear your answer echoing back from all the cliffs and hills of our land, and the sea-breeze brings it to me faintly from the countries far away:

"You get a lot of people to belong, and you have a president and rules, and pay so much to join, and vote, and——"

Yes, that is it; you all know what a "club" is.

Now I want to write you about a club—a true club—a very proper and thoroughly organized club, eleven months old; and you may believe every word, for it all happened right here, in Portland, Maine, less than a year ago.

On Sunday, December 10, 1882, a lady sitting in a warm, cozy room, while the wind whistled about the house, rattling the windows, and piling the snow-flakes in deep drifts across the steps and against the fences, was thinking of the houses up on The Hill, and down at Gorham's Corner, and in Salem Lane, which had no steam radiators, no glowing grates, no double windows to keep out these searching winter winds.

She thought, too, of the little children in those houses and, as it was December, of the joyous day coming so soon,—the day for giving gifts all the world over,—and wondered if in those houses little bare feet would spring out of bed, and dance across to the chimneys in the dim dawn of Christmas morning; if numb, blue fingers would eagerly snatch down shabby, faded stockings, and find that St. Nicholas had really been there; if, later on, fathers and mothers, with brothers and sisters, and babies in their high-chairs, "for just this one day," would come gayly around dinner-tables, where plump Christmas turkeys lay at one end, and plum puddings were ready for the other, and huge stacks of oranges, nuts, and apples rose in the middle; and if, in the evening, there would be great mysteries in the parlors, a fragrance of spruce, an exciting rustling of paper parcels, mothers slipping slyly in and out of the doors with

hands hidden behind them, a general scurrying about—and then all eyes dazzled by a hundred twinkling candles caught in the branches of a graceful tree laden with toys.

She wondered if in those houses would go up that wild shout of glee, those ringing hurrahs and the joyous clapping of hands she had so often heard. And as she wondered, she shook her head sadly, saying:

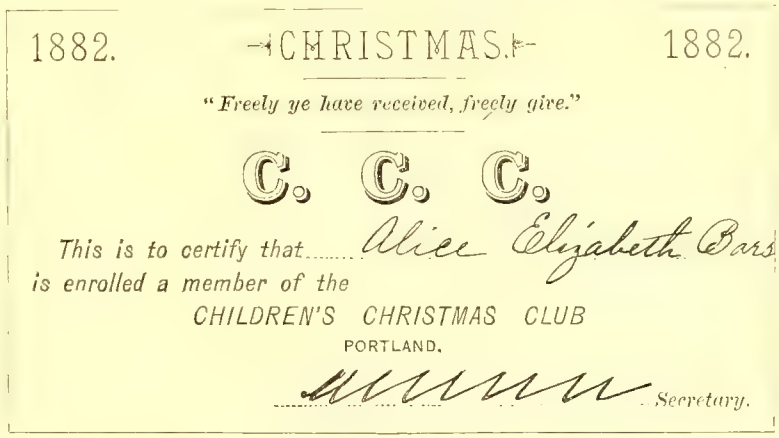
"They have never known these pleasures, they never will, unless—oh! unless somebody remembers them. Why can't something be done? I would work, but one person can do so little alone. I want a hundred helpers—where shall I find them?"

She thought intently for a few moments, and then cried: "I know! The children will do it, the Portland children—those who have happy homes and Christmas-trees, and play-rooms full of toys. They will load a Christmas-tree as one was never loaded before; they will spread a Christmas dinner which can not be eaten in one day; they will do it—the warm-hearted, generous Portland children."

The bells from all the churches were ringing for Sunday-school. That was the time—that was the place to find the children. A number of notes were written, asking two or more girls and boys from every Sunday-school in the city to meet at that house at five o'clock, on the following Thursday afternoon.

Did they come?

Come? They did not know what the call was for, save for a whisper about Christmas work; but they came: came in pairs, in trios, in quartets and quintets—a whole squad from the Butler School; big boys with big hearts, wee tots only four years old from the kindergarten—one hundred children, ready for anything.



CARD OF MEMBERSHIP.

Oh, I wish you could have been there at the forming of that club!

A lady came forward to speak to them, and their voices were hushed in expectation. I can't tell you just what she said, but her words were beautiful. She spoke of *their* Christmas festivities every year, of *their* presents and *their* friends; then of unfortunate children who had fewer, some none, of these joys.

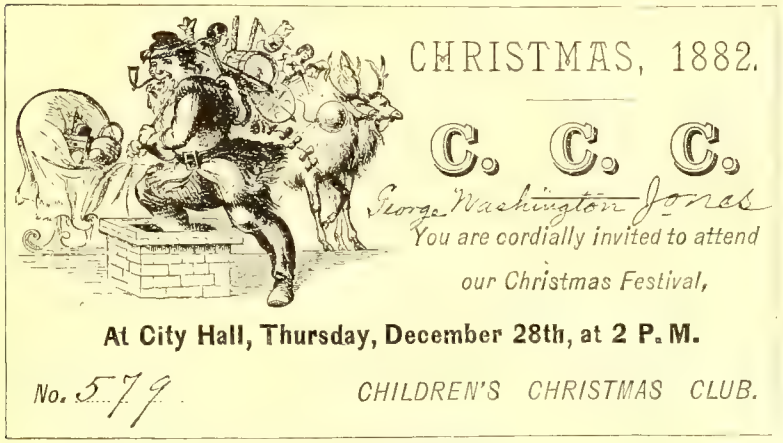
When she asked: "Does any one here want to do anything for these others?" the thought that *they* could do anything was new to almost all—to many even the *wish* was new; but like one great heart-throb came their answer:

"Yes! I! I! I! I want to do something!"

"Children, what can you do?"

A pause, and then one little voice cried:

"Dive 'em a cent!"



CARD OF INVITATION.

That was the first offer, but it was followed by many another: "Give 'em candy!" "Give 'em a turkey!" "Give 'em a coat!"—each beginning with that grand word, "Give."

The result of that meeting was this:

To form a club which should last "forever"; to call it "The Children's Christmas Club"; to have for its motto: "Freely ye have received, freely give": to place the membership fee at ten cents, so that no child should be prevented from joining because he was not "rich"; to make no distinction in regard to sect or nationality; to permit to join the club any girl or boy under eighteen years of age who accepted its principles, which were: To be ready at all times with kind words to assist children less fortunate than themselves; to make every year, in Christmas week, a festival of some kind for them; to save through the year toys, books, and games, instead of carelessly destroying them; to save and, whenever practicable, put in good repair all outgrown clothing; to *beg* nothing from any source, but to keep as the key-stone of the club the word "GIVE"; to pay every year a tax of ten cents; and to make their first festival in the City Hall on Thursday, December 28, 1882.

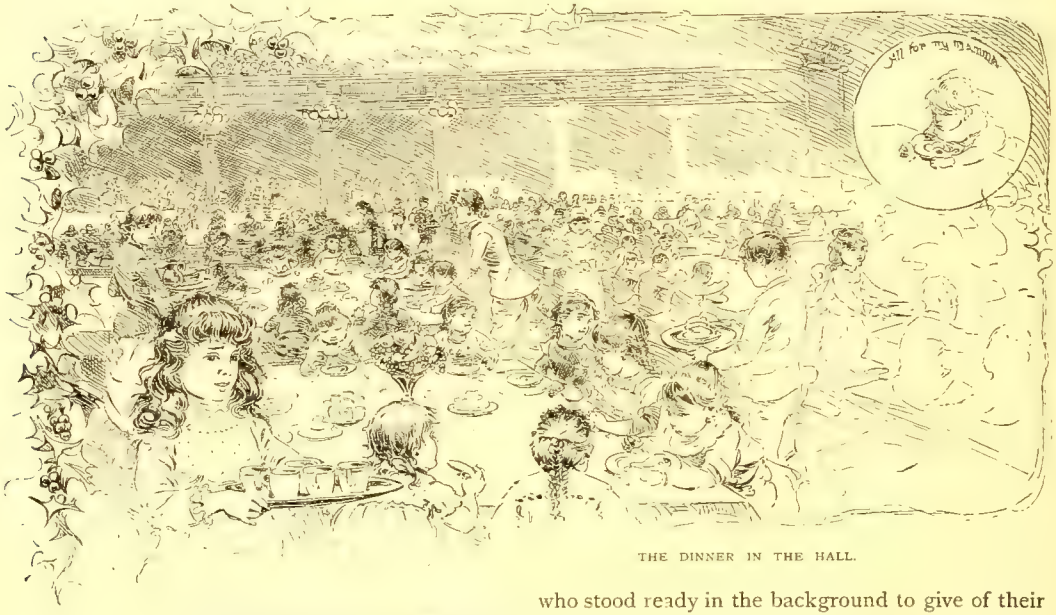
Then came the choosing of officers, with the idea that the chief officers should be grown persons. His Honor the Mayor of Portland was elected President of the Children's Christmas Club.

Others, ladies and gentlemen, were chosen for Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, Executive Committee, etc., etc.

The children then dispersed, to meet again on Saturday, at Reception Hall.

Saturday morning brought to the hall, first, a meeting of grown persons, who offered their stronger hands, wiser heads, and deeper purses, in the work the children had undertaken; but agreed that all that children could do should be left to them.

And a grand support did these "elders" form,



THE DINNER IN THE HALL.

who stood ready in the background to give of their strength, who quietly inclosed their willing contributions to the Executive Committee, "with best wishes for the Children's Christmas Club."

Instead of one hundred children, three hundred came to Reception Hall, eager to join the club. After addresses by the President and others, children's committees were appointed, and their work explained to them.

As the children passed out in single file, each was registered, and received from the Secretary a card of membership, like that shown on page 175.

Let us skip the busy days of preparation, when the Secretary of the Children's Christmas Club recorded *twelve hundred names;* when the Park-street school sent in the names of one hundred members who brought to their teacher books, toys, and clothing, to be sent to the City Hall; when comfortably clad children came through the city bringing in their sleighs, on their sleds, in their arms, bundles of clothing and toys, baskets of provision, books, sleds, skates—much that was dear to them, given in the spirit of *true* charity.

One child could bring "only a plate of biscuits"; another "a dozen apples for the dinner"; one had no toys at home, but brought a five-cent piece she

had treasured "to buy somethin' for some little feller that has n't nothin'"; one took *all* her money and brought to her Sunday-school teacher a painted candy bird-cage, and said, "I want it to go on the tree for some child poorer 'n me."

And how were the children invited — those children who were to be the guests of the club?

Six hundred invitations were printed. An Invitation Committee was formed to distribute these invitations with the greatest care to persons who would be responsible for every ticket; that is, they gave no invitation to any child without knowing the parents or something of the recipient's history, and writing the child's name on the front of the card, with the giver's name on the back.

For three days before the festival, these little "guests" could come to the clothing room, and from the donations made by the "members" receive boots, shoes, dresses, hoods, trousers, and jackets — whatever they needed to enable them to present a neat and orderly appearance at the festival.

Let us look into the City Hall at half-past one, on the afternoon of Holy Innocents' Day, December 28th, the most fitting day for this children's feast.

The gallery is reserved for those members of the club who have no work to do during that afternoon. But, beside these, no other spectators are admitted to the hall; no grown persons, except the committees who are to assist during the festival in various ways. The stage supports a lofty tree, decorated that morning by the members, while, on tables behind, are heaped presents for six hundred children. Around the edge of the hall, settees have been placed for the guests, while the entire center is converted into a banquet-hall.

Thirty long tables are loaded with all that makes Christmas dinners the best in the year. Ten plates are laid at each side of those tables. A lady is standing at the foot of every table; a member of the club stands at either side as "waiter," to see that no guest lacks anything.

In the anteroom, the Reception Committee, consisting of fifteen boys and fifteen girls, under the direction of a gentleman who has consented to take charge of the guests, await the arrivals.

Looking down the broad staircase, we see the lower hall filled with children, whose eager, upturned faces are reward enough for all the labor.

Soon the six hundred have had hats and caps and cloaks safely checked, and are marshaled in thirty lines of twenty, each line headed by one of the Reception Committee. The doors are thrown open, the band plays a march, and the long procession files in — twenty girls, then twenty boys; up and down, in and out, through the six long aisles, between the tables, and twice around the hall before the last one has entered.

Such a line of faces, beaming with joy or timid with bewildered awe; rough hair smooth to-day; grimy hands cleanly scrubbed; no harsh words, no jostling, no disorder, as rank after rank enters, and the quick eyes take in the beauty of the Christmas garlands, the towering tree, and, best of all, the good-will and love radiating from every face.

Among the presents sent in was a large doll, handsomely dressed, to which was pinned this note:

"If there is any little lame girl at the festival, this doll is for her."

As the line wound along, a tender murmur ran through the hall, for there, leaning upon crutches, came a lame girl, and every little boy and girl whispered on the instant, "That doll is for her."



DISTRIBUTING THE GIFTS.

The children stood around the tables, the leaders taking their places at the head.

The musicians lay aside their instruments, and a deep quiet rests upon those ranks of children, as the President of the club rises and extends the Christmas greeting of the Children's Christmas Club to its guests.

After that, a clergyman took them back to that day, eighteen hundred and eighty-two years before, when the great and cruel King Herod sent out

his decree that every child under two years old should be put to death, and his executioners went forth and slaughtered every one; but the little Christ-child was saved. Saved for what? To live to teach people that little children are precious to their Heavenly Father, and that in every little child is something that will live forever — the price of which is far above rubies.

The band then played gayly, and the guests who had waited so patiently and respectfully were invited to partake of the feast.

Every plate had been previously filled with a generous supply of turkey or chicken, and every table had an unfailing source of ham, tongue, pickles, cake, and pie, and for nearly an hour the little hosts and hostesses served their guests before conducting them to the settees awaiting them.

You can judge best whether the dinner was appreciated, by my telling you of one little girl who, when asked if she preferred chicken or turkey, replied, "I aint never tasted chicken"; and of the boy who put aside, in a little pile beside his plate, the nicest part of everything given him. When asked if he did not want to eat that, he looked up shyly, saying, "Please, may I carry that home to Mother? She 's sick."

While the children are marching around to their seats, those thirty tables disappear as if by magic, caught up by ready hands, leaving the floor clear for games and amusements.

Where were the most eager faces — among the "members" in the gallery or the "guests" about the hall? Which were the happier?

I think there was no difference; for when our hearts are full to the brim with joy, they can hold no more, and if screams and peals of laughter, and quick clapping of hands, mean joyousness, they were both as happy as they could be.

There was so much to enjoy!

A little girl recited beautifully, "'T was the night before Christmas"; a queer hobby-horse as large as life curveted and pranced about the hall, taking fright at everything, and convulsing the house with laughter as he waltzed in time with the music; some gentlemen sang funny songs and told the most amusing stories; and suddenly who should appear but Santa Claus himself! He was "clothed all in fur from his head to his feet," and carried on his back a pack containing six hundred bags of candy.

As the sunlight faded, a tiny ray suddenly flashed from the highest branch of the Christmas-tree, and a little voice cried, "Oh, Bessy, see the star!" Then another and another twinkling light crept out, till the graceful Christmas-tree stood transfigured, all agleam with light.

A pretty device had been to tie among the branches "sun-bows," as a wee one called a prism, and the tiny candles were reflected in a hundred swaying mirrors.

A quiet awe had rested upon the children as they breathlessly watched the stars creep out; but as a flood of light burst upon them from the ceiling, a grand hurrah went up. Then a strain of music came, soft at first, but soon swelling into a mighty chorus:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Where are the presents all this time? Safely waiting on long tables behind the tree, where now each rank of twenty is led by the hosts, who have so cordially done their duty through the afternoon.

Up the flight, at the left of the stage, goes the long procession, on to the stage, and near that glittering tree whose broad arms stretch out as if to welcome them. Then a present is laid in every hand, and on goes the line down the steps at the right, out into the dressing-rooms, and then home.

The lame child, whom we saw when she came in, receives the doll sent for her; and among the fathers and mothers there not one can keep back the tears.

"They slung me a pair o' skates!" cried one boy who literally could not restrain his joy.

It seemed to be always the right thing for the right child. Was it because they have so few, that any gift is precious?

But even this is not all: for, after they are wrapped in their out-door garments (which are all too thin), apples and oranges are slipped into their pockets, and packages of food for sick mothers are put into their hands.

Thus closes the happy day.

Looking up the deserted staircase, a little later, a gentleman saw, all unconscious of time or place, a child sitting there, with a doll — her first doll, probably — tightly clasped in her arms, gently swaying to and fro, crooning a soft lullaby.

Will you print all this, ST. NICHOLAS?

Will you ask your readers if there shall not be other Christmas clubs this year? If all the children in every city, every town, and every village, shall not have one good dinner, one happy day, every year?

If you will do this, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am sure I may give you the thanks of all the members of the Portland Christmas Club, who have learned by experience that there is no way so sure of making their own hearts glad as to make glad those of their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

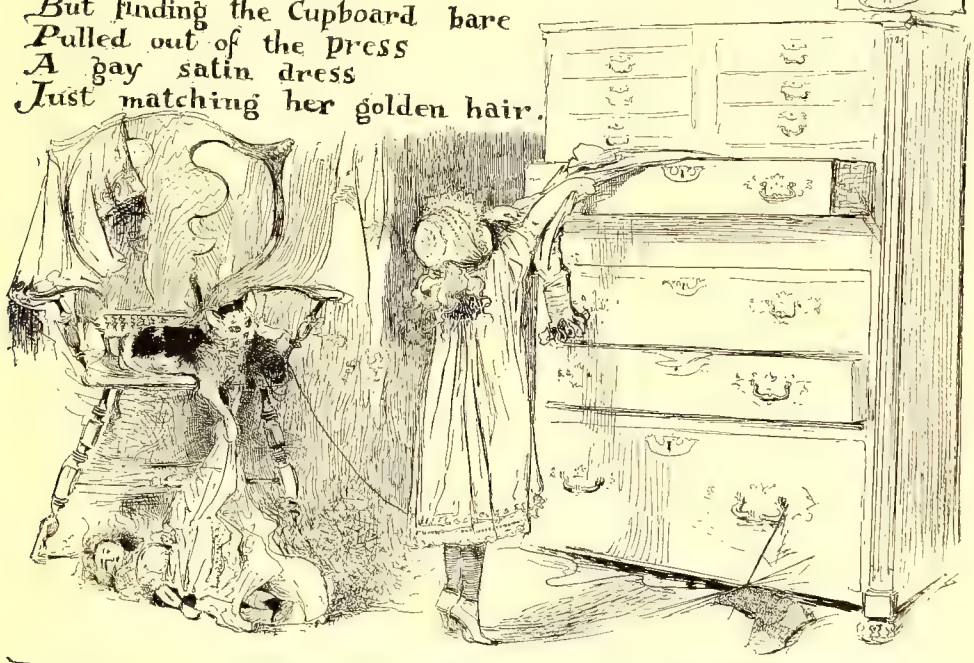
GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

M D C C C L X X X I I I.

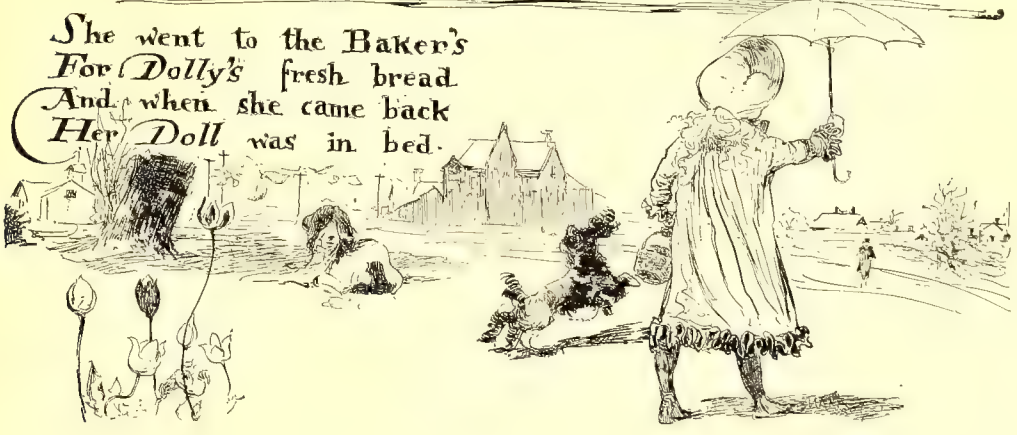
Wee Mother Hubbard,

The Great-Great-Grand-Daughter of Old Mother Hubbard: V. the same being a half-day-historie here done in lines and many pictures by one A. BRENNAN.

Wee Mother Hubbard
Ran to the Cupboard
But finding the Cupboard bare
Pulled out of the Press
A gay satin dress
Just matching her golden hair.



She went to the Baker's
For Dolly's fresh bread
And when she came back
Her Doll was in bed.





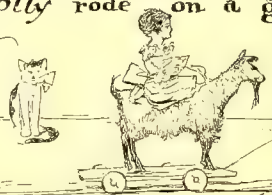
She went to the Barber's
Tried on a white wig
And when she came back
Dolly danced a fine jig.



She went to the Fruiterer's
To buy her some fruit
And when she came back
Her Doll played the lute.



She went to the Tailor's
To buy a red coat
And when she came back
Dolly rode on a goat.



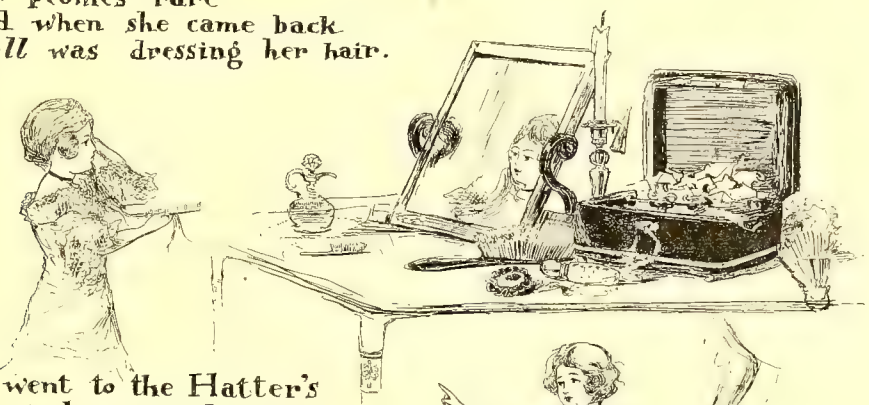
She went to the Cobbler's
To buy her some shoes
And when she came back
Doll was reading the News.



She went to the Doctor's
To get her some mustard
And when she came back
Doll was eating a custard.



She went to the Garden
For peonies rare
And when she came back
Doll was dressing her hair.



She went to the Hatter's
To get her new hat
And when she came back
Doll was scolding the Cat.



She went to ye Sempstress
To get bits of linen
And when she came back
Her Dolly was spinnin.

She went to ye Hosier's
To buy her some hose
And when she came back
Doll was dressed in new clothes.

The Darling did curtsy,
The Doll made a bow,
The Darling said: "Nurtsy
I wants Dolly now."



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. XI.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: With a view to providing some pleasant work for you, and offering a worthy incentive for your efforts, I make the following proposition to all young folk, from eleven to seventeen years of age, who may happen to read this page of ST. NICHOLAS:

Make the best illustration, or set of illustrations, that you possibly can, for any one of the three poems on the opposite page. The sender of the best illustration, or set of illustrations, under the conditions stated below, will be presented by the undersigned with a prize, in money, of $20.00; for the second best drawing, or set of drawings, a prize of $10.00 will be given; and for the third best, a prize of $5.00. The conditions are as follows:

(1) The drawings must be entirely original, both in design and execution, and made without any assistance.

(2) They must be drawn on smooth white drawing-paper or Bristol-board.

(3) Drawings made with a pen and jet-black drawing-ink will be preferred, though pencils will be allowed.

(4) No picture must be either wider or higher than ten inches, and all must be mailed flat; that is, not rolled or folded.

(5) Address all drawings for competition to SILAS GREEN, care of ST. NICHOLAS, 33 East 17th street, New York City.

(6) The drawings must be accompanied with the full name, age, and postal address of the artist, written on a separate piece of paper, pasted lightly upon the back of the drawing. Do not send any letter requiring a reply.

(7) Unsuccessful drawings will be returned, provided full postage for the purpose has been sent.

(8) The prizes are to be awarded by a committee of four persons chosen from the editorial and art rooms of THE CENTURY CO., and the successful pictures, upon payment of the prizes named, will become the property of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

(9) No drawing will be admitted for competition if received after January 15, 1884.

If it prove advisable, the best drawing, or set of drawings (or, possibly, *all* the drawings for which prizes shall have been awarded), will be printed with the poems in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1884.

The same artist may illustrate all the poems, if he or she so desires; but in that case each separate drawing must be distinctly labeled at the bottom with the title of the poem it is intended to illustrate.

Of course, those boys and girls who have studied drawing will use their utmost skill in preparing these illustrations; but even those who have not learned how to draw are invited to send rough sketches of

what they think the pictures should be — for who knows but that this plan may bring to light a great original genius?

Now, my friends, you have all the rules set down categorically, and you are respectfully requested to observe them closely, for the sake of the committee of four, as well as for your own.

Many of you will remember that the young author of "Christina Churning" published her first poem in ST. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl of ten years.

Let me say here that the dear Little School-ma'am and your friend Jack — who, you see, is crowded out this month — send their hearty greetings. Your sincere friend,

SILAS GREEN.

A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A HAZEL-NUT hung in the top of a tree;
"Ha," chirped Sir Squirrel, "that fellow for me!"
Then he whisked his tail high over his back,
And began to map out his plan of attack.

"Suppose, Mr. Frisky, you take it now,"
Piped Nut-hatch up from a handy bough;
Then he wiped his bill and wiggled his wing,
Ready the minute Sir Squirrel should spring.

As the two sat sharply eying each other,
Along came a boy. "Now, somehow a-nuther,"
Said he, "that nut has got to come down,
And, just for a change, take a trip to town."

Come down it did; while squirrel and bird
Sat so still not a hair or a feather stirred:
The kink was all out of Sir Frisky's tail,
And Nut-hatch's bill felt blunt as a nail.

'T is n't best to be too certain, you see,
About the plump nuts in the top of the tree.

A FAIRY'S ORDER.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

LITTLE black spinner, spin me some lace,
Fine as fine can be;
I am going to dine with the butterfly
And meet the bumble-bee.

You know how rich the humming-bird is —
He will be there, too;
I am going to wear a poppy-leaf dress
And diamonds of dew.

Little black spinner, spin away,
And do your very best,
That I may trim my poppy-leaf dress,
And look as well as the rest.

CHRISTINA CHURNING.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

CREAK, creak! beneath two hardened hands
The yellow churn unflagging swings;
In plaided frock Christina stands
And rocks it as she sings.

The raftered ceiling, dark and low,
The jutting mantel, brown with smoke,
In seasoned timbers still can show
Their tough, unyielding oak.

In this wide-fronted chimney-place,
This brick-laid hearth that glows again,
I read the old New England race
Of rugged maids and men.

Christina, with her northern eyes,
Her flaxen braids, her yellow hood,
Can never claim the stubborn ties
Of that rebellious blood.

Not she, those stranger-looks confess,
That heavy-footed, peasant tread,
The woolen homespun of her dress,
The quilted skirt of red;

The grass-green ribbon, knotted thrice,
The cotton kerchief, bordered gay,
That colored to her childish eyes
A Swedish gala day.

She sings — a voice untrained and young,
A simple measure, free as rain;
I follow through the foreign tongue
The little wild refrain.

Creak, creak! beneath her hardened hands
The yellow churn unsteady swings;
Two tears drop singly where she stands,
Unbidden, as she sings.

TO OUR READERS.

"THE Land of Fire" was completed by Captain Mayne Reid only a few weeks before his death. Though the manuscript arrived too late for us to present more than one drawing with the first installment, the succeeding chapters will be freely illustrated—the entire manuscript being already in the artist's hands. In one of his letters to the editor, Captain Reid wrote as follows concerning the story: "I have endeavored to make the tale instructive, and the information of Terra del Fuego conveyed by it embraces nearly all that is known of that weird land. The Natural History may be relied upon."

It has been found impracticable to begin printing Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel" stories in the present issue of ST. NICHOLAS, but the second and concluding part of the Christmas tale by the same author ("Sophie's Secret," page 114) will console our girl-readers for the omission of "Madam Shirley's Story." This, the first of the "Spinning-wheel" stories, will be given without fail in the January number. It should be said concerning the "Spinning-wheel" stories that, though they were announced as "a serial," they prove to be a *series* of short tales, each complete in itself, though all are to be printed under the one general title. At the time our prospectus was sent to the printer, Miss Alcott had in mind a serial story; but she has since changed her plan and decided in favor of a series of short tales. Every number of ST. NICHOLAS for 1884, therefore, will contain one of these short stories, and the series will be quite as interesting and welcome, we trust, as a long serial would be.

The variety and extent of Christmas attractions which our pages present this month compel us to omit, for once, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the Letter-box, the Riddle-box, and the Report of the Agassiz Association. These all will appear, however, in the January ST. NICHOLAS, which also will be a Holiday number. The contents of this second Holiday number will include, besides many other delightful contributions, a twelve-page Christmas story by H. H., entitled "Christmas at the Pink Boarding-house," with pictures by Mr. Sandham; the concluding part of the story by Julian Hawthorne begun in this number; and a short Christmas story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (the son and daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne being thus represented in one number of ST. NICHOLAS); the concluding chapter of Mr. Boyesen's story of "Magnie's Dangerous Ride"; and the second installment of Mr. Stoddard's "Winter Fun," necessarily postponed from this issue.

To the large number of readers who will deplore the absence this month of the Report of the "Agassiz Association," we gladly promise a report of double the usual length in our next number. And we take the present opportunity to heartily commend this active and admirable Club to all who are interested in the study of Nature, whether readers of ST. NICHOLAS or not. Under Mr. Ballard's enthusiastic and able leadership, the Association has grown to a membership of 6000, embracing chapters which represent almost every portion of the United States, while many prominent scientists have shown their interest by according the Club their earnest aid and encouragement. We take pleasure in calling special attention to the monthly reports of the Association, and assuring all readers that a great many very interesting accounts and items of personal observation from boys and girls all over the country are given in the modest, fine type of the "A. A." pages.

The January Riddle-box will contain the names of solvers of the puzzles in the November number.— and also the answers to the November puzzles.



AWAY FROM HOME ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI. JANUARY, 1884. NO. 3.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE PINK BOARDING-HOUSE.

A Story of two Mining Camps

BY H. H.

WHEN Elsie McFarland's father said, one morning at breakfast, that he believed he would go up to Tin Cup and see if he could get work, Elsie burst out laughing, and thought he was making fun.

"What is there so funny in that, Elsie?" said her father. "I thought you would be very sorry to have me go away."

Elsie had been laughing so hard, she could not stop for a moment or two, although her father's tone sobered her, and his face looked so grave that she knew he was very far from jesting.

"Why, Papa," she said, as soon as she could speak, "I was laughing at the name 'Tin Cup.' I thought you were joking. Is there really a place called Tin Cup? The name of this town is funny enough, but Tin Cup is funnier."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. McFarland. "Did you never hear anybody speak of it before? It is only four miles from here. The man who brought those beautiful elk horns that are over the store door lives in Tin Cup. It used to be a lively camp, but there is n't much doing there now. Still it is n't so dead as this place," and Mr. McFarland sighed heavily, and leaning forward, rested his elbows on the table and buried his face in his hands.

Elsie was fairly sobered by this time. Springing out of her chair, she ran to her father's side and, putting both her arms around his neck, exclaimed:

"Dear Papa! don't cover up your face that way. What is the matter?" and the tears came into Elsie's eyes so fast and so big, she had hard work to keep from crying outright. She knew only too well what was the matter. It was many months now since she had known that her father was getting poorer and poorer; that the whole town was getting poorer and poorer, and all the people who had money enough to take them away were leaving. Every day she noticed one or two more houses shut up, boards nailed across the doors and windows, and the people gone. It was very dismal; but Elsie would not have minded the dismalness of it, nor the loneliness, if that had been all. But it was not. Her father was a storekeeper, and they had nothing to live on except the profits he could make on selling goods; so, as the people in the town grew fewer and fewer, and those who were left behind grew poorer and poorer, the business at the store fell off, until sometimes many days would pass without a person coming in to buy anything, and Mr. McFarland did not know what to do.

In a few moments he lifted up his head, and said: "Never mind, Elsie. You are a brave little girl, and a great comfort to Papa. We shall pull through, somehow; but it looks as if I 'd have to go and leave you alone here for awhile, and I hate to do that."

"Oh, I sha'n't mind it, Papa," answered Elsie. "So long as Mrs. Christy stays, I would n't be a bit afraid. I can call right through into her room

from mine, the house is so near. And if you 're only going to be four miles away, that is n't far. Shall you keep a store in Tin Cup?" and Elsie laughed again, in spite of her sorrowful heart, at the idea of keeping store in a "Tin Cup."

Mr. McFarland shook his head.

"No, Elsie," he said, "there is n't anything more to be made out of store-keeping in Tin Cup than here. I was thinking about working in the Silver Queen mine. They want more hands there."

Elsie turned pale, and made no reply. Her face was full of woe. At last, she gasped, rather than said:

"Oh, Papa! In a mine?"

"Yes, dear," her father replied. "I am afraid I must, unless I can find somebody to buy this cabin and store, and that is n't any way likely. But I sha'n't go for a month yet, and perhaps something else may turn up. So don't you worry about it, child. Mining is n't any worse than lots of other things," and he pushed back his chair and, kissing Elsie, went out of the room.

Elsie did not stir. She folded her arms and stood leaning on the back of her father's chair, with her eyes fixed on the floor.

"In a mine!" she kept saying to herself. "My papa work in a mine!" And she recalled the miners she had seen in the store, rough, dirty, ill-clad men, who drank whisky, smoked pipes, and talked in loud, coarse voices. "My papa be a miner! I 'd almost rather he 'd die!" and Elsie broke into a paroxysm of loud crying, and sank into the chair.

"Whisht now, honey, what 's afther makin' yees cry? It 's killin' yersilf ye 'll be if yer cries loike that. Whisht now a bit, an' tell me what 's 'appened," cried Mrs. Christy, the good-natured Irish woman, whose cabin stood only a few feet from the McFarland's house, and who had been Elsie's stanch friend ever since they had moved into the town. But Elsie turned away from her now with an instinctive feeling that this was a grief she could not confide to any one, least of all to Mrs. Christy. Mrs. Christy would not understand why the being a miner should seem to any one a terrible thing. Her husband had been a miner, and her two eldest boys were working in a mine now. In fact, they were the very men whose faces, clothes, and general behavior had given poor Elsie a great part of her unspeakable dread of a miner's life.

"It 's nothing I can tell, Mrs. Christy. I could n't tell anybody. And I 'm silly to cry; but it came on me all of a sudden," said Elsie, jumping up, wiping away her tears, and beginning to clear off the breakfast-table. "You wont praise me for a housekeeper any more, if you come in and find me sitting down to cry, and leaving my work undone at this time in the morning."

"An' it 's mesilf that 's always a-praisin' ye for a housekeeper," retorted Mrs. Christy, "an' always will be; 'ye 've got the stiddiest head I ever see on young shoulders, ez I 've said a hunderd times ef I 've said it onc't; an' if ye 'd ease yer thrubble by tellin', it 's more 'n loikely I cud help ye."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Christy, not this time," said Elsie, now quite herself again. "But if I did need help, you may be sure that there is nobody in the town I 'd ask it of so soon as of you. I was telling my father only this morning that I 'd never feel afraid, even if I were alone in the house, so long as you lived next door."

"An' wull ye may!" Mrs. Christy replied, much flattered. "I 'm yer woman, whin ye want me, that 's sure; but I 'd hate to see ye a-atin' yer heart out with a sorrer ye 'd not shpake about. Shpache is a grate easemint to the feelin's, my dear, ez ye 'll learn whin yer older. An' don't ye ever misremember that I 'm here whin ye want me," and the good soul whisked back to her tubs.

Elsie McFarland was indeed, as her father had said, a brave little girl, and, as Mrs. Christy had said, a housekeeper with a "stiddy" head on her shoulders. She was only fourteen years old, and so small that she did not look more than twelve, but for a year she had taken all the care of her father's house, and had done all the work except the washing and ironing.

When Elsie's mother died, Mr. McFarland expected to go into a boarding-house to live; but, to his great surprise, Elsie implored him to continue to live in their own little house, just as they had been living.

"I know I can do all the work, just as Mamma did," she said. "I always helped her do it. I know just how she did everything. Oh, try me, Papa, just try me. Try me one week. Don't let us give up our house. It will be dreadful not to have a house of our own."

Finally, Mr. McFarland consented to make the experiment. He felt as Elsie did, that it would be a dreadful thing not to have any house of their own; and he knew, even better than Elsie, how uncomfortable would be the very best boarding-place that could be found. But he did not believe the child realized what she was undertaking, or would be strong enough to do the work. He did not know how much she had helped her mother for the last two years. In fact, Mr. McFarland never knew as much as he ought to have known about what was going on in his own house. Mr. McFarland was a dreamer. He had come to Colorado thirteen years before, when Elsie was a baby.

He had brought with him from the East thirty thousand dollars, and had been sure that in a very few years he would make a large fortune and go home to live. Mrs. McFarland had from the outset opposed the plan of coming to Colorado. She had much more common sense than her husband, and believed most firmly in the good old proverb of "letting well enough alone."

"You have a good business where you are, husband," she said; "and a good home. Everybody knows and trusts you. It is wiser to stay."

"But it takes a life-time to make a fortune here," Mr. McFarland would reply. "And out in Colorado it is sometimes made in a day! Once there, I can put my money into mines, and let it be turning over and over, while I make our living by a store."

And now the thirty thousand dollars was all gone. In one unlucky speculation after another, in mine after mine, smelter after smelter, a few hundreds here and a few thousands there, it had melted away, and nothing was left "to show for it," except a "claim" or two in the Elk mountain range.

In all this time, Mrs. McFarland had never been heard to complain; but she had grown weaker year by year. As they went slowly down in the scale of living, she accepted each change without any murmur; but when it came at last to living in a log cabin in a mining camp, and doing with her own hands all the necessary work, her strength proved unequal to it; and when the first severe winter weather set in, she took cold and, after only three days' illness, died. The doctors said it was of pneumonia; and that was, in one sense, true, for she certainly had pneumonia. But the pneumonia would not have killed her if she had not been feeble and worn-out by her twelve years of hard work and unhappiness. Her death was so sudden, that Elsie never fully realized that she would not see her mother again. She was away from home at the time, having gone to spend a few days at the Chieftain mine, twelve miles distant. The manager of this mine was an old friend of her father and mother. He had recently married, and brought his pretty young wife out from the East to live in a log cabin at the mouth of the mine. She was exceedingly lonely, and often used to implore Mrs. McFarland to "lend" Elsie to her for a week. And hard as it was for Mrs. McFarland to be without Elsie, even for a day, she never refused to let her go; for she pitied the poor young bride, who had come straight from New York City, with all its gayeties and comforts, to this bare log cabin on a mountain-top.

"If I had had to take it so sudden as that," Mrs. McFarland once said to her, "I should not have borne it half so well as you do. I 've come to it by slow degrees, and that 's been hard enough, I 'll confess. If I had two daughters, I 'd almost let you have one all the time."

Elsie had been away only two days when her mother was taken ill. As it seemed to be nothing more than a severe cold, Mrs. McFarland would not send for the child, though her husband was anxious to go immediately. Very bitterly he afterward regretted that he had not done so; for poor little Elsie could never understand why it was, and her cries of "Oh, Papa, oh, Papa! why did n't you let me see my Mamma before she died?" almost broke his heart.

The people in the town were exceedingly kind to both Elsie and him. Several begged him to come and make his home with them. Everybody had liked patient, gentle Mrs. McFarland, and everybody loved Elsie, for her gay and cheery ways. They did not like Mr. McFarland quite so well. They thought he held himself a little aloof from them. That is never a popular course anywhere, but of all places in the world most unpopular in a mining camp. It was not really true of Mr. McFarland, at all. He had no idea of holding himself aloof; but he wore better clothes than the other men in the camp, his habitual speech was more refined, and he did not drink whisky; and these things made a barrier between him and the rest, in spite of all his kindliness and good fellowship.

And so it came about that after the first outburst of sympathy for him, at the time of his wife's death, had spent itself, and it had come to be an old story in the camp about "poor McFarland, livin' there all alone with his little gal," he was left more and more alone; and this really had something to do with the falling off in his business, though Mr. McFarland did not know it. There was a sort of store over at Tin Cup, a combination of whisky saloon and store, where most of the common groceries, and a few of the cheaper dry goods, could be bought; and the Red Jacket men had gradually fallen into the habit of making their purchases there whenever they could "make it come in their way," as they said.

"I 'll be goin' over to Tin Cup before long; if you can get along till then, we might as well trade at Ben Holladay's," many a man said to his wife when she asked for money to buy something; and the wife was very sorry to get the reply, for she knew it meant that her husband would lounge around in Ben Holladay's store, incur habits and associations that were not good for him, and very possibly come away, after all, without buying the thing she had asked for.

No one who has not seen a mining "camp" can have the least idea of what a strange sort of town

it is, and what a strange life the miners' families lead.

It does not take many days to build the kind of town miners are willing to live in, and they don't care what sort of a place they put it in, either, if it is only near the mines. It may be in the very midst of a pine forest, or out on the steep, bare side of a mountain, all stones and rocks. They cut down a few trees, and leave all the stumps standing; or they clear away the biggest of the stones, enough to make a sort of street; and then every man falls to and builds the cheapest house he can, in the quickest way: sometimes of logs, sometimes out of rough boards; often with only one room, very rarely with more than three. When they wish to make them very fine, they make the end fronting the street, what is called a "battlement front"; that is, a straight square wall, higher than the house, so as to convey the impression that the house is much bigger than it is. It is a miserable make-believe, and goes farther than any other one thing to give to the new towns in the West a hideous and contemptible look. These log cabins, board shanties, and battlement fronts are all crowded as near together as they can be, and are set close to the street: no front yards, no back yards, no yards at the side,—but, around the whole settlement, a stony wilderness. It is n't worth while to put anything in order, because there is no knowing how long the people will stay. Perhaps the mines will not turn out to be good ones; and then everybody will move away, and in very little more time than it took to build up the town it will be deserted. There are a great many such deserted towns in Colorado and California. They always seem to me to look like a kind of graveyard.

The town of Red Jacket, in which the McFarlands lived, was named for the Red Jacket mountain near which it stood; in fact, it was close to the base of the mountain. At the time Mr. McFarland moved there, a tremendous excitement had arisen about Red Jacket mountain. Silver ore had been found there, so rich that men said the whole mountain must be made of solid silver. From far and near, people rushed to Red Jacket. Whole mining camps in the neighborhood were deserted in a week; everybody "moved to Red Jacket."

A brisk, busy little town was built, and, in less than a month, two thousand people were living there. Every foot of the mountain was staked out in "claims," and hundreds of piles of rock and earth thrown out in all directions showed how many were at work. This was one year before the time at which our story begins. Very soon, people began to find out either that their claims were not good for anything or that it needed so much machinery to get the ore out that they could not afford to work their mines. Red Jacket mountain was not made of solid silver, by any manner of means. Then the camp began to dwindle. Man after man sold out his claim for a song, if he could find somebody to take it off his hands; family after family moved away, until there were not more than two hundred souls, all told, in the town, and more than three-quarters of the houses were empty.

No wonder Mr. McFarland was discouraged. Of his own two "claims," one had proved to be worthless, the other was in a rock so difficult to work that nothing could be done with it without spending thousands of dollars on machinery; the store, which, in the time of the camp's biggest "boom," Mr. McFarland had spent nearly his last dollar in stocking, had ceased to bring in any reliable income, and was now bringing in less and less each day. It looked as if the owner would be left alone with a large quantity of unsalable goods. The winter was near at hand, and after it had once set in, there would be no going out of or coming into Red Jacket. By the first of November, the snow would be from ten to twelve feet deep, all roads closed, and no getting about except on snow-shoes. The poor man sat in his silent and deserted store, day after day, brooding over this state of things, and unable to devise any scheme for bettering himself, till he was nearly out of his wits. Then he would go home to the little log cabin, and find it clean and in order, and the simple meal well cooked and neatly set out on the table by the affectionate Elsie, always so glad to see him, and so guilelessly proud of her housekeeping, and he would feel more self-reproach than ever that by his folly and lack of judgment he had brought so sweet a child into such straits.

It was in one of these discouraged and remorseful moments that he exclaimed to Elsie, at breakfast, that he believed he would go up to Tin Cup and look for work. The more he thought of it, the more sensible the plan looked. In truth, it was the only way he could see of being sure of money enough to support Elsie and himself through the winter. In the spring, people might come back to the camp again, and he might sell his goods.

Elsie's grieved and astonished cry, "Oh, Papa! In a mine!" had cut him to the heart; but he tried to forget it, and he resolved that she should never see him in his miner's suit. The thought of leaving her alone in the cabin through the long and dreary winter was terrible to him; but he reflected that she would be safe there; he could see her every Sunday; and good Mrs. Christy, within call by day and night, would keep as close watch over her as if she were her own child. The tears came into his eyes as he thought to himself: "It has really come to this, that a poor ignorant Irish-

woman is the very best friend I have to trust my little daughter to."

Poor Mr. McFarland! It was a sore secret that lay between him and his little girl for some days after his suggestion of the Tin Cup project. Each was thinking of it, and knew the other must be, but neither would speak of it. Perhaps it was as well. Both father and daughter were being, by these sad and secret thoughts, prepared for the inevitable. And when it came they were able to meet it more calmly.

When, a week later, Mr. McFarland said to Elsie: "I have been up to Tin Cup, Elsie, and got the place I was speaking of, and I shall go the first of next month. Will you be afraid to stay here alone? I shall come down to see you every Sunday,"— Elsie replied, with only a little quiver of her lip: "No, indeed, Papa; I shall not be afraid. I only wish there was something I could do to earn money, too. I've been trying to think of something; but I can't think of anything."

"My dear child," said Mr. McFarland, "don't worry yourself about that. You are all the comfort Papa has left to him in this world. You just keep up courage, and I think better times will come before long. I don't want you to earn money; whatever happens, Papa will always have enough to take care of you."

This he said to cheer Elsie, but in the bottom of his heart he did not feel sure of it.

Only three weeks were left before the time fixed for him to go to Tin Cup, and there were so many things to be done to make Elsie comfortable for the winter, that it kept him busy enough till the last minute. In the first place, he cut and split and piled up a quantity of wood for her to burn. He piled it so high that Elsie said the wood-pile looked bigger than the cabin, as indeed it did. Besides this big pile out-of-doors, he filled one small room in the house full of wood, to be used when the weather was too bad or the snow too deep for her to get to the big pile outside.

The next thing he did was to get Mrs. Christy's permission to build a covered passage-way from her kitchen window to Elsie's bedroom window. Elsie's window he made into a door, opening into this passage-way, and then he built steps at the end which joined Mrs. Christy's house, so that, by going up these steps, Elsie could get into Mrs. Christy's kitchen through the window. When Elsie found that this was to be done, she jumped for joy. "Now I wont be one bit afraid," she said; and by that, her father knew that she had really felt a little afraid before, but would not distress him by letting him know it. Elsie was a very brave and loving little girl, as you will see before we get to the end of the story of this winter.

There was no difficulty about her food; for in the store were barrels of flour and crackers and sugar and salt pork, and shelves full of canned fruits, vegetables, and meats. When Mr. McFarland had carried in as much of all these as he thought Elsie could use, and had arranged them on shelves and in the corners of the room, the place looked more like a shop than like the living-room of one little girl.

Elsie thought so herself. "Why, Papa," she exclaimed, "it looks just like a little store! What made you bring in so many things? Why could n't I go to the store when I wanted things? Or you could get them out for me Sundays, when you come down."

"I know," replied her father. "But it wont do any harm to have them all here. There may be such deep snows that I can't get down some weeks, and you can't get out. I 'd feel easier to know that you have everything under this roof that you could need for the whole winter."

"Well, I 'm sure I have," answered Elsie, looking around. "I should think I 'd enough for a whole year. I 've enough to take boarders! You 'll see there 'll be lots left when you come home in the spring."

"Papa," she continued, "can I get anything else out of the store, if I want to? I don't mean things to eat, but other things."

"What is there in the store that you want, Elsie?" said her father, a little surprised. "Do you want a new gown?"

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" cried Elsie. "I have plenty of gowns. But there is something there that I 'd like to crib from; but I don't want to tell you what it is," and she turned very red in the face.

Mr. McFarland hesitated. He did not like to refuse Elsie anything, but he could not imagine what it could be she wanted; and, as he had some valuable silks and laces in the store, he feared she might have set her heart on something he could not afford to let her have. But he need not have been afraid to trust his little Elsie's good sense. Seeing that he was hesitating, Elsie laughed out:

"Oh, you need n't be afraid, Papa; it is n't any of the nice things I want. It is only some of that yarn that old Mrs. Johns brought to pay for the flour. Don't you remember? It 's under the counter, in a box, a whole lot of it; I heard you tell Mamma when you took it, you did n't believe you 'd ever sell it, it was such a horrid slaty color. Mrs. Johns dyed it herself. Mrs. Christy says she 'll teach me to knit this winter, if I can get the yarn. So I thought of that."

"Yes, indeed, child," replied Mr. McFarland, and he felt quite ashamed of himself. "You can have that and welcome,—the whole of it."

So when he went to the store the last time, he

brought over the box of Mrs. Johns's yarn, and away down in the bottom of the box, under the "horrid slaty" skeins, he put in some nicer yarns, a big bunch of bright red and some blue, and green, and yellow, and a great lot of white.

"Poor little girlie!" he said to himself, "if she is going to find any pleasure in her knitting, she must have some bright colors to mix in."

And so Elsie was left all alone to keep house by herself in the cabin, where only one year before she had been living, a happy, gay little girl, with her father and mother. It was pretty hard, but Elsie never stopped to think about its being hard. She just went to work. That is the only way in this world ever to bear up under things that are hard. Go to work, and keep busy. It is worth all and everything else in the way of what people call "consolation." That word "consolation" I never liked, myself. It does not seem to me to mean much. There is n't any such thing, to my mind, as being "consoled" for a real trouble. If it is a real trouble, it will be a real trouble always, as long as you live; but you can always go to work and keep busy, and so long as you do that the trouble can not get the better of you. But that is neither here nor there in this story about Elsie McFarland, except that it was the way Elsie did. How the wisdom came to her, I don't know. Nobody had ever told her, and she never put it into words to herself. It simply seemed to her the natural way to do.

Her head was full of plans of what she would accomplish in the winter. She was going to learn to knit, for one thing. She already knew a great many ways of crocheting, but she was going to learn to knit stockings and mittens, and perhaps a bed-spread like one Mrs. Christy had once shown her. She was going also to learn to cook a great many things; she now knew how to cook only a few simple dishes.

"I mean to have some one new thing for Papa every Sunday when he comes down," she said. "I 'll go right straight through Mamma's cook-book; only, the worst of it is, most of the things take eggs, and there wont be any eggs very often. I remember Mamma used to say she wished somebody would make a cook-book of good things for poor people," and Elsie sighed and felt sad as she recalled the days when she used to help her mother in all the household work.

There was another air-castle in Elsie's mind,—a beautiful secret which gave her joy whenever she thought of it. In one of the trunks where her mother's clothes had been put away was nearly a whole piece of cotton cloth, a half dozen linen bosoms and collars and cuffs, and, nearly finished, one shirt, on which Elsie had been at work just before her mother died. Three more shirts were cut out, and Elsie's air-castle was to cut out two more, and have a half dozen nice new shirts all ready for her father in the spring. She had been meaning to go to work on them all through the summer, but summer days were great temptations to Elsie; there was nothing she loved better than to ramble in the cañons and grassy hill slopes, and gather flowers. Red Jacket was a wonderful place for flowers; such fields full of purple asters were never seen anywhere else in the world, I do believe. They were as thick as clover in a clover field, and looked like a solid surface of beautiful purple. Then there were dozens of other flowers, red and blue, and white and yellow, some of which are not to be found anywhere outside of Colorado. Elsie was never tired of arranging great bouquets of them. She put them in the window-seats, on the shelves, on the table, in the fire-place, till sometimes the little cabin looked like a garden.

So, while the summer lasted, Elsie had not found time to sew. After her housework was done, she had usually rambled off after flowers. When her own room was as full as it would hold, she would bring bunches to Mrs. Christy, who did not care much for them at first, but after a time began to notice their splendid colors, and to like them for their own as well as for Elsie's sake. Mrs. Christy loved Elsie with all the strength of her warm Irish heart.

"Indade, an' she 's more to me, thin, than I 'm loikely to be to her, an' that 's the thruth," she replied to Mr. McFarland, when, on the morning he set off for Tin Cup, he had told her how grateful he felt for her kindness to Elsie, and that he felt easy to leave the child in her protection.

"An' it 's no great purtectin' she nades," she added, looking after Mr. McFarland as he walked slowly and sadly away. "To my way o' thinkin', it 's pertectin' yees she 'll be, an' not so long time first, nayther. There 's more o' the makin' uv a man in her than ye 've got yersilf!"

But we have run away from Elsie's air-castles. There were the knitting, the cooking, the shirt-making, these three; then there was one other, which I dare say many of you will think was the queerest of all: Elsie was going to learn to wash. This also was a secret from her father. He had arranged with Mrs. Christy to continue to do the washing, as she had hitherto done, and Elsie had said nothing; but in her own mind it was all arranged that, as soon as her father had gone, she would coax Mrs. Christy to teach her how to do it herself.

"And then I can do up the shirts as fast as they are finished," thought Elsie, "and that will be the greatest surprise of all to Papa."

And so Elsie entered on her winter. It was the first of October when her father went away. In less than a month, the snow came; day after day it snowed soft, steady, and still, until nothing could be seen of the Red Jacket cabins except their roofs, chimneys, and, in some of the higher ones, the upper halves of the windows. To the door of every inhabited cabin a long passage-way, like a tunnel, was dug through the snow, and the windows in some of them were shoveled clear, so as to let the light in. The covered passage-way between Elsie's room and Mrs. Christy's kitchen was buried up entirely, so that it looked like nothing but a snow-drift.



THE SNOW-SLIDE. [SEE PAGE 105]

There is something beautiful as well as terrible in such a winter as this. The surface of the snow shines and sparkles as if it were made of millions of diamonds. It is sometimes almost as hard as ice, and men can glide about it on snow-shoes,

over miles of country and from one town to another, as fast as they can skate.

One of the last things Mr. McFarland had done for Elsie was to make her a new pair of snow-shoes. She had learned the art of walking on them the winter before, and was as fond of it as of sliding down hill on a sled. She often caught a tumble, but she only thought it all the more fun. Everybody in the camp liked to see her go skimming by, with her cheeks red and her eyes shining; and there was not a boy in the camp who could go faster than she.

Mrs. Christy used to stand at the window and watch her with mingled terror and pride.

"Luk at her, thin!" she would exclaim. "Is n't it a birrd she is! But the heart av me 's in me mouth, so long ez she 's got her two feet in thim boats."

Mrs. Christy herself had never mustered courage to learn to use snow-shoes. She put them on once, took two steps from her door, lost her balance, and fell headlong in the snow.

"I 'll not timpt Providence any more," she said. "I 'll stay in till it plazes God to lift the snows from aff us." And stay in she did through that entire winter — twelve long weeks — until the snows melted.

Nobody would believe how fast Elsie's days flew by in this strange and lonely life. She was as busy as a bee all day long, and in the evenings she sat with Mrs. Christy, knitting and listening to Irish fairy stories, of which Mrs. Christy knew many, so weird and fascinating that Elsie was never tired of hearing them over and over. The "slaty-colored" yarn proved a great success, when the gayly-colored was mixed with it; and Elsie before many days had passed, had completed a pair of mittens with long gauntlet tops, and a splendid scarf a yard and a half long, for her Christmas presents to her father.

These Mrs. Christy exhibited with great pride to her acquaintances, and the first thing Elsie knew she was besieged with entreaties to knit more such mittens for sale. This gave her real delight. Here, at last, was a way by which she could earn money, — only a little, to be sure, but it was something. Every one who saw the mittens wanted a pair, men and women alike. They would have bought twice as many as Elsie could have knit before spring.

All through November, Mr. McFarland came down every Sunday and spent the whole day with Elsie. What happy days they were! Elsie grew reconciled to her father's being a miner, as she listened to all he had to tell her of the wonderful ores in the mine, and how they were made into money. He brought her some pieces of what is called "peacock ore." It has all the colors of a peacock's neck in it. Elsie was never tired of holding it in the sun and turning it over and over.

The first Sunday in December came a great disappointment, — instead of her father, a strange man, whom Elsie had never seen, bringing a note from her father, to say that he had hurt his foot and could not come down. But he hoped he should be well enough to come the next Sunday. The next Sunday came. No father. The same kind man, however, came all the way down to tell Elsie that her father's foot was much better, but still not strong enough for snow-shoe walking.

By this time, all the miners in Tin Cup knew about the little girl left alone in the cabin at Red Jacket, and there was not a man of them all who would n't have gladly walked the eight miles to save her from being anxious about her father. In fact, after the report which the first messenger carried back, describing the neat room, cheery little girl, and good dinner she gave him, there was almost a rivalry among the men as to who should go next time.

They had all become attached to Mr. McFarland also. They had found that he did not really mean to hold himself aloof from them at all; that he took hold of the hardest work with good courage, unused as he had been to it, and that he was as friendly and kind-hearted as it was possible for a man to be. Without knowing it, or trying to do so, he had made dozens of friends, who were all ready, if he should re-open his store, to give him all the help they could.

At last there were only three days left before the arrival of the Christmas Sunday, to which Elsie had looked forward so long. Her father had written that he would certainly be able to come down if it did not storm.

"An' it 'ud niver have the heart to storm on the blissed Christmas, an' it comin' on a Sunday," said Mrs. Christy.

"No, indeed!" said Elsie. "I 'm sure it wont. I wish Christmas always came on a Sunday." And she danced around the room and hugged Mrs. Christy for very joy.

Mrs. Christy's two boys also were coming from the Chieftain mine, where they worked. Elsie had long since got over her dislike of the Christy boys. She had learned how kind and good they were under all their roughness of manner. The last time they had been home, they had, of their own accord, brought her two splendid young fir-trees for Christmas greens. They cut the trees down, fastened them by stout ropes to their belts, and came shooting into camp on their snow-shoes, each with a fir-tree dragging twenty feet behind him on the snow. Such a sight had never been seen in Red Jacket before. Then they

chopped the boughs off in front of the cabin, brought them in, and threw them on the floor in a heap huge enough to trim two much bigger rooms than Elsie's and Mrs. Christy's. Elsie and Mrs. Christy worked the whole day before Christmas, making wreaths and long festoons; and when all was done, the rooms were so changed one would hardly know them. Very late Elsie sat up that night, for she had some things to do she did not want Mrs. Christy to see: a nice scarf she had knit for each of the Christy boys, and a warm jacket for Mrs. Christy herself; and these were to be wrapped up in clean paper, and a little note written to go with each gift, and Elsie was a slow writer. It was past twelve o'clock when she crawled into her bed, very tired and sleepy. "It is Christmas now," she thought. "By nine o'clock Papa will be here. How he will like the greens! We never had it so pretty before," and Elsie was asleep in two minutes.

The next thing she knew, she heard voices talking outside, and saw lights flashing on the ceiling of her room. It did not seem to her she had been asleep a minute. The voices grew louder, and more and more, and the lights kept flashing. Terribly frightened, Elsie sprang up, and ran through the covered way to Mrs. Christy's room. As she reached the window, she heard Mrs. Christy sobbing, and crying:

"Och, an' who 'll till her? Who 'll have a harrt to till her? I 'll niver be the one to till her!"

Like a flash of lightning, Elsie knew it was of her that Mrs. Christy was speaking, and in a second more she had sprung through the window, into the center of a group of excited men, all talking together, but all silent, as soon as she appeared; all except Mrs. Christy, who burst out crying louder than ever, and running to Elsie, threw her arms around her, and gasped out: "Och, honey, there 's bad news for ye. It 's a slide they 've had! Och, an' who 'll till her?" and Mrs. Christy broke down.

Elsie looked from one to another. She did not cry, but she turned very white, and that frightened the men. They were used to seeing women cry, as Mrs. Christy was doing; but this little white-faced, resolute-looking child,—as one of the men said afterward, "it took the strength right out of a man to see her."

"Is my Papa dead? Is he buried up in the snow-slide?" said Elsie, speaking very loud in a shrill voice. "Wont somebody please tell me what has happened?" and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Then they told her all there was to tell. It did not take many words. A man had just come down from Tin Cup, running for dear life, to call all the Red Jacket men to come up and help dig out three cabins that had been buried in a snow-slide at midnight. The slide was a terrible one, he said. It had started with a sudden noise like a gun-shot, waking everybody in the camp. Then, with a great roaring sound like wind or a waterfall, the avalanche of snow had swept down the mountain-side, carrying away all the buildings of the Silver Queen Mine, and burying up three of the miners' cabins, nobody could tell how many feet deep. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye.

Luckily, the moon was shining at the time; and the people had turned out, and were digging as near as they could judge where the first cabin stood. But the snow was piled like a mountain, and there was hardly a hope of finding any one alive in the cabins. The messenger had gone on to the next town to get more help. While the men were telling all this, Elsie stood very still, her eyes turning first to one, then to another; she did not interrupt till they stopped speaking. Then she said:

"Are you sure my papa was in one of those cabins?"

The man who had been speaking last nodded his head and looked away from her. He could not speak.

"The man that came down, he said so," said another man. "He guv us the names. There 's ten men in the three cabins, and there 's a woman and baby in one. But we must be goin'. It 's a poor kind of a Christmas we 've got," and he glanced at the evergreen wreaths and boughs around the room. "It 's miners' luck, anyhow. But keep up your heart, Miss; we 'll send a man down to tell ye the very fust news there is."

Elsie did not speak nor move. She stood as if she were turned to stone, watching the men as they examined and lighted their lanterns, muffled themselves up, and prepared to set off. It was not yet four o'clock.

"Three more hours before daylight!" thought Elsie. "How can they see in this awful darkness?"

"Could n't I go with you?" she exclaimed, suddenly. "I can run fast on snow-shoes. Oh, do take me, so I can be there when they get my Papa out! Oh, let me come! I wont be any trouble."

"Bless your sweet eyes," cried one of the men, "it 's all we 'll be able to do ourselves to get up Coal Creek Gulch! Ye could n't stand up a minute, little gal, in the wind thet blows down thet gulch a night like this 'ere. It 'ud take ye like a dead leaf off a tree."

It was only a few minutes since the first sound of voices and the flash of light in Elsie's room had awakened her,—only a few minutes; but it seemed a thousand years. The men were all gone; silence reigned inside and outside; one flickering candle

gave a fitful half light in the room. Mrs. Christy sat rocking backward and forward, occasionally sobbing, and looking at Elsie without speaking. She did not dare to say a word to her. She could not understand the sort of grief which neither cried, nor moaned, nor spoke. She was almost afraid of Elsie. Elsie stood still at the window, her face pressed against the pane. Occasionally, a light would flash out in the distance, twinkle for a few seconds, then fade away in the direction of the Coal Gulch road — one more helper on the way to Tin Cup. In times of such disaster, mining people are all like brothers, in their eagerness to help and to rescue.

Finally, Elsie turned away from the window and said to Mrs. Christy:

"I think I will go back to bed again. There is n't anything to do."

Mrs. Christy stared at her. She was on the point of exclaiming in remonstrance, but suddenly changed her mind, and replied:

"An' indade, if ye can slape, it 'ud be the best thing for ye."

"I don't think I shall go to sleep," said Elsie, "but I suppose if I could, it would be better than to lie thinking."

"An' there 's no knowin' thin; ye might jist fall off unawaires like, an' a dale o' good it 'ud do ye, darlin'. I 'll not make a sound. Ye call me when ye want me. I think I 'll maybe take a bit av a nap mesilf," said Mrs. Christy, as she helped Elsie over the window-sill.

Elsie felt guiltily relieved at these words, and there was almost a remorseful tenderness in the kiss she gave to the tender old Irishwoman as she stepped down into the passage-way.

For nothing was further from Elsie's mind than going to sleep. She had already decided on a plan of action, which she knew Mrs. Christy would oppose, perhaps even by force. Elsie had determined to go to Tin Cup. She knew the way. Her father had told her where the road lay; it was a road on which she herself had often walked a long distance, gathering flowers. There were no such purple asters anywhere as on the hills on the north side of that road. The south side of it, as far as Elsie knew it, was a steep slope down to the bottom of the gulch, where ran a swift little stream, called Coal Creek because there were coal mines on the banks of it. Beyond this stream, the hill rose abruptly again like a precipice, and was covered thickly with a fir forest. Elsie never liked to look at that side of the gulch. The fir forest looked so black and gloomy, and reminded her of fairy stories of forests where evil gnomes and elves lived.

Poor child! If the fir forest had been grim and terrible to her in summer, how much more so would it seem now! She little dreamed how black and fierce it would look with the whole country round about white with snow, and the sparkling stream hid from sight!

It seemed to Elsie that it would never be light. When the first streak of red came in the sky, she jumped out of bed and began to dress. By the time it was light enough to see distinctly, she was all ready.

"How lucky that our front door is on the side Mrs. Christy can not see," thought Elsie, as she crept out, strapped on her snow-shoes, and set off. Nobody in the camp saw her. All the men had gone to Tin Cup, and most of the women were still asleep as Elsie sped down the silent street. When she came to the corner where the road turned off up Coal Creek Gulch, she halted a moment, dismayed at the sight. She would not have known the place. It seemed to her at first that it could not be the way. The gulch was so filled in with snow that the sides did not look half so high as they used to look; and there was not a trace of a road. No sleigh had been up Coal Creek Gulch for a month.

Still, she could see the tracks where the men had gone that morning, on their snow shoes.

"I can follow those tracks," thought Elsie, "and I can go by the trees, too. I think the fir forest reaches all the way up!" and she hurried on. Oh, how black the fir-trees looked, and how terribly still it was! Not a sound except the sound of Elsie's own sliding steps; and, to make it worse, the rising sun, which at first had shone out for a few minutes, soon went under a great gray cloud, which gradually spread and covered the whole sky. Elsie shuddered as she saw this. She knew what it meant. It was going to snow. "If it snows hard, I shall lose my way, surely," thought Elsie, and she hurried on faster and faster; too fast, alas! for before long, she lost her balance on the treacherous snow-shoes, reeled, pitched headlong, and fell. Luckily, the leather bands of her snow-shoes gave way; if they had not, she would have broken her ankles. As it was, one of them was so sprained that when she tried to get upon her feet, she fell back again, almost faint from the pain. She tried again and again, but each time the pain made her more weak and dizzy.

"I guess I 've broken my leg," thought Elsie, "so now I shall have to lie here till I die. I don't care; if my papa is dead, I might as well die, too."

Scattering snow-flakes began to fall. They came faster and faster; soon, it was a blinding snow-storm. Elsie was so cold, she could hardly move. Again she tried to get upon her feet. It was of no use; the ankle was powerless, and the torture

of moving it was more dreadful each time she tried. Elsie shut her eyes, and thought to herself, "Now, I will just say my prayers, and then I 'll be dead pretty soon."

A few tears rolled down her cheeks, but she did not cry hard; in fact, she did not in any way suffer so much as you would have supposed. She was already benumbed by cold. To be frozen to death is not so terrible a death as the words suggest. A gentle drowsiness comes on, and the last thing people who are frozen know is that they feel like going to sleep. This was what Elsie thought.

"Why, how queer it is," she thought. "I don't feel half so cold as I did. Perhaps it is getting warmer. I 'm so sleepy, I can't keep my eyes open," and that was the last Elsie knew till she felt a man shaking her shoulder hard, and pouring into her mouth some bad-tasting stuff that made her throat burn like fire.

"Git up, little gal — git up!" he said, trying to lift her on her feet.

Elsie shrieked with the pain: "Oh, sir! my leg! Don't. My leg 's broken. I can't stand up."

As soon as she opened her eyes and spoke, the man bent over and took another look at her face.

"Great Almighty!" he cried. "If it aint McFarland's little gal! Excuse me, Miss," he added; for even in her great pain Elsie lifted her eyes reproachfully at his first words. "But how in thunder come you here?"



"'IF IT SNOWS HARD, I SHALL LOSE MY WAY, SURE ENOUGH,' THOUGHT ELSIE, AND SHE HURRIED ON FASTER AND FASTER."

It was the man who came down to Elsie's house, the first time, to bring the note from her father, when he was hurt. As soon as Elsie recognized his face, she felt she had found a friend, and then, in spite of herself, she began to cry and sob.

"My papa 's buried up in the snow," she said, "and I was going up to Tin Cup, so as to be there when they got him out. The men are all digging. Don't you know about the slide? All the Red Jacket men have gone up to help; and I knew the way, and I could n't stay at home, and I was going too fast, and I fell over, and

my leg 's broken. I 've tried and tried to get up, and I can't."

Before she had done speaking, the man had cut her boot off from the sprained foot. As it fell, the relief was so great that Elsie exclaimed:

"Oh, thank you; it was the foot that was hurt —was n't it? I guess I can get up now," and she made a movement to try; but the man put his hand on her shoulder and said:

"I guess you can't, my gal. You 've got to let me carry you. We 'll fix that all right. I 'll have you into Tin Cup in next to no time."

"Oh," said Elsie, "you never can carry me. I 'm very heavy. If you can mend the straps to my snow-shoes, I 'm sure I can walk."

"Snow-shoes be hanged!" said the man gruffly. "That looks like snow-shoes, don't it?" pointing to Elsie's foot. It frightened Elsie to see it. It was already much swollen, and the pain was coming back again worse than ever.

"Now, jist don't you cry, little woman," said the man, patting her head. "You jist do as I tell ye, an' I 'll tow yer in 's easy 's nothin'! You heavy?" he went on. "Why, ye 'r' no more 'n a skeeter!"

At this, Elsie gave a little smile, which seemed to please the man greatly.

"Fact!" he said. "Ef I kin onct git ye hoisted on my shoulders, I kin run with ye 's well 's I could without ye. There 's nothin' to ye, anyhow."

Then he picked up Elsie's snow-shoes, tied them together, and hung them upon a tree.

"We 'll git them another day," he said. "They 'll be safe there. Aint many tramps 'round this kind o' weather."

Then he took off his comforter, bound the poor swelled foot in it, and then, grasping his walking pole in his right hand, he managed with some difficulty to kneel down, close to Elsie, with his back to her.

"There, dear," he said; "now you jist hug your arms tight 'roun' my neck, and hang on, an' I 'll git up slow, an' then we 'll be off in a jiffy."

Elsie did as she was told, and the man, with his strange load on his shoulders, rose slowly and carefully to his feet; but as soon as Elsie's sprained ankle hung at its full weight, the pain was so terrible that she could not endure it, and she gave a shriek, exclaiming: "Oh, my foot, my foot! Oh, sir, please put me down! I can't!"

"Blast it all!" said the man. "Ye poor little young 'un, I might ha' known ye could n't. I forgot about yer feet a hangin'," and setting Elsie down gently, he scratched his head and fell to thinking.

Elsie had around her neck a small plaid shawl, tied on like a comforter. "Could ye git along without that shawl; ye 'll be putty warm up there close to my back hair?" he asked, laughing.

"Oh, yes," said Elsie, taking it off at once, and handing it to him.

Out of this shawl he made a kind of sling, and knotted it across one of his shoulders. Then, while still on his knees, he took the swollen foot and very carefully set it in the sling.



ELSIE'S RESCUER.

"There," he said, "that 's the best we can do. It 'll help considerable to hold you up. I 'm afeard it 'll hurt ye putty bad, even this way; but ye 'll have to bear it 's well 's ye kin, my gal," and he set off at a quick pace. At first Elsie did not suffer much, but in a few minutes the pain grew so

severe that she could not keep from groaning, though she tried very hard to desist.

"Don't mind my groaning," she said at last. "It hurts so I can't help it; but I can bear the hurt. Please go quick. How far is it?"

"Only two miles," he said. "We 'll soon be there."

"I did not think I had come two miles," said Elsie, feebly, and that was the last word she said. The man spoke to her several times, but could get no answer.

"Blest if the kid aint fainted," he thought. "Well, it 's jist as well; I 'll git her there quicker," and he shot along in great strides.

Just in the outskirts of Tin Cup was a two-story frame house, the only frame house, the only two-story house, in the region. It was a miner's boarding-house. It was painted an indescribable shade of light red, and known as the "Pink Boarding-house." Its size and its color combined made it a conspicuous landmark, well known to everybody.

"Ef I can jist git to the Pink Boardin'-'us, thet 's all I 'll ask," thought Elsie's rescuer. "Mis' Barrett, she 'll bring her round first-rate. But I dunno 's the poor little thing 's got much to come round to. Her father 's dead 'n' gone, an' she haint got any other folks as ever I heern on. Blamed if it wa' n't a mighty foolish thing, a feller like McFarland goin' into minin', anyhow."

It was not half an hour from the time Elsie had been lifted on this kind miner's broad shoulders before she was laid in Mrs. Barrett's own bed, with blankets and bottles of hot water all around her, and Mrs. Barrett rubbing her hands, holding hartshorn to her nose, and doing all she could think of to bring her to consciousness;—crying over her, too, for Mrs. Barrett was a motherly soul, and her lonely life of three long years at the head of the Pink Boarding-house, and all the sufferings and troubles she had seen in the mining country, had made her compassionate and tender.

"I reckon she 's gone, Phil, "she said, when he first staggered in with Elsie on his back.

"No, she aint," he cried. "Ye kin feel her little heart a-beatin', if ye try; she 's the pluckiest kid ever I saw. It 's McFarland's little gal; she 'd set out to come up here all alone, do ye know, 's soon 's she heard the news o' the slide. Got any on 'em out yit?"

"No," said Mrs. Barrett. "They have n't come to any o' the cabins yet."

"They 'll all be dead, then, I 'm afeard," said the man; adding "More 's the pity!" as he looked toward Elsie. Mrs. Barrett nodded silently. "Which cabin was McFarland in?" she asked.

"The one nearest the mine," replied Phil. "That one 'll have the best chance. It can't be so deep up there 's 't is down in the holler."

"Poor young un," he added, "she 'd got the two cabins, her'n and Christy's—(they was jined into one; Mac did it before he came up here, so Mis' Christy could look after the gal)—she 'd got the two cabins all trimmed up with greens, like a meetin'-'us, a-lookin' for her father to come down to-day. I never 'll get over that fust time I took her down the note to say he wa' n't comin'. The tears cum in her eyes at fust, but in a minnit she had 'em brushed away, and sez she, 'But you will stay and eat your dinner with me, sir. That is what my papa would like, and I, too. Then I wont be all alone; an' the dinner 's ready,' jist like a woman; an' a mighty good dinner the little kid 'd cooked, too, all by herself."

"She 's comin' to," said Mrs. Barrett, who had not for a moment stopped chafing Elsie's hands. "She 's comin' to, poor little thing; how 'll I ever muster up courage to tell her about her father?"

"Oh, she knows," said Phil, as he hurried away. "She knows it. That 's what brought her up here. She overheered the men tellin' it at Christy's."

When Elsie opened her eyes and saw Mrs. Barrett's kind face bending over her, she thought she had died and gone to heaven.

"Is this heaven?" she said. "Are you an angel?"

Good Mrs. Barrett, in telling the story afterward, used to say: "Well, of all the things that ever happened to me, I was never so took aback as I was at that. And I never knew rightly what I did say to the child in the first of it. But in a minute or two she got her eyes really open, and then she saw I was n't an angel. And she said, 'Oh, thank you very much! I feel better. Where is the kind man that brought me here? Have they got my papa out of the snow yet?' An' she was as calm 's a grown woman, and a sight calmer than most of 'em; and there she lay all that dreadful morning, just as peaceful 's any lamb. She 'd answer when I spoke to her, and she 'd eat and drink whatever I told her to. But I don't believe she spoke six words o' her own accord—not till the door opened, and her father walked in. And then the scream that child gave! It would ha' raised the dead! I thought I 'd never get it out o' my ears. She just raised up in bed, and gave that one scream, and then she fell back in another dead faint, worse than the one I 'd brought her out of in the morning. I thought she never would come out on 't. I wont ever forget it 's long 's I live. And her father, he stood lookin' at her with the tears rolling down. And, says he, 'Mrs. Barrett, this little girl 's all I 've got in the world to live for.'"

Yes, it was indeed Elsie's father that opened the door and walked in — safe and sound, and as well as ever. A very strange thing had happened. On the evening before, one of the miners, Mr. McFarland's best friend and room-mate, had asked him to take his place on what is called the "night shift"— that is, the gang of men who work in mines at night. It is a very common thing, when mines are prosperous, to keep the work going on in them night and day,— one set of men working in the day-time and another at night. So Mr. McFarland, to relieve his friend, had gone into the mine to work that night, and was in the tunnel when the snow-slide took place. His friend had staid in the cabin, and was killed instantly — crushed to death in his bed, under the timbers of the cabin. All who were in the other cabins were killed except one man, whose escape seemed like a miracle. The broken timbers fell in such a way that they did not press on him, and held the snow up like a roof above him; and there he lay in his bed, unable to stir hand or foot, in total darkness under the mountain of snow, till the morning of the second day, when he was taken out, nearly dead from fright, but with not a hurt of any kind.

Elsie did not want to speak when she came out of her fainting fit and found her father holding her hand. She clasped both her hands tightly around his, but she did not speak nor move. As he told her how it had happened that he was saved, tears trickled down her cheeks: but still she did not speak. It seemed to her that she should never want to do anything as long as she lived but to hold her father's hand in hers and look into his face. And he felt almost in the same way; as if he never wanted to have his little daughter out of his sight again.

In the course of the afternoon, he said to her:

"I have n't got any Christmas present for you, Elsie, dear."

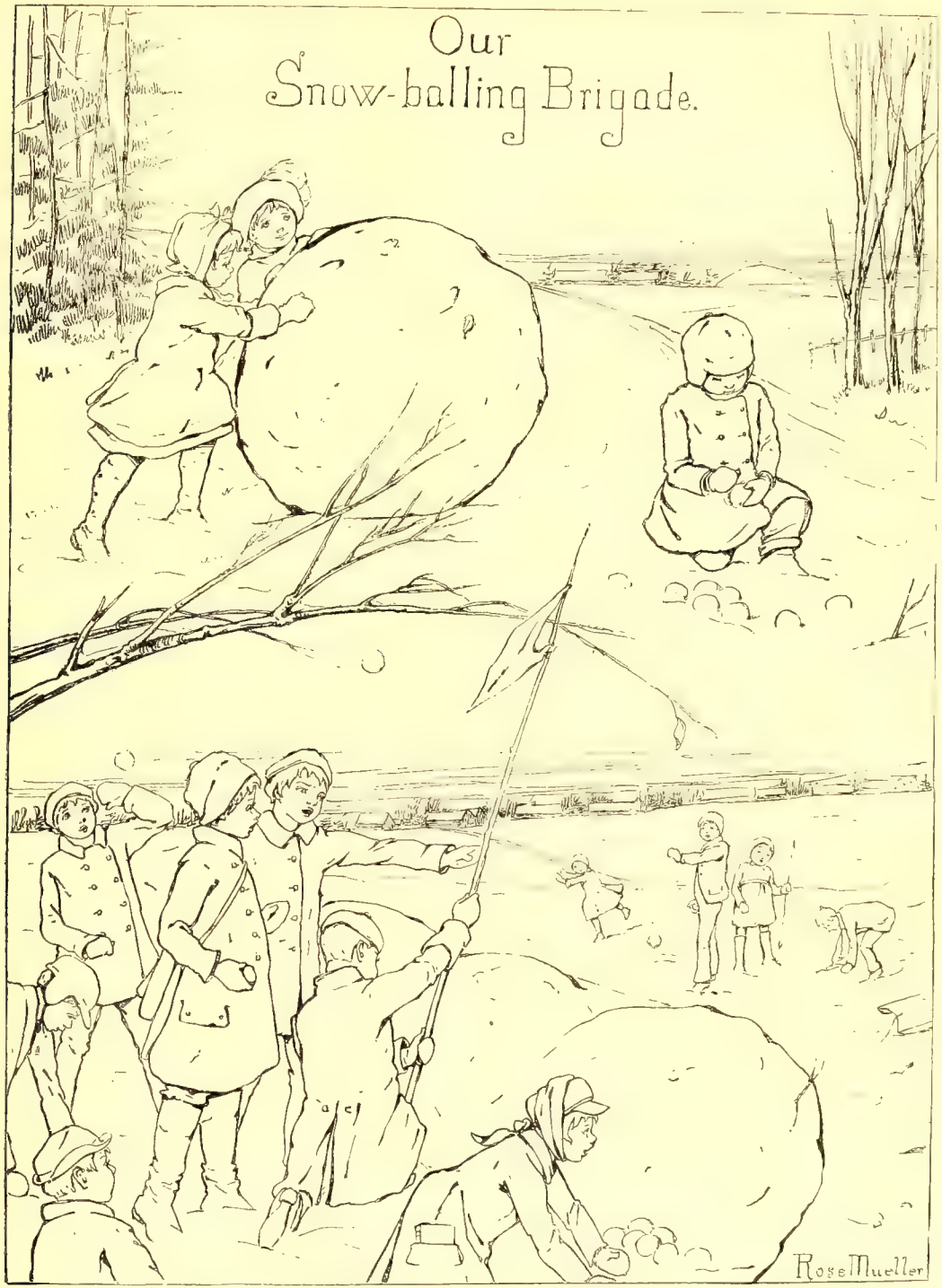
"Oh, Papa!" she said, in a faint little voice,— for she was very weak still,—"I 've got the best Christmas present in the world! I don't believe any other girl in the world ever had a Christmas present of a papa!"

THE OAK AND THE MUSHROOM.——A FABLE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

THE mushroom and the oak
In the meadow stood together,
When the former, in his cloak
Pearly-white, briskly said:
"I have just got out of bed,
And I find the world is radiant with good weather.
I see a thousand pretty things —
Flowers with color, birds with wings
That fly so far and so fleetly; —
But there 's one thing puzzles me most completely:
How a tree of power and size
Should take so long to rise.
I at once sprang from the ground,
And have hardly looked around,
And have not been here an hour; —
But, to win your state and power,
As your wrinkledness appears,
Took a dozen score of years.
Look at me,
And you 'll agree
I am whole and clear and sound.
Is n't that a perfect dower?
And I 've not been here an hour!"

Then the oak
To his callow comrade spoke:
"All depends on what you set yourself to be —
Whether mushroom, or a tree.
Very little needs but little for supply;
And to one who can say
He has had no yesterday —
Who, springing from a shower,
Was born in an hour,
And with weeping and quick sorrow,
Must vanish ere to-morrow,—
Things are easy, I admit.
But if you had had a bit of real, sturdy wit,
You would know
Quick to come is quick to go.
"—— But hither strolls the epicure;
He will settle this debate, I 'm sure.
See, he ends our fact or fable,
By picking you to sit as a morsel on his table.
But to you 't is little difference, any way —
Small intruder of a day —
Had he missed your meadowy spot,
Found you here, or found you not,
Death has uses: — and your take-off is as just,
For to-morrow you would crumble into dust."


Our
Snow-balling Brigade.
Rose Mueller



By N. G. Cone.

THE New Year gave a dinner to twelve little brothers,
No one of whom had the same tastes as the others:
The Moons, they are called, from the very large size
And wonderful roundness of all of their eyes.

'T was a mild winter evening, exactly at five,
When the twelve little brothers began to arrive.
March came in a comforter big as a shawl;
And August without any stockings at all;
And Feb. in an ulster, although he was small;
And April in boots, which he left in the hall;
December in arctics—he feared he would fall,
And therefore was constantly giving a haul
To the straps; and November, if right I recall,
Had brought an umbrella in case of a squall;
And May had a beautiful blue parasol;
And then came July, with the rosy-cheeked Jan.,
Though Jan. was in furs, and July had a fan;
And Septy and Octy in round caps and frills;
And June in a pinafore old as the hills.

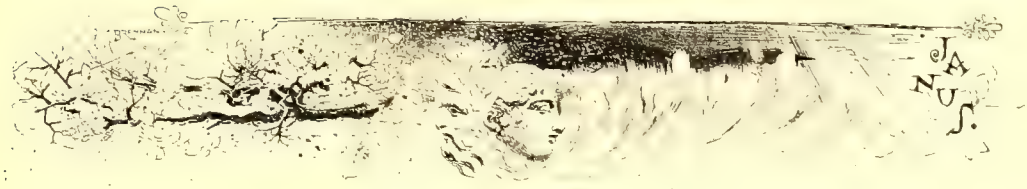
There was plum pie, and peacock, and turtles, and thyme,
And more than I ever can tell in my rhyme.
May remarked, "If you please, I 'll take lamb and green peas,"
While September exclaimed, "Apple dumplings and cheese;"

WHEN THE TWELVE LITTLE BROTHERS BEGAN TO ARRIVE.



And July was inquiring for lemons to squeeze;
And August for ices his palate to freeze;
And June a great spoon did impatiently seize
And drummed on the table for "Fresh strawberr*ees!*"
November said, "Turkey—I can't wait a minute!"
December said, "Pudding, with cinnamon in it!"
Jan. clamored for oysters—March hinted "Half-shell;"
Feb. thought chicken salad would do very well;
Said Octy, "Dessert without nuts can't excel;"
And April was anxious his wishes to tell—
(They were chiefly boiled eggs)—till, the tumult to quell,
The New Year made use of his silver hand-bell,
And was forced to confess, not at all at his ease,
That there *never* were twelve little brothers like these.
And he rose and declared he would stand it no more,
And the twelve little brothers he savagely bore,
By their twelve little collars, outside of his door;
And the last thing I heard of was June's pinafore,
Which caught on the door-knob and dolefully tore.

So, if these little brothers, in good Eighty-four,
Get treated to weather they 'll sadly deplore;
And it rains every day in the sweet month of May,
And freezes in August, my readers can say
That the twelve little brothers, so fractious and queer,
Have excited the wrath of the lordly New Year.





"TAKING TURNS."

TALES OF TWO CONTINENTS.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

FIRST STORY.—MAGNIE'S DANGEROUS RIDE.—(PART II.)

MAGNIE never knew how long he was unconscious. The first thing he remembered was a delicious sense of warmth and comfort stealing through him, and strange, unintelligible sounds buzzing in the air about him. Somebody was talking kindly to him, and a large, warm hand was gliding over his forehead and cheeks. The peace and warmth were grateful to him after the intense strain of his dangerous ride. He was even loth to open his eyes when his reviving memory began to make the situation clear to him.

"It was a reckless shot, Harry," he heard some one saying in a foreign tongue, which he soon recognized as English, "even if it did turn out well. Suppose you had sent your bullet crashing through the young fellow instead of the buck. How would you have felt then?"

"I should have felt very badly, I am sure," answered a younger voice, which obviously belonged to Magnie's rescuer; "but I followed my usual way of doing things. If I did n't act that way, I should n't act at all. And you will admit, Uncle, it is a queer sort of thing to see a fellow come riding on a reindeer buck, in the midst of a wild herd, and in a trackless wilderness like this, where nobody but wolves or geologists would be apt to discover any attractions. Now, I saw by the young man's respectable appearance that he could n't be a geologist; and if he was a wolf, I did n't mind much if I did shoot him."

At this point, Magnie opened his eyes and stared wonderingly about him. He found himself in a small, cramped room, the walls of which were draped with canvas, and scarcely high enough under the ceiling to allow a man to stand erect. Against the walls a number of shining brass instruments were leaning, and in a corner there was a hearth, the smoke of which escaped through a hole in the roof. Two bunks filled with moss, with a sheet and a blanket thrown over each, completed the outfit of the primitive dwelling. But Magnie was more interested in the people, than in the looks of the room. A large, blonde, middle-aged man, inclined to stoutness, was holding Magnie's hand as if counting his pulse-beat, and a very good-looking young fellow, of about his own age, was standing at the hearth, turning a spit upon which was a venison steak.

"Hallo! Our young friend is returning from the land of Nod," said the youth who had been addressed as Harry. "I am glad you did n't start on a longer journey, young chap, when I fired at you; for if you had, you would have interfered seriously with my comfort."

Magnie, who was a fair English scholar, understood perfectly what was said to him, but several minutes elapsed before he could collect himself sufficiently to answer. In order to gain time, he made an effort to raise himself and take a closer look at his surroundings, but was forced by the older man to abandon the attempt. "Not so fast, my dear, not so fast," he said, stooping over him, and gently pushing him back into a reclining position. "You must remember that you have a big lump on your head from your fall, and it wont do to be frisky just yet. But before conversing further, it might be well to ascertain whether we understand each other."

"Yes, I think—I think—I do," stammered Magnie. "I know some English."

"Ah, then we shall get along charmingly," the man remarked, with an encouraging smile. "And I think Harry's venison steak is done by this time; and dinner, as you know, affords the most delightful opportunity for getting acquainted. Gunnar, our guide, who is outside skinning your reindeer buck, will soon present himself and serve the dinner. Here he is, and he is our cook, butler, chambermaid, laundress, beast of burden, and interpreter, all in one."

The man to whom the professor alluded was at this moment seen crawling on his hands and feet through the low door-way, which his bulky figure completely filled. He was a Norwegian peasant of the ordinary sort, with a square, rudely cut face, dull blue eyes, and a tuft of towy hair hanging down over his forehead. With one hand he was dragging the skin of the buck, and between his teeth he held an ugly-looking knife.

"We have got to bury him," he said.

"Bury him!" cried Harry! "Why, you bloodthirsty wretch! Don't you see he is sitting there, looking as bright as a sixpence?"

"I mean the buck," replied Gunnar, imperturbably.

"And why do you wish to bury the buck? I would much rather eat him. This steak here has a most tempting flavor, and I am quite tired of canned abominations by this time."

"The wolves will be sure to scent the meat, now that it is flayed, and before an hour we might have a whole congregation of them here."

"Well, then, we will shoot them down," insisted the cheerful Harry. "Come, now, Uncle, and let us have a civilized dinner. I don't pretend to be an expert in the noble art of cookery; but if this tastes as good as it smells, I would n't exchange it for a Delmonico banquet. And if the wolves, as Gunnar says, can smell a dead reindeer miles away, why they would be likely to smell a venison steak from the ends of creation. Perhaps, if we don't hurry, all the wolves of the earth may invite themselves to our dinner."

Gunnar, upon whom this fanciful raillery was lost, was still standing on all-fours in the door, with his front half in the warm room and his rearward portion in the arctic regions without. He was gazing helplessly from one to another, as if asking for an explanation of all this superfluous talk. "Vill you cawme and help me, Mester Harry?" he asked at last, stolidly.

"Yes, when I have had my dinner, I will, Mester Gunnar," answered Harry, gayly.

"Vell, I have nothing more to say, den," grumbled the guide; "but it vould vonder me much if, before you are troo, you vont have some unbidden guests."

"All right, Gunnar—the more the merrier;" retorted Harry as, with exaggerated imitation of a waiter's manner, he distributed plates, knives, and napkins to Magnie and his uncle.

They now fell to chatting, and Magnie learned, after having given a brief account of himself, that his entertainers were Professor Winchester, an American geologist, and his nephew, Harry Winchester, who was accompanying his uncle, chiefly for the fun of the thing, and also for the purpose of seeing the world and picking up some crumbs of scientific knowledge. The Professor was especially interested in glaciers and their action in ages past upon the surface of the earth, and, as the Norwegian glaciers had never been thoroughly studied, he had determined to devote a couple of months to observations and measurements, with a

view to settling some mooted geological questions upon which he had almost staked his reputation.

They had just finished the steak, which would perhaps have been tenderer if it had not been so fresh, and were helping themselves to the contents of a jar of raspberry preserves, when Harry suddenly dropped his spoon and turned with a serious face to his uncle.

"Did you hear that?" he said.

"No; what was it?"

Harry waited for a minute; then, as a wild, doleful howl was heard, he laid his hand on the Professor's arm, and remarked:

"The old fellow was right. We shall have unbidden guests."

"But they are hardly dangerous in these regions, so far as I can learn," said the Professor, re-assuringly.

"That depends upon their number. We could tackle a dozen; but two dozen we might find troublesome. At any rate, they have spoiled my appetite for raspberry jam, and that is something I sha'n't soon forgive them."

Three or four howls, sounding nearer, and echoing with terrible distinctness from the glaciers, seemed to depress Harry's spirits still further, and he put the jar away and began to examine the lock of his rifle.

"They are evidently summoning a mass meeting," remarked the Professor, as another chorus of howls reëchoed from the glacier. "I wish we had more guns."

"And I wish mine were a Remington or a Springfield breech-loader, with a dozen cartridges in it," Harry exclaimed. "These double-barreled Norwegian machines, with two shots in them, are really good for nothing in an emergency. They are antediluvian both in shape and construction."

He had scarcely finished this lament, when Gunnar's huge form re-appeared in the door, quadruped fashion, and made an attempt to enter. But his great bulk nearly filled the narrow room, and made it impossible for the others to move. He examined silently first Harry's rifle, then his own, cut off a slice of steak with his pocket-knife, and was about to crawl out again, when the Professor, who could not quite conceal his anxiety, asked him what he had done with the reindeer.

"Oh!" he answered, triumphantly, "I haf buried him among de stones, vhere it vill be safe from all de volves in de vorld."

"But, my dear fellow," ejaculated the Professor, hotly, "why did n't you rather let the wolves have it? Then, at least, they would spare us."

"You surely vould n't give a goot fresh reindeer, legs and all, to a pack of skountrelly volves, vould you?"

"I would much rather give them that than give them myself."

"But it is vorth tventy dollars, ef you can get it down fresh and sell it to de English yachts," protested Gunnar, stolidly.

"Yes, yes; but you great stupid," cried the Professor in despair, "what do you think my life is worth? and Master Harry's? and this young fellow's?" (pointing to Magnie). "Now, go as quick as you can and dig the deer out again."

Gunnar, scarcely able to comprehend such criminal wastefulness, was backing out cautiously with his feet foremost, when suddenly he gave a scream and a jump which nearly raised the roof from the hut. It was evident that he had been bitten. In the same moment a fresh chorus of howls resounded without, mingled with sharp, whining barks, expressive of hunger and ferocity. There was something shudderingly wild and mournful in these long-drawn discords, as they rose toward the sky in this lonely desert; and brave as he was, Magnie could not quite restrain the terror which he felt stealing upon him. Weakened by his icy bath, moreover, and by the nervous strain of his first adventure, he had no great desire to encounter a pack of ravenous wolves. Still, he manned himself for the occasion and, in as steady a voice as he could command, begged the Professor to hand him some weapon. Harry, who had instinctively taken the lead, had just time to reach him a long hunting-knife, and arm his uncle with an ax, when, through the door which Gunnar had left open, two wolves came leaping in and paused in bewilderment at the sight of the fire on the hearth. They seemed dazed by the light, and stood panting and blinking, with their trembling red tongues lolling out of their mouths. Harry, whose gun was useless at such close range, snatched the ax away from the Professor, and at one blow split the skull of one of the intruders, while Magnie ran his knife up to the very hilt in the neck of the other. The beast was, however, by no means dead after that, but leaped up on his assailant's chest, and would have given him an ugly wound in the neck, had not the Professor torn it away and flung it down upon the fire, where with a howling whine it expired. The Professor had also found time to bolt the door, before more visitors could enter; and two successive shots without seemed to indicate that Gunnar was holding his own against the pack. But the question was, how long would he succeed in keeping them at bay? He had fired both his shots, and he would scarcely have a chance to load again, with twenty hungry beasts leaping about him. This they read in one another's faces, but no one was anxious to anticipate the other in uttering his dread.

"Help, help!" cried Gunnar, in dire need.

"Take your hand away, Uncle!" demanded Harry. "I am going out to help him."

"For your life's sake, Harry," implored the Professor, "don't go! Let me go! What would your Mother say to me, if I should return without you?"

"I 'll come back again, Uncle, don't you fear," said the youth, with feigned cheerfulness; "but I wont let this poor fellow perish before my very eyes, even though he is a fool."

"It was his foolishness which brought this danger upon us," remonstrated the Professor.

"He knew no better," cried Harry, tearing the door open, and with ax uplifted rushing out into the twilight. What he saw seemed merely a dark mass, huddled together and swaying sideways, from which now and then a black figure detached itself with a howl, jumped wildly about, and again joined the dark, struggling mass. He could distinguish Gunnar's head, and his arms fighting desperately, and, from the yelps and howls of the wolves, he concluded that he had thrown away the rifle and was using his knife with good effect.

"Help!" he yelled, "help!"

"You shall have it, old fellow," cried Harry, plunging forward and swinging his ax about him; and the Professor, who had followed close at his heels, shouting at the top of his voice, pressed in Harry's wake right into the center of the furious pack. But, at that very instant, there came a long "Hallo-o!" from the lake below, and a rifle bullet flew whistling above their heads and struck a rock scarcely a yard above the Professor's hat. Several wolves lay gasping and yelping on the ground, and the rest slunk aside. Another shot followed, and a large beast made a leap and fell dead among the stones. Gunnar, who was lying bleeding upon the ground, was helped to his feet, and supported by Harry and the Professor to the door of the cottage.

"Hallo, there!" shouted Harry, in response to the call from below.

"Hallo!" some one shouted back.

The figures of three men were now seen looming up in the dusk, and Magnie, who instinctively knew who they were, sprang to meet them, and in another moment lay sobbing in his brother's arms. The poor lad was so completely unnerved by the prolonged suspense and excitement, that he had to be carried back into the hut, and his brother, after having hurriedly introduced himself to the Professor, came very near giving way to his feelings, too. Gunnar's wounds, which were numerous, though not serious, were washed and bandaged by Grim Hering-Luck; and having been wrapped in a horse-blanket, to keep out the cold, he was stowed away in a bunk and was soon asleep. As the hut was too small to admit all the company at once, Grim and Bjarne remained outside, and busied themselves in skinning the seven wolves which had fallen on the field of battle. Harry, who had got a bad bite in his arm, which he refused to regard as serious, consented with reluctance to his uncle's surgery, and insisted upon sitting up and conversing with Olaf Birk, to whom he had taken a great liking. But after a while the conversation began to lag, and tired heads began to droop; and when, about midnight, Grim crept in to see how his invalid was doing, he found the Professor reclining on some loose moss upon the floor, while Harry was snoring peacefully in a bunk, using Olaf's back for a pillow. And Olaf, in spite of his uncomfortable attitude, seemed also to have found his way to the land of Nod. Grim, knowing the danger of exposure in this cold glacier air, covered them all up with skins and horse-blankets, threw a few dry sticks upon the fire, and resumed his post as sentinel at the door.

The next morning, Professor Winchester and his nephew accepted Olaf's invitation to spend a few days at Hasselrud, and without further adventures the whole caravan descended into the valley, calling on their way at the *saeter* where Edwin had been left. It appeared, when they came to discuss the strange incidents of the preceding day, that it was Magnie's silk handkerchief which had enabled them to track him to the edge of the lake, and, by means of a raft, which Bjarne kept hidden among the stones in a little bay, they had been enabled to cross, leaving their horses in charge of a shepherd boy whom they had found tending goats close by.

The reindeer cow which Olaf had killed was safely carried down to the valley, and two wolf-skins were presented to Magnie by Harry Winchester. The other wolf-skins, as well as the skin of the reindeer buck, Bjarne prepared in a special manner, and Harry looked forward with much pleasure to seeing them as rugs upon the floor of his room at college; and he positively swelled with pride when he imagined himself relating to his admiring fellow-students the adventures which had brought him these precious possessions.

LUCY LEE from HIGH DUNDEE

Quaint Lucy Lee
From High Dundee
Came sauntering into town;
She came to see
St. Nick, and me,
SAINT NICHOLAS dear to all of us,
SAINT NICHOLAS of renown.

Now faire to see
Was Lucy Lee
All dressed in her brave silk gown;
She courtsied. We,
(St. Nick and me)
Said: "How d'y'do?" Then outspake she—:
"SAINT NICHOLAS of renown
"I come, you see,
"From High Dundee,
"I come for a good look down
"Right into ye
"Black bottles wee
"Of artists who draw with ye pen for thee
"SAINT NICHOLAS of renown":



SPINNING-WHEEL STORIES. NO. I.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"It is too bad to have our jolly vacation spoilt by this provoking storm. Did n't mind it yesterday, because we could eat all the time; but here we are cooped up for a week, perhaps, and I 'd like to know what we are to do," growled Geoff, as he stood at the window looking gloomily at the bleak scene without. It certainly was discouraging; for the north wind howled, the air was dark with falling snow, and drifts were rising over fences, roads, and fields, as if to barricade the Christmas party in the great country house.

"We can bear it pleasantly, since it can't be helped," said gentle sister Mary, with a kind hand on his shoulder, and a face full of sympathy for his disappointment. "I 'm sorry for the coasting, skating, and sleighing frolics we have lost; but if we must be shut up, I 'm sure we could n't have a pleasanter prison or a kinder jailer. Don't let Grandma hear us complain, for she has made great exertions to have our visit a merry one, and it will trouble her if we are not gay and contented."

"That 's easy for a parcel of girls, who only want to mull over the fire, and chatter, and drink tea; but it 's rough on us fellows, who come for the outside fun. House is well enough, but when you 've seen it once there 's an end. Eating is jolly, but you can't stuff forever. We might dig or snowball if it did n't blow a gale. Never saw such a beast of a storm!" and Geoff flattened his nose against the window-pane and scowled at the elements.

A laugh made him turn around and forget his woes, to stare at the quaint little figure that stood curtseying in the door-way of the keeping-room, where a dozen young people were penned while the maids cleared up the remains of yesterday's feast in the kitchen, the mothers were busy with the babies upstairs, and the fathers read papers in the best parlor; for this was a family gathering under the roof of the old homestead.

A rosy, dark-eyed face looked out from the faded green calash, a gayly flowered gown was looped up over a blue quilted petticoat, and a red camlet cloak hung down behind. A big reticule and a funny umbrella were held in either hand, and red hose and very high-heeled, pointed shoes covered a trim pair of feet.

"God bless you, merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay;
Here 's your ancient granny come
To call, this Christmas day,"

sang Minnie, the lively member of the flock, as she bobbed little curtseys and smiled so infectiously that even cross Geoff cheered up.

"Where did you get that rigging?" "Is n't it becoming!" "What queer stuff!" "Did Grandma ever look so, I wonder?"

These and many other questions rained upon the wearer of the old costume, and she answered them as fast as she could.

"I went rummaging up garret for something to read, and found two chests of old duds. Thought I 'd dress up and see how you liked me. Grandma said I might, and told me I looked like her when she was young. She was a beauty, you know, so I feel as proud as a peacock." And Min danced away to stand before the portrait of a blooming girl in a short-waisted, white satin gown and a pearl necklace, which hung opposite the companion portrait of an officer in an old-fashioned uniform.

"So you do. Wonder if I should look like Grandpa if I got into his old toggery?" said Geoff, looking up at the handsome man with the queue and the high coat-collar.

"Go and try; the uniform is in the chest, and not much moth-eaten. Let 's have a jolly rummage, and see what we can find. *We* did n't eat ourselves sick, so we will amuse these lazy invalids," and Min glanced pityingly at several cousins who lay about on sofas or in easy chairs, pretending to read, but evidently suffering from too great devotion to the bountiful dinner and evening feast of yesterday.

Away went Min and Lotty, Geoff and Walt, glad of anything to beguile the stormy afternoon. Grandma smiled as she heard the tramp of feet overhead, the peals of laughter, and the bang of chest-lids, well knowing that a scene of dire confusion awaited her when the noisy frolic was done, but thankful for the stores of ancient finery which would keep the restless children happy for a day.

It was truly a noble garret, for it extended the whole length of the great square house, with windows at either end, and divided in the middle by a solid chimney. All around stood rows of chests, dilapidated furniture, and wardrobes full of old relics, while the walls were hung with many things for which modern tongues can find no names. In one corner was a book-case full of musty books and papers; in another, kitchen utensils and rusty weapons; the third was devoted to quilts hung on

lines, and in the fourth stood a loom with a spinning-wheel beside it, both seemingly well cared for, as the dust lay lightly on them, and flax was still upon the distaff.

A glorious rummage followed the irruption of the Goths and Vandals into this quiet spot, and soon Geoff quite forgot the storm as he pranced about in the buff and blue coat, with a cocked hat on his head, and Grandfather's sword at his side. Lottie arrayed herself in a pumpkin hood and quilted cloak for warmth, while Walt, the bookworm, went straight to the ancient library, and became absorbed in faded souvenirs, yellow newspapers, and almanacs of a century ago.

Having displayed themselves below and romped all over the house, the masqueraders grew tired at last, and early twilight warned them to leave before ghostly shadows began to haunt the garret.

"I mean to take this down and ask Grandma to show me how it 's done. I 've heard her tell about spinning and weaving when she was a girl, and I know I can learn," said Minnie, who had fallen in love with the little wheel, and vainly tried to twist the flax into as smooth a thread as the one hanging from the distaff, as if shadowy fingers had lately spun it.

"Queen Victoria set the fashion in England, and we might do it here. Would n't it be fun to have a wheel in the parlor at home, and really use it, not keep it tied up with blue ribbons, as the other girls do!" cried Lotty, charmed with the new idea.

"Come, Geoff, take it down for us. You ought to do it out of gratitude for my cheering you up so nicely," said Min, leading the way.

"So I will. Here, Walt, give it a hoist, and come behind to pick up the pieces, for the old machine must be about a hundred, I guess."

Shouldering the wheel, Geoff carried it down; but no bits fell by the way, for the stout little wheel was all in order, kept so by loving hands that for more than eighty years had been spinning the mingled thread of a long and useful life.

Glorious fires were roaring up the wide chimneys in parlor and keeping-room, and old and young were gathering around them, while the storm beat on the window-panes, and the wintry wind howled as if angry at being shut out.

"See what we 've stolen, Grandma," cried Min, as the procession came in, rosy, dusty, gay and eager.

"Bless the child! What possessed you to lug that old thing down?" asked Madam Shirley, much amused, as the prize was placed before her where she sat in her high-backed chair, a right splendid old lady in her stately cap, black silk gown and muslin apron, with a bunch of keys at her side, like a model housekeeper as she was.

"You don't mind our playing with it, do you? And will you teach me to spin? I think it 's such a pretty little thing, and I want to be like you in all ways, Grandma dear," answered Min, sitting on the arm of the great chair, with her fresh cheek close to the wrinkled one where winter roses still bloomed.

"You wheedling gypsy! I 'll teach you with all my heart, for it is pretty work, and I often wonder ladies don't keep it up. I did till I was too busy, and now I often take a turn at it when I 'm tired of knitting. The hum is very soothing. and the thread much stronger than any we get nowadays."

As she spoke, the old lady dusted the wheel, and gave it a skillful turn or two, till the soft whir made pleasant music in the room.

"Is it really a hundred years old?" asked Geoff, drawing nearer with the others to watch the new work.

"Just about. It was one of my mother's wedding presents, and she gave it to me when I was fifteen. Deary me, how well I remember that day," and Grandma seemed to fall a-dreaming as her eyes rested on the letters E. R. M. rudely cut in the wood, and below these were three others with something meant for a true lover's knot between.

"Whose initials are these?" asked Min, scenting a romance with girlish quickness, for Grandma was smiling as if her eyes read the title to some little story in those worn letters.

"Elizabeth Rachel Morgan and Joel Manlius Shirley. Your blessed Grandfather cut our names there the day I was sixteen, and put the flourish between to show what he wanted," added the old lady, laughing as she made the wheel hum again.

"Tell about it, please do," begged Min, remembering that Grandma had been a beauty and a belle.

"It 's a long tale, my darling, and I could n't tell it now. Sometime when I 'm teaching you to spin I 'll do it, maybe."

But the girl was determined to have her story; and after tea, when the little ones were in bed, the elders playing whist in the parlor, and the young folks deciding what game to begin, Minnie sat down and tried to spin, sure that the familiar sound would lure Grandma to give the lesson and tell the tale.

She was right, for the wheel had not gone around many times, when the tap of the cane was heard, and the old lady came rustling in, quite ready for a chat, now that three cups of her own good tea and a nap in the chimney corner had refreshed her.

"No, dear, that 's not the way; you need a dish of water to wet your fingers in, and you must draw the flax out slow and steady, else it

runs to waste, and makes a poor thread. Fetch me that chair, and I 'll show you how, since you are bent on learning."

Establishing herself in the straight-backed seat, a skillful tap of the foot set the wheel in swift and easy motion, and the gray thread twisted fine and evenly from the distaff.

"Is n't it a pretty picture?" said Min to Lotty, as they watched the old lady work.

"Not so pretty as the one I used to see when my dear mother sat here, and I, a little child, at her knee. Ah, my dears, she could have told you stories all night long, and well worth hearing. I was never tired of them."

"Please tell one now, Grandma. We don't know what to play, and it would be so nice to sit around the fire and hear it this stormy night," suggested Min, artfully seizing the hint.

"Do! do! We all love stories, and we 'll be as still as mice," added Geoff, beckoning to the others as he took the big arm-chair, being the oldest grandson and leader of the flock.

Camping on the rug, or nestling in the sofa corner, the boys and girls all turned expectant faces toward Grandma, who settled her cap-strings and smoothed her spotless apron, with an indulgent smile at her little audience.

"I don't know which one to tell first."

"The ghost story; that 's a splendid one, and most of the children never heard it," said Walt.

"Have Indians and fighting in it. I like that kind," added Geoff.

"No; tell a love story. They are *so* interesting," said Lotty.

"I want the story about the initials first. I know it is very sentimental. So do begin with that, Grandma," begged Min.

"Well, dears, perhaps I 'd better choose that one, for it has the battle of New Orleans, and wolves, and spinning, and sweethearts in it; so it will suit you all, I hope."

"Oh, lovely! Do begin right away," cried Minnie, as the clapping of hands showed how satisfactory the prospect was.

Grandma gave a loud "hem!" and began at once, while the little wheel hummed a soft accompaniment to her words.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

"WHEN I was fifteen, my mother gave me this wheel, and said: 'Now, daughter Betsey, it is time for you to begin your wedding outfit, for I mistrust you 'll marry young.' In those days girls spun and wove webs of fine linen and laid 'em up in chests, with lavender and rosemary, for sheets and table-linen after they married. So I spun away, making all manner of fine plans in my silly head, for I was a pretty piece, they all said, and young as I was, two or three fine lads used to come evenings and sit staring at me while I worked.

"Among these, was my neighbor Joel Manlius Shirley, and I was fond of him, but he had n't much money, so I put on airs, and tried his patience very much. One day he came in and said: 'Betsey, I 'm going a-soldiering; they need men, and I 'm off. Will you think of poor Joe when I 'm gone?'

"I don't know how I looked, but I felt as if I could n't bear it. Only I was too proud to show my trouble; so I laughed and gave my wheel a twist, and said I was glad of it, since anything was better than hanging round at home.

"That hurt him, but he was always gentle to saucy Betsey, and taking out his knife, he cut those letters under mine, saying, with a look I never could forget:

"'That will remind you of me if you are likely to forget. Good-bye; I 'm going right away, and may never come back.'

"He kissed me and was off before I could say a word, and then I cried till my flax was wet and my thread tangled, and my heart 'most broken. Deary me, how well I remember that heavy day!"

Grandma smiled, but something shone in her old eyes very like a tear, and sentimental Lotty felt deeply interested at this point.

"Where does the fighting come in?" asked Geoff, who was of a military turn, as became the descendant of a soldier.

"I did n't know or care much about the War of 1812, except as far as the safety of one man was concerned. Joe got on without any harm till the battle of New Orleans, when he was nearly killed behind the cotton-bale breastworks General Jackson built."

"Yes, I know all about it! Jackson fought against twelve thousand and lost only seven men. That was the last battle of the war, January 8, 1815. Three cheers for Grandpa!" shouted Geoff, waving a tidy, as no hat was at hand.

The others echoed the hurrah, and Grandma beamed with pride as she went on: "We could n't get news from the army very often in those troublous times, and Joe was gone two years before the war ended. After the great battle we had no news for a long spell, and we feared he was one of the seven men killed. Those were dreadful days for all of us. My honored mother was a pious soul, and so was Mrs. Shirley, and they kept up their hearts with hope and prayer; but I, poor thing, was young and weak, and I cried myself half blind, remembering how naughty I had been. I would spin no more, but set the wheel away, saying I

should have no need of wedding gear, as I should never marry; and I wore black ribbon on my caps, and one of Joe's buttons strung about my neck, mourning dismally for my lost dear.

"So the winter ended, and the summer went, and no news came of Joe. All said he was dead, and we had prayers at church, and talked of setting a stone up in the grave-yard, and I thought my life was done; for I pined sadly, and felt as if I could never laugh again. But I did, for the Lord was very good to us, and out of danger and captivity delivered that dear boy."

Grandma spoke solemnly, and folded her hands in thanksgiving as she looked up to the picture of the handsome officer hanging on the wall before her. The elder children could just remember Grandpa as a very old and feeble man, and it struck them as funny to speak of him as a "dear boy"; but they never smiled, and dutifully lifted their eyes to the queue and the high-collared coat, wondering if Joe was as rosy in real life as in the portrait.

"Well, that 's the sentimental part; now comes the merry part, and that will suit the boys," said the old lady, briskly, as she spun away, and went on in a lively tone:

"One December day, as I sat by that very window, dreaming sorrowfully at my sewing work, while old Sally nodded over her knitting by the fire, I saw a man come creeping along by the fence and dodge behind the wood-pile. There were many bad folks 'round in those times; for war always leaves a sight of lazy rascals afloat, as well as poor fellows maimed and homeless.

"Mother had gone over to the sewing society at Mrs. Shirley's, and I was all alone, for Sally was so stiff with rheumatics she could scarce stir, and that was why I staid to take care of her. The old musket always hung over the kitchen chimney-piece loaded, and I knew how to fire it, for Joe taught me. So away I went and got it down, for I saw the man popping up his head now and then to spy the land, and I felt sure he meant mischief. I knew Sally would only scream like a scared hen, so I let her sleep; and getting behind the shutter I pointed my gun, and waited to blaze away as soon as the enemy showed signs of attacking.



"'WHEN MY DEAR MOTHER SAT HERE, AND I, A LITTLE CHILD, AT HER KNEE.'" [SEE PAGE 211.]

"Presently he came creeping up to the back door, and I heard him try the latch. All was fast, so I just slipped into the kitchen and stood behind the settle, for I was surer than ever he was a rascal since I 'd seen him nearer. He was a tall man,

dreadful shabby in an old coat and boots, a ragged hat over his eyes, and a great beard hiding the lower part of his face. He had a little bundle and a big stick in his hands, and limped as if foot-sore or lame.

"I was much afeard; but those were times that made heroes of men and taught women to be brave for love of home and country. So I kept steady, with my eye on the window, and my finger on the trigger of the old gun that had n't been fired for years. Presently the man looked in, and I saw what a strange roll his great eyes had, for he was thin-faced, and looked half-starved. If Mother had been there, she 'd have called him in and fed him well, but I dared not, and when he tried the window I aimed, but did not fire; for finding the button down he went away, and I dropped on the settle shaking like a leaf. All was still, and in a minute I plucked up courage to go to look out a bit; but just as I reached the middle of the kitchen, the buttery door opened, and there stood the robber, with a carving knife in one hand and my best loaf of spice bread in the other. He said something, and made a rush at me; but I pulled the trigger, saw a flash, felt a blow, and fell somewhere, thinking, 'Now I 'm dead!'"

Here Grandma paused for breath, having spoken rapidly and acted out the scene dramatically, to the intense delight of the children, who sat like images of interest, staring at her with round eyes.

"But you were n't dead? What next?" cried Walt, eagerly.

"Bless you, no! I only fell into Joe's arms, and when I came to, there the dear fellow was, crying over me like a baby, while old Sally danced round us like a bedlamite, in spite of her rheumatics, shouting: 'Hosanna! Thanks and praise! He 's come, he 's come!'"

"Was he shot?" asked Geoff, anxious for a little bloodshed.

"No, dear; the old gun burst and hurt my hands, but not a mite of harm was done to Joe. I don't think I could tell all that happened for a spell, being quite dazed with joy and surprise; but by the time Mother came home I was as peart as a wren, and Joe was at the table eating and drinking every mortal thing I could find in the house.

"He 'd been kept a prisoner till exchanged, and had had a hard time getting home, with little money and a bad wound in the leg, besides being feeble with jail fever. But we did n't fret over past troubles, being so glad to get him back. How my blessed mother did laugh, when we told her the reception I gave the poor lad. But I said it served him right, since he came sneaking home like a thief, instead of marching in like a hero. Then he owned that he came there to get something to eat, being ashamed to go in upon his mother with all her company about her. So we fed and comforted him; and when we 'd got our wits about us, I whipped away to Mrs. Shirley's and told my news, and every one of those twenty-five women went straight over to our house and burst in upon poor Joe as he lay resting on the settle. That was my revenge for the scare he gave me, and a fine one it was; for the women chattered over him like a flock of magpies, and I sat in the corner and laughed at him. Ah, I was a sad puss in those days!"

The old lady's black eyes twinkled with fun, and the children laughed with her, till Walt caused a lull by asking:

"Where do the wolves come in, Grandma?"

"Right along, dear; I'm not likely to forget 'em, for they most cost me my life, to say nothing of my new slippers. There was great rejoicing over Joe, and every one wanted to do something to honor our hero; for he had done well, we found out, when the General heard his story. We had a great dinner, and Judge Mullikin gave a supper; but Major Belknap was bound to outshine the rest, so he invited all the young folks over to his house, nigh ten miles away, to a ball, and we all went. I made myself fine, you may believe, and wore a pair of blue kid slippers, with Mother's best buckles to set 'em off. Joe had a new uniform, and was an elegant figure of a man, I do assure you. He could n't dance, poor dear, being still very lame; but I was a proud girl when I marched into that ball-room on the arm of my limping beau. The men cheered, and the ladies stood up in chairs to see him, and he was as red as my ribbons, and I could hardly keep from crying, as I held him up; the floor being slippery as glass with the extra waxing it had got.

"I declared I would n't dance, because Joe could n't; but he made me, saying he could see me better, so I footed it till two o'clock, soon forgetting all my sorrow and my good resolutions as well. I wanted to show Joe that I was as much a favorite as ever, though I 'd lived like a widow for a year. Young folks will be giddy, and I hope these girls will take warning by me and behave better when their time comes. There may n't be any wolves to sober 'em, but trouble of some sort always follows foolish actions; so be careful, my dears, and behave with propriety when you 'come out,' as you call it nowadays."

Grandma held up a warning forefinger at the girls, and shook her head impressively, feeling that the moral of her tale must be made clear before she went on. But the lassies blushed a little, and the lads looked all impatience, so the dear old lady introduced the wolves as quickly as she could.

"About half-past two, Joe and I drove off home with four fine hams in the bottom of the sleigh, sent by the Major to our mothers. It was a bitter-cold February night, with just light enough to see the road, and splendid sleighing, so we went along at a good pace till we came to the great woods. They are all gone now, and the woolen mills stand there, but then they were a thick forest of pines, and for more than three miles the road led through them. In former days Indians had lurked there; bears and foxes were still shot, and occasionally wolves were seen when cold weather drove them to seek food near the sheep-folds and barn-yards.

"Well, we were skimming along pleasantly enough, I rather sleepy, and Joe very careful of me, when, just as I was beginning to doze a bit with my head on his arm, I felt him start. Old Buck, the horse, gave a jump that woke me up, and in a minute I knew what the trouble was, for from behind us came the howl of a wolf.

"'Just the night to bring 'em out,' muttered Joe, using the whip till Buck went at his quickest trot, with his ears down and every sign of hurry and worry about him.

"'Are you afraid of them?' I asked, for I'd never had a scare of this sort, though I'd heard other people tell of the fierceness of the brutes when hunger made them bold.

"'Not a bit, only I wish I had my gun along,' said Joe, looking over his shoulder anxiously.

"'Pity I had n't brought mine—I do so well with it,' I said, and I laughed as I remembered how I aimed at Joe and hurt myself.

"'Are they chasing us?' I asked, standing up to look back along the white road, for we were just on the edge of the woods now.

"'Should n't wonder. If I had a better horse it would be a lively race, but Buck can't keep this pace long, and if he founders we are in a fix, for I can't run, and you can't fight. Betsey, there 's more than one—hold tight and try to count 'em.'

"Something in Joe's voice told me plainer than words that we were in danger, and I wished we 'd waited till the rest of our party came; but I was tired, and so we started alone.

"Straining my eyes, I could see *three* black spots on the snow, and hear three howls as the wolves came galloping after us. I was a brave girl, but I 'd never tried this kind of thing before, and in a minute all the wolf stories I 'd ever heard came flying through my mind. I *was* mortally afeared, but I would n't show it, and turned to Joe, trying to laugh as I said: 'Only three as yet. Tell me just what to do, and I 'll do it.'

"'Brave lass! I must see to Buck or he 'll be down, for he 's badly scared. You wait till the rascals are pretty close, then heave over one of these confounded hams to amuse 'em, while we make the most of their halt. They smell this meat, and that 's what they are after,' said Joe, driving his best, for the poor old horse began to pant, and limp on his stiff legs.

"'Lucky for us we 've got 'em,' says I, bound to be cool and gay, 'if we had n't, they 'd get fresh meat instead of smoked.'

"Joe laughed, but a long howl close by made me dive for a ham, for in the darkness of the woods the beasts had got closer, and now all I could see were several balls of fire not many yards away. Out went the ham, and a snarling sound showed that the wolves were busy eating it.

"'All right!' said Joe. 'Rest a bit, and have another ready. They 'll soon finish that and want more. We must go easy, for Buck is nearly blown.'

"I prepared my ammunition, and, in what seemed five minutes, I heard the patter of feet behind us, and the fiery eyes were close by. Over went the second mouthful, and then the third, and the fourth; but they seemed more ravenous than ever, and each time were back sooner in greater numbers.

"We were nearly out of the woods when the last was gone, and if Buck had only had strength we should have been safe. But it was plain to see that he could n't keep up much longer, for he was very old, though he 'd been a fine horse in his prime.

"'This looks bad, little Betsey. Cover up in the robes, and hold fast to me. The beasts will begin to snatch presently, and I 'll have to fight 'em off. Thank the powers, I 've my arms left.'

"As he spoke, Joe pulled me close, and wrapped me up, then took the whip, ready to rap the first wolf that dared come near enough to be hit. We did n't wait long; up they raced, and began to leap and snarl in a way that made my heart stand still at first. Then my temper rose, and catching up the hot brick I had for my feet, I fired it with such good aim, that one sharp, black nose disappeared with a yelp of pain.

"'Hit 'em again, Betsey! Take the demijohn and bang 'em well. We are nearing Beaman's, and the brutes will soon drop off.'

"It was a lively scrimmage for a few minutes, as we both warmed to our work, Joe thrashing away with his whip on one side, and I on the other flourishing the demijohn in which we had carried some cider for the supper.

"But it was soon over, for in the fury of the fight Joe forgot the horse; poor Buck made a sudden bolt, upset the sleigh down a bank, and, breaking loose, tore back along the road with the wolves after him.

"'Run, Betsey! run for your life, and send Beaman's folks back! I 'm done for—my leg 's broken. Never mind, I 'll crawl under the sleigh,

and be all right till you come. The wolves will take a good while to pick poor Buck's bones.'

"Just waiting to see Joe safe, I ran as I never ran before, and I was always light of foot. How I did it I don't know, for I 'd forgot to put on my moccasins (we did n't have snow-boots, you know, in my young days), and there I was tearing along that snowy road in my blue kid slippers like a crazy thing. It was nigh a mile, and my heart was 'most broke before I got there; but I kept my eye on the light in Hetty's winder and tugged along, blessing her for the guide and comfort that candle was. The last bit was down hill, or I could n't have done it; for when I fell on the door-step my voice was clean gone, and I could only lie and rap, rap, rap! till they came flying. I just got breath enough to gasp out and point:

"'Joe—wolves—the big woods—go!' when my senses failed me, and I was carried in."

Here Madam Shirley leaned back in her chair quite used up, for she had been acting the scene to a breathless audience, and laying about her with her handkerchief so vigorously, that her eyes snapped, her cheeks were red, and her dear old cap all awry.

"But Joe—did they eat him?" cried the boys in great excitement, while the girls held to one another, and the poor little wheel lay flat, upset by the blows of the imaginary demijohn dealt to an equally imaginary wolf.

"Hardly,—since he lived to be your grandfather," laughed the old lady, in high feather at the success of her story.

"No, no,—we mean the horse;" shouted Geoff, while the others roared at the mistake.

"Yes, they did. Poor old Buck saved us at the cost of his own life. His troubles were over, but mine were not; for when I came to I saw Mr. Beaman, and my first thought and word was 'Joe?'

"'Too late—they 'd got him, so we turned back to tell you,' said that stupid man.

"I gave one cry and was going off again, when his wife shook me, and says, laughing:

"'You little goose! He means the folks from the Major's. A lot came along and found Joe, and took him home, and soon 's ever you 're fit we 'll send you along, too.'

"'I 'm ready now,' says I, jumping up in a hurry. But I had to sit down again, for my feet were all cut and bleeding, and my slippers just rags. They fixed me up and off I went, to find Mother in a sad taking. But Joe was all right; he had n't broken his leg, but only sprained it badly, and being the wounded one he was laid up longer than I. We both got well, however, and the first time Joe went out he hobbled over to our house. I was spinning again then, and thought I might need my wedding outfit after all——. On the whole, I guess we 'll end the story here; young folks would n't care for that part."

As Grandma paused, the girls cried out with one voice: "Yes, we do! we like it best. You said you would. Tell about the wedding and all."

"Well, well, it is n't much. Joe came and sat by me, and, as we talked over our adventure, he cut that true lover's knot between the letters. I did n't seem to mind, and spun away till he pointed to it, saying with the look that always made me meek as a lamb: "'May it stand so, my little Betsey?'

"I said 'Yes, Joe,' and then—well, never mind that bit;—we were married in June, and I spun and wove my wedding things afterward. Dreadful slack, my mother thought, but I did n't care. My wedding gown was white lutestring, full trimmed with old lace. Hair over a cushion with white roses, and the pearl necklace, just as you see up there. Joe wore his uniform, and I tied up his hair with a white satin ribbon. He looked beautiful, and so did I."

At this artless bit of vanity, the girls smiled, but all agreed that Grandma was right, as they looked at the portraits with fresh interest.

"I call that a pretty good story," said Walt, with the air of an accomplished critic.

"'Specially the wolf part. I wanted that longer," added Geoff.

"It was quite long enough for me, my dear, and I did n't hear the last of it for years. Why, one of my wedding presents was four hams done up elegantly in white paper, with posies on 'em, from the Major. He loved a joke, and never forgot how well we fought with the pigs' legs that night. Joe gave me a new sleigh, the next Christmas, with two wolf-skin robes for it. Shot the beasts himself, and I kept those rugs till the moths ate the last bit. He kept the leavings of my slippers, and I have them still. Fetch 'em, Minnie—you know where they are."

Grandma pointed to the tall secretary that stood in a corner, and Minnie quickly took a box from one of the many drawers. All the heads clustered around Grandma, and the faded, ragged shoes went from hand to hand, while questions rained upon the story-teller till she bade them go to bed.

Nothing but the promise of more tales would appease them; then, with thanks and kisses, the young folks trooped away, leaving the old lady to put the little wheel to rights and sit thinking over her girlhood, in the fire-light.

OUR SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY.

BY GEO. B. BARTLETT.

DURING last winter's holiday season, the young people of our quiet village were surprised and pleased at receiving pretty cards, each bearing a picture of a huge bubble, with two pipes crossed beneath it, and an invitation to attend a soap-bubble party at Wistaria Cottage.

All were curious to attend the party; for, although they had seen this novel entertainment mentioned in the newspapers, no one had the least idea of what it consisted.

In fact, the young ladies who were to give the party were almost as ignorant as their guests as to the manner of conducting it; but they called together a few of their brightest friends and quietly made such preparations as seemed most needful. They ordered from the grocer a box of common clay pipes with long slender stems, and eight different-colored narrow ribbons, five yards of each. They also purchased two dozen bright Japanese fans and a large bowl, which they filled with strong soap-suds, to every quart of which were added two teaspoonfuls of gelatine. Then they held a meeting and selected by vote eight prizes, consisting of one box of assorted candied fruits, one box of chocolate-cream drops, a Tam o' Shanter cap, one pair of silver bangles, a box of cologne, a silk mouchoir-case, a story-book, and the amount needed for a year's subscription to the ST. NICHOLAS. Each prize was done up in several wrappers to make the parcels nearly alike in size, and each was tied with a ribbon of a special color, viz.: red, green, white, brown, yellow, violet, pink or blue.



As about forty guests were expected, forty pipes were decorated, each with a ribbon bow and streamers of one of the above-named colors—five pipes with one color, five with another, and so on till the eight colors were apportioned. Besides these decorations, there were forty rosettes, five of a color, so that each guest could have a rosette and pipe to match. A grand single prize was next prepared. This consisted of a pair of bellows very finely painted in bright colors, with two slender pipes crossed on the upper side. Chinese lanterns and flowers were procured for the halls and parlors, and an experienced pianist was engaged to supply the music.

At last the long-expected evening arrived, and as the guests drew near, the windows of Wistaria Cottage glowed through the wintry darkness with the light that shone from its broad fireplaces, piled high with blazing brands.

When ready, the guests were formed in pairs for the march; and as the leading couple reached the entrance to the drawing-room, they were stopped

by a little boy and girl holding a basket, from which each was requested to draw a rosette and to fasten it upon the left shoulder with a pin, from a cushion held by the girl. As pair after pair were thus decorated, the procession moved on, into the room, the walls of which were adorned with wreaths of bright flowers, and gay fans and white pipes in graceful groups. From the ceiling, lanterns of many colors were suspended, but some were made of plain white oiled paper to represent huge bubbles. Large vases of flowers and graceful ferns filled each corner, and in the center of the room a



WHOSE IS THE BIGGEST?

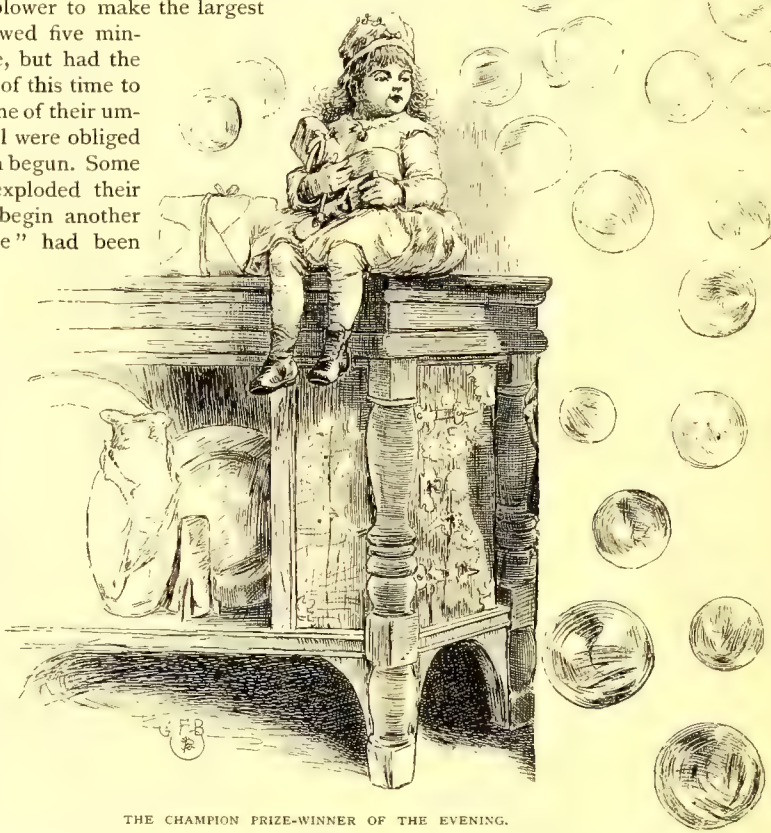


REPELLING AN ATTACK OF BUBBLE-BLOWERS.

round table was placed, bearing, on a pedestal of moss and flowers, the bowl of soap-suds, around which were the prizes in packages and the forty decorated pipes. After marching twice around this table, the company were grouped about it and the colors were called out by the little girl who had distributed the rosettes. As one color was called, all who wore it advanced and selected pipes to match, and when each had taken one, all formed themselves into groups of a color, each group choosing two umpires from one of the seven other shades.

The girl then again called out a color, and the five blowers who wore it took their places around the bowl. She next named a color for umpires, and they also took their places at the right and left of the circle, where each could see plainly. It was the aim of each blower to make the largest bubble. Each was allowed five minutes at first for practice, but had the privilege of devoting all of this time to one bubble. But when one of their umpires called "Time!" all were obliged to go on with the one then begun. Some by blowing too hard exploded their bubbles, but could not begin another after the word "Time" had been spoken. Others were so careful, that their bubbles were small. The umpires, of course, awarded the prize to the one making the largest bubble that was the last to explode; but, if two or more bubbles were alike in size and duration, the blowers of them were at once allowed to contest again until one gained the prize.

And so the fun and merriment went on that memorable night at Wistaria Cottage, and it was a late hour before the last of the happy guests departed.



THE CHAMPION PRIZE-WINNER OF THE EVENING.

In order to give our boy and girl readers an intelligent idea of all that may be done on such an occasion, we will follow out in detail the plan which we have seen adopted with the greatest success. We will suppose the party assembled as described above, and one merry group of blowers to have been disposed of by their umpires. The latter and those of their color then take their places, while another group, marked with a ribbon of different color, sit in judgment upon them; and thus the contest goes on until one player of each color has won a prize. The children then bring in a quantity of smaller bowls or cups, which they fill from the large bowl and pass to any of the players who are ready for them.

The grand march, shown in the picture on page 220, is then formed, and the winners of the prizes are escorted by the others once around the room, and then take their places in a semicircle in front of the table, where the prizes are distributed to them by some gentleman, designated by the hostess to act as orator, who should make a pompous speech of a humorous nature to each one of the fortunate winners. During this march and lively presentation ceremony, the air is filled with bubbles

blown by the other players in honor of the winners and of the orator, who, perhaps, is surrounded by a cloud of them in acknowledgment of some very brilliant remark. Then the grand trial for the prizes then each take a fan from the wall and station themselves outside of the rows of players, four on each side; they choose umpires for each of the lines, who stand midway between them,



BURSTING THE BUBBLES.

chief prize is announced; and the fortunate winners of the minor prizes,—one from each group,—each having deposited in a place of safety the package which was tied with ribbon of his color, surround the bowl and prepare for the contest. The orator acts as chief umpire, summoning to his aid two of the other players, and when he calls "Time!" great is the interest felt in the trial. Among so many of the best blowers, the rivalry is very close; but after a merry struggle, the champion is at last decided upon, and is made the happy recipient of the grand prize (whatever may have been selected for the purpose), which is delivered to him by the orator, with a flowery speech; a general salute of bubbles from the other players follows, after which the march is continued around the room, and the players, bowl in hand, form in two lines, ten feet apart. The winners of the at the end of each row. Two players from each side provide themselves also with fans, and stand between the lines at the center. The umpire calls "Time!" and the blowers in each line make bubbles as fast as they can, which the fan-players in the center try to fan (without exploding them) over the heads of the opposite line. The players outside try to fan them back, and the umpires declare that side to be the winner which has been able to drive the most bubbles over the heads of the opposite line, in spite of the efforts of the outside players to fan them back. A little practice in using the fan will often enable the players to drive the bubbles very quickly without exploding them.

The prize for this contest is, appropriately, a fan for each player on the winning side, the fans being selected from the decorations on the walls. Afterward, the pleasures of the evening may be length-

ened by a social dance, during the changes of which the flight of bubbles may be kept up. Any dancer can devote a hand to that purpose — as, while dancing, the pipe may be worn around the neck, attached by the long streamers, and it may be dipped in the large bowl or in one of the cups, which should be left about the room in convenient places

Between the dances, some quiet contests may be tried by a few players, to see which can make a bubble that will outlast the others, using their own judgment as to size. Each player may, if he chooses, follow his own bubble around the room, endeavoring all the time to protect it from injury; as in this game no fans are allowed, the players can only attack one another's bubbles, or move their own, by blowing upon them through the empty pipes. But this style of attack and defense is a very interesting and effective one.

Another party may find much amusement by competing to see which player can touch the ceiling first with a bubble, under the same regulations as before. But the bubble must remain unbroken: none will count which simply touches there and breaks by the contact.

A simpler contest, depending wholly on strength of lungs, may be tried, by seeing which can make the largest collection of bubbles on the top of the large bowl, by blowing with his pipe beneath the surface of the soap-suds. During all the contests, a little boy and girl should flit about the room with sprayers, from which they blow a fine mist of cologne



THE GRAND MARCH.

and lavender water, thus making an agreeable contrast to the odor of the soap and giving refreshment to the merry players.

A very pretty dance for the soap-bubble party may be found in the pyramid figure, where one couple waltzes to the center, two couples follow and stand three feet behind them, three couples form the next line, and all stand blowing bubbles while the rest of the company march in single file in and out between the lines.

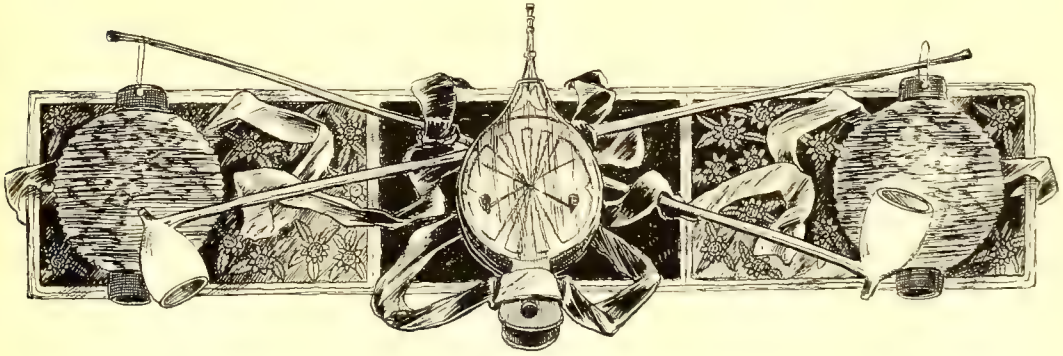


A SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY OF TWO.

Later in the evening, bon-bon costume crackers may be used to advantage, and their fanciful paper caps may be useful also to protect the hair of the ladies from the showers of bubbles which are constantly falling in the soap-bubble carnival.

For these showers, by the way, it may be well to prepare by wearing any odd costume or fancy dress which the wearers may possess. And, indeed, fancy-dress costumes are in themselves most appropriate for a soap-bubble party, as they form a bright pageant well-suited to the glowing lanterns, the gay fans and parasols, and the iridescent hues of the bubbles.

The final music should begin with a slow march and quicken into a rapid measure, all the guests blowing bubbles as fast as possible, so that the air shall be bright with them. In that way almost the finest scene of the entertainment is produced. The shining bubbles mount up to the lighted ceiling and are driven up and down in clouds by the flying fans, and around about into the faces and over the heads of the whirling dancers, until the bubbles burst, and the soap-suds are exhausted as well as the merry and delighted guests of the soap-bubble party.



IN THE PARK.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

"WE must n't go near the pond, sissy,
'Cos there 's something — I don't know what — there.
But I heard Mamma talking about it:
It is n't exactly a bear,—
But a *stagnant*, I think Mamma called it;
And she says she 's afraid every day
To live by the Park any longer,
And she wishes they 'd take it away.

"I never have seen a *real* stagnant,
But I guess it has teeth and would bite;
But don't be afraid, little sissy,
Because, if it comes, I will fight.
I 'd be glad to see just what it looks like,
But I don't want to get *very* near,
'Cos it might make a spring of a sudden!
— I guess we had better stop here,
And sit down on one of the benches.
Now, don't make a noise; — just keep mum!
And don't take your eyes off the water,
And we 'll watch for the stagnant to come."

JERICHO ROSES.

BY JOHN R. TAIT.



AT the Centennial Exposition, not far from the Turkish café, where Oriental waiters served customers with very tolerable coffee and very long pipes, there was a stand owned and kept by a Turk from Constantinople, whose stock-in-trade consisted principally of rosaries cut in olive wood, and little heaps of what looked like dried herbs. These latter were objects of much speculation to American visitors; but I recognized them at once, having often seen them before, not in the Holy Land, whence they come, but in the streets and squares of Munich and other German cities, where they are always to be bought at the *kirmesse*, or fair, which is held a short time before Christmas. As in Philadelphia, the merchant who had them for sale was always an Oriental. In Munich, he was a Jew from Smyrna, with a venerable white beard, and I well remember his piping cry: "*Jericho Rosen!*" and the curiosity with which I first looked upon the seemingly withered and worthless twigs he called by that name, and which had not the slightest resemblance to roses or, in fact, to any flower whatever.

Nevertheless, the Jew used to find many customers, of whom I was one; but it was not until a German friend had explained what the queer thing was, that I knew what to do with it, or whether it was not, perhaps, intended to be eaten. The gray, shriveled, apparently dead plant, the size of a child's hand, possesses a singular and interesting

characteristic, which has given rise to the belief (some would call it superstition), very general among the people of Southern Europe, that, when placed in a vessel of water on the night before Easter or on the holy eve of Christmas, the withered stems will — if good fortune awaits the household during the year — revive, expand their tendrils, and change to a fresher hue before morning.

After hearing this account of the plant, I carried one home on a certain evening, when on my table a little Christmas-tree stood, winking its waxen tapers through a net-work of silver tissue, its green boughs weighed down with incongruous fruit,— rosy-cheeked apples, oranges, gilded walnuts, and glass balls. Underneath it, in a glass of water, I put the "rose," and went to bed.

My first thought the next morning was to see what had happened. The story told of it was substantiated, and the rose had really bloomed, if by "blooming" one understands only an entire change of form and increase of size. The same thing happened again at Easter; but I am bound to state also, that it has happened frequently on other evenings as well, which takes away a little of the poetry of the story, and has made me doubt whether, after all, its blooming is a sign of any especial good fortune. Yet I hope it may be; for when I brought it home, the specimen I still possess looked like the picture here shown, while, placed in a glass of water, it grew, within twenty-four hours, to the form indicated by the illustration near the top of this page.



Naturalists call the plant by a very hard name: *Anastatica hierochuntina*. The leaves fall off from the plant after the flowering, and the branches and branchlets become dry, hard, and woody, rising upward and bending inward at their points; hence, they become contracted into a globular form, in which state the plant is carried off the sand by the wind, and blown from the desert places where it had its birth into the sea. Here, floating on the water, the branches gradually expand and the pods open and let out the seeds, which are in turn thrown

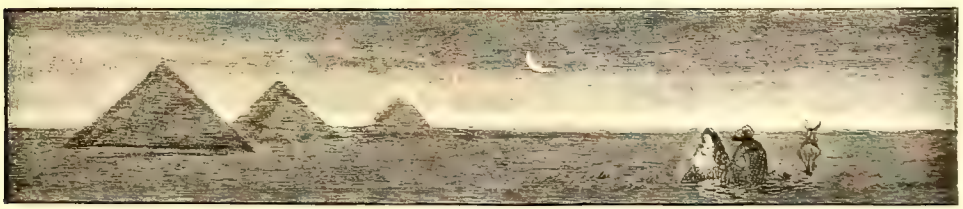


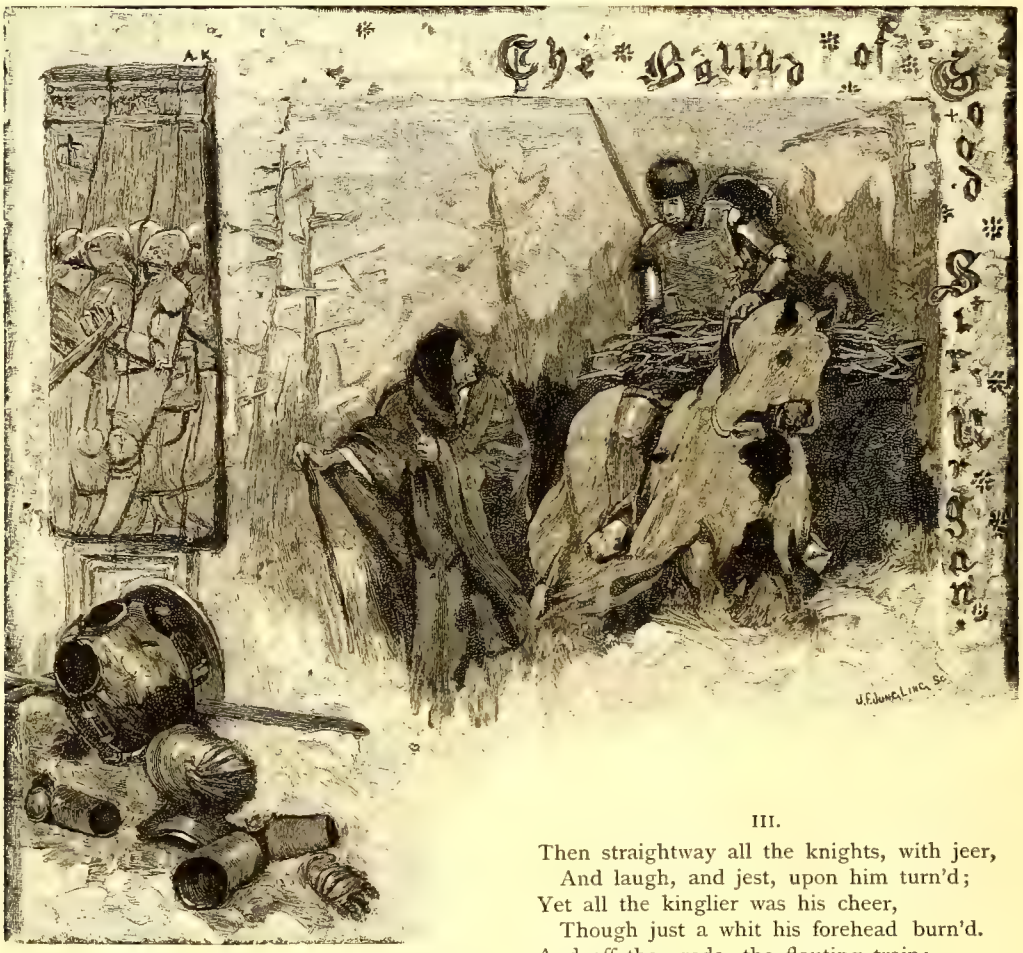
back again upon the shore by the tides, to germinate and grow.

The home of the queer "rose" is amid the arid wastes of Egypt, near Cairo, and those of Palestine and Barbary. It flourishes on the roofs of houses and on rubbish in Syria, and on the sandy coasts of the Red Sea.

The plant long retains the power of expansion when immersed in water,— the circumstance in which originated the many wonderful stories told of its miraculous influence. It is called *Kaf Maryam*, or "Mary's flower," in Palestine, where it is believed that it bloomed at the time the Savior was born. According to another legend, it sprung up in the places where the Virgin Mary rested on her flight into Egypt. It was probably first brought by the crusaders to Europe, where it is still named the "Holy Rose" by those who believe the fable of its blossoming only on the great festivals.

Whether one believes the fable or not, the plant is of itself a wonderful one, and all of its names are pretty. When it can be procured, it makes a fitting accessory to a Christmas-tree, for the reason that it grew in the far country where our Lord was born, and its strange reviving is a type of his immortality and resurrection, from which, indeed, it derives its generic name — *Anástasis* being the Greek word for Resurrection.





I.

OH, blue are the hills of Faeryland,
And green the summer meadows be,
And reedy many a river's strand,
And stately every forest tree.
And all the bridle bells do ring,
As knights come riding, two and two,
Aneath the wood; and, like a king,
Sir Urgan rides in armor blue.

II.

And lo! as down the wood they rode,—
The lake beyond just gleams in sight,—
A wrinkled crone beneath a load
Bewails her bones in sorry plight.
"Good mother, be of better cheer;
Give me your load," quoth Urgan; "so—
Your fagots on my crupper here
Will ease you in the path you go."

III.

Then straightway all the knights, with jeer,
And laugh, and jest, upon him turn'd;
Yet all the kinglier was his cheer,
Though just a whit his forehead burn'd.
And off they rode, the flouting train;
Behind the hill the laughter died;
With kindly face and slackened rein,
He rode the aged dame beside.

IV.

"Now whither rid'st thou, fair Sir Knight,
By wild and waste and woody lane?"
"I ride," quoth he, "in joust to fight,
Before the King in fair Mentaine."
"Now good betide thee, fair Sir Knight;
When thou a league hast parted hence,
The path that swerveth to the right
Will lead to Mentaine's battlements.

V.

"And midway down the thicket's maze,
A horse and armor thou wilt find;
Mount; leave thine own; and ride thy ways;
Yon flouting train thou 'lt leave behind.

Who rides him, conquers; thou shalt win
  Fame at this joust, good knight and fair."
And lo! the beldame old and thin
  Did vanish into empty air!

VI.

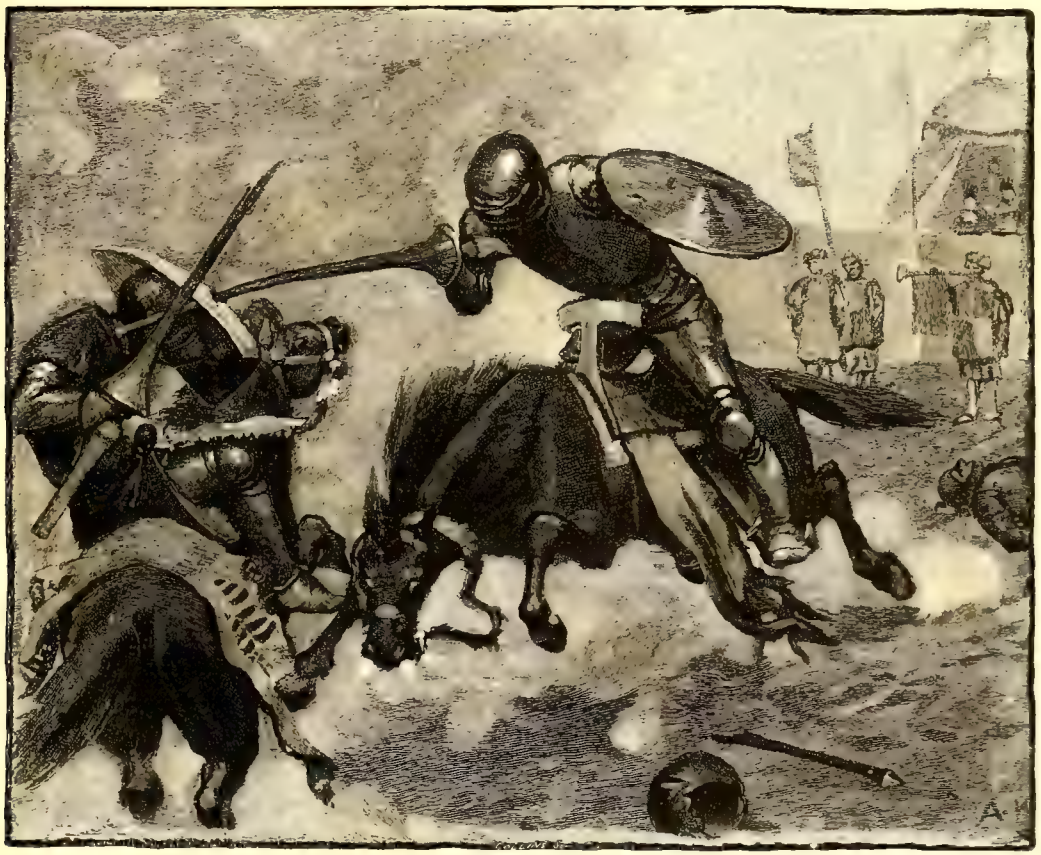
Right well amaz'd, Sir Urgan rode
  By many a bosky thicket's edge;
A summer brook beside him flowed
  With hidden laughter in the sedge.
Till, gleaming through the dancing leaves,
  A brazen charger reared on high;
With rusted lance, and helm, and greaves,
  The faery armor hung thereby.

VIII.

Flashed wide the charger's brazen eyes;
  All fleshly warm the metal grew;
His mane began to stir and rise;
  A single struggling breath he drew;
Through swelling veins his blood did run;
  Sir Urgan felt his pulses beat,
He reared — he plunged from off the stone
  And lighted down upon his feet!

IX.

Hold fast, Sir Urgan! with such haste
  Thy courser never sped before!
By hill and dale and windy waste,
  With headlong speed, the charger bore.



VII.

All mute upon the statue stared
  Sir Urgan: "By my faith!" he cried,
"An thou hadst life, I had not cared
  To find a nobler steed to ride.
'Who rides thee, conquers!'" Then in haste
  He cast his mail upon the gorse;
Soon, in the rusty armor laced,
  He vaulted on the brazen horse.

As past the flouting knights he burst,
"Who rides," they wondered, "in such haste? —
A churlish knight, adorned with rust,
  And in his grandsire's armor laced!"

X.

But later, in the tourney's fight,
  These scoffers somewhat changed their cheer;

"A braver than this stranger knight,
In joust hath never battled here."
For helms were cloven, spears were broke,
And knights and steeds of gallant course
Went down, before the charge and stroke
Of Urgan and his faery horse.

XI.

Him to the King the herald brought;
Throned high he sat above the lists.—
"Right well, Sir Stranger, have ye fought,
Though of your name we nothing wist."
His rusty helm the victor doff'd;
A murmur broke amid the crowd,
And acclamations swelled aloft
As good Sir Urgan, kneeling, bowed.

XII.

They crowned him victor.
Ye who read
With kindly eyes my story through,
Say, lives there not some victor's meed
For all good deeds that you shall do?
And when did Urgan kinglier show?
When glowed his breast with holier flame?
Was 't when he rushed upon the foe,
Or bent to help the aged dame?

FUN-BEAMS.

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.



No matter how dark the day, there can be fun-beams; and where there are children, the mothers know how often they shine. There was such a snow-storm outdoors that Roger said the nursery must have sailed away from the rest of the house, up into a cloud; and almost everybody went to the window to see if what he said was strictly founded on fact.

"The Angel" stood in the middle of the big, unencumbered nursery-floor (covered with a carpet of roses on green grass), and seemed to be thinking about the large snow-flakes which he saw falling, falling, down across the upper panes of the wide, wide window, while the others looked out of the lower panes, with their faces close to the glass. "The Angel's" other name was Dan.

The fire on the hearth crackled like a cricket and whirred like a bird, and intimated that it could melt the snow-flakes quicker than anybody else, if it got hold of them. The children shivered and ran back to the fire, eager to warm themselves, heart and soul, by the genial blaze.

"If there 's to be a cold storm all the afternoon," said Vernon, "we 'd better play 'tropics,' and I speak for being the boa-constrictor."

"Oh," said Marie, "you make such a big one, it is terrible! If you were only delicate, like Cara, it would be more like 'playing.'"

"If you want Cara to play something huge, you can make her the elephant," replied Vernon, who was the oldest of the children. "And Roger shall be a monkey, and Marie a lovely, red-headed cockatoo, as you really are. Then "the Angel" must have a part assigned him. What shall it be, my dear?"

"I 'll be a *man*," answered Dan, with good-natured dignity, thrusting his fingers into his side-pockets over his kilt, and walking forward and backward with a slow step, like a sentinel.

"All right," cried Roger; "you shall be the explorer who comes through the forest and finds us all. As for me, I am a monkey from now on; and I find it dreadfully hot all at once!"

Among some odds and ends, Roger hunted out the enamel-cloth cover to an umbrella, and this he pinned to his jacket as the "monkey's" tail. As often as necessary, however, Roger also fanned himself with this article. The umbrella itself was a

fine big, green, one, and Vernon spread it and set it between two chairs, and then coiled himself in and out of his jungle with dangerous grace; while Cara, dear little sylph, upset everything small and climbed over it; and, in short, swept all before her as elephant, not forgetting to tie Dan's trumpet over her mouth for a rather stiff trunk. Marie put on a little gray cape, and pinned her auburn braids up like a tuft on her head, and sat upon a table whistling in various fashions, to represent a lively bird.

"Now, Dan, be prepared to make your way through the forest," cried Vernon. "We shall all be obliged to attack you, as wild things do men; but you must not be afraid. See, here I come, wriggling out from my trees and bushes!" And Vernon hissed himself purple as he slid around the floor and then glided up to Dan's vicinity. "Now, you must run away from me, Dan, and then make up your mind to fight me," Vernon was saying; but all of a sudden gave a splutter and grunt, for Dan's warm little shoe had come down on the back of his neck and pinned him fast.

"No fair," called the monkey from under the table, to the center-leg of which he was clinging. "You must n't *really* kill him, Dan, my boy!"

Dan had n't yet taken his fingers out of those pockets of which he was so proud, and now nonchalantly lifted his conquering toe from the boa-constrictor and sauntered off. Vernon was too much ashamed to follow his little brother at once, but made for the monkey, and got dreadfully mixed up with his tail and the pin which held it; while Dan tried to catch the cockatoo, who flew down from the table to the floor and hopped away, hotly pursued by the explorer. They both met the elephant in her war-path, who tried hard to trample them down, amid shouts of laughter and a good deal of damage from the trumpet. The elephant, in her peregrinations, had collected two palm-leaf fans, which she had hung in her hair by the handles for a couple of ears; but in the heat of combat, the fans forsook her, instead of serving to cool her fury; and when Dan seized her by her tin nose and trotted her all over the floor at his will, you may be sure the elephant's dignity was greatly impaired, and her own laughter crowned her defeat.



WATCHING THE SNOW-FLAKES.

The boa had made off at the same time with the monkey's tail, and hung his head down from the top of a bureau, with glittering eyes; while Roger, who, the boa said, looked his part sufficiently without any tail at all, stood pleading for his chief point of distinction.

"I assure you, Vernon, there is nothing else in the room that makes such a good tail as that!" cried the monkey, tearfully. "It's too bad to be able to understand that like a boy, and then keep my tail like a real boa!"

"He ought to eat it, if he 's a real boa," said four-year-old Dan, pompously, as if he were accustomed to being the Doge of Venice, and settling nice difficulties of the law. "If you keep it, Vern, you must swallow it!" he commanded.

"I 'give it up,' then!" exclaimed Vernon, with a wriggle on the bureau, "for I can't think of the right answer to Dan's puzzle. Oh, you dear pet!" And down the boa clambered, and coiled over his small brother, giving him such an affectionate hug that he *did* nearly choke him.

"Oh," said Marie, "I am actually hot! Playing 'tropics' is no joke, if it is going to bring it on in this way."

"You speak as if South America was measles," responded Vernon; "and I suppose we all should feel as we do when we have fever, if we roamed about under a broiling sun. Cara, go pick up your ears and pass them to us, for I feel hot, too."

As Vernon was speaking, the monkey wound his tail about his enemy's neck, and pulled him down

to the ground, from which he had risen, as the boa occasionally rises from its coil; and when Vernon fell there was a sound of parting splinters.

"Oh, dear!" cried Marie, "what is broken now?"

"I don't know," replied Vernon, with a wry face; "but whatever it is, I don't believe it feels as badly as I do!" He got up, and Dan rushed to the ruins. It was his darling little red cart, which he loved better than all his other pet playthings, and the four wheels were peeping into the cart in a manner wholly at odds with the toy-maker's intentions.

Big tears stood in "the Angel's" eyes, and his lips looked pinker and softer than ever, with heart-felt distress; and pretty soon one of his hands slid out of his pocket to his face in the perfect silence of the nursery, while the other children breathed gently out of sympathy with him.

"It 's too bad, my dear boy," said his eldest brother, with a trembling voice, "and I 'll mend it, if I have to learn the carpenter's trade, my little man."

Dan stooped down and put the lolling wheels into the body of the cart, and then took up the disjointed mass in his arms, without a sob.

"Good Vernon," he said, in sweet accents, and walked away to mourn in a nook alone, and try to arrange his cart into a semblance of its old self.

"The Angel's" self-control was too much for Marie, who took down her cockatoo's red top-knot in honor of her feelings, and went to the fire to throw on another cheering back-log.

Just then, when shadows hung throughout the play-room, the door opened, and there was Mamma; and, after one of her loving looks around the circle, she came in with her delightful step.

"Where 's Nurse?" said she. "It is time for you older children to come with me for your lesson; but Dan is not old enough to learn this lesson, and so he has to stay behind."

She saw by this time that there was rain in the wind, and as everybody looked at Dan's back where he sat on the floor, she knew that something had happened to him. So, after ringing the bell for Nurse, she went over to her small son and found out the latest nursery news.



"'WHO MAY THIS YOUNGSTER BE WHO NEVER SAW A CHRISTMAS-TREE?'" [PAGE 230.]

"Mamma loves that cart, too," said she, cordially, "and wants to have it in her own room until it is mended, so that no more harm can come to it. And here is Nurse, and she will help take

it into Mamma's room, where Dan shall choose the place he wishes it to wait in; and then Vernon shall do his best to put it together — dear old cart!" And with a big kiss, that bright Mamma was gone, and "the Angel" was looking almost as happy as she had.

The older children followed her, and brought up in the sewing-room, where great preparations were going on for the Christmas-tree, and for the costumes of Dan's brothers and sisters, who were to be quite transformed for Christmas Eve. There had been no tree for several years, because everybody wanted to have it a complete surprise to Dan when he should be old enough to thoroughly enjoy it. And Vernon was to be St. Nicholas; and Marie, Titania; and Roger, Robin Goodfellow; and Cara, the "Frog who would a-wooing go, with a hi and a ho and a gammon and spinach, heigh-ho for Anthony Rowley!" which latter was a personage in a nursery-rhyme of no easily explained meaning, but deeply dear to Dan's noddle at bedtime, when he always heard it. Of course, the children had to rehearse their parts for the performance, in order to conceal their real selves as long as possible from Dan; and then they had to help make their dresses, besides collecting the ornaments for the tree. An hour every afternoon had long been devoted to this busy pastime, and Mamma always called it their lesson-hour, so that Dan should only know that they were learning something, and not that they were having quantities of fun, or he would never have lingered so patiently in the nursery until the great day.

Things were far advanced, as may be supposed, on that stormy afternoon, for the next evening would be Christmas Eve; and Cara's green sarcenet frog-dress, with yellow spots, had to be tried on, and her outer head (which looked dreadfully like a frog's) stuffed with a little more wool. Then down she sat on the floor, and between long pauses gave a jump, with so much effort (on account of her awkward position) that she looked for all the world like a frog, which never seems quite contented with its own style of getting about.

Titania was very beautiful in a gown of feathery aspect, covered with pearls and spangles which had each been put on by her own fingers, and bordered by a fringe of shells of her own gathering that hung down in drops and tinkled together. And she had a long white veil of several thicknesses of tulle, so that her face was rather indistinct. And oh, how her wand sparkled with a large paste diamond on its tip, and a thread of steel beads wound down its whole length!

Roger had had all his ten fingers in the pie of making his own costume, and had used more paste in sticking paper on his mask than any boy ever handled before — which was one of his objects. Mamma said, for many a day afterward, that he had even succeeded in getting paste on the sewing-room ceiling, by dropping one end of Marie's wand into the paste-bowl (an accident, no doubt) and then tumbling over the other end, which sent everything flying. Then, too, Roger had a way of drying his sticky fingers on his hair, so that after awhile, if you touched him in the neighborhood of his head, you were apt to get scratched, as if with cork-screws. Toward all remarks and exclamations of disgust, Roger remained calm and silent; for he was having a lovely time, and could n't stop to argue.

Vernon's mamma seemed to take immense delight in turning him into an old man as soon as possible, and knit him a flowing beard and curly wig of light-gray split zephyr, and then sprinkled it well with little bits of wool and a glittering dust for snow-flakes. His cap and muffler were made of crocheted silver thread, which Vernon had been taught to work himself; and his coat was cut out of Papa's faded purple velvet dressing-gown. His leggings were fashioned out of old white satin, with wool snow-flakes and more sparkling dust; and his switch was a bundle of twigs covered with tiny tin bells.

The old storm, which usually comes around at Christmas Eve, staid to see the celebrations all over town, and the fine snow-flakes scattered themselves about next day, and got on people's noses, and stuck in their eyes, and tried to peep into the bundles of presents which were being carried to every house. But oh, how the great parlor, emptied of its tables, and its floor covered with white linen, and with its white and gold wood-work, looked at six o'clock! The wonder-tree was alight near the middle of the room, and the fairy children, St. Nicholas, and Titania, were gliding near it, while Robin Goodfellow capered in and out of every corner. At the tree's foot sat the frog.

"Bravo!" cried Papa, laughing gayly. "This is a grand success, and dear old Dan must be called forthwith!"

So Mamma went to bring the small fellow for whom all this magic and frolic had been planned; and presently he was heard chatting on the stairs, as he came down. The little brothers and sisters waited with bated breath to see his face, eager to find that he was enchanted by their work. The door at the end of the room was thrown open, and Dan ran in.

In a moment, he stood transfixed. His bright, expressive eyes shone back at the gleaming tree, and his fair, waving hair fell like a gauzy veil from under its golden cap over his forehead.

"Oh, tree of stars!" he said.

"Darling child," called Titania, in an even voice, coming toward him all sparkling like a mist, "how do you do, this pleasant Christmas Eve?"

"Are you real, or a talking doll?" Dan asked, stoutly, but feeling as if it was time to find out just where he might be.

"I am the Queen of the Fairies," answered she, "who always does what is kind in your fairy tales. And here is St. Nicholas, hobbling up to us, who is always old, just as I am always young."

"Ho, ho!" cried St. Nicholas, in a deep bass, dropping some big apples and oranges out of the bag over his arm as he approached. "Who may this little youngster be, who, I hear, never saw a Christmas-tree till to-night?"

"My name is Daniel Fairmont Roseley," replied Dan, with pomp, "and I think you are a very nice man. I have heard of you. Pray, sit down," and then Dan turned to Titania, slipping a couple of fingers into his sash, as was his wont, and speaking in a tone of great deference; "please sit down, or fly, whichever you like best."

Titania and St. Nicholas laughed and twirled around on their toes, and Robin Goodfellow, who really was a naughty rogue, came scampering up; and St. Nicholas shook his switch of silvery bells at him. Then the Frog hopped slowly out from under the tree and all at once rolled over on the floor with a burst of laughter; and pop! off came Cara's green head with its big mouth and eyes, and her pretty flaxen curls peeped about her shoulders.

At this, Dan gave a tremendous shout, and Papa and Mamma chimed in, together with Nurse and everybody in the hall; and Titania went sailing and whirling hither and thither, like a dancing dove, for sheer merriment.

"How did you get in there, Cara?" asked Dan, going up to the little green heap of sarcenet on the white carpet, and placing his hands on his knees while he took a good look. "Do you want your other head again, dear?"

Just then, Robin Goodfellow blew a tiny horn at Dan's ear, and made him turn about with a jerk; but Robin was ever so far away before his rosy victim stopped winking, and who could only run after him. Then Titania called out in her clear, high tones:

"There are presents for 'the Angel' on this tree! Come and see what they are!"

Dan knew his pet name well, and dashed up to the tree from pursuit of Robin, his cheeks as red with all this fun as if he had been out on a sleigh-ride.

Titania waved her sparkling wand, and then St. Nicholas reached up to a branch and cried:

"Here 's a little purse with Daniel's name on it; does that little boy know what to do with it? It says on the outside, '*Give this to the poor.*' Are you willing to give all this money to the poor?"

"The sick-looking people on the street?" asked Dan.

"Yes," said Titania.

Dan thought awhile, feeling the soft purse with all his small fresh fingers.

"Yes, I do want to," he replied at last, looking up at the tree. "Because they were not invited to our great Christmas Eve!"

Here Robin gave Dan another merry jump by blowing his wee horn at his elbow, and shooting off again.

"You funny-looking thing!" called Dan. "What makes you dance so? Does the floor scorch your toes?"

Papa laughed loudly at this, and Mamma's sweet notes rang in; and everybody in the hall chuckled again.

"Hallo, here 's another present for Dan Fairmont," calls St. Nicholas. "A French doll for him to give as a present to his sister Cara. Will you give it to her, Dan? Or shall you keep it yourself?"

Dan took the doll, and looked into its face earnestly.

"I like it," said he.

"Yes, but so would Cara," Titania remarked in a gentle voice.

Cara stood by, gazing with wide open eyes at her possible treasure.

"Oh, Dan, I hope I know what you are going to say!" she gasped.

"Take it!" he gulped; but instantly drew dolly back. Then he kissed it and hugged it, and thrust out his arm again. "You are Cara's dolly," he said firmly, scowling a little. And Cara pounced upon it immediately.

Here Goodfellow performed a wild, original reel, all by himself, and to a song of his own, criss-crossing down the center of the saloon, and ended up with a somersault. This seemed to inspire Cara, who put on her green head and began frog-jumping, singing aloud the rhyme which Dan had heard every night for a year.

The boy was delighted beyond measure, and he followed Froggie's doublings to catch every word, and to hasten the jumping process with a sturdy little push upon Froggie's shoulder.

Suddenly, he stood still and turned all around.

"Where are Marie, and Vernon, and Roger?" he exclaimed, in a frightened voice. "Oh, Mamma, why did not you tell them there was *everything* in the parlor to-night?" And he ran up to her, looking very solemn.

"Oh, you must find them, Dan, my pet," said Papa, giving him a toss up on his shoulder and down again.

"You must ask Titania if she can help you," added his mother.

"Naughty Titania!" said Dan. "Do you think you are good, when you let my sister stay in the dark while you sparkle so? My sister would be more polite, if she were you."

At this, Marie threw back her veil and knelt down before Dan, who looked a trifle scared; and then flung his arms around her neck and tried, apparently, to dance off with it; which ended in a heap of tarlatan and screams, and Dan's black velvet body and rosy, white-socked legs showing here and there in the veil.

And now, what had naughty Robin done but gone hovering about the tree with a stage-strut, looking at all the presents through his mask, and calling out:

"Where 's Roger Roseley; where 's that sweet child, I say? He wants his presents badly, I know!"

A very queer fragrance pervaded the parlor at that moment, and Roger's heavily pasted and scarcely dry nose was seen to smoke like a new sort of chimney.

"Oh, dear!" he shrieked, "I believe my paste is cooking over again, Mamma! Do untie my face, somebody!"

Papa had rushed to him and dragged him away from the small candle which had too cordially accosted his big paper nose, and St. Nicholas showered a volley of thumps at him with his musical birch, and Mamma took the delinquent aside and talked to him about the danger he had been in from going too near the dazzling bough. It must be confessed that the expression of Roger's funny mask in contrast to his dejected figure, during this whispered lecture, nearly cost Mamma a laugh, in spite of her alarm.

"So that was Roger," said Dan, musingly; and walked up to St. Nicholas. "Did you ever hear of Vernon Roseley?" asked he, with a merry twitch of the lip.

St. Nicholas doubled himself over, and roared like the winter wind in the country.

"Oh, you little duck!" he cried. "Don't you think I am too old to know the names of such young folks as Vernon?"

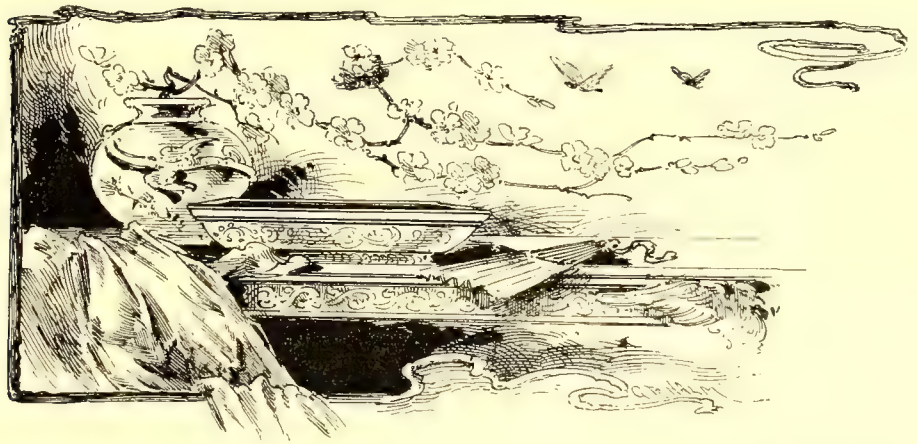
"I think, if you let me pull your beard," Dan said, "that it will come off!" And he whirled around on his heel with his splendid deep laugh, ending in a silvery chuckle, which nobody could hear without wishing to be able to laugh in the same way.

"Come, St. Nicholas, come," called Papa from the tree. "If you can prove that you are really Vernon, you shall have a present—a box of very fine minerals from Marie."

This was too overwhelming for old St. Nicholas, who dropped his infirm step at once, and strode quickly to his father.

So everybody was discovered, and all the presents distributed. Dan had a number of new treasures to add to his old stores, and he piled them in a sort of triumphal heap upon the floor; and by and by, when Nurse reminded him that there was still bread and milk in the world, and the "heigh-ho for Anthony Rowley" waiting in the book—at *this* point, without more words, Dan became sleepy, and walked away from the scene.

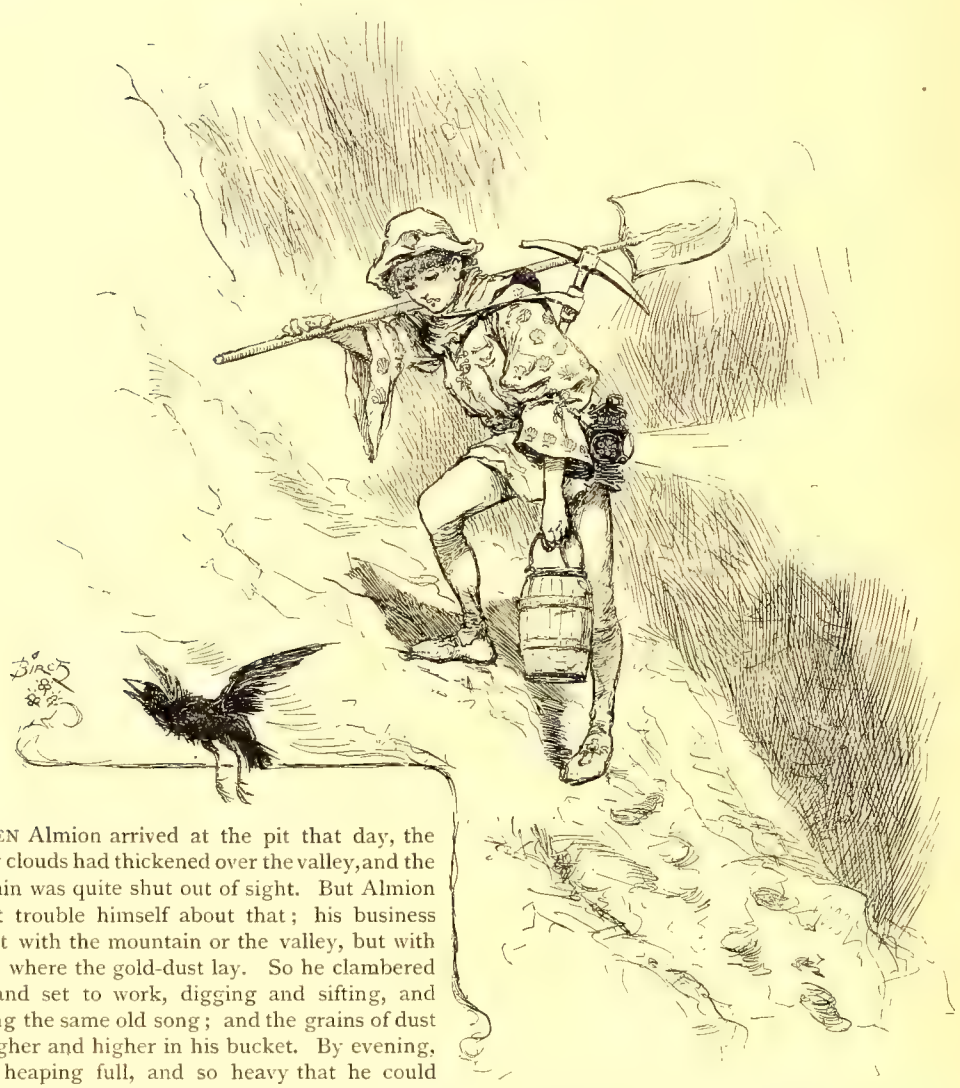
Small guests arrived for an hour's frolic; and a dainty collation was served at one end of the parlor, in full sight of the wonderful lighted fir. The old snow-storm was still flickering down from the dark heavens, so said the little guests; but it did not creep indoors at the Roseleys'. And it is doubtful whether it ever will.



ALMION, AURIA, AND MONA.

Concluded.

By Julian Hawthorne.



When Almion arrived at the pit that day, the gloomy clouds had thickened over the valley, and the mountain was quite shut out of sight. But Almion did not trouble himself about that; his business was not with the mountain or the valley, but with the pit, where the gold-dust lay. So he clambered down and set to work, digging and sifting, and chanting the same old song; and the grains of dust rose higher and higher in his bucket. By evening, it was heaping full, and so heavy that he could hardly carry it. His heart was also heavy, as if the golden grains were beginning to sift into it and transform it into lifeless metal.

However, he toiled slowly up the steep sides of the pit, and when he came to the brink there was a fine sight, indeed! He beheld a beautiful young girl, clad in a costly robe, with a golden diadem on her yellow hair, and an air of great stateliness and dignity. What it was about her that made him know she had ever been the ugly, hooded old woman of the market-place, he could not have told; and yet, so it was. But now, at all events, she was a charming creature, about his own age, with the manners and appearance of a princess. Yes, a princess; and what other princess could she be than the one he had seen in his dream? She

was not exactly like her, it is true; there was a difference,—it would be hard to say what; but probably it was only such a difference as there must always be between a dream and a reality. She greeted him with a most enchanting smile.

"My dear, beautiful, wealthy Almion," she said, "at last our troubles are over! You have done your work, and now all that remains for us is to enjoy our riches and our happiness. Your garment is all finished, and to-morrow you shall put it on and become my prince. We will sit side by side at our ease, and look down upon all the rest of the world, and fare sumptuously every day. Until now, I have been compelled to wear a disguise; but hereafter you must know me as the Princess Auria, and we belong to each other forever."

"And Mona—what is to become of her?" inquired Almion.

"Oh! she will not trouble us much longer," replied Auria, tossing her head; "nor must you think of her any more. She is a lazy, malicious little wretch, and when she sees you in your jeweled garment, and knows how happy we are, I should n't wonder if she were to die of spite."

Almion said nothing, but went homeward gloomily, with his eyes fixed on the ground and his heart heavier than ever. He had won beauty and riches and a princess; and yet, for some reason or other, he was not happy. That must be a mistake, however; he must be happy, only he had not yet become so accustomed to happiness as to know what it was. When he had had his supper and a good night's sleep, and had sat at his ease beside Auria, and looked down at all the rest of the world, —then, no doubt, he would be as happy as the day is long.

When they reached home, a sumptuous banquet was already set out on the table; and Mona was nowhere to be seen, though Almion fancied that he caught a glimpse of a little bundle of black rags, huddled up in a corner of the kitchen, which might have been she. But Auria was so handsome, her eyes were so blue, and her cheeks were so rosy, and her hair was so yellow, and she talked to Almion and admired him in such a soft and charming way, that the idea of troubling himself about such a miserable little wretch as Mona seemed absurd. Auria brought out the garment that he was to wear in the morning, and really it was magnificent, though so heavy that Almion could hardly lift it. But since he was going to sit at his ease for the rest of his days, that did not so much matter.

So he sat down to supper, and Auria sat opposite to him; but, although all the viands were so delicate and so exquisitely cooked, and though Auria kept pressing him to eat and tempting him with one dish after another, Almion felt no appetite, and was able to swallow scarcely anything. He almost wished that he had never awakened from that pleasant dream that had come to him on the borders of the new country; for then he had thought that there was something better to do in the world than to dig all day in a dust-hole, or even to sit in a jeweled robe and look down on other people. He was tired of looking down; he would have liked to look up, for a change. But what was there to look up to? There was the dream-princess,—he might have looked up to her, for she had seemed to him like some holy spirit descended from heaven. And yet, since she was but a dream-princess, she could have lasted no longer than the dream; or, if there were anything real in her, then Auria must be that reality. Almion looked at Auria; she was smooth and smiling and handsome, but he could not look up to her, for she sat directly in front of him. When supper was over, she got up and went into the kitchen, and he heard her voice—the harsh, cracked, angry voice of the old woman. What was she doing to poor Mona? In order not to be troubled by this thought, Almion stretched out his weary limbs and tried to go to sleep.

He could not sleep at first, though he was not quite awake, either; but lay in a half dream, so that the sounds and movements that went on around him seemed strange and fantastic. He fancied that Auria had laid aside all her comeliness and youth, as one lays aside a mask, and was once more the hideous old woman of the market-place. And now she was creeping on tip-toe toward the corner of the kitchen where Mona was lying. She pounced upon her with a shriek of triumph, as a great cat pounces on a mouse; and in a moment she had bound her, hand and foot, and laid her out upon the hearth. Almion looked to see whether Mona made any resistance, but she lay quite still, and only a faint fluttering of the heart showed that any life was left in her. "If I were awake," said Almion to himself, "I would not let that old hag use the poor creature so." But he could not move any more than Mona. Now the old woman was scraping together all the gold-dust that Almion had dug and sifted during his three days in the pit. She came up to Mona, with the dust in her hands, and began to spread it all over her motionless form, until it was quite covered up, and nothing was to be seen of Mona but a mound of dust. "But, after all, this is nothing but a nightmare," said Almion to himself. Then all became dark and still, and Almion sank into a still deeper sleep; and by and by he had a vision.

It seemed to him that Mona had come out of the kitchen and was standing at his bedside. She was as slender and fragile as a spirit, and she was robed in a garment of gray mist, and a veil was over her face. Yet he felt that she was gazing at him, and that her gaze was mournful and tender. And he gazed back, in his dream, trying to see through the misty veil. Then slowly, slowly, beneath his gaze, the veil melted away, and he beheld a face that made his heart burn and tremble. Ah, why had he not known her before? He did not know that his eyes had been darkened by a pair of horn spectacles, which the old woman had slipped over them while he slept so heavily, the first night he spent in her house. But now it was too late; for, as he continued to gaze at Mona, she seemed to move slowly away from him, as a memory vanishes away from us, though we try to call it back. And now she was gone!

All at once, Almion awoke. It was still dark night, and the air was full of mysterious meaning and muttering; for the spirits of the storm were rousing themselves, and would soon be rushing and howling abroad. Almion, too, arose, and stood erect, listening and peering into the darkness. Through the door-way of the kitchen came a little glimmer of light, from the dying embers on the hearth. With a light step, and holding his breath, Almion stole toward it. Yes, there lay Mona, motionless, with the yellow dust all sifted over her. Almion bent down and gently blew it off. How pale her face was! and her star-like eyes were closed. But there was a spark of life left in her still, even as there was a spark of fire in the embers. Almion stooped and lifted her in his arms; but either he had grown very weak or Mona, in spite of her slender fragility, was strangely heavy; it was all his strength could do to hold her. He staggered with her to the door of the house, trying to make no noise lest he should awaken Auria. But behold! there lay, directly across the threshold,—not Auria, indeed, but the hideous hag who had worn the Auria mask. She was asleep, with a malicious grin upon her lips; for the old witch was dreaming how, by the cunning of her wicked enchantments, she had got Almion into her power, and had almost destroyed the only guardian power that could redeem him. But her victory was not yet complete. Gathering Mona more closely in his arms, Almion summoned all his strength to leap across the threshold; but, as he did so, his foot touched the old woman's shoulder, and with a cry the witch awoke!

"Fly, fly!" whispered a voice in Almion's ear; "fly, or we are lost!"

He fled on, stumbling through the darkness and panting with the strain of the heavy weight he bore,—so heavy that he thought it must drag him to the earth. Yet he kept on, for the faint voice in his ear was like the call of a trumpet to his heart; it was the voice of the dream-princess from whom he had so nearly been separated forever. He fled toward the dark valley; but now the storm burst forth and shrieked in his face, and the wind and the fierce rain drove against him, and the lightning divided the darkness, and the thunder shuddered and rumbled in the black heavens. And as he fled, he saw that the village, with all its inhabitants, had vanished: they had been but a part of the witch's enchantments, helping to beguile Almion into mistaking the dirt of the pit for gold and smothering his soul to death in it. But the witch herself had not vanished: she was following close behind them, carrying with her the garment of gold and jewels which she had woven for Almion. And well might she carry it, for it was upon that garment that her power over Almion depended. It was woven, warp and woof, out of the selfishness and greediness that nature spins around men's hearts as a spider spins its web; and if she could once succeed in throwing it over Almion's shoulders, he was lost forever. But the wind became entangled in the garment, and struggled with it so furiously that the old witch could scarcely keep her hold upon it, and it prevented her from running so fast as she would otherwise have done. Almion, therefore, burdened though he was by Mona's weight, was able to keep a little in advance; but just before he reached the verge of the plain, where it overhung the valley, he stumbled and fell, and a great terror passed over his soul; but he still held Mona safely.

Then the witch laughed, for she thought her victory was secure. And in a moment she had re-assumed the smiling and rosy mask of Auria; and when Almion lifted up his eyes from his fall, he saw her standing there, between him and the valley, holding out the jeweled garment in her hands.

"Dear Almion," she said, in her softest voice, "what madness has come over you? Why do you fly from your Auria, who loves you and serves you? And why do you carry that dead creature in your arms? Throw her down, and let me wrap you in this garment, and you shall be the greatest prince in the world. Throw her down into the valley, and return with me."

The witch said this because she had not the power to cast the garment over Almion so long as he clung to Mona. But if she could separate them, then Almion was hers.

"I will not throw her down," replied he, struggling to his feet. "I have found her, and I will never leave her."

"She has left you already," said the other, "for she is dead; that body that you carry, and which weighs so heavily, has no life in it. Throw it away, and come back with me to ease and happiness."

He looked at Mona, and she seemed lifeless indeed; her face was like marble. But tears gushed to his eyes as he answered: "Dead or alive, I will never leave her; and I will have no ease or happiness except with her."

"Whither will you carry her?" asked Auria.

"Through the valley and up the mountain," he replied.

"You would perish by the way," she said. "Yet, if you will go, I will guide you thither, for only by my help can you find the road. Give Mona to me, and wrap yourself in your garment, and I will fly with you to the mountain-top in the twinkling of an eye."

"I will not go with you," said Almion.

The witch trembled with rage, but she made one last effort.

"Almion," she cried, "I have done all this to try you,—to prove whether you were really worthy of my love. You have withstood the test, and now I will declare myself to you: I am the true Mona,—the princess of your dream,—your guardian angel! That burden you carry is but a figure that I have made in my own image. Cast her down, and claim your own Mona!"

Then Almion became indignant, and his indignation renewed his strength. He struggled to his feet, still holding the form of Mona, and exclaimed:

"You are false and wicked! And I have been your slave; but your power over me is ended. This is my princess, and you shall not part us. Stand aside and let me pass; for, with Mona as my guardian, I am mightier and more terrible than you!"

So saying, he strode boldly forward; and the witch, with a long howl of hate and fury, resumed her proper form, and was swallowed up in the earth. But Almion stood for a moment on the verge of the dark valley, and then sprang forward into the abyss.

And even as he sprang he felt a change come over him, and Mona stirred and breathed, and awakened from her death-like trance; and her form was no longer heavy, but lighter than the air, so that her lightness bore him up; and, instead of being dashed to pieces against the rocks at the bottom of the valley, they ended their fearful flight through the air as softly as a feather from a bird's wing touches the earth. The storm had passed away, and in the deep sky above them the stars shone out. Mona took Almion by the hand, and said: "Come, we shall yet find the right gold and the true beauty. But we have far to go, and the way is dark and perilous. Lose no time, therefore, but follow me."

So Almion followed his guide with a trusting and quiet heart, though she led him straight down into the depths of that wild and awful valley. They went onward, but slowly; for great bowlders of rock rose up and opposed their progress, and tangled vines coiled themselves like snakes across their path, and rude brambles stretched out their thorns like claws and strove to hold them back. And they passed by yawning caverns, in the depths of which glowed the savage eyes of wild beasts; and through obscure ravines, which echoed with the bark and whine of wolves and the snarling of hungry tigers. At other times, their feet were chilled by the slimy waters of a pathless morass, in which Almion had surely been lost but for Mona's unerring guidance. Now the air about them was stirred by the silent wings of birds of the night, and bats, which are to the air what reptiles are to the earth; and here and there phantom lights moved over the surface of the swamp, now seeming to retreat before them and now to follow them in pursuit. But, through all, Mona moved onward toward the distant mountain, though even its topmost summit was now hidden from Almion's eyes by the surrounding rocks and pines. Still the path plunged downward, until it seemed as if it would lead them to the center of the earth, and that never again could they hope to breathe the upper air. At this depth, all presence of living creatures, save themselves, ceased; no vegetation softened the naked rocks; the very atmosphere was dead and still, and a profound silence, more appalling than any sounds, brooded over all. The heavens above were shut out by the beetling cliffs, and Almion's spirit began to faint within him.

"Mona, Mona," he whispered, "I dare go no further. There is no bottom to this abyss, and no hope that I can ever ascend from it to the mountain,—if, indeed, there be any mountain, which I almost doubt."

"Would you go back, Almion?" said Mona.

"No, that I never will," he replied. "But my spirit faints in this darkness and solitude, and I have no hope. Leave me here to die, if it must be so."

"You shall not die, Almion," she answered, "nor shall the darkness and the solitude drive away your hope. Hold fast my hand, and close your eyes, and you shall see something that will comfort you."

Almion did as she bade him; and soon, as it were, through his closed eyelids, he became aware of a distant brightness, small at first, but seeming

to grow nearer and larger. At last, it appeared as a great door-way, through which came trooping many glorious and lovely figures, whose faces shone with cheerfulness and peace. Down they came into the dark valley, and gathered about Almion with looks and smiles of encouragement; so that, instead of being alone, as he had thought he was, this heavenly retinue encompassed him on every side. And Mona said: "All these have been through the valley before us, and some of them had to pass through even profounder abysses than we; yet all, at last, reached the mountain, and their hope did not fail them."

"Your hand in mine helps me more than all," said Almion.

With that he opened his eyes; and behold, the valley lay behind them, and they were upon the side of the mountain. The air was fresh and pure, and the dawn was beginning to break; even now the highest peaks were tinted with rosy light. A delicious vigor, such as he had never known before, began to grow warm in Almion's limbs and to brighten in his eyes. He stepped forward joyfully, but Mona still led the way. As they mounted higher and higher, leaving the dark valley far beneath, the great splendor of the coming sun kindled all the east, and the stars in the vault of heaven withdrew themselves one by one. All things were undergoing a wondrous transformation, and out of gloom and emptiness came forth beauty and life. And Almion saw how the robe of misty gray that Mona wore was illuminated by the increasing light, until it took on once more the celestial tints that he remembered the first night of his dream, only now it had the more vivid luster of a waking vision. Then, with a sense of shame and humility, he remembered how mean and shabby was his own appearance. His garments were torn by the brambles of the valley, and he was stained by the slimy waters of the swamp, and he was not even cleansed from the defilement of the dust-pit in which he had toiled for the witch's gold. He paused and hung his head.

"Come, dear Almion," said Mona; "we are nearly at our journey's end."

"I can not come, Mona," he murmured sadly. "I am not fit to tread this holy mountain, nor to be seen with those who came out of the door to meet us. I have brought no beauty, nor any riches, but only poverty and ugliness. Let me go down again to the valley, for it is better I should be there than here."

Mona made no answer in words; but she smiled upon him with her star-like eyes, and pointed toward the east.

Almion looked; and the sun rose up above the margin of the waiting world, and flooded all the earth, and turned the mountain-top on which they stood into a spire of gold. Its rays fell upon Almion, and clothed him with a radiance more beautiful than all the gorgeous accouterment of kings. It placed an airy diadem on Mona's head, and revealed all the love and loveliness of the countenance which she turned upon Almion.

"This is the right gold, dear Almion," she said, "and it is all yours, for the lord of our country gives it to you. And all the beauty that you see in me is yours, for it was your bravery and devotion that saved me from the witch and lent me the power to guide you through the dark valley. And all the love of the inhabitants of this kingdom is yours, because you were merciful and pitiful, and chose to plunge into the abyss with me rather than to live in ease and luxury without me. So come with me, and be at peace!"

Nevertheless, Almion still hung his head, for he felt that, of himself, he could do nothing, and that he was unworthy of this happiness. But Mona held fast his hand, and drew him on along a bright ascent of clouds, until, with a distant triumph of music, they vanished into a region whither our eyes can not follow them.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

ONE Christmas eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;
"I thought you would n't mind

"If I should stay awake to-night
And watch you for awhile."
"You 're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink, —
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There was n't left a chink.

"Now, they wont hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It 's not polite to contradict, —
Your pardon I implore, —
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I 've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gayly spoke:
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

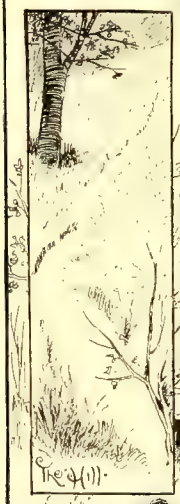


A New Jack & Jill:

By Margaret Johnson.



Jack & Jill went up the Hill.
To fetch a pail of water.
Jill held the handle steadily.
As her Mamma had taught her.
They did not trip, they did not fall.
Nor by the wayside stop.
Yet when they reached their home
the pail
Held not a single drop.





Then back again they quickly went
And filled it up once more.
But when they got the bucket [down]
'Twas empty as before.
"You let it spill" said Jack to Jill.
"'Twas you" said Jill to Jack.
"'Twas all your fault" cried one.
"'Twas yours"
The other answered back.







They wrangled up they wrangled down;
Seven times they climbed the Hill.
But at each weary journey's end.
The pail was empty still
Then hotter grew the hot dispute
And words gave place to blows.
Till suddenly their stern Mamma.
Appeared to interpose.



"Now hush" she cried "this wicked strife.
Give me the pail a minute.
O most unhappy children dont.
You see the Hole that's in it!"
She sent them forth with frown severe.
A weeping son & daughter.
And up the Hill.
Went Jack & Jill.
To fetch a pail of water.

"She sent them forth
With frown severe."



There was a small person of Pah,
Who cried at all ghost stories, "Bah!"
But every night
In a terrible fright,
He would jump out of bed shouting, "Ha!!"



WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

(Continued from page 22 of the November number.)

Chapter II.

Vosh Stebbins hurried away from Deacon Farnham's a little after supper, but he had understood his duty precisely, all along; for the first words of his mother, on his return, were:

"Made you stay to tea, did they? Well, I would n't have had you not stay for anything. Susie 's brought her brother with her this time, has she? Sit right down, and I wont say one word till you get through. And I want to know ——"

"Miss Farnham wants a dozen of eggs —"

"You don't say! Well, take 'em right over, but don't wait a minute. Tell her our poultry 's doing well, and I don't see why she does n't ever have any kind of luck with her chickens. She does n't manage right, I'm afraid."

Vosh had his eggs in a basket and was out of the door before his mother had said half she wanted to about the best way of caring for poultry in cold weather. He obeyed orders, however, and came back at once, to sit still and put in a few words, here and there, while Mrs. Stebbins told him all he had done and said, and all anybody else had done and said, at Deacon Farnham's tea-table. It seemed as if she could almost have gone right on and told him all that was being done and said around the big sitting-room fire, where he so much desired to be, just then.

There was a good deal of pleasant talk there; but Mrs. Farnham insisted upon it that her niece and nephew must be tired with their long journey, and that they must go to bed in good season.

The last words Porter Hudson heard anybody say, that night, just before he shut the door of his bedroom, came from Penelope: "You need n't wait for me to ring the second bell in the morning, and you 'd better come right down into the sitting-room, where it 's warm."

It had taken three generations of hard-working and well-to-do Farnhams to build that great, queer, comfortable old farm-house. Each had made some addition, on one side or another, and there was room in it now for a very large family. So Porter Hudson had a good-sized chamber all to himself; but he remarked, after he got into it:

"No furnace heaters in this house. Of course not. They don't have such things in the country."

He had never before slept on a feather bed; but he was not at all sorry to burrow into one, that night, out of the frosty air of his room.

It was as dark as a pocket when he heard the clang of Pen's "first bell," next morning, but he sprang out of bed at once.

One glance through the frosty window-panes told him how little of the country around could be seen in winter before sunrise. In another instant all his thoughts were centered on the great fire-place down-stairs, and he dressed himself very quickly. He thought he had never seen a finer looking fire, the moment he was able to rub his hands in front of it.

Mrs. Farnham was there, too, setting the breakfast table and smiling on him, and Porter's next thought was, that his aunt was the rosiest, pleasantest, most comfortable of women.

"It would take a good deal of cold weather to freeze her," he said to himself, and he was right.

He could hear Aunt Judith, out in the kitchen, complaining to Susie and Pen that everything in the milk-room had frozen; and when Corry and his father came in from feeding the stock, they both declared that it was a "splendid, frosty, nipping kind of a morning." They looked as if it might be, and Porter hitched his chair a little nearer the fire, but Corry added: "Now for some fun, Port."

"All right. What is it?"

"We 're going to the woods after breakfast. You and I 'll take our guns with us and see if we can't knock over some rabbits. I 'll take father's gun and you can take mine."

Just then Pen's voice sounded from the kitchen, excitedly: "Do you hear that, Susie? They 're going to the woods! Let's go!"

"Oh, if they 'll let us!"

"Of course they will ——"

"Penelope Farnham! Look out for those cakes!"

"I 'm turning 'em, Aunt Judith. I 'm minding 'em every minute,—Susie, those sausages are almost done; let me take them out for you."

"No, Pen. I want to cook them all myself. You take care of your cakes."

Buckwheat cakes and home-made sausages — what a breakfast that was for a frosty morning!

Susie Hudson would have been puzzled to say which she enjoyed most, the cooking or the eating, and she certainly did her share of both very well, for a young lady from the city.

"Port, can you shoot?" asked Corry, somewhat suddenly, at table.

"Shoot? I should say so. Do you ever get anything bigger than rabbits out here?"

"Did n't you know? Why, right back from where we 're going this morning are the mountains. And then, there is n't a farm, till you get away out into the St. Lawrence River country."

"Yes, I know all that."

"Well, sometimes the deer come right down among us, especially in winter. Last winter a bear came down and stole one of our pigs. But we followed the bear, and we got him; Vosh Stebbins and father and I."

Porter tried hard to look as if he were quite accustomed to following and killing all the bears that meddled with his pigs, but Pen exclaimed: "Now, Susie, you need n't be scared a bit. There wont be a single bear, not where we 're going."

"Wont there?" said Susie, almost regretfully. "How I'd like to see one!"

There was a good deal more to be said about bears and other wild creatures and, just as breakfast was over, there came a great noise of rattling and creaking and shouting in front of the sitting-room windows; and "there he is!" said Corry.

Susie and her brother hurried to look, and there was Vosh Stebbins, with Deacon Farnham's great "wood-sleigh," drawn by two pairs of strong, long-horned, placid-looking oxen. "Couldn't one pair draw it?" asked Porter of Corry.

"Guess they could, but two pairs can do it more easily, and beside, they 've nothing else to do. We'll heap it up, too. You 'll see."

There was not long to wait, for the excitement rose fast in the sitting-room, and Susie and Pen were in that sleigh a little in advance of anybody else. Its driver stood by the heads of his first yoke of oxen, and Susie at once exclaimed:

"Good-morning, Vosh. What a whip!"

"Why, Susie," said Pen; "that is n't a whip, it 's an ox-gad."

"That 's it," said Vosh, but he seemed disposed to talk to his oxen rather than to anybody else. The yoke next the sleigh stood on either side of a long, heavy "tongue," to the end of which the forward pair were fastened by a chain, which passed between them to a hook in their yoke. These forward oxen animals, as Vosh explained to Susie, "were only about half-educated, and they took more than their share of drivin'."

He began to pay attention to them, now, and it was half a wonder to see how accurately the huge beasts kept the right track, down through the gate, and out into the road. It seemed easier then, for all they had to do was to go straight ahead.

"Let me take the whip. Do, please," said Susie, and Vosh only remarked, as he handed it to her: "Guess you 'll find it heavy."

She lifted it with both hands, and a smile illuminated his broad, ruddy face, as she made a desperate effort to swing the lash over the oxen.

"Go 'long, now! Get up! Cluck—cluck!"

She chirruped to the oxen with all her might, while Vosh put his handkerchief over his mouth and had a violent fit of coughing.

"Boys," shouted her uncle, from behind the sleigh, "you 'd better put down your guns. Lay them flat, and don't step on 'em."

Porter Hudson had clung to his gun manfully, from the moment it was handed him. He had carried it over his shoulder, slanting it a little across toward the other shoulder. He had seen whole regiments of city soldiers do that, and so he knew it was the correct way to carry a gun. He was now quite willing, however, to imitate Corry and put his weapon down flat on the bottom of the sleigh. The gun would be safe there, and, besides, he had been watching Vosh Stebbins and listening, and he had an idea it was time he should show what he knew about oxen. They were plodding along very well at the moment.

"Susie," he said, "give me that gad."

Vosh looked somewhat doubtful as she surrendered the whip. They were going up a little ascent and, just beyond, the fences on either side of the road seemed to stop. Still further on, all was forest, and the road had a crooked look as it went in among the trees.

Porter had stronger arms than his sister, and he could do more with an ox-gad. He gave the long, hickory "stalk" a swing, and the heavy, far-reaching lash at the end of it came around with a "swish" and knocked the coon-skin cap from the head of Vosh. Then the whip came down, stalk, lash and all, along the broad backs of the oxen.

"Gee! Haw! G'lang! Get up! G'lang, now!"

Porter felt that his reputation was at stake. He raised the gad again and he shouted vigorously. The hinder pair of oxen did not seem to mind it much and plodded along as if they had not heard any one say a word to them, but their younger and more skittish helpers in front shook their heads a little uneasily. "Gee! Haw! G'lang!"

Porter was quite proud of the way the lash came down, this time, and the cracker of it caught the near ox of the forward team smartly on the left ear. It was a complete success, undoubtedly; but, to Porter's astonishment, the bewildered yoke of oxen in front whirled suddenly to the right. The next moment, they were floundering in a snow-drift.

On the instant, Vosh snatched the gad from

Porter and sprang out of the sleigh, saying something, as he went, about "not wanting to have the girls upset." Corry was dancing a sort of double-shuffle and shouting: "Well done, Port! That 's the first time I ever saw an ox-team 'gee' and 'haw' at the same time. Hurrah for you, Port!" "Pen," said Susie, "what does he mean?"

"Mean? Don't you know? Why, you say 'gee' to turn 'em this way, and 'haw' to turn 'em that way. They can't turn both ways at once."

The double team had set out to do it, quite obediently; but Vosh got matters straightened very quickly. Then he kept the whip and did his own driving, until the sleigh was pulled out of the road, half a mile further, into a sort of open space in the forest. There was not much depth of snow on the ground, and there were stumps of trees sticking up through it all about. Vosh drove right on until he halted his team by a great pile of logs that were already cut for hauling. "Are they not too big for the fire-place?" asked Susie of Pen.

"Of course they are," said Pen; but Corry added: "We can cut up all we want for the stoves after we get the logs home. And the big ones will be cut up for back-logs for the fire-place."

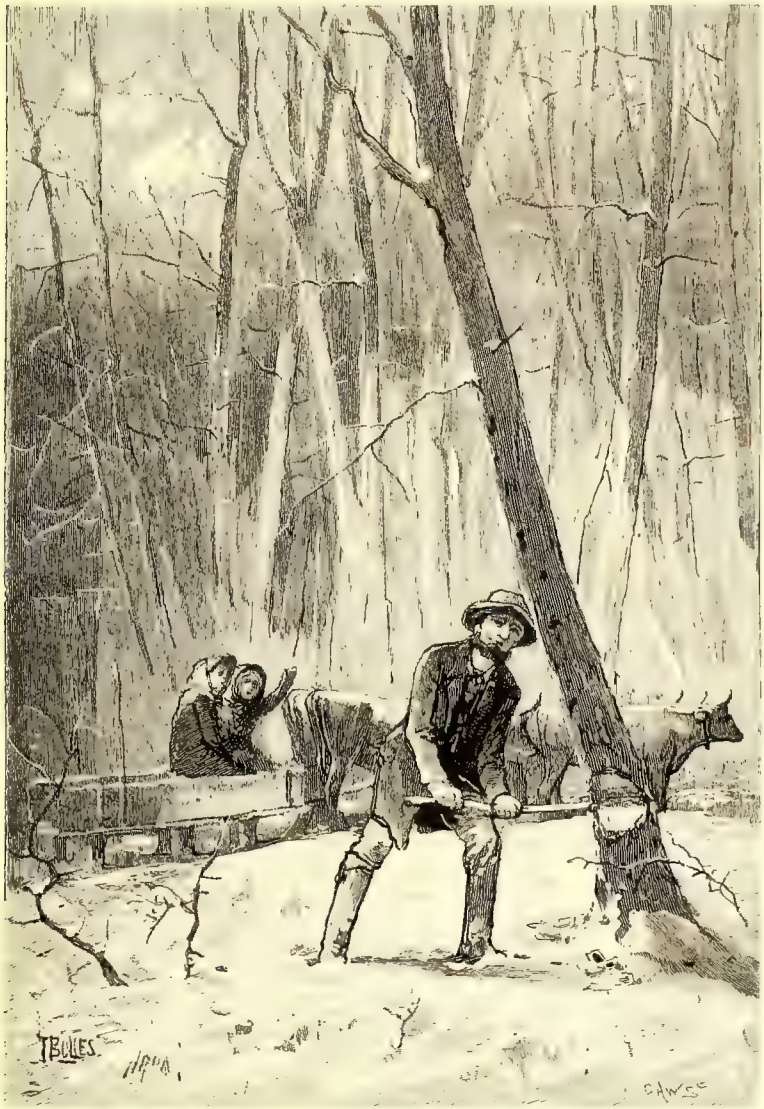
He had been telling Porter, on the way, about the fun there was in felling big trees, and that young gentleman had proposed to cut down a few before they set out after any rabbits or bears. "Just see father swing that ax!" said Pen, proudly, as the stalwart old farmer walked up to a tall hickory and began to make the chips fly.

"Is n't it a fine sight?" said Susie.

Vosh Stebbins had his ax out of the sleigh, now, determined to show what he could do.

It looked like the easiest thing in the world. He and the deacon merely swung their axes up and let them go down exactly in the right place, and the glittering edges went in, in, with a hollow thud, and at every other stroke a great chip would spring away across the snow.

"It does n't take either of them long to bring a tree down," said Corry. "Take that other ax there and we 'll try one. They 've all got to come



"IT WAS ENTERTAINMENT ENOUGH TO WATCH THE CHOPPERS AND SEE THE CHIPS FLY."

down, so it does n't make any difference what tree we choose." The girls were contented to stay in the sleigh and look on, and the oxen stood as still as if they intended never to move again.

"Susie," exclaimed Pen, "here comes Ponto! Nobody knew where he was when we started."

There he was now, however,—the great, shaggy, house-dog,—coming up the road and giving a succession of short, sharp barks, as if protesting against being left out of such a picnic party as that.

"Pen, he 's coming right into the sleigh."

"No, he is n't. You 'll see. He 'll go after Corry. He 's only sniffing to see if the guns are here. He knows what they mean."

"Does he hunt?"

"Indeed, he does."

He seemed, just now, to be stirred to a sort of frenzy of delighted barking, but at the end of it he sat down on the snow near the sleigh. No dog of good common sense would follow a boy with an ax, away from the place where the guns were.

Meantime, Corry had picked out a maple tree, of middle size, and had cut a few chips from it. It was easy to see that he knew how to handle an ax, if he could not bury one as deeply in the wood of a tree as could his father or Vosh. He also knew enough, it seemed, to get well out of the way, when he handed the ax to Porter Hudson, remarking: "Now, Port, cut it right down. Maybe it 's a bee tree."

"Bee tree? Do you ever find any in winter?

"Well, not as a regular thing; but there are bee trees, and the bees must be in them just the same, in any kind of weather."

That was so, no doubt; but if there had been a dozen hives of bees hidden away in the solid wood of that vigorous maple tree, they would have been safe there until spring, so far as Porter Hudson's chopping was concerned. He managed to make the edge of the ax hit squarely the first time it struck; but it did no more than go through the bark. No scratch like that would get a chip ready. Porter colored with vexation, and he gave his next stroke rather hastily, but he gave it with all his might. The edge of the ax hit several inches from the first scratch, and it seemed to take a quick twist on its own account, just as it struck. It glanced from the tree, and away the ax went into the snow, jerking its handle rudely out of Porter's hands.

"I say, Port, let 's not cut down any more trees. Let 's get our guns, and go down into the swamp for some rabbits. There 's Ponto. He 'll stir 'em up for us," said Corry.

Porter was fishing for his ax, with a pretty red face, and he replied: "I suppose we 'd better. I 'm not used to chopping."

"Of course not."

"We burn coal, in the city."

"No chopping to do,—I know. Come on."

All that was very polite, but Corry had less trouble, now, in keeping up a feeling of equality with his city cousin.

They had tucked their trousers into their boots when they left the house, and now they took their guns out of the sleigh, slung their powder-flasks and shot-pouches over their shoulders, and marched away through the woods.

The two girls looked after them as if they, also, were eager for a rabbit-hunt. As for Ponto, that very shaggy and snowy dog was plainly intending to run between every two trees, and through each and every clump of bushes, as if in a desperate state of dread lest he should miss the tracks of some game or other.

"Boys can have more fun in the woods than girls," began Susie, when she and Pen were left alone.

"No, they can't, Susie. Just watch that tree yonder. It 'll come down very soon, and it will make a great crash when it falls."

It was entertainment enough to watch the chopping and see the chips fly. Susie found herself becoming more and more deeply interested, as the wide "notches" sank farther and farther into the massive trunks of the two trees that her uncle and Vosh Stebbins were felling.

Vosh chopped for dear life, but in spite of all he could do, the deacon had his tree down first.

It was a tall, noble-looking tree. There were no branches near the ground, but there was a fine, broad crown of them, away up where the sun could get at them in summer. It seemed almost a pity to destroy a forest king like that, but at last it began to totter and lean.

"Oh, Pen, it 's coming!" exclaimed Susie.

"Don't shut your eyes, Susie. Keep them open and see it come."

Susie did try; but when the tall, majestic trunk seemed to throw out its great arms and give up the struggle, she could not look any longer, and she put her head down. Then she heard a tremendous, dull, crashing sound, and her eyes came open to see a cloud of light snow rising from the spot on which the forest king had fallen.

"Is n't it splendid?"

"Yes, Pen, it 's wonderful."

"Vosh's tree is almost ready. Look! Look!"

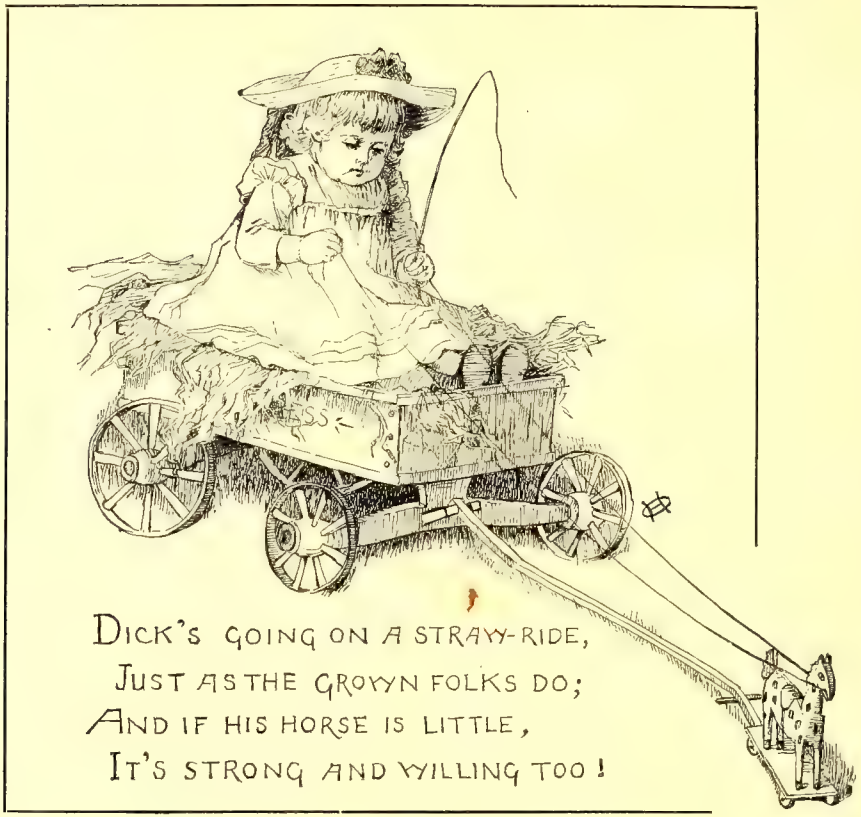
Vosh had not been as careful as Deacon Farnham in directing the fall of his tree, for it went down into the arms of a smaller one, crashing and breaking through them, and the sharp, snapping sound of the crushed branches went far and wide through the silence of the snowy forest.

Pen was quiet for a moment, and Susie was conscious of a sort of awed feeling, and said nothing.

(To be continued.)



THE STAR IN THE EAST. DRAWN BY JOHN LEARGE.



THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASTAWAYS.

NOT long does Captain Gancy lament the loss of his fine vessel and valuable cargo. In the face and fear of a far greater loss—his own life and the lives of his companions,—there is no time for vain regrets. The storm is still in full fury; the winds and the waves are as high as ever; and their boat is threatened with the fate of the bark.

The bulk of the "Calypso's" crew, with Lyons, the chief mate, have taken to the pinnace; and the skipper is in his own gig, with his wife, daughter, son, young Chester, and two others—Seagriff, the carpenter, and the cook, a negro. In all, only seven persons, but enough to bring the gunwale of the little craft dangerously near the water's edge. The captain himself is in the stern-sheets, tiller-lines in hand. Mrs. Gancy and her daughter crouch beside him, while the others are at the oars—in which occupation Ned and Chester occasionally pause to bale out, as showers of spray keep breaking over the boat, threatening to swamp it.

What point shall they steer for? This is a question that no one asks, nor thinks of asking as yet. Course and direction are as nothing now; all their energies are bent on keeping the boat above water. However, they naturally endeavor to remain in the company of the pinnace. But those in the larger craft, like themselves, are engaged in

a life-and-death conflict with the sea, and both must fight it out in their own way, neither being able to give aid to the other. So, despite their efforts to keep near each other, the winds and waves soon separate them. Anon, they can catch glimpses of each other only when buoyed up on the crest of a billow. And presently, the night coming on,—a night of dungeon darkness,—they see each other no more.

But, dark as it is, there is still visible that which they have been long regarding with dread—the breakers known as the "Milky Way." Snow-white during the day, these terrible rock-tortured billows now gleam like a belt of liquid fire, the breakers at every crest seeming to break into veritable flames. Well for the castaways that this is the case; else how, in such obscurity, could the dangerous lee shore be shunned? To keep off that is, for the time, the chief care of those in the gig; and all their energies are exerted in holding their craft well to windward.

By good fortune, the approach of night has brought about a shifting of the wind, which has veered around to the west-northwest, making it possible for them to "scud," without nearer approach to the dreaded fire-like line. In their cockle-shell of a boat, they know that to run before the wind is their safest plan, and so they speed on south-eastward. An ocean current setting from the northwest also helps them in this course.

Thus doubly driven, they make rapid progress, and before midnight the Milky Way is behind them, out of sight. But, though they breathe more freely, they are by no means out of danger—alone in a frail skiff on the still turbulent ocean, and groping in thick darkness, with neither moon nor star to guide them. They have no compass; that having been forgotten in their scramble out of the sinking ship. But even if they had one, it would be of little assistance to them at present, as, for the time being, they have enough to do in keeping the boat baled out and above water.

At break of day, matters look a little better. The storm has somewhat abated, and there is land in sight to leeward, with no visible breakers between. Still, they have a heavy swell to contend with, and an ugly cross sea.

But land to a castaway! His first thought, and most anxious desire, is to set foot on it. So in the case of our shipwrecked party; risking all reefs and surfs, they at once set the gig's head shoreward.

Closing in upon the land, they perceive a high promontory on the port bow and another on the starboard, separated by a wide reach of open water; and, about half-way between these promontories and somewhat farther out, lies what appears to be an island. Taking it for one, Seagriff counsels putting in there instead of running on for the more distant main-land.

"But why should we put in upon the island?" asks the skipper. "Would n't it be better to keep on to the main?"

"No, Captain. There 's a reason agin it; the which I 'll make known to you as soon as we get safe ashore."

Captain Gancy is aware that the late "Calypso's" carpenter was for a long time a sealer, and in this capacity had spent more than one season in the sounds and channels of Tierra del Fuego. He knows also that the old sailor can be trusted, and so, without pressing for further explanation, he steers straight for the island.

When about half a mile from its shore, they come upon a bed of kelp,* growing so close and thick as to bar their farther advance. Were they still on board the bark, the weed would be given a wide berth, as giving evidence of rocks underneath. But, in the light-draught gig, they have no fear of these; and with the swell still tossing them about, are even glad to get in among the kelp, and so steady themselves awhile. Their anxiety to force a way through the tangled mass is heightened by the fact that, on the farther side of it, they can descry waveless water, seemingly as tranquil as a pond. Luckily the weed-bed is not continuous, but traversed by an irregular sort of break, through which it seems practicable to make way. So into this the gig is directed, and pulled through with vigorous strokes. Five minutes afterward, her keel grates upon a beach, against which, despite the tumbling swell outside, there is scarce so much as a ripple! There is no better breakwater than a bed of kelp.

The island proves to be a small one; less than a mile in diameter, rising in the center to a rounded summit, three hundred feet above sea-level. It is treeless, though in part overgrown with a rank vegetation, chiefly tussac grass,† with its grand bunches of leaves, six feet in height, surrounded by plume-like flower-spikes, almost as much higher.

Little regard, however, do the castaways pay to the isle or its productions. After being so long

* The *fucus giganteus* of Solander. The stem of this remarkable sea-weed, though but the thickness of a man's thumb, is often over 130 yards in length, perhaps the longest of any known plant. It grows on every rock in Fuegian waters, from low water mark to a depth of fifty or sixty fathoms, and among the most violent breakers. Often loose stones are raised up by it, and carried about, when the weed gets adrift; some of these are so large and heavy that they can with difficulty be lifted into a boat. The reader will learn more of it further on.

† *Dactylis cæspitosa*. The leaves of this singular grass are often eight feet in length, and an inch broad at the base; the flower stalks being as long as the leaves. It bears much resemblance to the "pampas grass," now well known as an ornamental shrubbery

tossed about on rough seas, in momentary peril of their lives, and with scarcely a mouthful of food the while, they are now suffering from the pangs of hunger. So, as soon as the boat is beached, and they have set foot on shore, the services of Cæsar, the cook, are called into requisition.

As yet, they scarcely know what provisions they have with them, so confusedly were things flung into the gig. An examination of their stock proved that it is scant indeed; a barrel of biscuits, a ham, some corned beef, a small bag of coffee in the berry, a canister of tea, and a loaf of lump sugar were all they had brought with them. The condition of these articles, too, is most disheartening. Much of the biscuit seems a mass of briny pulp; the beef is pickled for the second time (on this occasion with sea-water); the sugar is more than half melted, and the tea spoiled outright, from the canister not having been water-tight. The ham and coffee have received least damage; yet both will require a cleansing operation to make them fit for food.

Fortunately, some culinary utensils are found in the boat; the most useful of them being a frying-pan, kettle, and coffee-pot.

And now for a fire! Ah, the fire!

Up to this moment no one has thought of a fire; but now it suddenly presents itself to them as a difficulty they see no means of overcoming. The mere work of kindling it were an easy enough task, the late occupant of the "Calypso's" caboose being provided with flint, steel, and tinder. So, too, is Seagriff, who, an inveterate smoker, is never without igniting apparatus, carried in a pocket of his pilot-coat. But where are they to find firewood? There is none on the islet—not a stick,—as no trees grow there; while the tussac and other plants are soaking wet; the very ground being a sodden, spongy peat.

Upon making this discovery, Captain Gancy turns to Seagriff and remarks, with some vexation:

"Chips,* I think, 't would have been better if we 'd kept on to the main. There 's timber enough there, on either side," he adds, after a look through his binocular "The hills appear to be thickly wooded half-way up."

His words are manifestly intended as a reflection upon the judgment of the quondam seal-hunter, who rejoins shortly:

"It would have been a deal worse, sir. Aye, worse nor if we should have to eat our vittels raw."

"I don't comprehend you," says the skipper; "you spoke of a reason for our not making the main-land. What is it?"

"Wal, Captain, there is a reason, as I said, an' a good one. I did n't like to tell you, wi' the others listenin'." He nods toward the rest of the party, who are at some distance, and then continues: "'Specially the women folks; as 't aint a thing they ought to be told about."

"Do you fear some danger?" queries the Skipper, in a tone of apprehension.

"Jest that; an' bad kind o' danger. As fur 's I kin see, we 've drifted onter a part of the Feweegin Coast, where the Ailikoleeps live; the which air the worst and cruelest o' savages—some of 'em rank cannyballs! It is n't but five or six years since they murdered sev'ral men of a sealin' vessel that was wrecked somewhere about here. For killin' 'em, mebbe they might have had reason, seein' as there was blame on both sides, an' some whites have behaved no better than the savages. But jest fur that, we, as are innocent, may hev to pay fur the misdeeds o' the guilty! Now, Captain, you perceive the wharfor o' my not wantin' you to land over yonder. Ef we went now, like as not we 'd have a crowd o' the ugly critters yellin' around us."

"But, if that 's so," queried the Captain, "will we be any safer here?"

"Yes! we 're safe enough here—'s long as the wind 's blowin' as 't is now, an' I guess it allers does blow that way, round this speck of an island. It must be all o' five mile to that land either side; an' in their rickety canoes the Feweegins never venture fur out in anythin' o' a rough sea. I calculate, Captain, we need n't trouble ourselves much about 'em—leastways, not jest yet."

"Aye,—but afterward!" murmurs Captain Gancy, in a desponding tone, as his eyes turn upon those by the boat.

"Wal, sir," says the old sealer, encouragingly, "arterward 'll have to take care o' itself. An' now I guess I 'd better determine ef thar aint some way of helpin' Cæsar to a spark o' fire. Don't look like it, but looks are sometimes deceivin'."

And, so saying, he strolls off among the bunches of tussac grass and is soon out of sight.

But it is not long before he is again making himself heard, by an exclamation, telling of some discovery—a joyful one, as evinced by the tone of his voice. The two youths hasten to his side and find him bending over a small heath-like bush, from which he has torn a handful of branches.

"What is it, Chips?" ask both in a breath.

"The gum-plant, sure," he replies.

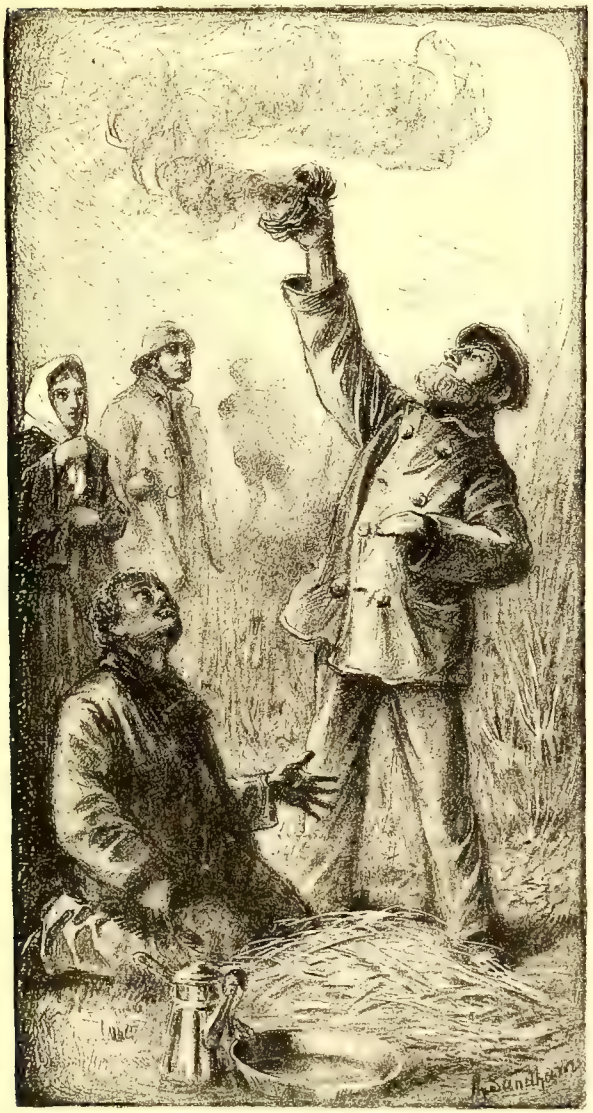
"Well, what then? What 's the good of it?" they further interrogate. "You don't suppose that green thing will burn—wet as a fish, too?"

"That 's jest what I do suppose," replied the old sailor, deliberately. "You young ones wait, an' you 'll see. Mebbe you 'll lend a hand, an' help me to gather some of it. We 'll want armfuls; an'

* All ship-carpenters are called "Chips."

there 's plenty o' the welcome plants growin' all about, you see."

They do see, and at once begin tearing at them, breaking off the branches of some and plucking up others by the roots, till Seagriff cries, "Enough!" Then, with arms full, they return to the beach in high spirits and with joyful faces.



MAKING A FIRE IN THE LAND OF FIRE.

Arrived there, Seagriff selects some of the finest twigs, which he rubs between his hands till they are reduced to a fine fiber and nearly dry. Rolling these into a rounded shape, resembling a bird's nest, click! goes his flint and steel,—a piece of "punk" is ignited and slipped into the heart of the ball. This, held on high, and kept whirling around his head, is soon ablaze, when it is thrust in among the gathered heap of green plants. Green and wet as these are, they at once catch fire and flame up like kindling-wood.

All are astonished, and pleased as well; and not the least delighted is Cæsar, who dances over the ground in high glee as he prepares to resume his vocation.

CHAPTER VI.

A BATTLE WITH BIRDS.

THROUGH Cæsar's skillful manipulations the sea-water is extracted from the ham: and the coffee, which is in the berry and unroasted, after a course of judicious washing and scorching, is also rendered fit for use. The biscuits also turn out better than was anticipated. So their breakfast is not so bad, after all,—indeed, to such appetites as theirs, it seems a veritable feast.

While they are enjoying it, Seagriff tells them something more about the plant which has proved of such service to them. They learn from him that it grows in the Falkland Islands, as well as in Tierra del Fuego, and is known as the "gum-plant,"* because of a viscous substance it exudes in large quantities; this sap is called "balsam," and is used by the natives of the countries where it is found as a poultice for wounds. But its most important property, in their eyes, is the ease with which it can be set on fire, even when green and growing, as above described,—a matter of no slight consequence in regions where rain falls five days out of every six. In the Falkland Islands, where there are no trees, the natives often roast their beef over a fire of bones,—the very bones of the animal from which, but the moment before, the meat itself was stripped,—and they use the gum-plant to kindle this fire.

Just as Seagriff finishes his interesting dissertation, his listeners have their attention called to a spectacle quite new to them and somewhat comical. Near the spot where they have landed, a naked sand-bar projects into the water, and along this a number of odd-looking creatures are seen, side by side. There are quite two hundred of them, all facing the same way, mute images of propriety and good deportment, reminding one of a row of

* *Hydrocelice gummifera.*

little charity children, all in white bibs and tuckers, ranged in a rank for inspection.

But very different is the behavior of the birds —for birds they are. One or another, every now and then, raises its head aloft and so holds it, while giving utterance to a series of cries, as hoarse and long-drawn as the braying of an ass, to which sound it bears a ludicrous resemblance.

"Jack-ass penguins,"* Seagriff pronounces them, without waiting to be questioned; "yonder 're more of 'em," he explains, "out among the kelp, divin' after shell-fish, the which are their proper food."

The others, looking off toward the kelp, then see more of the birds. They had noticed them before, but supposed them to be fish leaping out of the water; for the penguin, on coming up after a dive, goes down again with so quick a plunge that an observer, even at short distance, may easily mistake it for a fish. Turning to those on the shore, it is now seen that numbers of them are constantly passing in among the tussac grass and out again, their mode of progression being also very odd. Instead of a walk or hop, as with other birds, it is a sort of rapid rush, in which the rudimentary wings of the birds are used as fore-legs, so that, from even a slight distance, they might easily be mistaken for quadrupeds.

"It is likely they have their nests yonder," observes Mrs. Gancy, pointing to where the penguins keep going in and out of the tussac.

The remark makes a vivid impression on her son and the young Englishman, neither of whom is so old as to have quite outgrown a boyish propensity for nest-robbing.

"Sure to have, ma'am," affirms Seagriff, respectfully raising his hand to his forelock; "an' a pity we did n't think of it sooner. We might 'a' hed fresh eggs for breakfast."

"Why can't we have them for dinner, then?" demands the second mate, the third adding:

"Yes; why not?"

"Sartin we kin, young masters. I knows of no reason agin it," answers the old sealer.

"Then let 's go egg-gathering!" exclaimed Ned, eagerly.

The proposal is accepted by Seagriff, who is about to set out with the two youths, when, looking inquiringly around, he says:

"As thar aint anything in the shape of a stick about, we had best take the boat-hook an' a couple of oars."

"What for?" ask the others, in some surprise.

"You 'll larn, by an' by," answers the old salt, who, like most of his kind, is somewhat given to mystification.

In accordance with this suggestion, each of the boys arms himself with an oar, leaving Seagriff the boat-hook.

They enter the tussac; and, after tramping through it a hundred yards or so, they come upon a "penguinnery," sure enough. It is a grand one, extending over acres, with hundreds of nests—if a slight depression in the naked surface of the ground deserves the name of nest. But no eggs are in any of them, fresh, or otherwise; instead, in each sits one young, half-fledged bird, and one only, as this kind of penguin lays and hatches but a single egg. Many of the nests have old birds standing beside them, each occupied in feeding its solitary chick, duckling, gosling, or whatever the penguin offspring may be properly called. This being of itself a curious spectacle, the disappointed egg-hunters stop awhile to witness it; for they are still outside the bounds of the "penguinnery," and the birds have as yet taken no notice of them. By each nest is a little mound, on which the mother stands perched, from time to time projecting her head outward and upward, at the same time giving forth a queer chattering noise, half-quack, half-bray, with the air of a stump-orator haranguing an open-air audience. Meanwhile, the youngster stands patiently waiting below, evidently with a foreknowledge of what is to come. Then, after a few seconds of the quacking and braying, the mother-bird suddenly ducks her head, with the mandibles of her beak wide agape, between which the fledgeling thrusts its head, almost out of sight, and so keeps it for more than a minute. Finally withdrawing it, up again goes the head of the mother, with neck craned out, and oscillating from side to side in a second spell of speech-making. These curious actions are repeated several times, the entire performance lasting for a period of nearly a quarter of an hour. When it ends, possibly from the food-supply having become exhausted, the mother-bird leaves the little glutton to itself and scuttles off seaward, to replenish her throat-larder with a fresh stock of molluscs.



"CHIPS."

Although, during their long four years' cruise, Edward Gancy and Henry Chester have seen many a strange sight, they think the one now before their eyes as strange as any, and unique in its

* *Aptenodytes Patachonica*. This singular bird has been christened "Jack-ass penguin" by sailors, on account of its curious note, which bears an odd resemblance to the bray of an ass. "King penguin" is another of its names, from its superior size: as it is the largest of the auk, or penguin family.

quaint comicality. They would have continued their observations much longer but for Seagriff, to whom the sight is neither strange nor new. It has no interest for him, save economically; and in this sense he proceeds to utilize it, saying, after an interrogative glance, sent all over the breeding ground:

"Sartin, there aint a single egg in any o' the nests. It 's too late in the season for them now, an' I might 'a' known it. Wal, we wont go back empty-handed, anyhow. The young penguins aint sech bad eatin', though the old uns taste some'at fishy, b'sides bein' tough as tan leather. So, let 's heave ahead, an' grab a few of the goslin's. But look out, or you 'll get your legs nipped!"

All three advance upon the "penguinnery," the two youths still skeptical as to there being any danger — in fact rather under the belief that the old salt is endeavoring to impose on their credulity. But they are soon undeceived. Scarcely have they set foot within the breeding precinct, when fully half a score of old penguins rush fiercely at each of the intruders, with necks outstretched, mouths open, and mandibles snapping together with a clatter like that of castanets.

Then follows a laying about with oars and boat-hook, accompanied by shouts on the side of the attacking party, and hoarse, guttural screams on that of the attacked. The racket is kept up till the latter are at length beaten off, though but few of them are slain outright; for the penguin, with its thick skull and dense coat of feathers, takes as much killing as a cat.

Even the young birds make resistance against being captured, croaking and hissing like so many little ganders, and biting sharply. But all this does not prevent our determined party from finally securing some ten or twelve of the featherless creatures, and subsequently carrying them to the friends at the shore, where they are delivered into the eager hands of Cæsar.

Chapter VII.

A WORLD ON A WEED.

A PAIR of penguin "squabs" makes an ample dinner for the entire party, nor is it without the accompaniment of vegetables; these being supplied by the tussac-grass, the stalks of which contain an edible substance, in taste somewhat resembling a hazel-nut, while the young shoots boiled are almost equal to asparagus. *

While seated at their midday meal, they have before their eyes a moving world of Nature, such as may be found only in her wildest solitudes. All around the kelp-bed, porpoises are plowing the water, now and then bounding up out of it; while seals and sea-otters show their human-like heads, swimming among the weeds. Birds hover above, in such numbers as to darken the air; at intervals, individual birds dart down and go under with a plunge that sends the spray aloft in showers, white as a snow-drift. Others do their fishing seated on the water; for there are many different kinds of water-fowl here represented: — gulls, shags, cormorants, gannets, noddies, and petrels, with several species of *Anativæ*, among them the beautiful black-necked swan. Nor are they all sea-birds, or exclusively inhabitants of the water. Some of those wheeling in the air above are eagles, hawks, and vultures — the last, the Chilian *jota*.† Even the gigantic condor often extends its flight to the Land of Fire, whose mountains are but a continuation of the great Andean chain.

The ways and movements of this teeming ornithological world are so strange and varied that our castaways, despite all anxiety about their own future, can not help being interested in observing them. They see a bird of one kind diving and bringing to the surface a fish, which another, of a different species, snatches from it and bears aloft; in its turn, to be attacked by a third equally rapacious winged hunter, that, swooping at the robber, makes him forsake his ill-gotten prey; while the prey itself, reluctantly dropped, is dexterously recaught in its whirling descent, long ere it reaches its own element — the whole incident forming a very chain of tyranny and destruction! And yet a chain of but few links, compared with that to be found in and under the water, among the leaves and stalks of the kelp itself. There, the destroyers and the destroyed are legion; not only in numbers, but in kind. A vast conglomeration of animated beings, always at war with one another, — a world of itself, densely populated, and of so many varied organisms that, for a due delineation of it, I must again borrow from the inimitable pen of Darwin. Thus he describes it: —

"The number of living creatures of all orders, whose existence entirely depends on the kelp, is wonderful. A great volume might be written describing the inhabitants of one of these beds of sea-weed. Almost all the leaves, excepting those that float on the surface, are so thickly encrusted with corallines as to be of a white color. We find exquisitely delicate structures, some inhabited by simple, hydra-like polyps; others by more organized kinds. On the leaves, also, various shells, uncovered molluscs, and bivalves, are

* It is the soft, crisp, inner part of the stem, just above the root, that is chiefly eaten. Horses and cattle are very fond of the tussac-grass, and in the Falkland Islands feed upon it. It is said, however, that there it is threatened with extirpation, on account of these animals browsing it too closely. It has been introduced with success into the Hebrides and Orkney Islands, where the conditions of its existence are favorable — a peaty soil, exposed to winds loaded with sea-spray.

† *Cathartes jota*. Closely allied to the "turkey-buzzard" of the United States.

attached. Innumerable crustacea frequent every part of the plant. On shaking the great, entangled roots, a pile of small fish-shells, cuttle-fish, crabs of all orders, sea-eggs, star-fish, sea-cucumbers, and crawling sea-centipedes of a multitude of forms, all fall out together. Often as I recurred to the kelp, I never failed to discover animals of new and curious structures. * * * * * * I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the Southern Hemisphere with the terrestrial ones of the intertropical regions. Yet, if in any country a forest were destroyed, I do not believe so many species of animals would perish as would here from the destruction of the kelp. Amidst the leaves of this plant numerous species of fish live, which nowhere else could find food or shelter; with their destruction, the many cormorants and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would perish also; and lastly, the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of this miserable land, would redouble his cannibal feast, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist."

While still watching the birds at their game of grab, the spectators observe that the kelp-bed has become darker in certain places, as though from the weeds being piled up in layers.

"It 's lowering to ebb tide," remarks Captain Gancy, in reply to an interrogation from his wife, "and the rocks are a-wash. They 'll soon be above water, I take it."

"Jest so, Captain," assents Seagriff; "but 't aint the weeds that 's makin' those black spots. They 're movin',—don't you see?"

The skipper now observes, as do all the others, a number of odd-looking animals, large-headed, and with long, slender bodies, to all appearance covered with a coat of dark-brown wool, crawling and floundering about among the kelp, in constantly increasing numbers. Each new ledge of reef, as it rises to the surface, becomes crowded with them, while some disport themselves in the pools between.

"Fur-seals* they are," pronounces Seagriff, his eyes fixed upon them as eagerly as were those of Tantalus on the forbidden water; "an' every skin of 'em worth a mint o' money. Bad luck!" he continues, in a tone of spiteful vexation. "A mine o' wealth, an' no chance to work it! Ef we only had the ship by us now, we could put a good thousan' dollars' worth o' thar pelts into it. Jest see how they swarm out yonder! An' tame as pet tabby cats! There 's enough of 'em to supply seal-skin jackets fur nigh all the women o' New York!"

No one makes rejoinder to the old sealer's regretful rhapsody. The situation is too grave for them to be thinking of gain by the capture of fur-seals, even though it should prove "a mine of wealth," as Seagriff called it. Of what value is wealth to them while their very lives are in jeopardy? They were rejoiced when they first set foot on land; but time is passing; they have in part recovered from their fatigue, and the dark, doubtful future is once more uppermost in their minds. They can not stay forever on the isle—indeed, they may not be able to remain many days on it, owing to the exhaustion of their limited stock of provisions, if for no other reason. Even could they subsist on penguin's flesh and tussac-stalks, the young birds, already well feathered, will ere long disappear, while the tender shoots of the grass, growing tougher as it ripens, will in time be uneatable.

No; they can not abide there, and must go elsewhere. But whither? That is the all-absorbing question. Ever since they landed, the sky has been overcast, and the distant main-land is barely visible through a misty vapor spread over the sea between. All the better for that, Seagriff has been thinking hitherto, with the Fuegians in his mind.

"It 'll hinder 'em seein' the smoke of our fire," he said; "the which mout draw 'em on us."

But he has now less fear of this, seeing that which tells him that the isle is never visited by the savages.

"They hain't been on it fur years, anyhow," he says, re-assuring the captain, who has again taken him aside to talk over the matter. "I 'm sartin they haint."

"What makes you certain?" questions the other.

"Them 'ere—both of 'em," nodding first toward the fur-seals and then toward the penguins. "If the Feweegins dar' fetch thar craft so fur out seaward, neither o' them ud be so plentiful nor yit so tame. Both sort o' critters air jest what they sets most store by—yieldin' 'em not only thar vittels, but sech scant kiver as they 're 'customed to w'ar. No, Capting—the savagers haint been out hyar, an' aint a-goin'to be. An' I weesh, now," he continues, glancing up to the sky, "I weesh 't wud brighten a bit. Wi' thet fog hidin' the hills over yonder, 't aint possybul to gie a guess az to whar we air. Ef it ud lift, I mout be able to make out some o' the land-marks. Let 's hope we may hev a cl'ar sky the morrer, an' a glimp' o' the sun to boot."

"Aye, let us hope that," rejoins the skipper, "and pray for it, as we shall."
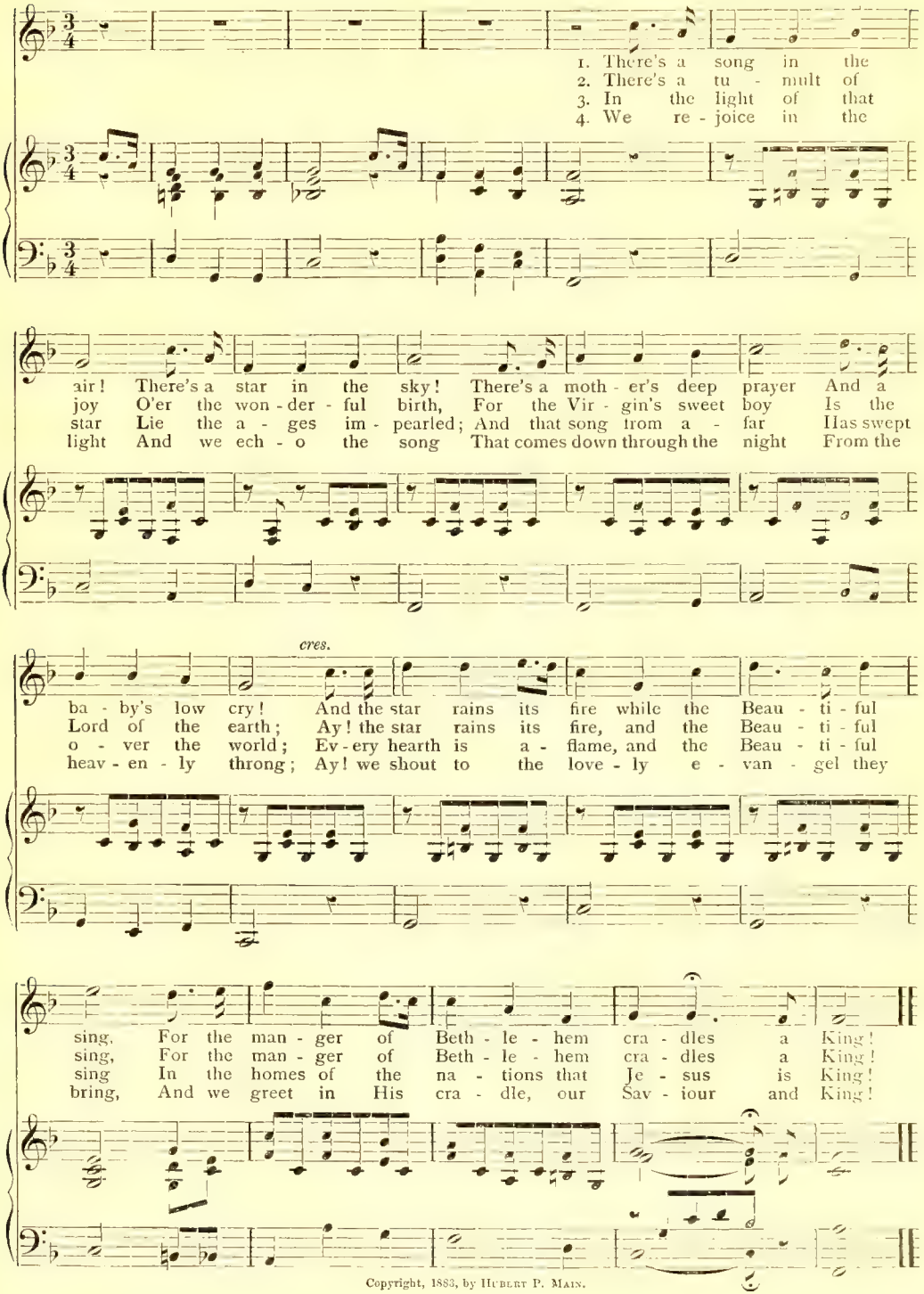
The promise is made in all seriousness, Captain Gancy being a religious man. So, on retiring to rest on their shake-down couches of tussac-grass, he summons the little party around him and offers up a prayer for their deliverance from their present danger; no doubt, the first Christian devotion ever heard ascending over that lone desert isle.

* *Otaria Falklandica.* There are several distinct species of "otary," or "fur-seal": those of the Falkland Islands and Tierra del Fuego being different from the fur-seals of northern latitudes.

(To be continued.)

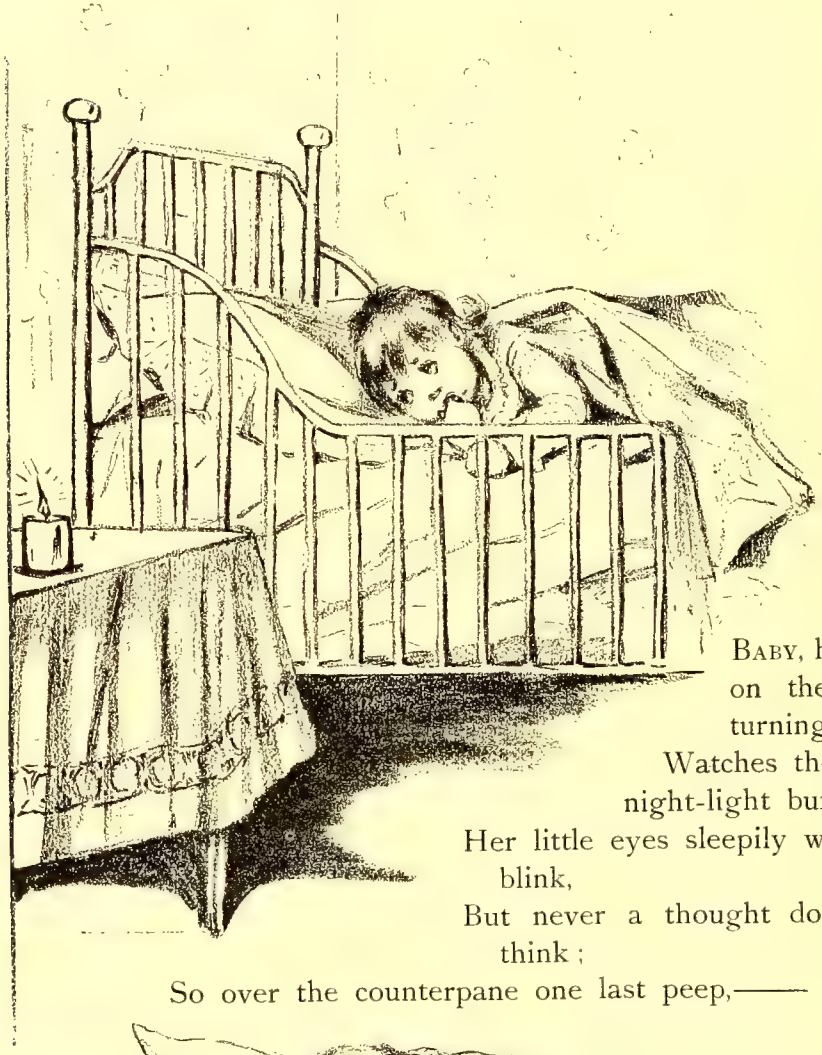
THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR.

WORDS BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND. MUSIC BY HUBERT P. MAIN.



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GOING TO SLEEP.



BABY, her head on the pillow turning,
Watches the pretty night-light burning.
Her little eyes sleepily wink and blink,
But never a thought does baby think;
So over the counterpane one last peep,——



The night-light 's shown her the way to sleep!

INTRODUCTION TO "THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC FOR BOYS AND GIRLS."

By Royal and Barr Hill.

In each number of ST. NICHOLAS for this year, our young readers will find that portion of an almanac, specially prepared for their use, which belongs to the month for which it is issued. Owing to the very extended circulation of ST. NICHOLAS, it is found impossible to give columns for the time of the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the length of the day, etc., etc. These should be looked for in the local almanacs, which are now calculated for nearly every large city of the United States.

The column after the days of the month and week gives the age of the moon; that is, the number of days since new moon. The next column gives the moon's place in the heavens at the hour of half-past eight every evening, whether it is visible at that hour or not. Almanacs usually refer the moon's place to the sign in which it is said to be; but as it is the object of this almanac to teach the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS something about the principal stars and constellations, advantage is taken of the moon's daily change of place to make use of it as an index, like the hand of a clock, to show what constellation it is situated in as nearly as can be given without explanation; and, by watching the motion of the moon throughout the year, and comparing it with this almanac, a very fair idea can be gained of the position of the constellations of the Zodiac. For two days on each side of new moon, the moon's place is not given, as the stars near it are also too near the sun to be seen.

The next column gives the time near 12 o'clock every day, when the shadows of upright objects point exactly north. If any of our readers have a noon-mark, they can regulate their time-pieces very closely, as, at the moment the shadow is on the noon-mark, the hands of a clock or watch should show the time here given.

In the next column are noted such occurrences as are interesting to those who watch the skies, the principal events being the dates when the moon and principal planets pass each other in their wanderings over the sky; for, though the stars are fixed, the planets move among them in a very curious way,—forward, backward, stopping, starting up and down, wandering about, so that the ancients called them *planetes*, or "wanderers."

One of the special features of our almanac will be found under the head of "Evening Skies for Young Astronomers," and we hope many of our young readers will avail themselves of this opportunity to learn the places of, and find for themselves, the principal constellations and brightest stars that adorn the skies.

On account of the motion of the earth around the sun, the heavens never present quite the same appearance at the same hour on two successive evenings. It varies by about four minutes each day, and thus, during the course of the year, the whole circuit of the heavens is presented to our gaze; that part which now is hidden in the glare of the sunlight will be visible in the south at midnight on the first of July, while the sun will then be among the stars which we now see at midnight on the meridian.

In each of the short articles describing the evening skies, the reader is supposed to be out-of-doors, or at some window having a southern view, and to have the exact direction of the south from the chosen position indicated by some conspicuous mark, as a steeple, chimney, cupola or, best of all, a pole set up in the required direction. A lantern placed upon the ground also forms a very good mark. By carefully noticing the direction of the shadows of upright objects, as cast by the sun at the time given in the noon-mark column, the exact direction of the south from the place of observation can be ascertained.

The time for which the descriptions of the evening skies are written is half-past eight on the evening of the 15th of each month. This date has been chosen because throughout the year the moon will never be above the horizon on the 15th day of the month at that hour of the evening. Many of the most interesting objects in the heavens can not be observed when the moon is above the horizon, especially if it be near the full. The aspect of the heavens will not vary much for several evenings before and after the 15th of the month. On the evenings immediately preceding the 15th, the stars and planets will be a little east of the positions described, and for a few evenings following the 15th a little west of them.

It is only possible, in the limits of the short space given each month for that purpose, to point out the most conspicuous of the objects in view. The four planets, VENUS, MARS, JUPITER, and SATURN, will always be pointed out when visible; the other planets being too difficult of observation, no mention will be made of them. Twenty-eight of the constellations will be pointed out during the year, nine of which belong to the Zodiac, which is the name given to that path among the stars which is pursued by the sun, moon, and planets in their circuit around the heavens. Among these twenty-eight constellations will be mentioned twenty-four bright stars, besides other stars not so bright, and minor groups of stars, in all about forty conspicuous and interesting objects, the names of which will be given, and their positions pointed out in such a way that they can be easily recognized.

In order that everything in our almanac may be perfectly intelligible to our readers, the marks and signs which are commonly used in all other almanacs are omitted in this one, except that the sign ☾ is used for the moon in the calendar. By a little observation, our young readers may easily learn the names and positions of a number of the most interesting objects in the starry skies, and be prepared to observe the heavens more minutely, if they have a taste in that direction.

It is very seldom that any year begins with so fine an exhibition in the winter skies, as, independently of the advantageous view of the fixed stars which belongs to every month of January, three of the planets are near their brightest phase, and are also situated in the richest part of the sky.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.

Through Aquarius drives the Sun, and the water spills,



But the weather is so cold, into snow it chills.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Tues.	3	Aquar.	12.4	New Year's day.
2	Wed.	4	,,	12.4	General Wolfe born, 1727.
3	Thur.	5	Pisces	12.5	
4	Fri.	6	,,	12.5	
5	Sat.	7	,,	12.6	
6	☽	8	Aries	12.6	Epiphany.
7	Mon.	9	,,	12.6	
8	Tues.	10	Taurus	12.7	☾ close to Saturn.
9	Wed.	11	,,	12.7	☾ near star Aldebaran.
10	Thur.	12	Orion	12.8	
11	Fri.	13	Gemini	12.8	(12th) ☾ near Jupiter.
12	Sat.	FULL	Cancer	12.8	(13th) ☾ passes over star
13	☽	15	,,	12.9	1st Sunday after E. { about 7 P.M.
14	Mon.	16	Leo	12.9	☾ near Mars.
15	Tues.	17	,,	12.10	☾ near star Regulus.
16	Wed.	18	,,	12.10	Gibbon, historian, d. 1794.
17	Thur.	19	Virgo	12.10	Benj. Franklin born, 1706.
18	Fri	20	,,	12.11	Daniel Webster, b. 1782.
19	Sat.	21	,,	12.11	☾ near Spica.
20	☽	22	Libra	12.11	2d Sunday after E.
21	Mon.	23	,,	12.11	
22	Tues.	24	Scorpio	12.12	Francis Bacon born, 1561
23	Wed.	25	Ophiuch	12.12	
24	Thur.	26	Sagitt.	12.12	
25	Fri.	27	,,	12.13	Robert Burns born, 1759.
26	Sat.	28		12.13	Dr. Jenner died, 1823.
27	☽	29		12.13	3d Sunday after E.
28	Mon.	NEW		12.13	
29	Tues.	1		12.14	
30	Wed.	2		12.14	☾ near Venus after sunset.
31	Thur.	3	Pisces	12.14	Ben. Jonson born, 1574.

SPORTS FOR THE MONTH.

SNEEZY, breezy, very freezy, in comes January, wheezy.
Boys and girls, with flying feet, racing to see which can beat,
O'er the ice, which cracks so loud underneath the skating crowd.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

JANUARY 15, 8.30 P. M.—The moon does not rise till about this time, and will not interfere with our view of the most beautiful part of the starry heavens that can be seen during the year.*

VENUS is not above the horizon. MARS is in the south-east, about two hours high, and may be recognized by its red color and steady light. JUPITER is higher up, in the south-east, and is by far the most conspicuous and beautiful object in the heavens. SATURN, though not near so bright as JUPITER, shines brightly and steadily exactly in the south. SATURN is situated half way between the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and the bright, red star, Aldebaran, which are the principal marks in the constellation of *Taurus*, or *The Bull*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. The two bright stars near JUPITER, but a little higher up, are the twin stars, Castor (the upper one) and Pollux (the lower one); they are the principal stars of the constellation *Gemini*, or *The Twins*, also one of the constellations of the Zodiac. If you imagine a line drawn from SATURN through Aldebaran, it will strike the star Betelguese, the brightest star in *Orion*, which is the finest of all the constellations. Another star in *Orion*, nearly as bright, but lower down, is Rigel; and between Betelguese and Rigel is a row of three bright stars, called The Sword Belt of Orion. A line drawn through the Sword Belt toward the south-east will strike Sirius, the brightest fixed star in the heavens It is in the constellation of *Canis Major*, the *Great Dog*. Between JUPITER and Sirius is the fine star Procyon, in the constellation *Canis Minor*, the *Little Dog*. Nearly overhead is the bright star Capella, in the constellation *Auriga*, or the *Charioteer*.

Let us notice the path that the Sun, in his yearly course around the heavens, travels among the stars now in view. On the 24th of May he will almost cover the spot where you now see SATURN, and on the 22d of July he will be exactly in the place where you now see JUPITER.

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

[*A Fable with many Morals.*]

"How big a brood shall you have this year, madam?" said the Fox to the Hen, one cold winter evening in the barn-yard.

"What 's that to you?" said the Hen to the Fox.

"Supper!" replied the Fox, promptly.

"Well, I don't know," said the Hen, in reply; "I may have ten; but I never count *my* chickens before they are hatched."

"Quite right," said the Fox, "neither do I; and, as a hen in the present is worth ten chickens in the future, I will eat you now." So saying, he carried her off.

The next morning the farmer, seeing the tracks of the fox in the snow, took his gun and went out and shot him. "Alas!" said the Fox, "I should have waited for the ten chickens; there is no snow in summer time."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals; those of constellations in Italics.



"WELL!" said January, walking in one bright winter morning, with the snow clinging to his hair and beard, "here I am once more, Mother; how have you got along without me all these eleven months?"

"Oh, very well, indeed," said sweet Mother Nature, cheerily. "I 've had plenty of your brothers and sisters; but turn and turn about, it is your turn now, and I am very glad to see you. You know it is my motto to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest; so walk in, walk in, January, and sit right down on that lump of ice. I do hope you will give me plenty of snow. December was very stingy, in spite of all his promises, and my poor roots and plants are freezing down in their earthy bed. Do be good now, January, and spread a good thick coverlid over them."

"All right," said January, "I 'll go and blow up some clouds this minute."

THE SNOW-STORM.

THE old Earth lying bare and cold,
Beneath the winter sky,
Beheld the storm-king marshal forth
His battle force on high.
"Ah! soon," she said, "beneath the snow
Full warmly I shall lie."

The wind unfurled his banners
And rushed into the fray,
The round moon hid her jolly face
Within a cloud of gray,
And not one single star peeped out,
To drive the gloom away.

The snow, encamped behind a cloud,
Sent flying, here and there,
Its white-winged heralds to proclaim
Its presence in the air;
Until, at last, the fairy host
Burst from its cloudy lair.

The snow-flakes rushing downward,
Each in a whirling dance,
Before the winds are driven
Like armies by the lance:
But still, upon the waiting Earth
The shining hosts advance.

The wild wind, shrieking as he goes,
Flies fiercely to and fro,
And strives, with all his mighty force,
To sweep away the snow:
But bravely still the soft flakes fall
Upon the Earth below.

All white and swift it settles down,
Though Boreas howl and storm,
Till soft as Summer's green the robe
It folds about her form:
No drapery of leaf and flower
Could make the Earth so warm

It charges with no battle-cry:
But pure, and soft, and still,
It falls upon the waiting Earth,
Its promise to fulfill:
And foils the angry, shrieking wind
By force of gentle will.

The foe has furled his banners,
And hastened from the fray;
The round moon peeps with jolly face
From out the cloud of gray;
And all the stars come twinkling out
To see who gained the day.

There all the earth lay shining,
In garments pure and white;
The snow fulfilled its mission,
And, conquering in the fight,
Had warmed the old Earth to the heart,
Beneath its mantle white.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY Christmas to you, one and all, dear friends, and a right wholesome New Year! I 'd like to give you some good advice on this occasion, but the fact is I already have given you so much — Christmas after Christmas, New Year after New Year — that you surely must be fully supplied by this time.

Let us therefore all join hands, — first calling in as many new friends and followers as possible, so as to make the circle doubly large, — and then resolve to behave ourselves better than usual in future.

We really have not done this up to the present date, my beloved, but it is never too late to try.

Here 's for a fresh start.

COASTING ON BARE GROUND.

SHOULD you like to read this letter just received from a little friend in Kansas?

PARADISE RANCH, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a little girl thirteen years old. I live on a sheep ranch in Central Kansas, and when I see the mail carrier, with his funny home-made stage, coming down the road on "ST. NICHOLAS day," as we call it, I know what is just the very best thing he has in that old stage: it 's dear old ST. NICK, with his splendid stories, and beautiful pictures that make the stories real.

Our family once lived in Massachusetts, so I know a little about coasting in the New England States; but did any one ever hear of coasting on bare ground?

I used to read in "Mother Goose" about "five children sliding on dry ground," and since I came here, where the ground is bare a good part of the winter, I find that such a thing is possible. We who came from a coasting country take our sleds out to an incline covered with buffalo grass, and by getting a good start we can ride a long way without stopping.

There used to be a great many buffaloes in this place. Papa says that he has heard settlers say that only ten years ago, in 1873, fifteen hundred buffaloes were killed on this range within the short space of two weeks. This prairie is covered with countless old buffalo wallows, which show what vast numbers of buffaloes must once have roved over it. Now we can find nothing but their bleached bones and, once in a great while, a head with the horns complete. But we still have plenty of buffalo grass, and this is what they used to feed on. It is short and curly, and does n't have to be cut to dry as other grass does, and it is used here as food for all kinds of stock. After walking a little while upon this grass, your shoes become so slippery that you can hardly stand up when running or walking fast, and this is what makes our slopes so capital for coasting.

We have some very dear pets among the sheep. Once, while the herder was eating his dinner on the range, one, named "Jim Sheep," and a pet, of course, coolly pulled the cork out of the herder's sirup bottle and ate it up — the cork, I mean.

Yours, with love, B. H. S.

A SHELL FOR YOUNG CONCHOLOGISTS TO OPEN.

DEAR JACK: Pray allow me to tell your "chicks" this true story: Certainly not less than twenty years ago, I gathered on the Cohasset beach a quantity of the common little white shells that are abundant, I suppose, on every shore. When I came home, I put them away in an old vase, and finally in an attic closet. There they were forgotten for many years; but last November, having gathered some beautiful mosses and ferns, I arranged a miniature fernery, with a soup-plate for my "wardian case" and a gigantic goblet for a cover. With the help of a warm temperature, and with daily sprinkling, my tiny fernery was soon a "thing of beauty," and a joy to me, at any rate. Then it struck me that a row of those white shells placed round the edge of the plate, outside the glass shade, would be charming; so I hunted up my long-forgotten shells, and when I had arranged them to my mind, I thought my little center-table ornament was about perfect. Well, one day, two or three weeks after, when I was about to sprinkle my mosses, as usual, I saw one of the shells *move!* I rubbed my eyes — it could not be! Yes, it certainly did move, and another and another! Goodness! What did it mean? For a minute or two I was too much frightened to do anything but stare and wonder. Presently, I ventured to look closer, and with a bit of stick to turn two or three of the shells over, when, lo and behold! in every one were three or four moving white bodies with black heads. Then I was thoroughly scared, and what do you think I did? I, who had fancied myself something of a naturalist, and who pride myself on being humane as well as scientific. What did I do but take my pet fernery, with its living occupants, into the "jungle" at the back of our house and slide it off the plate into the leafless bushes. Cruel and stupid, too, was it not? for who knows what wonderful discovery I might have made if I had only watched over and petted these little nondescripts, instead of turning them out on the frozen ground to shift for themselves. So would not Agassiz have done. Now, all I can do, dear Jack, is to ask some of your bright young hearers, who, no doubt, are posted up in conchology, what *were* these tiny creatures that the warm air and the moisture oozing from the fernery brought to life, after twenty years of dry and dark imprisonment, — fishes or insects or what?

INQUIRER.

A VERY WORDY POEM.

HERE is a verse containing some X–Z–dingly queer words. Deacon Green wrote it one day, in the hope of puzzling the dear Little School-ma'am's best scholar. And what do you think that bright little youngster did?

Why, he opened a big volume, which the School-ma'am calls her UNABRIDGED, and in less than five minutes he understood the Deacon's story perfectly. And so may you. It is called

THE ZEALLESS XYLOGRAPHER.

A Xylographer started to cross the sea
By means of a Xanthic Xebec;
But, alas, he sighed for the Zuyder Zee,
And feared he was in for a wreck.
He tried to smile, but 't was all in vain,
Because of a Zygomatic pain;
And as for singing, his cheeriest tone
Reminded him of a Xylophone —
Or else when the pain would sharper grow
His notes were as keen as a Zuffolo!
And so, it is likely, he did not find
On board, Xenodochy to his mind.
The fare was poor, and he was sure
Xerophagy he could not endure;
And the end of it was, he never again
In a Xanthic Xebec went sailing the main.

THREE BLACK CROWS.

DEAR JACK: Pray let me tell you and your flock a new Three Black Crows story, which differs from the great original story in *not* being an exaggeration. Indeed, I have been assured on good authority that it is a perfectly true incident.

A dog who was enjoying a large piece of meat was watched by three envious crows, who soon made an effort to snatch it away from him, but in vain. Then they withdrew to a neighboring tree, and apparently holding a hasty consultation, they proceeded to carry their plan of attack into execution. Two of them approached

the dog in the rear and suddenly bit his tail, while at the same instant a third crow drew as close as he dared to the meat. The biting was severe, and of course doggie turned with a yelp. Instantly the crows seized upon the coveted meat and flew with it to the top of a high wall, where they made a hearty meal (for crows) in full sight of their astonished victim.

Your faithful friend, M. G. L.

THREE CENTS FOR A LIFE.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: It will be just a year ago Christmas since a very queer thing happened at our house. You see my brother Henry had a perfect rage for catching mice, and so had Ella's cat. I forgot to mention that there are three of us,—Ella, Henry, and me. Well, just for fun, Santa Claus put a large mouse-trap among Henry's Christmas presents, and that very night Henry set it in the back kitchen. In the morning, before any one else was up, our cook came softly to our room and whispered for Ella and me to "come and see." Well, we put on our clothes in a hurry and stole softly after her in our stocking-feet, neither of us saying another word, because she held her fingers to her lips. When we reached the back kitchen, what *do* you think we saw? Why, Henry's trap, with three fine mice in it, safe and sound, but dreadfully frightened, and Ella's puss watching them with glaring eyes. She was too mad to move. You never saw a cat so dumbfounded. Well, Ella and I did n't know what to do. We knew the mice really belonged to Henry—but we knew, too, that the cat would seize them the moment he opened the trap. Boys are so dreadful! Any way, the mice would be killed in some way, and it did seem too bad that they should suffer any more after their double fright. So what did I do but run up and wake Henry, and ask him what he would take for the first three mice he caught in his trap.

"Three cents apiece," says he, quick as a flash.

"Done!" says I, and off I ran.

Ellen and Cook held the cat; I carried the trap all the way to the cellar, where I let the poor little creature out close by a hole in the wall. My, how they scampered! They were out of sight in a twinkling. I was so glad. By that time Henry was up, but he was too late. I handed him his nine cents. You see, three cents a life was cheap, though it was a good deal of money for me. BERTHA G.

A SAD PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

Now, how can a pair of stockings be sad?

The only answer I can give is to tell you this true story that came one breezy day to my pulpit:

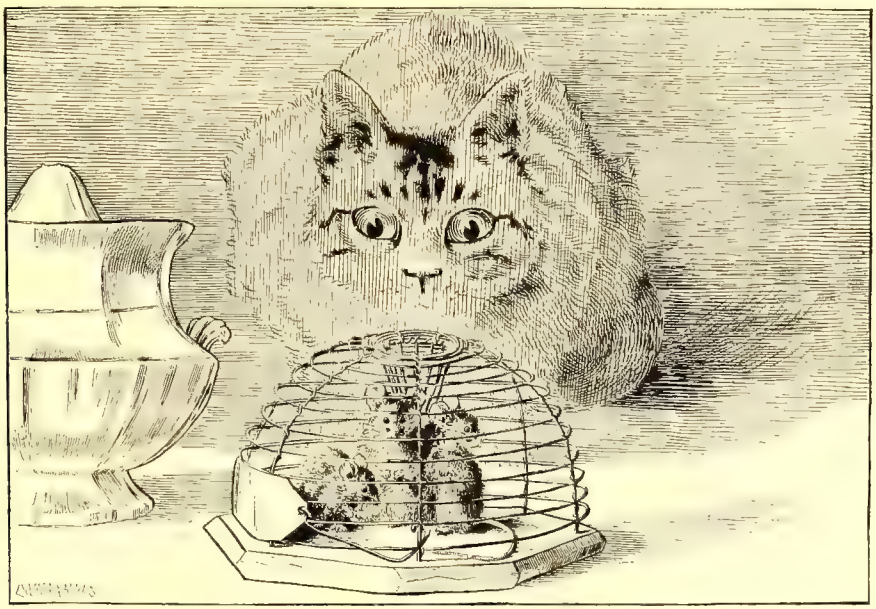
Some months ago, Queen Margherita, of Italy, asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk stockings as a birthday gift, and gave the child money with which to buy the material. The queen forgot the circumstance till her birthday came, when she was reminded of it by the arrival of a pair of well-knit stockings and the maker's best wishes. Not to be outdone, Queen Margherita sent a pair to her young friend as a return gift, one stocking being full of silver coin and the other of bonbons. They were accompanied by a little note, "Tell me, my dear, which you liked best?" This reply reached the palace next day: "Dearest Queen: Both the stockings have made me shed many bitter tears. Papa took the one with the money, and my brother took the one with the bonbons."

A ROYAL DETECTIVE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here is a little story, which I clip, for your young folk, from *Our Venture*, an admirable amateur magazine published in Scotland. Yours faithfully,

SILAS GREEN.

Prince Peter of Oldenburg is chief of the Imperial colleges for girls, and exercises the duties of the office with diligence. Lately he decided to investigate, himself, whether there were any grounds for the numerous complaints which had reached him of the food at the Smolnig Convent, where about eight hundred girls are educated. Going to the institute just before the dinner-hour, this chief of the Imperial colleges walked straight to the kitchen. At its door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming caldron. "Halt!" he cried out; "put that kettle down." The soldiers obeyed. "Bring me a spoon," added the Prince. The spoon was produced, but one of the soldiers ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance. "Hold your tongue!" cried the Prince: "take off the lid; I insist on tasting it." No further objection was raised, and his Highness took a large spoonful. "You call this soup?" he exclaimed; "why, it is dirty water!" "*It is*, your Highness," replied the soldier; "we have just been cleaning out the laundry."



THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CLUB.

THE dear Little School-ma'am requests me to call your special attention to a paper in ST. NICHOLAS for last month, entitled "The Children's Christmas Club." This is a sort of seed-story, I 'm told, which, if properly attended to, will bloom and bear fine fruit for the next Christmas holidays—and many a New Year after.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The children in our neighborhood had a concert for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital this summer, and the principal piece in it was "The Land of Nod," published in ST. NICHOLAS of 1880. The concert was under the management of Carrie Weaver and myself, two girls of sixteen. We played it at Carrie's home, her father being so kind as to make a stage for us. We made nearly thirty dollars. Every one who heard the play thinks it is lovely. The oldest one in it was thirteen years old; the youngest, four. A little girl played the accompaniments. As we realized so much, I thought you would like to hear of our success.

Your constant reader,

JULIA MORRISON.

The above is only one out of many letters informing us of the successful performance of Mr. Brooks's capital operetta; and we are sure that we shall hear as favorable accounts from the same author's Christmas play, in our last number, entitled, "The Three Somber Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls." Mr. Brooks has written a whole series of similar plays, which, under the general title of "Comedies for Children," will appear in future numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can tell a funnier tale about birds'-nests. Our servant hung out some clothes to air one day, and a little wren began to build a nest in one leg of a pair of trousers.

Your constant reader, REGINALD.

Locust Grove, Kent Co., Md.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please print this letter for me; I am seven years old, and when my ST. NICHOLAS comes, Mamma reads it to me, and helps me guess the puzzles. We live in the country, but my sister Flora got sick, and Mamma took her here, and took me, too. Flora says I must not write on the other side of this paper, so I wont. In the country I have a sweet little pony named Slipper; I go out riding every evening. Flora says I have written too much, so I 'll stop. Your loving friend, JENNIE C.

TARRYTOWN, October 31st, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the "Letter-box" I saw that a lady wanted to know how to train her dog. I do not think that there is any particular way to do it. We have a pug, and he knows quite a good many tricks — at least, I think so. He can sit up on his haunches, give his paw, sneeze when he wants you to take a walk, walk on his hind-legs for his dinner, sit up with a cake on his nose till you count five, when he will eat it; and then if you put a cake on the floor and say, "Cost money," he will not touch it till you say, "Paid for." He takes the letters from the postman, and plays hide the handkerchief. But this is not telling how to teach other dogs to do these things. When I taught him to "cost money," I slapped his head when he went to eat the cake; then he tried to paw it, but I hit his paw, and he was wise enough not to try it again. He taught himself to play hide the handkerchief — that is, when we were playing, as he was running around he found it; he seemed to be pleased, so after that we played with him. This is such a long letter that I am afraid you will not publish it; but I hope you will. I have taken you for a long time. Your loving friend,

SUSIE E. M

BOSTON, September 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw, in a recent Jack-in-the-Pulpit, an inquiry as to how rubber balls were made hollow. I think they are made in two pieces, which are afterward fitted together. My brother had a rubber ball, and it came apart in two pieces.

I would like to ask you a question, to be answered through the Letter-box. What is the difference between gutta-percha and India-rubber? It is not a conundrum.

I like you very much. I have you from the beginning bound in the covers you have for that purpose. I think "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill" is very nice indeed. I liked "Phaeton Rogers" very much.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first I have written you. Yours truly. C. HERBERT SWAN, JR.

OAKLAND, CAL., August 29, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for over a year, and love you a great deal. I think the way rubber balls are made is by blowing them the way you do glass things. I can't think of anything else to say, so will bid you good-bye. Your little friend,

KARL SEVINSON.

My little brother has been hearing of the way in which glass is manufactured and blown, and thought, all of himself, that rubber balls were made in that way, so dictated the above note, thinking that it *might* be the right answer. Yours, ESTHER SEVINSON.

Which of the theories about the rubber ball is correct, young friends? One of the letters, you 'll notice, comes from the Atlantic coast and the other from the Pacific — so, rubber balls must be familiar affairs at both ends of the continent. — Who can answer the question as to the difference between India-rubber and gutta-percha?

OTTUMWA, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin who lives in New York sends the ST. NICHOLAS to my sister and me every month. We enjoy reading it ever so much. A friend of mine made a match house from the description given in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1881, and it was a perfect success. We have a sewing society of eighteen girls, and when we sold the things we had made, among others we sold the match house, for which we received forty cents. I will be fifteen very soon. Ever your friend, NELLIE H. P.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION — THIRTY-THIRD REPORT.

WE were sorry that our report was necessarily deferred last month, but we are partially consoled by the very large number of bright and encouraging letters which have reached us during the past four weeks. The most satisfactory evidence of the real vigor of the A. A. is the fresh zeal with which our Chapters return to their work after the long summer vacation.

Their unanimous voice is, "We are more interested than ever." "We have returned to our work with renewed enthusiasm." "We have not forgotten the A. A. during our vacation journeyings, but have brought back from sea-side or mountain-top many beautiful specimens for our cabinet, which shall serve also as pleasant reminders of the happy hours spent in searching for them."

Such expressions prove that our interest in Nature is not a passing fancy, but a permanent attachment; the reason being that the field for our observation is without limit, and the more we learn, the more we see, beyond, that we wish to know.

The subject for the entomological essays this month is INSECTS IN GENERAL. The papers should be planned somewhat as follows: —

1. Define insects, as a class, as fully and accurately as possible.
2. Describe any typical insect fully.
3. Give the sub-divisions of the class Insecta, with a definition and example of each.
4. Uses of insects: { a. Scavengers. b. Food-producers. c. Spinners. Etc., etc.
5. Insects as emblems or types.

Of course, it is not necessary that this scheme be rigidly followed, or even adopted at all. But it may prove useful in showing how to go to work to outline a paper that shall have some logical connection of thought.

This is the last exercise of the course; and as soon as possible after the papers have been sent to Prof. G. Howard Parker (as explained in July ST. NICHOLAS), the diplomas will be awarded, and the successful students named here.

The following scheme closes our course in botanical observation. It might be continued through *Trichomes*, or the minute hairs that beset plants; but perhaps that would be too difficult at present. For full explanation of the work to be done this month, we refer

again to ST. NICHOLAS for July, where Prof. Jones's plan is fully set forth.

Even those who have not followed this course during the past six months, will find Prof. Jones's schedules of great value as a guide to private botanical study next summer.

d. *Pistils.*
Number,
Shapes (see leaves, etc.),
Open (pines, etc.),
Closed,
Simple,
Compound,
Parts,
stigmas,
shapes (see leaves and stems),
lobes,
number,
number,
appendages,
brushes (compositæ, etc.),
etc.,
structure,
styles,
lengths,
shapes (see leaves and stems),
appendages, etc.,
structure,
ovary (see fruit also),
one-celled,
parietal,
placental,
number,
central placental,
two or more celled,
ovules (see seeds also),
position in pod,
erect,
ascending,
horizontal,
pendulous,
suspended,
position on stalk,
straight,
curved,
half-inverted,
inverted,
stalked,
sessile,
parts,
orifice,
hilum,
chalaza,
coats,
outer,
wings,
coma,
aril,
etc.,
inner,
kernel,
albumen,
embryo,
straight,
curved,
accumbent,
incumbent,
conduplicate,
circinate,
etc.,
parts,
radicle,
cotyledons,
number,
shapes,
plumule,
seeds (mature ovules),
shapes,
appendages (see pollen),
uses,
fruits (mature pistils),
dry fruits,
indehiscent (never opening),
akenes,
utricles,
pyxis,
grains,
nuts,
samaras,
dehiscent (opening to release the seeds),
follicles,
legumes,
loments,
true capsules,
loculicidal,
septicidal,
septifragal,
stone fruits,
shapes,
parts,
outer coat (dry or fleshy),
inner coat,
kernel,
fleshy fruits,
berry,
gourd,
apple,
multiple,
shapes,
strobiles (cones),
uses.
e. *Receptacle.*
Shapes,
conical (compositæ, etc.),
urn-shaped (roses, etc.),
etc. (see leaves),
disk-like,
dry,
fleshy.

It is proper to note in passing that, by an error, Prof. Jones's name was given incorrectly in a recent report. His address is—Marcus E. Jones, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Our thanks are due to the gentlemen whose kind offers of assistance follow.

It will give me much pleasure to assist your A. A. Society, so far as I am able, in matters pertaining to American *coleoptera*.

Very truly yours,
FRED. C. BOWDITCH, Tappa st., Brookline, Mass.

51 DOUGLASS STREET, BROOKLYN, N Y

I shall be glad to assist your A. A. with the *macro-lepidoptera*. I hope that the members will freely tax my knowledge of this branch of entomology with questions and determinations.

Sincerely yours, A. W. PUTMAN-CRAMER.

Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia,
S. W. Cor. of Nineteenth and Race streets,
PHILADELPHIA, August 14, 1883.

To HARLAN H. BALLARD, Esq., Agassiz Association, Lenox, Mass.

Dear Sir: I beg leave to state that, if agreeable to you, I would be most happy to aid in answering any questions, that can be answered, upon ethnology. Communications addressed to me, care of Ethnological Department, Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia will receive prompt attention.

Yours truly, H. T. CRESSON.

The new chapters, formed since our latest report, follow:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
522	Sharon, Conn., (A)	16.	Miss Caroline S. Roberts.
523	Chicago, Ill., (O)	4.	A. L. Baxter, 324 Monroe st.
524	Milwaukee, Wis., (A)	6.	A. S. Taylor, 135 Martin st.
525	Monmouth, Ill., (A)	4.	D. E. Waid.
526	Leavenworth, Kas., (B)	5	Harry Johnson
527	San Francisco, Cal., (G)	6.	Norman Sinclair, 1633 Tyler st.
528	Huntingburg, Ind., (A)	4.	H. C. Rothert.
529	Buffalo, N. Y., (H)	7.	Miss Margarett Evans, 44 No. Pearl.
530	St. Johnland, N. Y., (A)	7.	Wm. H. White.
531	Chicago, Ill., (P)	6.	Harry Hirsch, 3011 Mich ave.
532	Sewickley, Pa., (A)	7.	M. A. Christy.
533	Troy, N. Y., (A)	7.	Robert M. Cluett, Jr., 52 4th.
534	London, Eng., (C)	5.	Montague Gunning, 52 Tavistock square
535	Chapel Hill, N. C., (A)	5.	Miss Clara J. Martin.
536	St. Johnsbury, Vt., (A)	5.	I. J. Romer, box 821.
537	Mansfield, O., (A)	11.	E. Wilkinson, Jr.
538	Evanston, Ill., (A)	4.	Mrs. Morton Hull.
539	W. Phila., Pa., (P)	10.	C. M. List, 3406 Hamilton.
540	Oskaloosa, Iowa, (B)	18.	O. D McMains, box 682.
541	Chicago, Ill., (Q)	4.	Oren E. Taft, 3014 Mich ave.
542	Faribault, Minn., (A)	10.	St. Mary's Hall.
543	Washington, N. J., (A)	5.	Dr. W. M. Bairdlock, box 6.
544	Oxford, Miss., (A)	6.	Ch. Woodward Hutson, University of Miss.
545	Fall River, Mass., (A)	8.	O. K. Hawes.
546	Palo, Iowa, (A)	10	Miss Mella Barnhill.
547	Shellsburg, Iowa, (A)	25.	Ollie M. Thompson.

EXCHANGES.

Minerals for Indian relics. Write first.—W. G. Merritt, Battle Creek, Mich.

Maple and other leaves, pressed and oiled leaves.—L. A. Nicholson, Vancouver, W. T.

Silkworm cocoons (*Samia cynthia*), for pressed plants.—J. McLeod, 247 W. 23d st., New York, N. Y.

Fine minerals.—E. Y. Gibson, 123 W. Washington ave., Jackson, Mich.

Attacus cecropia, for other moths, or butterflies.—Miss McFarland, 1727 F. st. Washington, D. C.

Michigan copper ore, for nearly pure mica.—E. R. Heitshu, Lancaster, Pa.

Cotton balls and leaves. Write first.—Ennie Stone, Columbia, S. C.

Eggs, blown through one hole, and bird skins.—Grafton Parker, 2238 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill.

Perfect pentremites, for 4-oz. specimens of stilbite, wavellite, lepidolite, or ores of zinc, tin, or mercury.—F. W. Wentworth, 153 25th st, Chicago, Ill.

A collection of twelve different kinds of eggs, a sand-dollar, sea-urchin, and star-fish, for a perfect trilobite, not less than three inches long. Also, petrified shark's teeth. Write first.—R. W. Wood, Jr., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Correspondence with a view to exchange.—A. S. Taylor, 153 Martin st., Milwaukee, Wis.

Skins of black-capped titmice and other birds, for insects. Insects in papers preferred.—W. B. Olney, East Providence, R. I.

Pampas grass plumes and sea mosses for minerals and shells. Write first.—Edith Drennan, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Book on insects and cocoons of Illinois. Write first.—Ch. B. Coxe, box 78, Rogers Park, Ill.

Four-leaved clovers.—L. L. Lewis, box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Gold and silver ore, etc., for insects.—Frank Burrill, Lisbon, Maine

Sand-dollars, sea-urchins, and star-fish, for rare moths or beetles.—Belle Walker, 81 School st., Concord, N. H.

Minerals and eggs.—W. K. Trimble, Princeton, Ill.

Star-fish and crystals. Write first.—Ch. Ennis, Lyons, N. Y.

Petrified palm-wood, for eggs or insects.—W. D. Burnham, 697 Curtis st., Denver, Col.

N. B.—What can we feed silkworms on? There are no mulberry leaves here. [*Some one please tell us all.*]

General exchanges.—Kitty C. Roberts, sec., Blackwater, Florida.

I will send good specimens of concretions of pyrites in argillite to any Chapter sending ten cents to pay postage. I will send my exchange list of invertebrate fossils to any one who will send me his.—W. R. Lighton, sec. Chapter 15.

Minerals and flowers.— Annie Darling, 47 Concord sq., Boston, Mass.

Eggs, moths, and butterflies. — Warren Adams, 307 N. 3d st., Camden, N. J.

Horned nuts from China, for a "sea-horse."— A Lawson Baxter, sec. 523, 334 W. Monroe st., Chicago, Ill.

Canal coal, iron ore, and canary eggs, for eggs.—John C. Clapp, Jr., 729 E. 4th, So Boston, Mass.

Labeled minerals, for labeled fossils; crinoids, for zinc, tin, and iron ore.— E. P. Boynton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Rare lepidoptera, for Luna and Io cocoons, H. Eurytris, Lycæna Epinanthe, P. Ajax, Cynthia Lavinia, etc. Send for list of duplicates. Folded specimens preferred.— Edwin H. Pierce, 16 Seminary st., Auburn, N. Y.

Reports from Chapters.

15. *Ottumwa, Iowa.*—We have been very busy since my last report. By an entertainment which we gave, we cleared $32.05, and we are going to get a room at once. Most of the furnishings have been promised to us already. Dr. C. N. Ball, Eldon, Iowa, offers his services to the A. A. as an expert mineralogist and chemist. — Will. R. Lighton.

441. *Valparaiso, Chili.*—You asked me to give you some account of South American life. The Chilenos carry their milk about in tins on horses. They carry their potatoes and other vegetables in skins tied on horses, and in selling them, they measure by deka litres. They sell grapes by the bunch, and peaches, apples, etc., by the dozen. The common people wear a large shawl, called a "manto," instead of a hat. On feast days, they dance several fancy dances. The *huasas*, or country men, go about on horseback. Their saddles are made of sheep-skins; and if overtaken by night, they unstrap them, and make themselves comfortable beds. Here in Valparaiso are seven English schools and some lyceums. We have a cabinet. A gentleman very generously gave us $10. A microscope has been ordered. Hoping the A. A. will prosper.—W. Sabina, Sec.

109. *Washington, D. C.*— We have had several field meetings. One at Mt. Vernon, where we found Indian strawberry *(Fragaria Vesca)*, which is rare here.— Robert P. Elgelow, 1501 18th, N.W.

409. *Princeton, Ill.*, Oct. 15, 1883.— Our Chapter, which numbered six in July, has now fifteen members. We hold meetings every week. The attendance is always good, and the reports full of interest. I wish the A. A. reports were longer.—Harry Bailey.

[*They are!*]

257. *Plantsville, Conn., B.*, Oct. 15, 1883.— During the summer quite a number of coleoptera have been collected — some quite rare. Last summer we collected many cocoons, and kept them carefully through the winter. This summer several fine moths hatched from them. One of our members has brought from Switzerland a very pretty collection of Alpine flowers. The latest meetings promise well for the work during the fall and winter.— L. J. Smith.

87. *N. Y., B.*—The fall has brought new enthusiasm to us. More interest is now felt than ever. One of our members has just returned from a tour in Europe. We are attempting to combine the Chapters of this city on the same plan as the Buffalo Chapters.— Geo. Aery, Jr., 257 Madison Ave.

[*The plan is excellent, and ought to succeed.*]

339. *Salt Lake, A.* — Two new members. The interest in our meetings is steadily growing. We have notes on subjects relating to Natural Science, and learn a great deal in studying for them. Then, we have started something in the way of original investigation. Each selects one object, and examines it carefully, finds out all he can about it, and then tells us what he has discovered. We are now preparing microscopic slides of all things of interest which we have. For instance, of the pubescence of plants, the hairs of quadrupeds, the feathers of birds, and the different parts of the bodies of insects. Our zoölogist has a stuffed specimen of the yellow-bellied marmot, which he killed at the height of about 10,000 feet near Alta. Our ornithologist had an owl in confinement for some time, studying its habits. Please ask the other Chapters whether an owl has the power of moving its eyes in their sockets or not.

[*We will, with pleasure. Has an owl the power of moving its eyes in their sockets?*]

We are going to spend next summer in taking mountain trips and collecting specimens.— Fred. E. Leonard.

353. *Phila., Pa., K.*—Our Chapter is still progressing. Two new members. We have put up some shelves in our room, and have some minerals and birds' eggs. We have added several new books to our library, and have a scrap-book nearly full of newspaper clippings. We have visited the Academy of Sciences.—W. M. Yeomans, 1959 N. 13th.

448. *Washington, D. C., G.*—We have lately been busy with the back numbers of St Nicholas, and are now quite familiar with the history of a very "happy thought." Chapter 448 is disposed to be enthusiastic. Its members have, with one exception, all been present at every meeting. The absentee was on a trip to California. We have a cabinet, an herbarium, and many miscellaneous specimens. Our members are about twelve years old, on an average. We have two new members. Over our cabinet hangs a stalk of shepherd's crook grass (?) from Kansas, eight feet in length.— Isabelle F. MacFarland.

[*Will some one tell us more about this shepherd's crook grass?*]

509. *Macomb, Ill., A.* — Progressing nicely. We meet at each other's houses every Friday afternoon after school. Almost all of us have been collecting insects during the summer. We have a paper read every two weeks, to which we contribute original articles on anything pertaining to Natural History. The Chapter is divided into two parts, and each part edits the paper alternately. We cannot understand how other Chapters have nice club-rooms and cabinets and microscopes, etc. Where do they get their money? We like the A. A. *very much.*— Nellie H. Tunnicliff.

[*The next letter may show where the money comes from!*]

395. *Montreal, Canada, A.* — H. H. Ballard, Lenox, Mass., U. S. — *Dear Sir:* I intended to write you before this; but as the press of business has been so great, I could not get time. Since writing you last, seven very pleasant meetings have been held, at which sixteen new members joined, making a total of twenty-eight regular members. We also elected seven honorary members, including Messrs. F. B. Caulfield, taxidermist; J. M. M. Duff; Wm. Couper, editor *Canadian Sportsman* and Naturalist; Rev. Canon Norman, M. A., D. C. L.; Rev. Canon Ellegood, M. A.; Rev. Jas. McCaul, and Dr. Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., F. G. S., C. M. G., Principal McGill University. We have purchased a cabinet, and have already filled it so full that we had to order another one about twice as large. You can imagine the size of the collection we have, when I tell you the cabinet we have now is six feet high and three feet wide, and then it does not hold half the collection. We held a lecture a few weeks ago in aid of the society. It was a grand success, as we paid for the cabinet, purchased a number of valuable specimens for the museum, and had $7 as a balance on hand. We are going to open a room for the society about the 1st of May, which will be used as a museum and reading-room.—W. D. Shaw. Address: 34 St. Peter st., Montreal, Can.

313. *Chicago, H.*—We have been going on over a year; and although our numbers are small, we take quite an interest in our work. We hope to have a nice cabinet in a short time. We gave an entertainment, and it could not have gone off better. Each member had his piece perfectly. Here is the programme: 1. Piano solo. 2. Opening address. 3. Essay — Life of Agassiz. 4. Debate — Resolved, That the study of minerals is more useful than the study of plants. 5. Recitation. 6. Essay —Wood and its uses. 7. Speech. Part 2.—1. Music. 2. Song. 3. Debate — Resolved, That generalists accomplish more than specialists in the study of Nature. 4. Poem, by Longtellow, on Agassiz's birthday. 5. Essay — Benefits derived from the study of Nature 6 Recitation 7. Recitation. 8. Humorous reading. 9 Music. 10. Refreshments — Ice cream *(animal and vegetable and mineral)*. Cake *(vegetable and animal)*. Strawberries *(vegetable)*. Lemonade *(mineral and vegetable)*.— O. J. Stein.

2214. Corresponding member.— My interest in the A. A. has never flagged. My older sister and one younger are alike interested in every branch. Our specialty is insects. We have many from foreign countries, and all found in this vicinity. We have over three hundred cocoons and chrysalids now, that will come out during the next six months. We have five hundred sea-shells, two hundred minerals, one hundred and ten kinds of woods, sea-mosses, lichens, pressed flowers and ferns, and about seventy-five birds' eggs. We try to learn about insects first, but learn what we can, from time to time, of the other things. We have Harris, all of Dr. Packard's books, "Insect Lives," and "English Butterflies"; and we take the *Papilio*, by Edwards. My sister often writes to him for information when we cannot find a name; also to Professor Riley, of Washington, D. C., and to Dr. Scudder of Cambridge. We have Grote's Check List and one of the Lepidoptera of U. A.—Will. C. Phillips, New Bedford, Mass., box 3.

157. *Detroit, Mich., C.*— One new member. We are planning a large cabinet for our united collections.— A. T. Worthington.

352. *Amherst, Mass.*— With the exception of two, who have left town, our working members remain with us. We have many plants to exchange. Our boys find nothing so interesting as entomology. We had one place for meeting last year, but now go about to the homes of the members, and find that what was begun as a necessity proves pleasanter than the old way.— Edith M. Field.

391. *Meredith, N. H.*— Our Chapter has been doing finely all summer. Our labor has been confined chiefly to the collection of plants, of which we have about one hundred and fifty. We are all farmers' children, some of us at school, some teaching, or working at trades, so we do not have so much time as we wish, but we shall do our best.— C. F. Robinson.

258. *Reading, Pa, A.*—We have a total of twenty-four active and interested members. All of us have the silver engraved badges, and are quite proud of them. We have studied coral, lichens, pond-lilies, moss, diamonds, cotton, flax, spiders, and birds. Our routine was on one occasion varied by a general discussion on the sparrow question. We have had some correspondence with 123, and earnestly desire to communicate with other Chapters.— Miss Helen B. Baer, and G. F. Baer, Esq., Sec.

409. *Sag Harbor, N. Y.*— Our Chapter is getting on very well, and now numbers twenty-seven regular and seven honorary members. Our collection of specimens has increased largely. At our weekly meetings, the president gives out two questions to each member, to be answered at next meeting.— Cornelius R. Sleight.

374. *Brooklyn, E.*—We have given a parlor concert. C. K. Lin-

son gave us a "chalk talk." At one side of the parlor we had a table with some specimens on it; and after the entertainment we invited our friends to inspect them. We have now money enough to get a cabinet. We have decided to have a course of lectures — one delivered by each member on his chosen branch. — A. D. Phillips.

[*This "course of lectures" is one of the brightest plans yet proposed.*]

350. *Neillsville, Wis., A.* — My report is late, but not for lack of interest. Though busy people, we find time to pursue our study outdoors. Sometimes, instead of our regular evening meeting, we take the afternoon, or all day, and go off for a regular tramp to the woods, the fields, or the river. — Mrs. M. F. Bradshaw.

472. *Hazleton, Pa., A.* — We are making individual collections. We spend most of our time in studying the formation of the rock and coal found here. — Anne A. McNair.

180. *Milford, Conn., A.* — The secretary's address is changed to W. A. Buckingham, box 422.

NOTES.

57. *Icebergs.* — Icebergs are formed from glaciers. These often extend from the sea for miles into the interior, and have an exceedingly slow motion down into the water. When the end of the glacier has been forced so far into the sea that the strain caused by the upward pressure of the water is stronger than the cohesive force of the ice, vast portions break off from the glacier, and rising through the water, float off as icebergs. [See Question 7, in Report 29.] — E. B. Stockton.

58. *Star-fish* — I have seen a six-rayed star-fish — in other respects exactly like the ordinary five-rayed ones. — A.

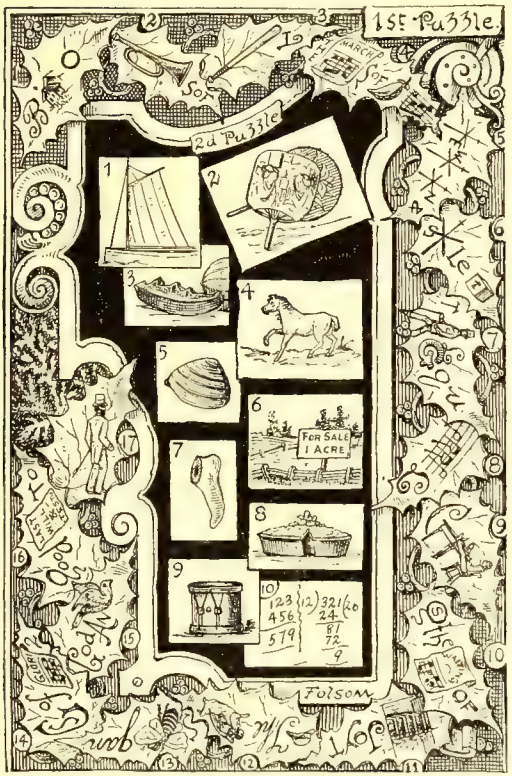
59. *Bluets* — I have found bluets (*Houstonia Cerulia*) with three, four, five, and six petals. — H.

Other interesting notes must go over until February, and we close this report by wishing all the members and friends of the Agassiz Association a very Happy New Year.

Address all communications to the President,
HARLAN H. BALLARD,
PRINCIPAL OF LENOX ACADEMY,
LENOX, BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TWO HOLIDAY PUZZLES.



FIRST PUZZLE. Rebus. Read, as a rebus, the pictures on the holly-leaves, beginning with the one in the upper left-hand corner. The result will be a verse from one of J. G. Whittier's poems.

SECOND PUZZLE. Illustrated Zigzag. Each of the ten small illustrations may be described by a word of four letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a name familiar at this season. G. S.

PI.

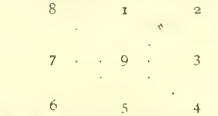
LICHL rais dan nirtwy sniwd! Ym rea
Sha wrong arimlafi twih royu nogs;
I erha ti ni eht nigenop arey,
I selnit, dan ti sherce em goln.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-eight letters, and am part of a poem by John Ruskin.

My 35-51-21-10-24 is to observe attentively. My 54-22-47-14-5 is dexterous. My 33-75-49-15-62-23 is a small cable. My 26 is one hundred. My 69-45-17-27-64-9-50-25-78 is to institute. My 63-36-4-70 is a dish that has been cooked by boiling slowly. My 52-30-71 is an adjective often used in connection with the foregoing dish. My 10-68-6-39-16 is a place of public contest. My 66-11-55-20-40 is to move to and fro. My 18-60-13-57 is a girl's name. My 32-12-44 is a covering for the head. My 48-74-3-8-31 is a fiend. My 67-53-42-59-17 is to weave so as to produce the appearance of diagonal lines. My 58-46-1-73 is external aspect. My 41-76-34-77-56-65-43 is inscribed. My 72-38-29-28-2-7-61 is a small elevation of land. "PARTHENIA."

RIMLESS WHEEL.



From 1 to 9, to oscitate; from 2 to 9, a preposition; from 3 to 9, a sort of fine linen; from 4 to 9, black; from 5 to 9, an aquatic fowl; from 6 to 9, a metal; from 7 to 9, an ecclesiastical dignitary; from 8 to 9, level

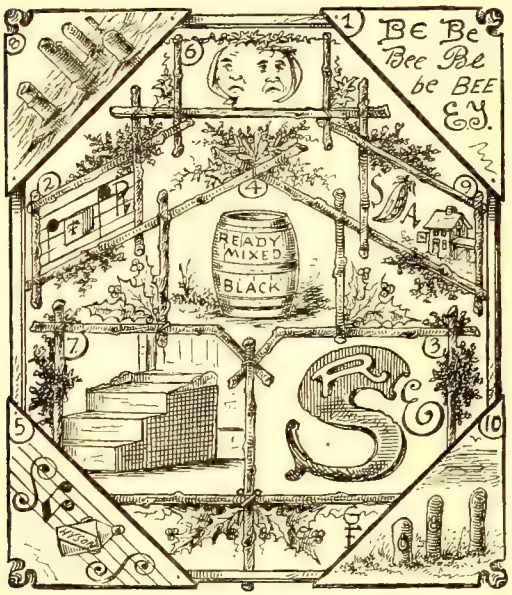
The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 spell the old name for a time of merry-making. DYCIE.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS.

THE centrals, reading downward, name an inland country of Asia.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A seaport town of England. 2. The most south-western county of Connecticut. 3. A name by which a city of Belgium, capital of the province of West Flanders, is sometimes called. 4. A seaport city of Brazil. 5. The city of France in which Henry IV. was born. 6. In Atlantic. 7. The abbreviation of one of the United States. 8. A city of Hungary located on the Danube. 9. The capital of New Mexico. 10. An island in the Atlantic Ocean belonging to Great Britain. 11. A small town in Bradford County, Pennsylvania. A. TASSIN.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.



EACH of the ten pictures may be described by a word of five letters, or else is a five-letter word made into a rebus. When these ten words have been rightly guessed, syncopate the central letter of the first word, and it will leave a garden vegetable; the second, a fleet animal; the third, an ascent; the fourth, to gasp; the fifth, places; the sixth, units; the seventh, a pause; the eighth, pastry; the ninth, to revolve; the tenth, kitchen utensils. The syncopated letters will spell a well-known name. A. G.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

THE first letters of the beheaded words, read in the order here given, will spell the name of an American poet.

Cross-words: 1. Behead sluggish, and leave depressed. 2. Behead a small opening, and leave unrefined metal. 3. Behead to oscillate, and leave a side-building. 4. Behead a kind of turf, and leave to consume. 5. Behead round, and leave a small mass of no definite shape. 6. Behead a very hard mineral, and leave raveled linen. H. POWELL.

CHARADE.

How short my *first*, when pleasure has full sway;
How long, when pain and sickness fill the day.
How oft my *second* fills my *first* with glee,
Though on the morrow sad the reckoning be.
My *whole* will tell you when my *first* is past,
Useful no more till you reverse my *last*.

R. H. W.

MAGIC SQUARE.



9–8–5–4–3–6–4–7–4–4–9–8–6–2–4–1.

PLACE these sixteen figures in the sixteen vacant squares of the diagram in such a manner that the sum of twenty-one may be obtained by combining four of the figures in fourteen different ways, namely:

The figures in each of the four lines reading across to amount to twenty-one:

The figures in each of the four lines reading up and down to amount to twenty-one.

The four corner figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four figures (2) above and (2) below the central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four figures (2) right and (2) left of the central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The diagonals from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner to amount to twenty-one.

The diagonals from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner to amount to twenty-one. WILLIAM ROBERT H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

PROVERB REBUS. Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

TWO PUZZLES FOR THANKSGIVING. I. "Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast."—Comedy of Errors, Act iii, Sc. 1. II. Primals, Suez; finals, Erie. Cross-words: 1. ScribE. 2. UlterioR. 3. EnnuI. 4. ZouavE. Rebus: The Suez Canal opened November seventeenth, 1868. Erie Canal finished November second, 1825.

INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Hoop. 2. Wood. 3. Fool. 4. Loot. 5. Room. 6. Poor. 7. Tool. 8. Doom. 9. Foot 10 Noon. 11 Rook.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. For. 3. Corea. 4. Forceps. 5. Porcelain 6. Reëlect. 7. Apace 8. Sit. 9. N.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON. 1 Liliputian. 2. Omnipotent. 3. Promiscuous. 4. Tempestuous. 5. Lexicographer. 6. Constellation

THREE WORDS WITHIN WORDS. 1. C-a-pit-a-l 2. D-is-put-in-g 3. G-at-her-in-g. 4. P-art-is-an-s. 5. B-on-a-part-e.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From left to right, Michigan; from right to left, Superior. Cross-words: 1. Miracles. 2. Dialogue. 3. Decrepit. 4. Hitherto. 5. Usurious. 6. Triangle. 7. Conjugal. 8 Rogation.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE. Cross-words: 1. Deleted. 2. Elided. 3. Linen. 4. Eden 5. Ten. 6. Ed. 7. D. Included Diamond: 1. L. 2. Lid. 3. Linen 4. Den. 5. N.

ZIGZAG. Pocahontas. Cross-words: 1. Purl. 2. NOte. 3. RaCk. 4. EtnA. 5. OtHo. 6. MOle. 7. Nigh. 8. ATom. 9. FiAt. 10 IsiS.

EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Leaf. 2. Emma. 3. Amen. 4. Fans. II 1. Arms. 2. Root. 3. Mode. 4. Stem. III. 1. Wink. 2 Iron 3. Nose. 4. Knee.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Paul Reese — "A. P. Owder, Jr." — "Professor and Co"—S. R. T—Philip Embury, Jr.—Alex Laidlaw—Maggie T Turrill—Heath Sutherland—P. S. Clarkson—Willard Little—Bessie C. Rogers—"2645" lamb—"San Anselmo Valley"—The Two Annies—Two Subscribers—C. S. C.—Madeleine Vultee—George William Sumner—Hugh and Cis—Francis W. Islip—Harry M. Wheelock—Mabel B. Canon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 20, from Samuel Holzman, 4—Fannie S., 1—Georgie Denton, 1—Susie Sadtler and Lillie Van Meter, 5—Howard Rondthaler, 1—Tille, 5—G. M. R. T., 5—Edward J. V. Shipsey, 8—Guy Van Arminge, 1—Weston Stickney, 4—Albert Stickney, Jr, 1—Wm. B. Morningstern, 11—C. Louise Weir, 3—M. T. Pierce, 12—M. B. Clarke, 5—C Howard Williams, 2—"Patience," 8—E. T. S, 1—"Buckingham Lodge," 8—Marie Pitts, 8—Ed and Louis, 4—Henry Amsden, 2—Ernestine Wyer, Arthur G. Farwell, and Sidney E. Farwell, 5—"Gen'l Warren," 7—Allan Lindsley, 1—"The Stewart Browns" 12—Minnie B. Murray, 7—W. H. W., 4—Arian Arnold, 10—Jennie and Birdie, 10—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Ethel M. Eager, 9—"Kansas Boy," 3—"Hoffman H.," 5—"Fin. I. S.," 12—Louisa'H., 6—Pansy and Elsie, 4—F. Sternberg. 12—"Boston," 4—Dycie, 10—Willie Trapier, 1—Emma Trapier 2—Samuel Branson, 7—E. M., Jr., 2—Florence Galbraith Lane. 9—Emmit and Frankie Nicoli, 1—D. B. Shumway, 12—"Kingfishers," 4 Beth Lovitt, 8—No Name, Philadelphia, 12—Millie White, 7—Fred Thwaits, 12—Jessie A. Platt, 12—Charles H. Kyte, 10—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Eliza Westervelt, 4—Florence Savoye, 6—Essie Jackson, 10 Florence E. Provost, 9—Vessie Westover, 7—L. I., 10—Theo B. Appel, 10—Annie Custer, 12—Margaret S. Bush, 6—Clara J. Child, 12—Paul England, 3—Jeanne Bull, 2—The Tame Irishman, 8—Katie L. Robertson, 6—Mother, Bertha, and Reby, 3—G. Lansing, 11—Nella, Maude, and Tat, 11—Lily and Agnes Warburg, 12—Hester Powell, 5—Marion Kent, 7.



"A MIDWINTER NIGHT."—ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY

(See text in the third volume entitled "An Engraver on Wheels.")

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY, 1884. NO. 4.

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TABBY'S TABLE-CLOTH.—SECOND SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE storm kept on all night, and next morning the drifts were higher, the wind stronger, and the snow falling faster than ever. Through the day the children roved about the great house, amusing themselves as best they could; and, when evening came, they gathered around the fire again, eager for the promised story from Grandmamma.

"I 've a little cold," said the old lady, "and am too hoarse for talking, my dears; but Aunt Elinor has looked up a parcel of old tales that I 've told her at different times and which she has written down. You will like to hear her reading better than my dull way of telling them, and I can help Minnie and Lotty with their work, for I see they are bent on learning to spin."

The young folk were well pleased with Grandma's proposal; for Aunt Nell was a favorite with all, being lively and kind and fond of children, and the only maiden aunt in the family. Now, she smilingly produced a faded old portfolio, and, turning over a little pile of manuscripts, said in her pleasant way:

"Here are all sorts, picked up in my travels at home and abroad; and in order to suit all of you, I have put the names on slips of paper into this basket, and each can draw one in turn. Does that please my distinguished audience?"

"Yes, yes. Geoff 's the oldest, let him draw first," cried the flock, fluttering like a flight of birds before they settle.

"Girls come first," answered the boy, with a nod toward the eldest girl cousin.

Lotty put in her hand and, after some fumbling, drew out a paper on which was written, "*Tabby's Table-cloth.*" "Is that a good one?" she asked, for Geoff looked disappointed.

"More fighting, though a girl is still the heroine," answered Aunt Nell, searching for the manuscript.

"I think two revolutions will be enough for you, General," added Grandmamma, laughing.

"Do we beat in both?" asked the boy, brightening up at once.

"Yes."

"All right, then. I vote for 'Dolly's Dish-cloth,' or whatever it is; though I don't see what it can possibly have to do with war," he added.

"Ah, my dear, women have their part to play as well as men at such times, and do it bravely, though one does not hear so much about their courage. I 've often wished some one would collect all that can be found about these forgotten heroines, and put it in a book for us to read, admire, and emulate when our turn comes."

Grandma looked thoughtfully at the fire as she spoke, and Lotty said, with her eye on the portfolio: "Perhaps Aunt Nell will do it for us. Then history wont be so dry, and we can glorify our foremothers as well as fathers."

"I 'll see what I can find. Now spin away, Minnie, and sit still, boys, - if you can."

Then, having settled Grandma's foot-stool, and turned up the lamp, Aunt Nell read the tale of

Tabby's Table-Cloth.

ON the 20th day of March, 1775, a little girl was trudging along a country road with a basket of eggs on her arm. She seemed in a great hurry, and looked anxiously about her as she went; for those were stirring times, and Tabitha Tarbell lived in a town that took a famous part in the Revolution. She was a rosy-faced, bright-eyed lass of fourteen, full of vigor, courage, and patriotism, and just then much excited by the frequent rumors which reached Concord that the British were coming to destroy the stores sent there for safe keeping while the enemy occupied Boston. Tabby glowed with wrath at the idea, and (metaphorically speaking) shook her fist at august King George, being a stanch little Rebel, ready to fight and die for her country rather than submit to tyranny of any kind.

In nearly every house something valuable was hidden. Colonel Barrett had six barrels of powder; Ebenezer Hubbard, sixty-eight barrels of flour; axes, tents, and spades were at Daniel Cray's; and Captain David Brown had guns, cartridges, and musket balls. Cannon were hidden in the woods; fire-arms were being manufactured at Barrett's Mills; cartouch-boxes, belts, and holsters, at Reuben Brown's; saltpetre at Josiah Melvin's; and much oatmeal was prepared at Captain Timothy Wheeler's. A morning gun was fired, a guard of ten men patrolled the town at night, and the brave farmers were making ready for what they felt must come.

There were Tories in the town who gave the enemy all the information they could gather; therefore, much caution was necessary in making plans, lest these enemies should betray them. Pass-words were adopted, secret signals used, and messages sent from house to house in all sorts of queer ways. Such a message lay hidden under the eggs in Tabby's basket, and the brave little girl was going on an important errand from her uncle, Captain David Brown, to Deacon Cyrus Hosmer, who lived at the other end of the town, by the South Bridge. She had been employed several times before in the same way, and had proved herself quick-witted, stout-hearted, and light-footed. Now, as she trotted along in her scarlet cloak and hood, she was wishing she could still further distinguish herself by some great act of heroism; for good Parson Emerson had patted her on the head and said, "Well done, child!" when he heard how she ran all the way to Captain Barrett's, in the night, to warn him that Doctor Lee, the Tory, had been detected sending information of certain secret plans to the enemy.

"I would do more than that, though it was a fearsome run through the dark woods. Would n't those two like to know all I know about the stores? But I would n't tell 'em, not if they drove a bayonet through me. I 'm not afeared of 'em;" and Tabby tossed her head defiantly, as she paused to shift her basket from one arm to the other.

But she evidently was "afeared" of something, for her ruddy cheeks turned pale and her heart gave a thump as two men came in sight, and stopped suddenly on seeing her. They were strangers; and though nothing in their dress indicated it, the girl's quick eye saw that they were soldiers; step and carriage betrayed it, and the rapidity with which these martial gentlemen changed into quiet travelers roused her suspicions at once. They exchanged a few whispered words; then they came on, swinging their stout sticks, one whistling, the other keeping a keen lookout along the lonely road before and behind them.

"My pretty lass, can you tell me where Mr. Daniel Bliss lives?" asked the younger, with a smile and a salute.

Tabby was sure now that they were British; for the voice was deep and full, and the face a ruddy English face, and the man they wanted was a well-known Tory. But she showed no sign of alarm beyond the modest color in her cheeks, and answered civilly: "Yes, sir, over yonder a piece."

"Thanks, and a kiss for that," said the young man, stooping to bestow his gift. But he got a smart box on the ear, and Tabby ran off in a fury of indignation.

With a laugh they went on, never dreaming that the little Rebel was going to turn spy herself, and get the better of them. She hurried away to Deacon Hosmer's, and did her errand, adding thereto the news that strangers were in town. "We must know more of them," said the Deacon. "Clap a different suit on her, wife, and send her with the eggs to Mrs. Bliss. We have all we want of them, and Tabby can look well about her, while she rests and gossips over there. Bliss must be looked after smartly, for he is a knave, and will do us harm."

Away went Tabby in a blue cloak and hood, much pleased with her mission; and, coming to the Tory's house about noon smelt afar off a savory odor of roasting meat and baking pies.

Stepping softly to the back-door, she peeped through a small window, and saw Mrs. Bliss and her handmaid cooking away in the big kitchen, too busy to heed the little spy, who slipped around to the front of the house to take a general survey before she went in. All she saw confirmed her suspicions; for in the keeping-room a table was set forth in great style, with the silver tankards, best china, and the fine damask table-cloth, which the housewife kept for holidays. Still another peep through the lilac bushes before the parlor windows showed her the two strangers closeted with Mr. Bliss, all talking earnestly, but in too low a tone for a word to reach even her sharp ears.

"I *will* know what they are at. I 'm sure it is mischief, and I wont go back with only my walk for my pains," thought Tabby; and marching into the kitchen, she presented her eggs with a civil message from Madam Hosmer.

"They are mighty welcome, child. I 've used a sight for my custards, and need more for the flip. We 've company to dinner unexpected, and I 'm much put about," said Mrs. Bliss, who seemed to be concerned about something besides the dinner, and in her flurry forgot to be surprised at the unusual gift; for the neighbors shunned them, and the poor woman had many anxieties on her husband's account, the family being divided,—one brother a Tory and one a Rebel.

"Can I help, ma'am? I 'm a master hand at beating eggs, Aunt Hitty says. I 'm tired, and would n't mind sitting a bit if I 'm not in the way," said Tabby, bound to discover something more before she left.

"But you be in the way. We don't want any help, so you 'd better be steppin' along home, else suthin' besides eggs may git whipped. Tale-bearers are n't welcome here," said old Puah, the maid, a sour spinster, who sympathized with her master, and openly declared she hoped the British would put down the Yankee rebels soon and sharply.

Mrs. Bliss was in the pantry, and heard nothing of this little passage of arms; for Tabby hotly resented the epithet of "tale-bearer," though she knew that the men in the parlor were not the only spies on the premises.

"When you are all drummed out of town and this house burnt to the ground, you may be glad of my help, and I wish you may get it. Good-day, old crab-apple," answered saucy Tabby; and, catching up her basket, she marched out of the kitchen with her nose in the air.

But as she passed the front of the house, she could not resist another look at the fine dinner table; for in those days few had time or heart for feasting, and the best napery and china seldom appeared. One window stood open, and as the girl leaned in, something moved under the long cloth that swept the floor. It was not the wind, for the March day was still and sunny, and in a minute out popped a gray cat's head, and puss came purring to meet the new-comer whose step had roused him from a nap.

"Where one tabby hides another can. Can I dare to do it? What would become of me if found out? How wonderful it would be if I could hear what these men are plotting. I will."

A sound in the next room decided her; and, thrusting the basket among the bushes, she leaped lightly in and vanished under the table, leaving puss calmly washing her face on the window-sill.

As soon as it was done Tabby's heart began to flutter; but it was too late to retreat, for at that moment in bustled Mrs. Bliss, and the poor girl could only make herself as small as possible, quite hidden under the long folds that fell on all sides from the wide, old-fashioned table. She discovered nothing from the women's chat, for it ran on sage cheese, egg-nog, roast pork, and lamentations over a burnt pie. By the time dinner was served, and the guests called in to eat it, Tabby was calm enough to have all her wits about her, and pride gave her courage to be ready for the consequences, whatever they might be.

For a time the hungry gentlemen were too busy eating to talk much; but when Mrs. Bliss went out, and the flip came in, they were ready for business. The window was shut, whereat Tabby exulted that she was inside; the talkers drew closer together, and spoke so low that she could only catch a sentence now and then, which caused her to pull her hair with vexation; and they swore a good deal, to the great horror of the pious little maiden curled up at their feet. But she heard enough to prove that she was right; for these men were Captain Brown and Ensign De Bernicre, of the British army, come to learn where the supplies were stored and how well the town was defended. She heard Mr. Bliss tell them that some of the "Rebels," as he called his neighbors, had sent him word that he should not leave the town alive, and he was in much fear for his life and property. She heard the Englishmen tell him that if he came with them they would protect him; for they were armed, and three of them together could surely get safely off, as no one knew the strangers had arrived but the slip of a girl who showed them

the way. Here "the slip of a girl" nodded her head savagely, and hoped the speaker's ear still tingled with the buffet she gave it.

Mr. Bliss gladly consented to this plan and told them he would show them the road to Lexington, which was a shorter way to Boston than through Weston and Sudbury, the road they came.

"These people wont fight, will they?" asked Ensign De Bernicre.

"There goes a man who will fight you to the death," answered Mr. Bliss, pointing to his brother Tom, busy in a distant field.

The Ensign swore again, and gave a stamp that brought his heavy heel down on poor Tabby's hand as she leaned forward to catch every word. The cruel blow nearly forced a cry from her; but she bit her lips and never stirred, though faint with pain. When she could listen again, Mr. Bliss was telling all he knew about the hiding places of the powder, grain, and cannon the enemy wished to capture and destroy. He could not tell much, for the secrets had been well kept; but if he had known that our young Rebel was taking notes of his words under his own table, he might have been less ready to betray his neighbors. No one suspected a listener, however, and all Tabby could do was to scowl at three pairs of muddy boots, and wish she were a man that she might fight the wearers of them.

She very nearly had a chance to fight or fly; for just as they were preparing to leave the table a sudden sneeze nearly undid her. She thought she was lost, and hid her face, expecting to be dragged out to instant death, perhaps, by the wrathful men of war.

"What 's that?" exclaimed the Ensign, as a sudden pause followed that fatal sound.

"It came from under the table," added Captain Brown, and a hand lifted a corner of the cloth.

A shiver went through Tabby, and she held her breath, with her eye upon that big, brown hand; but the next moment she could have laughed with joy, for pussy saved her. The cat had come to doze on her warm skirts, and when the cloth was raised, fancying he was to be fed by his master, Puss rose and walked out purring loudly, tail erect, with its white tip waving like a flag of truce.

"'T is but the old cat, gentlemen. A good beast, and, fortunately for us, unable to report our conference," said Mr. Bliss, with an air of relief, for he had started guiltily at the bare idea of an eavesdropper.

"He sneezed as if he were as great a snuff-taker as an old woman of whom we asked our way above here," laughed the Ensign, as they all rose.

"And there she is now, coming along as if our grenadiers were after her!" exclaimed the Captain, as the sound of steps and a wailing voice came nearer and nearer.

Tabby took a long breath, and vowed that she would beg or buy the dear old cat that had saved her from destruction. Then she forgot her own danger in listening to the poor woman, who came in crying that her neighbors said she must leave town at once, for they would tar and feather a body for showing spies the road to a Tory's house.

"Well for me I came and heard their plots, or I might be sent off in like case," thought the girl, feeling that the more perils she encountered, the greater heroine she would be.

Mr. Bliss comforted the old soul, bidding her stay there till the neighbors forgot her, and the officers gave her some money to pay for the costly service she had done them. Then they left the room, and after some delay the three men set off; but Tabby was compelled to stay in her hiding-place till the table was cleared, and the women deep in gossip as they washed dishes in the kitchen. Then the little spy crept out softly, and raising the window with great care, ran away as fast as her stiff limbs would carry her.

By the time she reached the Deacon's, however, and told her tale, the Tories were well on their way, Mr. Bliss having provided them with horses that his own flight might be the speedier.

So they escaped; but the warning was given, and Tabby received great praise for her hour under the table. The towns-people hastened their preparations, and had time to remove the most valuable stores to neighboring towns; to mount their cannon and drill their minute-men; for these resolute farmers meant to resist oppression, and the world knows how well they did it when the hour came.

Such an early spring had not been known for years; and by the 19th of April fruit trees were in bloom, winter grain was up, and the stately elms that fringed the river and overarched the village streets were budding fast. It seemed a pity that such a lovely world should be disturbed by strife; but liberty was dearer than prosperity or peace, and the people leaped from their beds when young Dr. Prescott came, riding for his life, with the message Paul Revere brought from Boston in the night:

"Arm! arm! the British are coming!"

Like an electric spark the news ran from house to house, and men made ready to fight, while the brave women bade them go, and did their best to guard the treasure confided to their keeping. A little later, word came that the British were at Lexington, and blood had been shed. Then the farmers shouldered their guns with few words but stern faces, and by sunrise a hundred men stood ready with good Parson Emerson at their head.

More men were coming in from the neighboring towns, and all felt that the hour had arrived when patience ceased to be a virtue and rebellion was just.

Great was the excitement everywhere; but at Captain David Brown's one little heart beat high with hope and fear as Tabby stood at the door, looking across the river to the town, where drums were beating, bells ringing, and people hurrying to and fro.

"I can't fight, but I *must* see," she said; and catching up her cloak, she ran over the North Bridge, promising her aunt to return and bring her word as soon as the enemy appeared.

"What news — are they coming?" called the people from the Manse and the few houses that then stood along that road. But Tabby could only shake her head and run the faster in her eagerness to see what was happening on that memorable day. When she reached the middle of the town she found that the little company had gone along the Lexington road to meet the enemy. Nothing daunted, she hurried in that direction and, climbing a high bank, waited to catch a glimpse of the British grenadiers, of whom she had heard so much.

About seven o'clock they came, the sun glittering on the arms of eight hundred English soldiers marching toward the hundred stout-hearted farmers, who waited till they were within a few rods of them.

"Let us stand our ground; and if we die, let us die here," said brave Parson Emerson, still among his people, ready for anything but surrender.

"Nay," said a cautious Lincoln man, "it will not do for us to *begin* the war."

So they reluctantly fell back to the town, the British following slowly, being weary with their seven-mile march over the hills from Lexington. Coming to a little brown house perched on the hillside, one of the thirsty officers spied a well, with the bucket swinging at the end of the long pole. Running up the bank, he was about to drink, when a girl, who was crouching behind the well, sprang up, and with an energetic gesture, flung the water in his face, crying:

"That 's the the way we serve spies!"

Before Ensign De Bernicre — for it was he, acting as guide to the enemy — could clear his eyes and dry his drenched face, Tabby was gone over the hill with a laugh and a defiant gesture toward the red-coats below.

In high feather at this exploit, she darted about the town, watching the British at their work of destruction. They cut down and burnt the liberty pole, broke open sixty barrels of flour, flung five hundred pounds of balls into the mill-pond and wells, and set the court-house on fire. Other parties were ordered to different quarters of the town to ransack houses and destroy all the stores they found. Captain Parsons was sent to take possession of the North Bridge, and De Bernicre led the way, for he had taken notes on his former visit, and was a good guide. As they marched, a little scarlet figure went flying on before them, and vanished at the turn of the road. It was Tabby hastening home to warn her aunt.

"Quick child, whip on this gown and cap and hurry into bed. These prying fellows will surely have pity on a sick girl, and respect this room if no other," said Mrs. Brown, briskly helping Tabby into a short night-gown and round cap, and tucking her well up when she was laid down, for between the plump feather beds were hidden many muskets, the most precious of their stores. This had been planned beforehand, and Tabby was glad to rest and tell her tale while Aunty Brown put physic bottles and glasses on the table, set some evil-smelling herbs to simmer on the hearth, and, compromising with her conscience, concocted a nice little story to tell the invaders.

Presently they came, and it was well for Tabby that the Ensign remained below to guard the doors while the men ransacked the house from garret to cellar, for he might have recognized the saucy girl who had twice maltreated him.

"These are feathers; lift the covers carefully or you 'll be half smothered, they fly about so," said Mrs. Brown, as the men came to some casks of cartridges and flints, which she had artfully ripped up several pillows to conceal.

Quite deceived, the men gladly passed on, leaving the very things they most wanted to destroy. Coming to the bed-room, where more treasures of the same valuable sort were hidden in various nooks and corners, the dame held up her finger, saying, with an anxious glance toward Tabby:

"Step softly, please. You would n't harm a poor, sick girl. The doctor thinks it is small-pox, and a fright might kill her. I keep the chamber as fresh as I can with yarbs, so I guess there is n't much danger of catching it."

The men reluctantly looked in, saw a flushed face on the pillow (for Tabby was red with running, and her black eyes wild with excitement), took a sniff at the wormwood and motherwort, and with a hasty glance into a closet or two where sundry clothes concealed hidden doors, hastily retired to report the danger and get away as soon as possible.

They would have been much disgusted at the trick played upon them if they had seen the sick girl fly out of bed and dance a jig of joy as they tramped away to Barrett's Mills. But soon Tabby had no heart for merriment as she watched the

minute-men gather by the bridge, saw the British march down on the other side, and when their first volley killed brave Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, of Acton, she heard Major Buttrick give the order, "Fire, fellow-soldiers; for God's sake, fire!"

For a little while shots rang, smoke rose, shouts were heard, and red and blue coats mingled in the struggle on the bridge. Then the British fell back, leaving two dead soldiers behind them. These were buried where they fell; and the bodies of the Acton men were sent home to their poor wives, Concord's first martyrs for liberty.

No need to tell more of the story of that day; all children know it, and many have made a pilgrimage to see the old monument set up where the English fell, and the bronze Minute-Man, standing on his granite pedestal to mark the spot where the brave Concord farmers fired the shot that made the old North Bridge immortal.



"THE CHILDREN GATHERED ROUND THE FIRE, EAGER FOR THE PROMISED STORY."

We must follow Tabby, and tell how she got her table-cloth. When the fight was over, the dead buried, the wounded cared for, and the prisoners exchanged, the Tories were punished. Dr. Lee was confined to his own farm on penalty of being shot if he left it, and the property of Daniel Bliss was confiscated by government. Some things were sold at auction, and Captain Brown bought the fine cloth and gave it to Tabby, saying heartily:

"There, my girl, that belongs to you, and you may well be proud of it; for thanks to your quick wits and eyes and ears we were not taken unawares, but sent the red-coats back faster than they came."

And Tabby *was* proud of it, keeping it carefully, displaying it with immense satisfaction when she told the story, and spinning busily to make a set of napkins to go with it. It covered the table when her wedding supper was spread, was used at the christening of her first boy, and for many a Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner through the happy years of her married life.

Then it was preserved by her daughters as a relic of their mother's youth, and long after the old woman was gone, the well-worn cloth still appeared on great occasions, till it grew too thin for anything but careful keeping, to illustrate the story so proudly told by the grandchildren, who found it hard to believe that the feeble old lady of ninety could be the lively lass who played her little part in the Revolution with such spirit.

In 1861, Tabby's table-cloth saw another war, and made an honorable end. When men were called for, Concord responded "Here!" and sent a goodly number, led by another brave Colonel Prescott. Barretts, Hosmers, Melvins, Browns, and Wheelers stood shoulder to shoulder, as their grandfathers stood that day to meet the British by the bridge. Mothers said, "Go, my son," as bravely as before, and sisters and sweethearts smiled with wet eyes as the boys in blue marched away again, cheered on by another noble Emerson. More than one of Tabby's descendants went, some to fight, some to nurse; and for four long years the old town worked and waited, hoped and prayed, burying the dear dead boys sent home, nursing those who brought back honorable wounds, and sending more to man the breaches made by the awful battles that filled both North and South with a wilderness of graves.

The women knit and sewed, Sundays as well as week days, to supply the call for clothes; the men emptied their pockets freely, glad to give, and the minister, after preaching like a Christian soldier, took off his coat and packed boxes of comforts like a tender father.

"More lint and bandages called for, and I do believe we 've torn and picked up every old rag in the town," said one busy lady to another, as several sat together making comfort-bags in the third year of the long struggle.

"I have cleared my garret of nearly everything in it, and only wish I had more to give," answered one of the patriotic Barrett mothers.

"We can't buy anything so soft and good as worn-out sheets and table-cloths. New ones wont do, or I 'd cut up every one of mine," said a newly married Wheeler, sewing for dear life, as she remembered the many cousins gone to the war.

"I think I shall have to give our Revolutionary table-cloth. It 's old enough, and soft as silk, and I 'm sure my blessed grandmother would think that it could n't make a better end," spoke up white-headed Madam Hubbard, for Tabby Tarbell had married one of that numerous and worthy race.

"Oh, you would n't cut up that famous cloth, would you?" cried the younger woman.

"Yes, I will. It 's in rags, and when I 'm gone no one will care for it. Folks don't seem to remember what the women did in those days, so it 's no use keeping relics of 'em," answered the old lady, who would have owned herself mistaken if she could have looked forward to 1876, when the town celebrated its centennial, and proudly exhibited the little scissors with which Mrs. Barrett cut paper for cartridges, among other ancient trophies of that earlier day.

So the ancient cloth was carefully made into a box-full of the finest lint and softest squares to lay on wounds, and sent to one of the Concord women who had gone as a nurse.

"Here 's a treasure!" she said, as she came to it among other comforts newly arrived from home. "Just what I want for my brave Rebel and poor little Johnny Bullard."

The "brave Rebel" was a Southern man who had fought well and was badly wounded in many ways, yet never complained; and in the midst of great suffering was always so courteous, patient, and courageous, that the men called him "our gentleman," and tried to show how much they respected so gallant a foe. John Bullard was an English drummer boy, who had been through several battles, stoutly drumming away in spite of bullets and cannon-balls; cheering many a camp-fire with his voice, for he sang like a blackbird, and was always merry, always plucky, and so great a favorite in his regiment, that all mourned for "little Johnny" when his right arm was shot off at Gettysburg. It was thought he would die; but he pulled through the worst of it, and was slowly struggling back to health, still trying to be gay, and beginning to chirp feebly now and then, like a convalescent bird.

"Here, Johnny, is some splendid lint for this poor arm, and some of the softest compresses for Carrol's wound. He is asleep, so I 'll begin with you, and while I work I 'll amuse you with the story of the old table-cloth this lint came from," said Nurse May, as she stood by the bed where the thin, white face smiled at her, though the boy dreaded the hard quarter of an hour he had to endure every day.

"Thanky, mum. We 'ave n't 'ad a story for a good bit. I 'm 'arty this mornin', and think I 'll be hup by this day week, wont I?"

"I hope so. Now shut your eyes and listen; then you wont mind the twinges I give you, gentle as I try to be," answered the nurse, beginning her painful task.

Then she told the story of Tabby's table-cloth, and the boy enjoyed it immensely, laughing out at the slapping and the throwing water in the ensign's face, and openly rejoicing when the red-coats got the worst of it.

"As we 've beaten all the rest of the world, I don't mind our 'aving bad luck that time. We har' friends now, and I 'll fight for you, mum, like a British bull-dog, if I hever get the chance," said Johnny, when the tale and dressing were ended.

"So you shall. I like to turn a brave enemy into a faithful friend, as I hope we shall yet be able to do with our Southern brothers. I admire their courage and their loyalty to what they believe to be

right; and we are all suffering the punishment we deserve for waiting till this sad war came, instead of settling the trouble years ago, as we might have done if we had loved honesty and honor more than money and power."

As she spoke, Miss Hunt turned to her other patient, and saw by the expression of his face that he had heard both the tale and the talk. He smiled, and said, "Good morning," as usual, but when she stooped to lay a compress of the soft, wet damask on the angry wound in his breast, he whispered, with a grateful look:

"You *have* changed one 'Southern brother' from an enemy into a friend. Whether I live or die, I never can forget how generous and kind you have all been to me."

"Thank you! It is worth months of anxiety and care to hear such words. Let us shake hands, and do our best to make North and South as good friends as England and America now are," said the nurse, offering her hand.

"Me, too! I 've got one 'and left, and I give it ye with all me 'art. God bless ye, sir, and a lively getting hup for the two of us!" cried Johnny, stretching across the narrow space that divided the beds, with a beaming face and true English readiness to forgive a fallen foe when he had proved a brave one.

The three hands met in a warm shake, and the act was a little lesson more eloquent than words to the lookers-on; for the spirit of brotherhood that should bind us all together worked the miracle of linking these three by the frail threads spun a century ago.

So Tabby's table-cloth did make a beautiful and useful end at last.

DRIFTING.

By E. Vinton Blake.



Oh, the winds were all a-blowing down the blue, blue sky,
And the tide was outward flowing, and the rushes flitted by:
All the lilies seem'd to quiver
On the fair and dimpled river,
All the west was golden red;
We were children four together,
In the pleasant autumn weather,
And merrily down we sped.

Oh, the town behind us faded in the pale, pale gray,
As we left the river shaded, and we drifted down the bay;
And across the harbor bar,
Where the hungry breakers are,—
You and Grace, and Tom and I,—
To the Golden Land, with laughter,
Where we 'd live in peace thereafter,
Just beyond the golden sky.

Oh, the winds were chilly growing o'er the gray, gray sea,
When a white-winged bark came blowing o'er the billows on our lee.
Cried the skipper, all a-wonder:
"Mercy on us! over yonder—
Bear a hand, my lads, with me—
Four young children all together,
In this pleasant evening weather,
Go a-drifting out to sea!"

All our prayers were unavailing, all our fond, fond hopes,
For our Golden Land had vanished with its fair and blooming slopes
As the skipper, with loud laughter,
Towed our little shallop after,—
Homeward, by the dreary bay.
Fast our childish tears were flowing,
Chill the western wind was blowing,
And the gold had turned to gray.



TO MY VALENTINE, AGED ONE.

By R. T.

I WILL not speak of "pangs sincere,"
Of "loves" and "doves" by poets sung:
Since you are still a trifle young
To understand such things, my dear:—
But only ask you "to be mine"
Till he, who, some day, is to win
Your love,—(the young scamp!)—shall step in
And claim you for his Valentine.


Our Coasting Brigade.
Rose Mueller.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS*—FOURTEENTH PAPER.

By Clara Erskine Clement.

Painting in Germany.

The Emperor Charles IV., of Germany, who reigned from 1348 to 1378, was a great lover and patron of the Fine Arts, and in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, a school arose under his care which is important in the history of art, since from it what is called German art may be dated. We know that the Emperor was very liberal and employed Italian artists, as well as those from all parts of Germany, to work in his favorite Prague; but so little is known of the lives of the earliest masters or of the authorship of the few pieces of ancient painting which remain, that I shall not attempt to tell you anything about them.

There were other early schools of painting at Cologne, Colmar, Ulm, Augsburg, Westphalia, and Nuremburg. I shall tell you of the great master of the latter school; but, before speaking of him, I shall say something of Nuremburg itself, which was a very important place during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and is still a city of great interest to travelers.

Nuremburg was a place of consideration even in the time of the Emperor Henry IV., who ennobled thirty-eight families there. In 1219, Henry V. raised it to the rank of a free imperial city, and during the middle ages it was very important on account of its enormous traffic between the great sea-port of Venice and the countries of the East, and all northern Europe. Through its commerce it became a very rich city, and its burghers established manufactories of various sorts, and so built up its trade that skillful artisans flocked there, and many discoveries were made which still have a great influence in the world.

The first paper-mill in Germany was in Nuremburg, and Koberger's printing-house, with its twenty-four presses, was so attractive to authors that they settled at Nuremburg in order the more conveniently to oversee the printing of their works. Watches, called "Nuremburg Eggs," were first made about 1500; the clarionet was invented there, and church organs were better made than in any other German town. A new composition of brass, the air-gun, and wire-drawing machinery were all Nuremburg devices. The filigree silver and gold work,—the medals, images, seals and other artistic jewelry which were made by the fifty master goldsmiths who dwelt there,—were famous far and wide; and this variety of manufactures was increased by Hirschvögel, an artisan who traveled in Italy and learned to make majolica. His factory, established at Nuremburg in 1507, was the first in all Germany in which such ware was made. It is not certain that playing-cards were invented in Nuremburg, but they were manufactured there as early as 1380, and cannon were cast there in 1356; previous to this they had been made of iron bars soldered together lengthwise and held in place by hoops. In short, the manufacturers of Nuremburg were so widely known as to give rise to a proverb,

> "Nuremburg's hand,
> Goes through every land".

and thus the city had the sort of importance which success and wealth bring to a person or a place.

But as this importance is not the highest and best that can be gained, so it was not the most lasting importance of Nuremburg, for all this commercial and moneyed prosperity was lost; but the fame which the city acquired on account of its literary men, its artists, and their works, still remains. I will not speak here of the authors and scholars of the old city; but of its artists something must be said.

At the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, besides Albert Dürer, there were Peter Vischer and his five sons, sculptors and bronze casters; Adam Krafft, sculptor; Veit Stoss, a wonderful wood-carver, and a goodly company of painters and engravers whose works and names are still admired and respected. When we consider all these advantages that Nuremburg enjoyed, we do not think it strange that she should have been called the "Gothic Athens."

Dürer's time was an interesting one in the history of Europe, or, we may say, of the world. He was born twenty-one years before Columbus discovered America. In his day, too, Vasco di Gama sailed the southern seas; Copernicus wrote of his observations and discoveries, and all Europe was deeply agitated by the preaching of the Reformation by Martin Luther. Men of thought and power were everywhere discussing great questions; the genius of invention was active; the love of the beautiful was indulged, and the general wealth and prosperity of Europe supported the artists and encouraged them to strive for great attainments.

Dürer was the friend of Gian Bellini, of Raphael, Quintin Matsys, Lucas van Leyden, and many other artists, as well as of many people in high

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position in all parts of Germany, and in some other countries; and if he did not actually found a new school of art, he certainly perfected that which already existed in his country; and since he was not only a painter, an architect, sculptor, but engraver, and writer upon art, his influence upon his time and nation can scarcely be overestimated.

ALBERT DÜRER

Was born at Nuremburg in 1471. His father was a master goldsmith, and had eighteen children born to him—seven daughters and eleven sons. We can understand how he must have toiled to care for all these children; and besides the toil he had great sorrows, for fifteen children died. Three sons only, Albert, Andreas, and Hans, reached mature age. The portraits which Albert painted of his father show so serious and worn a face, that one sees in them the marks his struggles had left. We also know that he was a man much respected; for though he was but a craftsman, he was honored by the friendship of prominent men, and the famous Koberger was godfather to the baby Albert.

One of the advantages that the young Albert had as a result of his father's position, was an association with Willibald Pirkheimer, who was about his own age and of a rich and patrician family. Through this friendship, Albert saw something of a more refined life than that in his father's house, and was also able to learn certain things, in which Willibald's tutors instructed him, that were not taught to the sons of artisans. Among other writings, Albert Dürer made a history of his family, in which, speaking of his father, he said:

"He had many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honorable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. * * * My dear father took great pains with his children, bringing them up to the honor of God. He made us know what was agreeable to others, as well as to our Maker, so that we might become good neighbors; and every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God, and the conduct of life."

From his earliest years Albert Dürer loved drawing, and there are sketches in existence made when he was a mere child; there is a portrait of himself in the Albertina at Vienna, upon which is written, "This I have drawn from myself from the looking-glass, in the year 1484, when I was still a child.—ALBERT DÜRER." The expression of the face is sad; it was painted in the same year that his father took him into his workshop, intending to make a goldsmith of him. Doubtless, the training which he received here was to his advantage, and gave him the wonderful delicacy and accuracy of execution which he showed in his later works. He writes of this time:

"But my love was toward painting, much more than toward the goldsmith's craft. When at last I told my father of my inclination, he was not well pleased, thinking of the time I had been under him as lost if I turned a painter. But he left me to have my will; and in the year 1486, on St Andrew's Day, he settled me apprentice with Michael Wohlgemuth, to serve him for three years. In that time God gave me diligence to learn well, in spite of the pains I had to suffer from the other young men."

This last sentence doubtless refers to rudeness and jeering from his companions, to which he was quite unaccustomed. The art of his master was not of a high order, and we doubt if Albert Dürer learned anything from him beyond the mechanical processes, such as the mixing of colors and facility in using his brush. But in his walks about Nuremburg he was always seeing something that helped him to form himself as an artist. Nuremburg still retains its antique beauty, and much of it remains as he saw it; there are narrow streets, with quaint houses, gable-roofed, with arched portals and mullioned windows; splendid Gothic churches are there, rich in external architecture, and containing exquisite carvings and Byzantine pictures; it has palaces and mansions inhabited to-day by families whose knightly ancestors built them centuries ago. The Castle, or Reichsveste, built on a rock, with its three towers, seems to be keeping watch over the country around; while the city walls, with their numerous turrets, and the four arched gate-ways with their lofty watch-towers give the whole place an air of great antiquity, and make even the matter-of-fact traveler of to-day indulge in fanciful dreams of the long ago, in which Dürer walked those streets, and fed his rich fancy by gazing on those same beauties of Nature, Architecture, and Art.

It is probable that in Wohlgemuth's studio Dürer did little but apprentice work on the master's pictures. At all events, very few of his own drawings of that time exist. In 1490 he painted a portrait of his father, now in Florence, which was rarely, perhaps never, surpassed by him in his later years. The apprenticeship ended, Dürer traveled and studied four years,—a time of which we have very little accurate knowledge,—and in 1494 he settled himself as a painter and engraver in his native city.

In the same year, Dürer was married to Agnes Frey. It would seem, from his own words in his diary, that the match was made by the parents of the young people. It has often been said that she was a great scold and made him very unhappy; but more recent and careful research shows that this story rests upon very slight foundation, and nothing in Dürer's own writings would indicate any unhappiness in his home. Agnes Dürer was a very handsome woman; but, though several portraits are called by her name, we have no positive knowl-

edge that her husband ever made a portrait of her. It was in the same year (1494) of his settlement and marriage that he was made a member of the guild of painters at Nuremburg. Thus, when twenty-three years old, he had studied, made his student's journey, and was honorably established in his native city.

Albert Dürer is more famous and more widely known as an engraver than as a painter. His first copper-plate engraving was made in 1497, and from that time he executed numerous works of this kind. The first impressions from his early engravings are now sought with great eagerness by connoisseurs and collectors. One of the first was "St. Jerome's Penance," a good impression of which was sold a few years ago for five hundred dollars. In 1498 Dürer published his first series of wood-cuts illustrating the Apocalypse of St. John. These cuts marked a new era in wood engraving, and showed what possibilities it contained. Before this time it had been a rude art, chiefly used by uneducated monks. There are one hundred and seventy-four wood-cuts attributed to Dürer. The other important series are the "Great and Little Passion," showing the sufferings of Christ, and the "Life of the Virgin."

There has been much dispute at various times as to whether the master executed his plates with his own hands; it would seem to be the most reasonable conclusion that he did the work himself upon his earliest plates, but that, later, he must have allowed his assistants to perform the mechanical labor after his designs.

Many of Dürer's engravings would seem very ugly to you; and, indeed, to many well-trained critics there is little to admire in his subjects or his mode of presenting them. He often chose such scenes as remind us only of death, sorrow, and sin. Again, his grotesque and fantastic humor was shown; and nothing more wild and unusual could be imagined than some of his fancies which he made almost immortal through his great artistic power. A wood-cut called the "Triumphal Arch of Maximilian" is two and a half feet high and nine feet wide; it was composed of ninety-two blocks, and all the remarkable events in the Emperor's life are illustrated in it, as well as many symbolical figures and pictures expressive of his praise, nobility, and power.

It is said that, while this engraving was being finished by the engraver Rosch, the Emperor drove often to see it. On one occasion several of Rosch's pet cats ran into the presence of the sovereign, and from this incident arose the proverb, "A cat may look at a king."

Of his copper-plate engravings, some of the more important are "The Nativity," "The Great and the Little Horse," "Melancholy," and "The Knight and Death." The last is the most celebrated of all, and no one can say exactly what it means. It shows a knight in full panoply, who rides through a rocky defile — Satan is pursuing him and clutching after him, while Death is at his side and holds up an hour-glass. Some interpreters say that the Knight is a wicked one, whom Satan owns, and Death warns to repent; others give the Knight a name, and several men of the time are mentioned as being in Dürer's mind; and some say that he stands for Dürer himself, when overcome by temptation and fear. But let it mean what it may, it is a wonderful work, and Kugler says: "I believe I do not exaggerate when I particularize this print as the most important work which the fantastic spirit of German art has ever produced."

It has been said that Dürer invented the process of etching; it is more probable that he perfected an older discovery; very few of his etchings remain in existence.

As a sculptor, Dürer executed some remarkable works in ivory, boxwood, and stone; he also designed some excellent medals. In the British Museum there is a relief, seven and a half by five and a half inches in size, which was bought about eighty years ago for two thousand five hundred dollars. It is in cream-colored stone, and represents the birth of St. John the Baptist. It was executed in 1510, and is very remarkable for its exquisite detail, which was doubtless a result of his early training as a goldsmith, when he learned to do very exact and delicate work. His carvings are seen in various places in Europe, and prove that he might have succeeded as a sculptor had he chosen that profession.

Besides his family history and diary, Dürer wrote some poetry, but none of importance. His first noticeable literary work was "The Art of Mensuration," which was published in 1525, and was a successful book. He also wrote "Some Instruction in the Fortification of Cities, Castles, and Towns," but his greatest achievement as a writer was the "Four Books of Human Proportion." It was not published until after his death, and its importance is shown by the fact that it passed through several German editions, besides three in Latin, and two each in Italian, French, Portuguese, Dutch, and English. He wrote, too, upon architecture, music, and various departments of painting, such as color, landscape, and so on.

As an architect, we can say but little of Dürer: for while his writings prove that he had a good knowledge of architecture, he executed but few works in that department of art, and we have slight knowledge of these. It remains only to speak of his paintings, which are not numerous, but still

exist in galleries in various parts of Europe. Many of them are portraits, the finest of which still remains in Nuremburg, though enormous sums have been offered for it. It represents Jerome Holzschuher, who was a remarkably strong man in character; it was painted in 1526, and retains its rich, vivid coloring. His portraits of his father and of himself are very interesting, and all his works of this sort are strong, rich pictures. Among his religious pictures the "Feast of Rose Garlands" is very prominent. It was painted in Venice, in the yeat 1506. Dürer worked seven months on this picture, and by it contradicted those who had said that "he was a good engraver, but knew not how to deal with colors." It brought him great fame, and was sold from the church where it was originally placed to the Emperor Rudolf II., who had it borne on men's shoulders from Venice to Prague, in order to avoid the injuries which might come from other modes of removing it. In 1782, it was sold by Joseph II., and has since been in the monastery of Strabow, at Prague; it has been much restored and is seriously injured. In the background, on the right, are the figures of Dürer and Pirkheimer, who remained the friend of his age as of his childhood.

An earlier work is the "Adoration of the Kings," in the Tribune of the Uffizi, at Florence; this is one of his best paintings. The years from 1507 to 1526 were the most fruitful of good work in the life of this master, and in 1526 he painted two pictures which, for some reasons, are the most interesting of all he did. They were the result of his best thought, and may be called the first complete work of art produced by Protestantism. They represent the Apostles John and Peter, Mark and Paul. He put upon them inscriptions from the Gospels and the Epistles, urging the danger of departing from the Word of God or believing in false prophets; and the figures, bearing the Scriptures in their hands, seem to be the faithful guardians of God's law.

There is an old tradition that these figures represent the Four Temperaments: thus, in the first, St. Peter with a hoary head and reposeful air, bending over the book in the hands of St. John, represents the phlegmatic temperament, ever tranquil in its reflections;—St. John, with his earnest, thoughtful face stands for the melancholic temperament, which pushes its inquiries to the profoundest depths;—these two represent the inward life, that from which comes conviction. In the second picture the effect of this upon action and daily life is shown: St. Mark, in the background, represents the sanguine temperament; he looks around appealingly and hopefully, as if urging others to search the Scriptures for the same good which he has found in them; while St. Paul stands in front bearing the book and the sword, looking severely over his shoulder, as if ready to defend the Word and punish by the sword any who should show it disrespect: he stands for the choleric temperament.

These two pictures are executed in a masterly manner—there is a sublimity of expression in them, a majestic repose and perfect simplicity in the movement, and in the folds of the drapery—all is in keeping. The color, too, is warm and true to nature; no touch of the fantastic is felt; in these pictures, Albert Dürer reached the summit of his power and stood on a plane with the great masters of the world.

When they were completed, Dürer presented them to the council of Nuremburg as a remembrance of himself as an artist, and as teaching his fellow-citizens an earnest lesson as was suited to the stormy time in which they lived. The council accepted the gift, placed the pictures in the council house and sent a present of money to Dürer and his wife. A century later, the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria determined to have these panels at any cost; he bribed and threatened, and at last the council of Nuremburg, afraid of his anger, sent the pictures to Munich after having copies made by John Fischer, upon which were placed the original inscriptions, as it was thought best to cut them off from Dürer's own work, lest they should not please a Catholic Prince. So it happened that the originals are in the Munich gallery, and the copies in the town picture gallery now in the Rathhaus of Nuremburg.

I shall not stay to describe more of his paintings, for I wish to resume the account of Dürer's life. As stated, it was in 1494 that he married and settled in his native city. About 1500, Willibald Pirkheimer returned from military service and renewed his friendship with Dürer. At his house the artist met many eminent men—scholars and reformers; and while he was admired and appreciated for his own genius and accomplishments, he himself gained much greater and better knowledge of the world in this society than his previous narrow life had given him.

In 1502, Dürer's father died and the son quaintly and tenderly related the closing scenes of the old man's life, and mourned his own loss. Within the next two years Dürer took his mother and his youngest brother to his own home, while his brother Andreas was thus left free to go on a student journey as a goldsmith.

In 1505, after several years of continuous industry, Dürer made a journey to Venice; he arrived there when Giovanni Bellini was the leader of the Venetian artists and Carpaccio was painting his



ALBERT DÜRER.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN THE [illegible] GALLERY, [illegible]

pictures of St. Ursula. Titian and Giorgione were then becoming more and more famous, and before Dürer left their city he was employed at the same time with them in painting for the Fondaco dei 'Tedeschi, or the company of Germans in Venice. The letters which Dürer wrote at this time to his friend Pirkheimer are of much interest; during the Thirty Years' War in Germany, these letters were walled up in the Imhoff mansion, and were discovered at a much later time.

It is said that Bellini was much pleased with Dürer's painting, especially with his manner of representing hair. One day he begged the German to give him the brush which he used for it; upon this, Dürer took one of his common brushes and painted a long tress of woman's hair, while Bellini looked on admiringly and declared that had he not seen it he could not have believed it. Dürer wrote of the kindness he received from gentlemen, but said that the artists were not so favorable to him. He was very sensitive to their criticisms; and when he had finished his Rose Garlands, wrote that the Doge and the Patriarch had been to his studio to see it; that he had contradicted those who said that he could not use colors, and added, "There is no better picture of the Virgin Mary in the land, because all the artists praise it, as well as the nobility. They say they have never seen a more sublime, a more charming painting."

Pirkheimer was constantly urging Dürer to return home, and Agnes Dürer was very unhappy at the long absence of her husband. The artist dreaded his return. He said, "Oh, how I shall freeze after this sunshine! Here, I am a gentleman—at home, only a parasite!" He was forced to refuse many commissions that were offered him, as well as a government pension of two hundred ducats; but he thought it his duty to return to Nuremburg. On his way, he visited Bologna; and through pictures which he left there, Raphael's attention was turned to him in such a manner that an intimate correspondence and an exchange of pictures occurred between him and Dürer. It was a fortunate thing for the interest of painting that Dürer did not remain in Italy; had he done so, he would, without doubt, have modified his striking individuality, and his strength and quaintness would have been lost to German art.

From 1507, Dürer was the teacher of many students in painting and engraving, and his studio was a hive of busy workmen. During this time the artist was at the height of his productiveness, and worked at painting, engraving, and carving; during seven years from this date, besides his pictures, he made more than a hundred wood-cuts and forty-eight engravings and etchings. These last were very salable. The religious excitement of the time made a great demand for his engravings of the Passion, the Virgin and Saints; and his income was so increased as to enable him to live very comfortably.

In 1509, Dürer finished the "Coronation of the Virgin" for the merchant, Heller. It was an important picture, now known only by a copy at Nuremburg, as the original was burned in the palace at Munich about 1673. There was some dispute about the price, two hundred florins, and Dürer wrote to Heller, "I should become a beggar by this means; henceforward I will stick to my engraving; and, if I had done so before, I should be richer by a thousand florins than I am to-day." This seems to explain the reason of his cuts being so much more numerous than his paintings.

The house in which Dürer lived is now preserved as public property in Nuremburg. It is occupied by a society of artists, who guard it from injury; and a street which passes it is called Albert Dürer's street. Here he lived in much comfort, though not luxury, as we may know from a memorandum which he wrote before his death, in which he said:

"Regarding the belongings I have amassed by my own handiwork, I have not had a great chance to become rich, and have had plenty of losses; having lent without being repaid, and my workmen have not reckoned with me; also my agent at Rome died, after using up my property. * * * Still, we have good house furnishing, clothing, costly things in earthenware, professional fittings-up, bed-furnishings, chests, and cabinets; and my stock of colors is worth one hundred guldens."

In 1512, Durer was first employed by the Emperor Maximilian, whose life was pictured in the great print of the "Triumphal Arch." It is said that this sovereign made Dürer a noble; and we know he granted the artist a pension of two hundred dollars a year, which was not always promptly paid. Dürer related that, one day, when he was working on a sketch for the Emperor, his Majesty tried to make a drawing himself, using a charcoal-crayon; but he had great trouble on account of its breaking, and complained that he could do nothing with it. The artist took the crayon from his hand, saying, "This is my sceptre, your Majesty," and then taught the sovereign how to use it.

Of the death of his mother Dürer wrote a particular account, from which I give an extract:

"Now you must know that in the year 1513, on a Tuesday in Cross-week, my poor, unhappy mother, whom I had taken under my charge two years after my father's death, because she was then quite poor, and who had lived with me for nine years, was taken deathly sick on one morning early, so that we had to break open her room; for we knew not, as she could not get up, what to do. * * * And her custom was to go often to church; and she always punished me when I did not act rightly; and she always took great care to keep me and my brothers from sin; and whether I went in or out, her constant word was, 'In the name of Christ'; and with great diligence she constantly gave us holy exhortations, and had great care over our souls."

She lived still a year, and the artist wrote:

"I prayed for her and had such great grief for her that I can never express. * * * And she was sixty-three years old when she died; and I buried her honorably, according to my means. * * * And in her death she looked still more lovely than she was in her life."

In 1520, Dürer, with his wife and her maid, Susanna, made the tour of the Netherlands. His



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. (FROM A WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

principal object in this journey was to see the new emperor, Charles V., and obtain a confirmation of the pension which Maximilian had granted him and, if possible, the appointment of court-painter also. This tour was made when there was great wealth and prosperity all through the Low Countries, and Dürer's journal was filled with wonder at the prosperity and magnificence which he saw.

At Antwerp he met Quintin Matsys, of whom we have already spoken, and other Flemish painters, and writes:

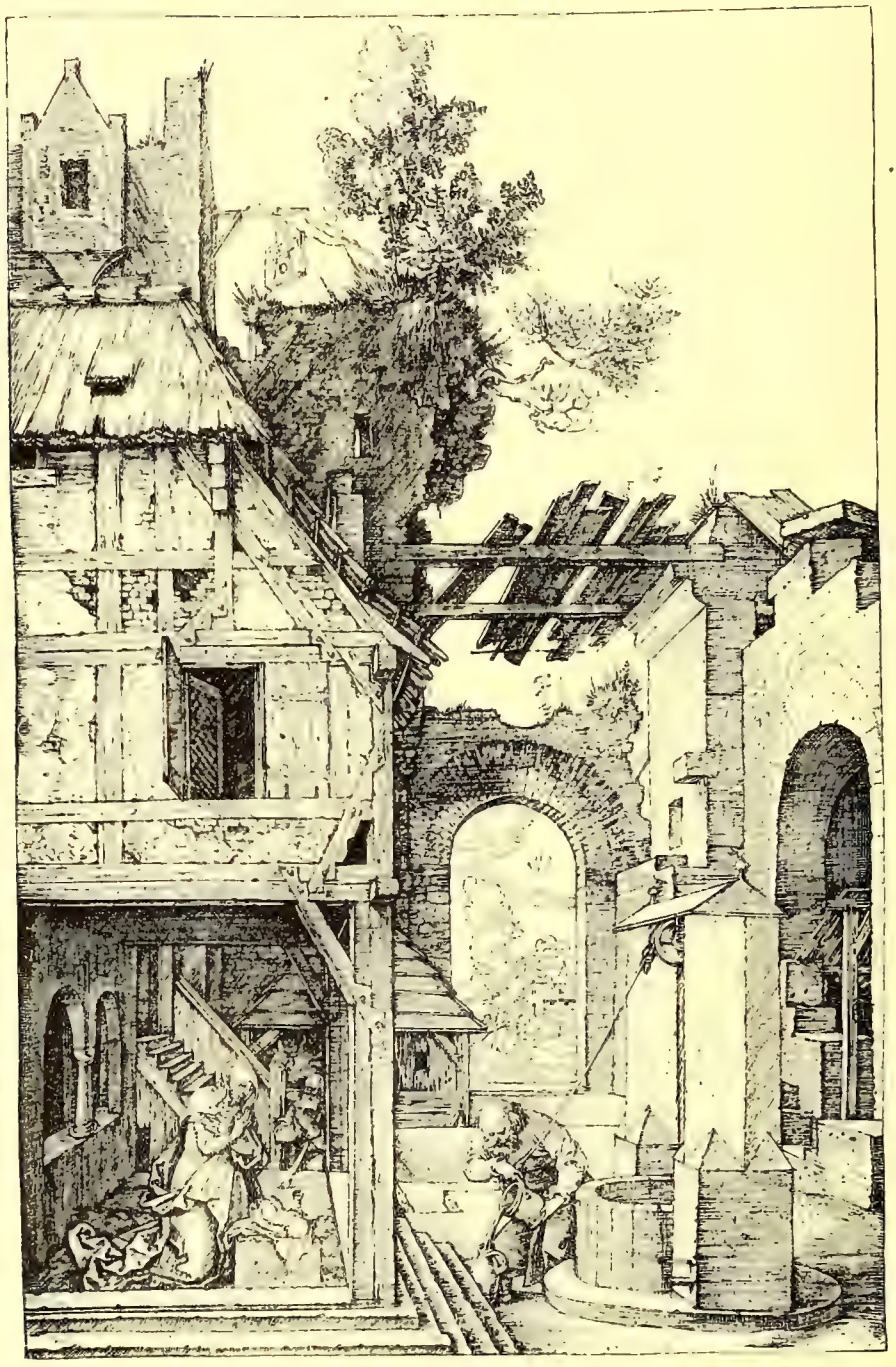
"On St. Oswald's Day, the painters invited me to their hall, with my wife and maid; and everything, there, was of silver and other costly ornamentation, and extremely costly viands. There were also their wives there; and when I was conducted to the table, all the people stood up on each side, as if I had been a great lord. There were amongst them also many persons of distinction, who all bowed low, and in the most humble manner testified their pleasure at seeing me, and they said they would do all in their power to give me pleasure. And, as I sat at table, there came in the messenger of the Rath of Antwerp, who presented me with four tankards of wine in the name of the magistrates: and he said that they desired to honor me with this, and that I should have their good-will. * * * And for a long time we were very merry together, until quite late in the night, then they accompanied us home with torches in the most honorable manner, and they begged us to accept their good-will, and said they would do whatever I desired that might be of assistance to me.

While at Antwerp, Dürer met many notable people, and painted some portraits; he also sold many engravings, and all his business matters are recorded in his journal. The Portuguese consul sent a large quantity of sweetmeats and a green parrot to Agnes Dürer, and her husband in return presented the consul with several score of engravings. It would be a curious thing to know where these prints are now, and we wonder how much the consul then prized what would now be of such great value. He went to Brussels with Tomasin Florianus, and was there entertained with great honors, and was well received by the Regent Margaret, who promised to interest herself in hi behalf at the imperial court. Of this visit he wrote

"And I have seen King Charles's house at Brussels, with it fountains, labyrinth, and park. It gave me the greatest pleasure and a more delightful thing, and more like a paradise, I have never before seen. * * At Brussels, there is a town hall, built of hewn stone, with a splendid transparent tower. * * * I also have been into the Nassau house, which is built in such a costly style and so beautifully ornamented. And I saw the two beautiful large rooms, and all the costly things in the house everywhere, and also the great bed in which fifty men might lie; and I have also seen the big stone which fell in a thunder-storm in a field. * * * Also I have seen the thing which has been brought to the King from the new Golden Land (Mexico), a sun of gold a fathom broad, and a silver moon just as big. Likewise, two rooms full of armor; likewise, all kinds of arms, harness, and wonderful missiles, very strange clothing, bed-gear, and all kind of the most wonderful things for man's use, that are as beautiful to behold as they are wonderful. These things are all so costly, that they have been valued at 100,000 gulden. And I have never, in all the days of my life, seen anything that has so much rejoiced my heart as these things. For I have seen among them wonderfully artistic things, and I have wondered at the subtle talents of men in foreign lands."

I must make one more quotation from his journal, which describes a brilliant scene:

I saw a great procession from Our Lady's Church at Antwerp, when the whole town was assembled, artisans and people of every rank, every one dressed in the most costly manner, according to his station. Every class and every guild had its badge, by which it might be recognized; large and costly tapers were also borne by some of them. There were also long silver trumpets of the old Frankish fashion. There were also many German pipers and drummers, who piped and drummed their loudest. Also I saw in the street, marching in a line in regular order, with certain distances between, the goldsmiths, painters, stone-masons, embroiderers, sculptors, joiners, carpenters, sailors, fish-mongers, * * * and all kinds of artisans who are useful in producing the necessaries of life. In the same way there were the shopkeepers and merchants, and their clerks. After these came the marksmen, with firelocks, bows, and cross-bows; some on horseback, and some on foot. After that came the City Guards; and at last a mighty and beautiful throng of different nations and religious orders, superbly costumed, and each distinguished from the other very piously. I remarked in this procession a troop of widows who lived by their labor. They all had white linen cloths covering their heads, and reaching down to their feet, very seemly to behold. Behind them I saw many brave persons, and the canons of Our Lady's Church, with all



THE NATIVITY. (FAC-SIMILE OF A COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DURER.)

the clergy and bursars*. * * There were brought along many wagons, with moving ships, and other things. Then followed the Prophets, all in order; the New Testament, showing the Salutation of the Angel; the three Holy Kings on their camels, and other rare wonders very beautifully arranged. * * * At the last came a great dragon, led by St. Margaret and her maidens, who were very pretty; also St. George, with his squire, a very handsome Courlander†. Also a great many boys and girls, dressed in the most costly and ornamental manner, according to the fashion of different countries, rode in this troop, and represented as many saints. This procession from beginning to end was more than two hours passing by our house; and there were so many things that I could never write them all down, even in a book, and so I leave it alone."

It is very curious to note how much the grand processions of two hundred and fifty years ago in Antwerp resembled those we see now on great occasions there.

Dürer went to Aix-la-Chapelle and witnessed the coronation of the Emperor Charles V. and saw all the relics and the wonders of this capital of Charlemagne. He next visited Cologne, and at last, in November, he succeeded in attaining the object for which, first of all, he had made his journey, which was the confirmation by the Emperor of the pension which Maximilian had granted him and his appointment as court-painter. He returned to Antwerp and made several other excursions, one of which was to Zealand, a province of Holland bordering on the North Sea, to see a whale which had been stranded on the coast, but before Dürer reached the place the tide had carried the huge creature to sea again.

And so the journal continues to give accounts of sight-seeings and pleasurings, interrupted at times by some work at his profession. He also records his expenses, the gifts, too, which he made and those he received, until finally he returned to Nuremburg late in the year 1521.

Two very famous men had died while he was traveling, Martin Luther and Raphael. Dürer tried hard to get some drawings by the great artist, and we do not know whether or not he succeeded. The notes in his journal at the time of Luther's death are very interesting and prove that he had much sympathy with Protestants, although it is believed that he remained a Roman Catholic all his life. He wrote:

"He was a man enlightened by the Holy Ghost and a follower of the true Christian faith. He has suffered much for Christ's sake and because he has rebuked the unchristian papacy which strives against the freedom of Christ with its heavy burdens of human laws. * * * never were any people so horribly burdened with ordinances as us poor people by the Romish see. * * O God, is Luther dead? who will henceforth explain to us so clearly the Holy Gospel? O all pious Christian men, bewail with me this God-inspired man, and pray God to send us another enlightened teacher."

When Dürer reached home he found that a great religious change had occurred there, and during the rest of his life he made no more pictures of the Virgin Mary; he made two engravings of St. Christopher bearing the child Jesus safely through the floods, as symbols of his belief that faithful men would carry true Christianity through all troubles and bring it out triumphant at last. Nuremburg was the first free imperial city of the Empire that declared itself Protestant; Dürer's friend, Pirkheimer, was one of those whom the Pope excommunicated. It is most fortunate that the change of religion in this grand old town was made so quietly and moderately that there was no destruction of the churches or of the art-treasures in which it was so rich. Many of them remain there to this day.

Dürer had contracted a disease in Zealand, which seems to have been a sort of low fever; it undermined his health and never left him for the rest of his life, and on account of this he did much less work than ever before. He paid much attention to the publishing of his writings, and made a few portraits and the grand pictures of the Apostles which I have described to you.

One of the results of his foreign tour afforded much entertainment to his friends and to the scholars of Nuremburg; he had brought home a remarkable collection of curiosities — all sorts of rare things from various parts of Europe, India, and even from America. He also gave to his friends many presents that he had brought for them; and his return, with his commission as court-painter and an enormous amount of curious luggage, made him a person of much consequence in the Franconian capital. Charles V. spent very little time in Nuremburg and practically required small service from Dürer; it was not until after Dürer's death that the Emperor became so fond of having his portrait painted, and then Titian held the position which had been made vacant by Dürer's decease.

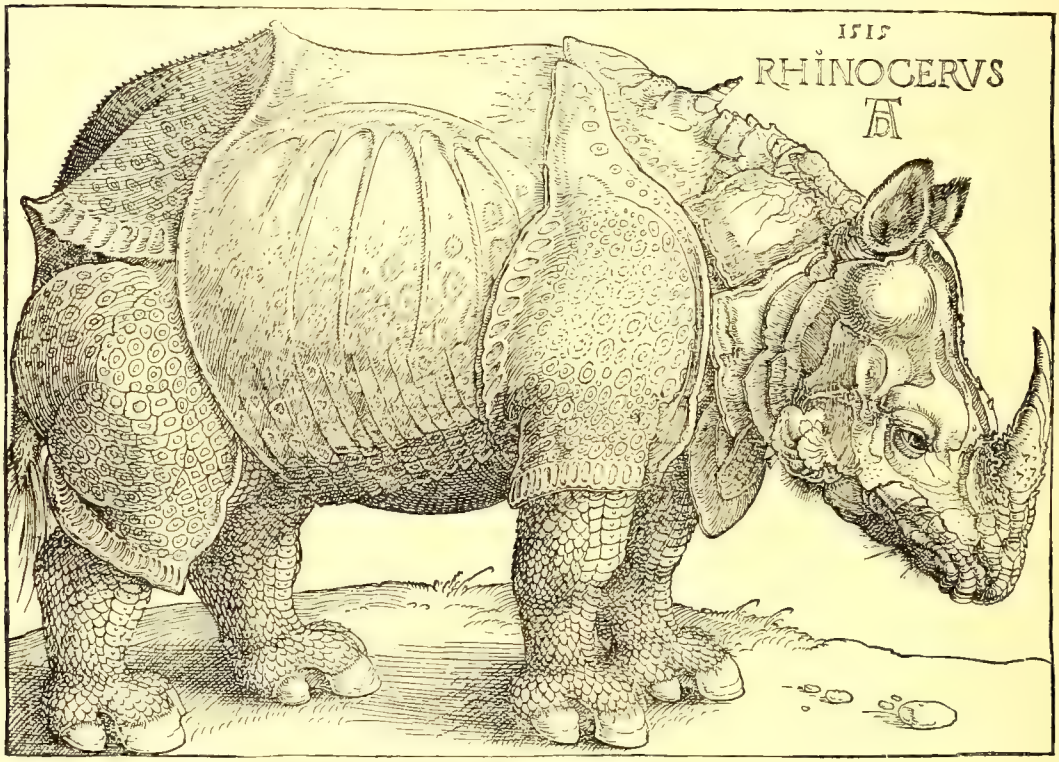
Dürer did not become rich, and an extract from a letter which he wrote to the Council of Nuremburg, in 1524, has a sad feeling in it. After explaining that he had laid by one thousand florins, which he wished the Council to take and pay him a comfortable rate of interest, he says:

"Your Wisdoms know that I have always been obedient, willing, and diligent in all things done for your Wisdoms and for the common state, and for other persons of the Rath Council, and that the state has always had my help, art, and work, whenever they were needed, and that without payment rather than for money; for I can write with truth, that, during the thirty years that I have had a house in this town, I have not had five hundred galdens worth of work from it, and what I have had has been poor and mean, and I have not gained the fifth part for it that it was worth, but all that I have earned, which God knows has only been by hard toil, has been from princes, lords, and other foreign persons. Also, I have expended all my earnings from foreigners in this town. Also, your Honors doubtless know that, on account of the many works I

* Bursars were treasurers or cash-keepers of colleges or convents.
† Courland is one of the Baltic provinces of Russia, largely inhabited by Germans.

had done for him, the late Emperor Maximilian, of praiseworthy memory, out of his own imperial liberality, granted me an exemption from the rates and taxes of this town, which, however, I voluntarily gave up, when I was spoken to about it by the Elders of the Rath, in order to show honor to my Lords, and to maintain their favor and uphold their customs and justice.

"Nineteen years ago the Doge of Venice wrote to me, offering me two hundred ducats a year if I would live in that city. More lately the Rath of Antwerp, while I remained in the Low Countries, also made me an offer, three hundred florins of Philippe a year and a fair mansion to live in. In both places all that I did for the government would have been paid over and above the pension. All of which, out of my love for my honorable and wise Lords, for this town, and for my fatherland, I refused, and chose rather to live simply, near your Wisdoms, than to be rich and great in any other place. It is, therefore, my dutiful request to your Lordships, that you will take all these things into your favorable consideration, and accept these thousand florins, and grant me a yearly interest upon them of fifty florins, so that I and my wife, who are daily growing old, weak, and incapable, may have a moderate provision against want. And I will ever do my utmost to deserve your noble Wisdoms' favor and approbation, as heretofore."



THE RHINOCEROS. (FROM A WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

The Council granted his request; but after his death they reduced the interest to forty florins a year, although in 1526 Dürer had presented to them his splendid panels of the Apostles. This meanness in money matters toward the great artist almost reconciles us to the fact that these pictures were taken away to Munich.

Dürer died suddenly at last, on the 6th of April, 1528, exactly eight years from the day on which Raphael had died. He was buried in the church-yard of St. John, beyond the walls, in the lot of his father-in-law, Hans Frey. This church-yard is of great interest; the aristocrats of Nuremburg have been buried there during many years. It has thirty-five hundred grave-stones, all of which are numbered; and nearly all are decorated with coats-of-arms and such devices as show the importance of those buried here. Dürer's monument bears this simple inscription, written by his friend Pirkheimer:

"Me. Al. Dv. Qvicqvid Alberti Dürери Mortale Fvit, Sub Hoc Conditur Tumulo. Emigravit VIII. Idus Aprilis, MDXXVIII. A. D."

—Which may be translated:

"In memory of Albert Dürer. Whatever was mortal of Albert Dürer is laid under this stone. He departed the eighth day before the Ides of April, in the year of our Lord 1528."

It is said that Raphael, when he had studied Dürer's engravings, exclaimed:

"Of a truth this man would have surpassed us all if he had had the masterpieces of art constantly before his eyes, as we have." And John Andreas wrote of him: "It is very surprising, in regard to that man, that in a rude and barbarous age he was the first of the Germans who not only arrived at an exact imitation of nature, but has likewise left no second; being so absolutely a master of it in all its

parts, — in etching, engraving, statuary, architecture, optics, symmetry, and the rest, — that he had no equal except Michael Angelo Buonarotti, his contemporary and rival; and he left behind him such works as were too much for the life of one man."

On Easter Sunday in 1828, three hundred years after his death, there was a tribute paid to his memory, and a great procession of artists and scholars from all parts of Germany was formed in Nuremburg, and moved out to the church-yard of St. John, where they sang such hymns above the grave of the artist as he loved to hear in his life. There can be nothing more appropriate with which to close our study of Albert Dürer than the poem of our own poet, Longfellow*:

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremburg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old, heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

The following is a list of the principal works by Albert Dürer to be seen in European galleries:

Accademia Carrara, Bergamo: Christ Bearing the Cross. Pitti Gallery, Florence: Adam and Eve. Uffizzi Gallery, Florence: Portrait of an Old Man, St. James the Apostle, Madonna, Adoration of the Kings. Capitol Museum, Rome: A Portrait. Trippenhuis Museum, Antwerp: Portrait of Pirkheimer. Gallery at Cassel: Portrait of a Man holding a Wreath of Roses. Dresden Gallery: Christ on the Cross, Christ Bearing the Cross, Portrait of Bernhard de Kessen. Städel Gallery, Frankfort: Portrait of his Father, Portrait of a Girl. Pinakothek, Munich: Six fine Portraits, The Nativity, Two Panels, with the Apostles John and Peter, and Paul and Mark. Germanic Museum, Nuremburg: Fine Portrait of the Burgomaster, Holzschuher. Gallery in the Moritz-Kapelle, Nuremburg: Ecce Homo. Belvedere, Vienna: Portrait of Maximilian I., Two other Portraits, Two Madonnas, The Holy Trinity Surrounded by Angels, King of Persia Persecuting Christians. Museum, Madrid: Adam, Eve, His own Portrait. Louvre, Paris: Man's Head with a Red Cap. National Gallery, London: Portrait of a Senator. Prague, Strahof Monastery: Feast of the Rose Garlands. Hermitage, St. Petersburg: Christ led to Calvary, Christ Bearing His Cross, Portrait of the Elector of Saxony.

There are other pictures attributed to Dürer in some galleries, the genuineness of which may be doubted. There are also others in private collections, churches, and so on; but the total number of those known to be Dürer's work is small — probably not more than one hundred and fifteen in all.

* These stanzas from Longfellow's poem are here printed by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FLOWERS OF WINTER.

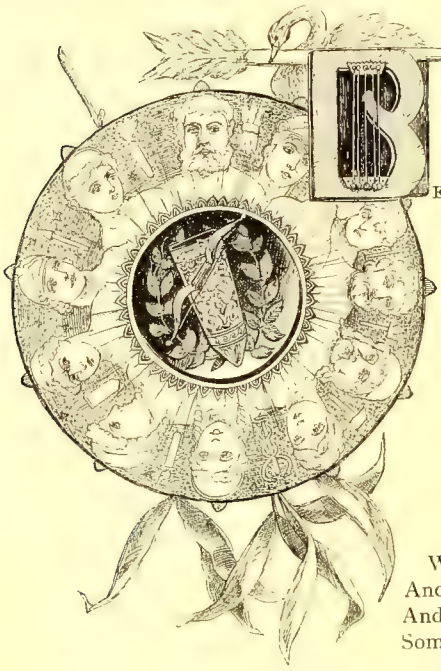
(A Valentine.)

By Emilie Poulsson.

In summer days when passing by
A garden hedge of roses,
I said, "Ah me! the winter drear
No bloom like this discloses!"

But winter came; and when the wind
All frosty, keen was blowing,
I met each morn a little maid,
With cheeks so redly glowing:

I said, "Why! here again I find
The roses I lamented!
And summer flowers no more regret,
With winter's bloom contented."



PHAETON.

By C. P. Cranch.

BEFORE Copernicus and others proved
The Sun stood still, and 't was the Earth that moved,
Phœbus Apollo, as all freshmen know,
Was the Sun's coachman. This was long ago.
Across the sky from east to west all day
He drove, but took no passengers or pay.
A splendid team it was; and there was none
But he, could drive this chariot of the Sun.
The world was safe so long as in his hand
He held the reins and kept supreme command.

But Phœbus had a wild, conceited son,
A rash and lively youth, named Phaeton,
Who used to watch his father mount his car
And whirl through space like a great shooting-star;
And thought what fun 't would be, could he contrive
Some day to mount that car and take a drive!

The mischief of it was, Apollo loved
The boy so well that once his heart was moved
To promise him whatever he might ask.
He never thought how hard would be the task
To keep his word. So, one day, Phaeton
Said to his sire, "I 'd like to drive your Sun—
That is, myself—dear sir, excuse the pun,—



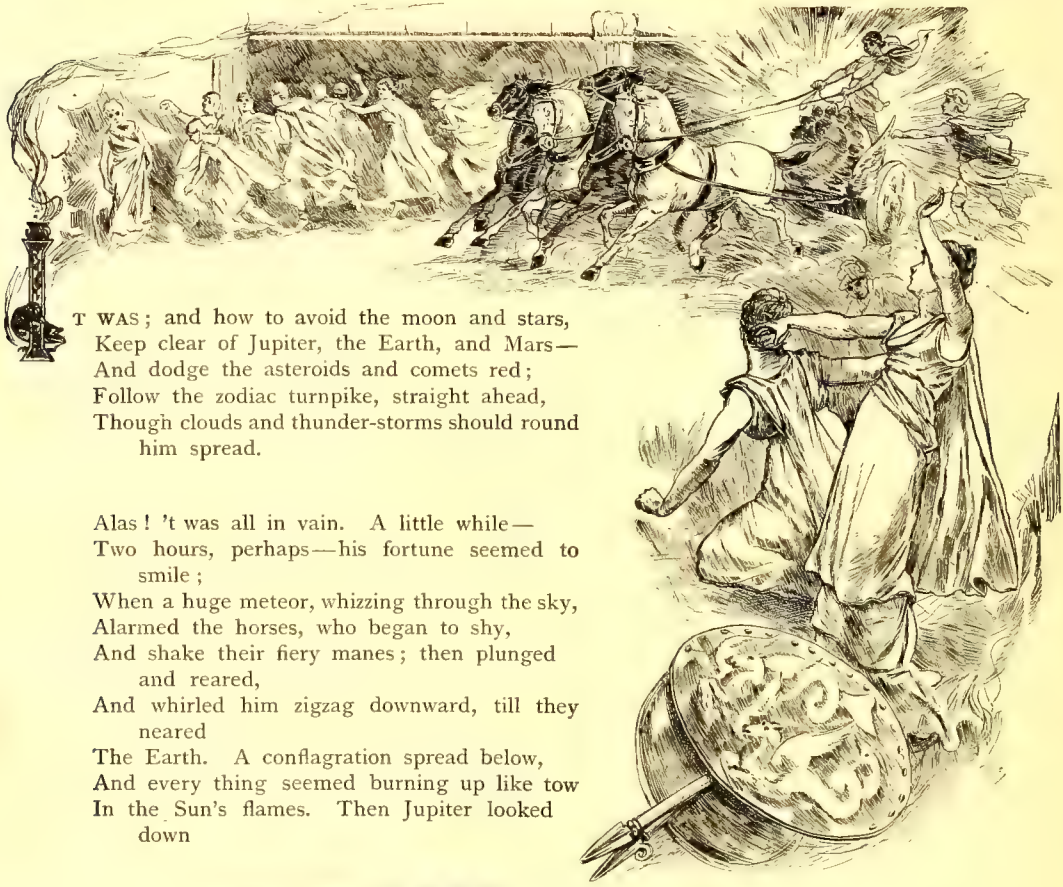


TWELVE hours through space. You know you promised once
Whatever I might ask."
"I was a dunce,"
Apollo said. "My foolish love for you,
I fear, my son, that I shall sadly rue.
Lend you my chariot? No; — I really can't.
Is n't there something else that I can grant
Instead of this? A serious thing 't would be
To have my horses run away, you see.
You might bring ruin on the earth and sky,
And I 'm responsible, you know, — yes, I.
Try something else. Here 's a great wheel of light,
The moon — a bicycle — almost as bright
As my sun-chariot. Get astride of this,
And move your legs, and you 'll enjoy a bliss
Of motion through the clouds almost as great
As if you rode like me in royal state.
No, my dear boy, — why, can't you understand?
I dare not trust you with my four-in-hand."



"I have no taste for bicycles," the boy
Replied. "That thing is but an idle toy.
My genius is for horses, and I long
To try my hand at yours. They 're not so strong
But I can hold them. I know all their tricks.
Father, you swore it by the River Styx,—
You know you did,— and you are in a fix.
You can't retract. Besides, you need n't fear,
You 'll see I am a skillful charioteer.
I 've taken lessons of a man of worth,—
A first-rate driver down there on the earth."
"I see," said Phœbus, "that I can't go back
Upon my promise. Well, then, clear the track!"

So Phaeton leaped up and grasped the reins.
His anxious father took a deal of pains
To teach him how to hold them, — how to keep
The broad highway, — how dangerous and steep



T WAS; and how to avoid the moon and stars,
Keep clear of Jupiter, the Earth, and Mars—
And dodge the asteroids and comets red;
Follow the zodiac turnpike, straight ahead,
Though clouds and thunder-storms should round
him spread.

Alas! 't was all in vain. A little while—
Two hours, perhaps—his fortune seemed to
smile;
When a huge meteor, whizzing through the sky,
Alarmed the horses, who began to shy,
And shake their fiery manes; then plunged
and reared,
And whirled him zigzag downward, till they
neared
The Earth. A conflagration spread below,
And every thing seemed burning up like tow
In the Sun's flames. Then Jupiter looked
down



ND saw the Earth like toast, all turning brown,
And threw a blazing thunder-bolt (but wait—
Here in parenthesis I 'd like to state
This may have been a *telegram*; for then
Lightning dispatches were not known to men,
But only used by heathen gods) which struck
The youth; and by the greatest piece of luck
Prevented further loss.

This tale they told
In olden times. If I might be so bold
As to suggest an explanation here
Of a phenomenon by no means clear,
I 'd say those spots upon the Sun's red face
Were bruises that he got in that mad race.

GRISELDA'S NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.

By Margaret Sidney.

"You may stay, Clumps," said Griselda, magnificently. "You 'll make one more!"

"Oh, do, Clumpy, *do!*" begged all the troop, swarming around him with imploring hands.

"I don't b'leeve I want to," said Clumps, dubiously, backing up against the kitchen door, and giving them all two or three severe looks apiece. "You 'll make me run, an' run, till I can't take another step,—an' do all your errands. I guess I 'd druther go home." And he reached with stern resolve upon tiptoe to undo the latch.

"Oh, no! I wont," cried Griselda, decidedly, with an energetic little stamp of her foot, and a shake of her head that sent the tuft of light hair hanging over her forehead out like a small mop. "You sha'n't go upstairs *once*, Clump Badger, not a single once you sha'n't, if you 'll stay!"

"There, Grizzy said so!" shrieked all the rest, each in a different key. "*Now!* She did! she said so!" which caused Clumps to stop fumbling for the latch, and to bring himself down to his original height of three feet four inches.

"Not after the pink bonnet?—nor the pins?—nor the needle and threads?" he asked, turning around to puff out resentfully a few of his well-remembered grievances. "Nor —— nor ——"

"No, no!" cried Grizzy, interrupting him. "We 'll have every single thing ready. I 'm going to bring 'em all down beforehand, an' put 'em in the wood-box."

"Then, I 'll stay!" cried Clumps, wheeling around suddenly, and beginning the gymnastic feat of spinning around and around in the middle of the old floor as fast as his little fat legs could carry him, interspersing the performance with "What 'll it be like, Grizzy?" and the rest of the children were soon accompanying him on his war-dance, till the place resembled Bedlam.

"For pity's sakes!" cried Grizzy, trying to catch a flying jacket or a stray apron in its wild career, "do stop, or you 'll have the house down! I told you before—a *Re—cep—tion!*"

"And if you don't know what that is," said brother Tom, who, under the pretext of stopping the others, had spun around with the wildest, and privately encouraged what he publicly condemned, "I 'm ashamed of you!" And not knowing in the least what the proposed magnificence was to be, he assumed a wonderfully deep look, and wisely kept silent.

"We 're to have *callers*," said Grizzy, in a very grand way, and bustling around with a sense of importance. "Tom, do shut the door—it 's all secret, you know."

"So it is," said Tom. "That 's right; it 's to be a secret, children. Clumps, shut the door."

Clumps clattered off, and closed with a bang the door into the back hall.

"Don't tell till I get back!" he screamed. "Oh, now, that 's not fair!" he exclaimed, coming back, with a very red face, for a seat.

"Why, we have n't said a single word," said Grizzy.

"Well, you were *goin'* to," began Clumps indignantly. "There ——" as he crowded in between a small girl with big, black eyes, who was sitting on the extreme edge of a wooden bench, and a boy of about the same size, on the other end, so perfectly rapt in attention to Grizzy and her wonderful plans that he was lost to all outside occurrences,—"now, go on, Grizzy. I 'm ready!"

"*I 'm* not!" screamed the small girl, sliding from her end of the bench, and crying, "Why, he pushed me right off the bench!"

"I did n't!" roared Clumps. "I only wanted to sit down somewhere."

"Do be quiet, children," cried Grizzy, in dismay. "Dear me, Clumps! Please behave!"

The small girl looked resolute, and Clumps slid off the bench and camped down on the floor.

Peace having been thus restored, Grizzy began: "We are to have callers; at least, we 'll be all ready if anybody *does* come. And somebody probably will ——"

"Suppose they should n't," said one of the children in an awe-struck tone. "Then what would we do,—say, Grizzy?"

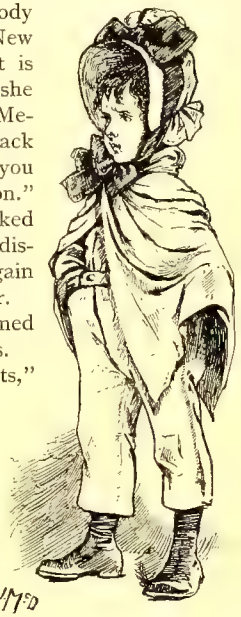
"Why, then," said Tom, before Grizzy had time to reply, "why, we 'll turn about and make calls on ourselves. Nothing easier."

"Oh, *good!*" In an ecstasy, the children all declared that they hoped no one *would* call. "It 's so much nicer to do the visitin' ourselves," they cried.

"Well, then, we wont *let* anybody come!" exclaimed Mehitable, the black-eyed girl; and forgetting herself in her anxiety, she jumped from her seat,—into which Clumps immediately slipped with a sigh of relief,—and went to the window. "I 'll lock the back gate; then they can't get in!" she announced, as a bright thought struck her. "I 'm going now, Grizzy!" and she pro-

ceeded to put her inhospitable plan into execution.

"Goodness!" cried Grizzy, rising suddenly, and thereby upsetting two or three of the smaller youngsters, who were clustered around her; "what an idea! Lock out anybody who comes to call on New Year's Day? Why, that is n't 'receiving!'" And she rushed up and grasped Mehitable's arm. "Go back and sit down, Hetty, else you can't be in at the reception."



Whereupon Hetty walked back to her bench, much discomfited, and Clumps again betook himself to the floor.

Grizzy once more resumed her plans and descriptions.

"We'll have refreshments," said Grizzy; "and ——"

"What kind?" said Tim, smacking his lips; while the others screamed, "Why, *real* refreshments — set on a table!"

"Of course," said Tom, with a superior air. "You did n't suppose we 'd have 'em in a *chair*, did you, Tim?"

"What kind?" demanded Mehitable, not paying the slightest attention to him. "Oh, do tell, Grizzy," she implored, slipping around to the big rocking-chair in the greatest excitement.

"Well,— lemonade, for one thing," said Grizzy, coolly, watching to see the effect of her words.

"Where 'd you get your lemons, pray tell?" cried Tom, in astonishment. "I should have thought you 'd have told me, Grizzy."

"'T is n't exactly *lemons*," said Grizzy; "an' I wanted to surprise you, Tom. But it 's a lemon— there 's only been one squeeze taken out of it, for mother to get the ink-stain out of Uncle Joe's shirt-sleeve: an' now she 's given it to us. An' she says we may have some sugar, an' that takes away the worst of my worries, for I was *so* afraid we could n't get anything good for refreshments," added Grizzy, in a relieved tone.

"When are we goin' to dress?" asked one of the other children. "I 'm goin' to wear the pink bonnet."

"No, *I* am," cried Clumps, in the greatest alarm; and scrambling up from the floor, with one eye on Mehitable, he uproariously pressed his claims. "You know, Grizzy Lane, you said I might the very next time you dressed up an' played —— *now!*"

"So I did," said Grizzy, reflecting. "Well, that was because you would n't just run over to Miss Pilcher's to get the big fan she promised us. You *would n't* go one single step without my paying you!"

"There — I told you so!" cried Clumps, passing by, with a high indifference to trifles, the reflection on his personal characteristics,— and he delightedly cried, "I don't care what you give it to me for. It 's *mine*, anyway!"

"Children," said Grizzy, turning to the rest, "he must wear the pink bonnet this time, for I did promise it to him."

"How you 'll look!" cried Tom, bursting out in a loud laugh.

To be sure, the contrast was, to say the least, rather striking between the envied pink bonnet and the rest of Clumps's attire. A little dark yellow flannel blouse adorned the upper part of his person, which was finished off by a well-worn pair of little brown corduroys.

"I don't care!" cried Clumps, looking down at these, and in nowise dashed by the shouts of the children. "I can put a shawl or somethin' or ruther over my back."

"But you have n't *got* any shawl," cried Mehitable.

"Well, Grizzy 'll give me one, wont you, Grizzy?" he said, appealing to her.

"Oh, well," cried Grizzy, laughing, "I can find a shawl, I s'pose, if you *will* wear the bonnet."

"I *will* wear the bonnet!" cried Clumps, in a high pitch, "and you 'll find me a shawl,—well, then, *I'm* all right!"

The old pink bonnet had been hoarded and used by the children in their charades, as the one gem in their collection, ever since the time, long ago, when it had been given to Griselda by a lady, for that purpose. And its possession was always sought for. On the appearance of any new play on the boards, it immediately became the cause of contention. Whoever came off its possessor was the *star*, no matter if everything else was adverse. It was no small trial then to Grizzy, who had fully determined to "receive" in the admired pink bonnet, to see it captured boldly by Clumps, to whom she had forgotten giving the rash promise. But she stifled her sigh, and was just going upstairs to get the armful of costumes and "properties," when the door of the kitchen opened, and her mother came in.

"Children, I 'm *so* sorry"— she began.

"Oh, mother, you 're not going to take the kitchen from us!" cried Grizzy, starting up in alarm. "You said we might have it this whole afternoon!"

"So I did— and so you may," said her mother,

smiling. And then her face fell again, and she continued: "But I must take something else away that is much worse — I want Tom!"

"*Tom!*" cried all the children in chorus; while Grizzy burst out, "Oh, we want *him* to help!"

"You see I can't be spared, mother," began Tom, greatly disappointed; "mother, you see for yourself."

"I know," said his mother, smiling at her big boy, "but Uncle Joe's away, and there is no one else to escort me over to Sister Carter's; and she is sick, I've just heard."

Tom nerved himself, though with a rather dismal face, and then answered cheerily, "I'll go, mother; I'll be there in a minute."

"Thank you, Tom! I sha'n't forget this New Year's present of yourself," said his mother, adding:

"Now Grizzy, I may not be home till six, so you 'd better have your suppers. And you can all have a nice time through the afternoon. Come, Tom!" —And the door shut after them.

Grizzy looked at the doleful little group around her and flew off for the costumes, with which she presently returned; then she assigned parts, and issued directions, in a way sufficiently distracting to drive out any other thoughts.

About four o'clock the kitchen presented quite a festive appearance. There had been several attempts at decoration intended to give it a charming effect. Mehitable contributed, from her treasures in the garret, an appalling array of rooster and turkey feathers, which she stuck up in every place that was reachable; viewing the result with no small amount of pride, despite the dismay on Grizzy's face.

"It looks so queer!" she cried, as Hetty, on a high chair, stuck the last one in place.

"'T is n't queer!" cried the indignant decorator, with a very red face; "you said yourself the other day that feathers were just the elegantest trimmin'—*now!*"

"That was for a bonnet," said Grizzy impatiently, "not stuck up all over a room. Well, its your company as much as mine, so you can leave 'em," adding, under her breath, "though they *are* dreadful!"

And little Tim ran upstairs and got all the bright tippets of the children, which he wound in and out over the dresser and the clock.

"See, is n't it pretty?" he cried, with a faint color in his cheek, as he viewed the effect.

"Yes, 't is, dear," cried Grizzy, giving him a kiss, "it *is* pretty, Timmy."

About half an hour later, it being so dark that the two tallow candles had to be lighted, the "receivers" appeared, stuck up in a stiff little row, in the middle of the room, on all the chairs and wooden stools the kitchen boasted. A raid had been contemplated on some of the parlor furniture, but that had been speedily discountenanced by Grizzy, who would have no liberties taken during her mother's absence. A compromise, therefore, was effected in the shape of an old dining-room chair, taken to



"'WE 'RE TO HAVE CALLERS,' SAID GRIZZY."

complete the requisite number. On this sat Clumps, radiant within the pink bonnet, perfectly regardless, under his old brown shawl, of the black looks of Hetty, who sat opposite, trying her best to look festive and happy in an inferior costume.



"'WHY, IT 'S A MONKEY!' CRIED HETTY."

The rest of the company had followed their own sweet wills so far as regarded the arranging of their several bits of costume, which, to save time and recrimination, Grizzy had decided must be drawn by lot! This, though slightly inconvenient as regarded harmonizing effects, was delightfully peaceful; so that, as they sat and waited for their chance visitors, the little row presented, on the whole, a smiling exterior.

"Is n't it most time for refreshments?" said Clumps at last breaking the solemn silence which was beginning to be a little oppressive, and peering out under his pink bonnet at the array of delicacies on the table, "I 'm afraid the lemonade wont keep, Grizzy."

"Be still!" said Grizzy, under a cap of red cambric, finished off with a bow of black velvet, "it is n't proper for us to eat till the company comes. Wait for ten minutes longer; then, if there don't anybody come, some of us will have to go out, an' be the visitors."

Thereupon a small uproar ensued as to who should form the calling party, which it required all Grizzy's powers of discipline to quell. This consumed, however, a large portion of the long ten minutes, so that by the time quiet was restored the clock pointed to twelve minutes of five.

"When it 's ten minutes to five," said Grizzy with a sigh, beginning to realize that New Year's receptions *might* not be everything that was enjoyable, "we 'll begin!"

Every eye of the whole row was riveted on the clock. "Twel — ve, Eleven — n — te —"

A rap, soft and low, at the back door, and then a rustle struck upon their ears, and made every little figure skip from very astonishment.

"'T is! *'t is!*" cried the whole row, in joyful tones. Oh, Grizzy — *'tis!*"

"I know it," said Griselda, trembling with excitement, but trying to be elegant and composed. "It 's probably some of the girls; they 've found it out. Now all sit perfectly still. *Come in!*" she cried, in a tone of command, drawing up her figure to its utmost height, and watching the door with sparkling eyes.

The door pushed open cautiously, as if some one had not quite made up his mind to enter; and then all was still. Grizzy, not knowing exactly whether it was etiquette or not for her to repeat her invitation, wisely said nothing, but sat, bolt upright, with her company aspect on and her hands folded stiffly in her lap. The other children were just beginning to wriggle impatiently, when — open flew the door as by magic and, before anybody could think twice, a small object danced into the middle of the room, then leaped upon the table and, with a frightful leer on its expressive countenance, made them all an elaborate bow.

"Oh!" roared Clumps, forgetting his elegant costume; and, tumbling over backward from his high seat of honor, he rushed to Grizzy in sheer fright, gasping, "What *is* it — oh — *oh?*"

"Why, it 's a monkey!" cried Hetty, in the greatest glee, and beginning to caper with delight. "Oh, Grizzy, a *sweet*, pretty monkey!"

The monkey, seeing the attention he was receiving, made several ineffectual attempts to show his feelings; but, finding them not adequate to the occasion, gave it up as a bad job, scratched his head and, wrinkling up his nose, looked around for something to eat.

"You dear, be-*yew*-tiful monkey, you!" cried Hetty, rushing up to him to embrace him.

"*Ya-a—snap!—chatter-chatter!*" cried his monkeyship, his eyes flashing ominously. Hetty did not wait to extend further courtesies, but hopped back a pace or two, where she stood glaring at him!

"You 're a *hate*-ful, *me*-an little—"

"*Ya-a—snap!*" The monkey's eyes now glittered with rage, while he showed every tooth he possessed, and made a movement towards a spring at his entertainer.

"Do be still!" cried Grizzy, pulling her back; "don't you see he 's cross; he might bite you, Hetty. Do be still; he wants something to eat."

At this, Clumps, hearing the word "eat," set up such a dismal wail that for a moment or two nobody could hear anything else.

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Griselda, shaking him, in the vain hope of extinguishing the scream, but only cocking the pink bonnet over on one side of his head; "what *are* you so scared at? Oh, dear! I do wish you 'd staid at home, I do!"

"You said—oh, dear, dear—" cried Clumps, wildly, and pointing one small, stubby finger, that trembled like a grimy little leaf, in the visitor's direction, though he did n't dare to look it in the face, "you said—"

"Said what?" cried Grizzy, with another small shake, hoping to facilitate matters a little. "What on earth *did* I say, Clumps?"

"That we 'd be—oh, dear, dear!" he cried, his breath giving entirely out.

"*What?*" Griselda grasped both of his small arms firmly, then looked squarely into the forlorn face. "Now, Clumps Badger, tell me this minute! *What* did I say?"

"That he—that he," whimpered Clumps, catching frightfully; "oh, dear! that he—that he—"

"Go on!" said Griselda, decidedly.

"That he—"

"Stop saying 'that he,'" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You 're the most foolish boy I ever *did* see. That he—*what?*"

"W-wanted," said Clumps, with a sniffle, and beginning to look around fearfully, "to—eat—me—up! Oh, dear, *dear!* boo-hoo-*hoo!*"

"I did n't, you foolish boy!" cried Grizzy, letting go her hold of his arms to give him a reassuring hug. "I said he wanted something to eat—and so he does. I 'm going to get him a biscuit." And she started briskly in the direction of the big pantry.

"You need n't," said little Tim, tragically; and pointing to the guest mounted on the old table. "He 's got our 'freshments, and he 's swallowin' 'em all up!"

"He *sha'n't!*" cried Hetty, who, wholly occupied with Clumps and his affairs, had neglected the monkey for the last few seconds, and thereby knew nothing of his latest move. "*Ow*, stop him, somebody! He 's got the ca-ake—*stop* him!" And with one wild dash—forgetful of her fear, forgetful of Grizzy's warning, of everything but the loss of the precious "refreshments," which she now saw disappearing at a rapid rate—she sprang forward and grasped the long tail hanging over the edge of the table!

"Squeak, *squeak!*" With a howl of pain and rage, as much worse than Clumps's wails of despair as can be imagined, the monkey fixed his snapping eyes on Hetty, cleared the table with one bound, and sprang for her.

"There!" cried Griselda in despair, hurrying back from the pantry. "Now, you *have* done it! Quick, Hetty, jump into the cupboard, or he 'll bite you! Quick!"

"I don't want to!" grumbled Hetty, scuffling along, fighting every inch of the way. "I 'm not a-going to be shut up. I 'm not afraid of *him!*"

"Well, *I* am!" said Grizzy, pushing her along. "There!" and she shut the door upon her, not an instant too soon, for the monkey, enraged at losing sight of her, came up with a thud of vengeance against the wall, just as the edge of her gown disappeared.

"There," said Grizzy, edging off to a respectful distance,—"You poor little fellow; do you want something to eat? Well, you shall have it," she added, in the sweetest of tones, hoping to propitiate the aggrieved visitor.

But if she expected to take that monkey away from that door, she was sadly disappointed. Revenge was sweeter than dry biscuit, or even cake, at this moment. And down he sat, watching the crack with peering, inquisitive eyes; at every movement of the imprisoned one, pricking up his ears afresh to bide his time.

"Let me *ou-ut!*" came in stifled accents from within the closet. "I 'm smuvvered in here. Oh, *let* me out!"

And then followed a banging of determined little boot-heels against the door, that made the monkey skip in delight and grin expectantly.

Just then there came a click of the back gate—then heavy footsteps tramped up the path, and a loud, imperative knock was thumped on the outside door.

Griselda started to run and open it, but had only time to get half across the room when the door opened, and a burly man, with a quick, decisive air, stepped into the old kitchen.

The monkey took one look at him, then turned, and, leaving revenge for mightier souls than his, fled to the nearest shelter, which happened to be behind the coal-scuttle.

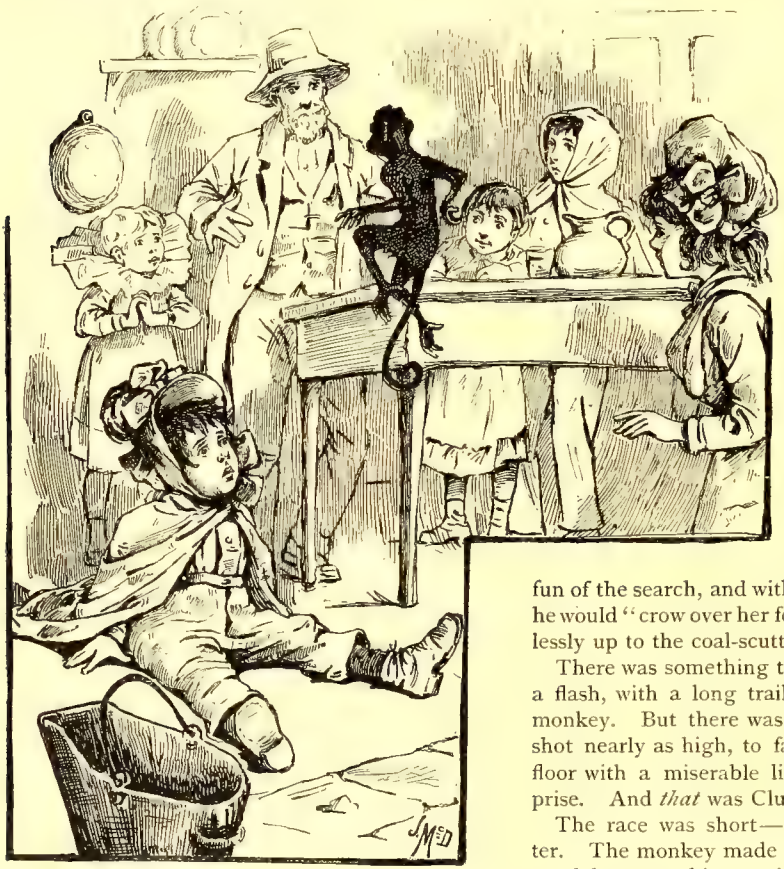
"Any of you seen a monkey around here?" asked the man, advancing further into the room, and looking around.

The children thought they had!

"*Oh!*" cried Grizzy, "is he yours?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried the man. "He 's run away from my store. I keep a bird and squirrel store, an' all that, over in town. P'r'aps you know me; my name 's Pilcher, Jedediah Pilcher." He bowed impressively, as if the name was enough, but, under the circumstances, he *would* add the bow. "And a pretty chase he 's led me. Any of you seen him?"

"He 's eaten up *everything!*" cried Clumps, tumbling out from behind the old rocking-chair, and waving his hands comprehensively to express the destitute condition of all things. "Yes, he has! Every *single* thing!"



"SOMETHING SHOT UP INTO THE AIR!"

"*Sakes alive!*" cried the man, falling back a step or two at the apparition in the pink bonnet and old shawl, that, to say the truth, did present a very astonishing appearance. And then, glancing around at the different specimens of dress that met his gaze, much as if Bedlam had broken loose around him: "I sh'd a-thought you 'd a scart the monkey!"

"*Let me ou–ut!*" cried a voice from the closet.

And Hetty, more wild than ever for release, now that she knew there was some other attraction in the kitchen that she could n't see, banged away more furiously than before; at each bang redoubling her vociferations.

"*Sakes alive!*" exclaimed the man, whirling around to stare wildly at the closet. And then, not being able to express his feelings, he took refuge in "Well, I never!"

Which seemed to answer, however; for he immediately started up to business, and turned to Griselda with "Where 's that monkey?"

"I don't know," she said, beginning a violent search. "He *was* here, a minute ago, when you —"

"I 'll find him!" cried Clumps, who, encouraged by the man's appearance, was in an anxious fever to help. "I 'll bring him; let me — let *me!*"

"*Let me ou–ut!*" cried Hetty, with a renewed bombardment of the old closet door.

Clumps, with the one thought of getting ahead of Hetty in the fun of the search, and with his mind full of just how he would "crow over her forever 'n' ever," came carelessly up to the coal-scuttle and bent clear over it.

There was something that shot up in the air, like a flash, with a long trail after it. *That* was the monkey. But there was also something else that shot nearly as high, to fall down on the kitchen floor with a miserable little thud of shocked surprise. And *that* was Clumps!

The race was short — and sweet — to the master. The monkey made a bow, perhaps not *quite* so elaborate as his entering one, and the "Reception" was over.

"Well," said Hetty, when the knob was turned, letting her breathe the air of freedom once more, while her eyes sparkled with indignation and her small frame shook with anger and disappointment, "you 've been having the *nicest* time, while you

shut me up. You did it a-purpose, Grizzy, I know you did! I could hear you all running about and talking like everything."

"He 'd have bitten you," cried Grizzy, who had been surveying the "refreshments." And now that the excitement was over, finding herself very tired, she felt decidedly cross and answered: "I wish you had staid out, if you wanted to. I do!"

"An' we have n't had a nice time!" cried Clumps, savagely; "none of us have n't, and he kicked me clean over, an' I 've hurt my knee, an' I wish I had n't come!"

"Well, here 's mother!" cried Grizzy, in a sigh of relief, "and Tom!"

So it was, and a few of the neighbors, whom they met on the road, coming for a friendly call.

"I *should* say," began Tom, flinging wide the door! — And then the whole story came out.

"Where 's Clumps?" asked Grizzy, about ten minutes later, looking all around among the visitors for the roly-poly figure; "where *can* he be?"

"Here I am," said a voice at last. It came from under the big oak table, where, after investigation by nearly all of the party, Clumps was discovered; the treasured bonnet, slightly mashed on one side, still on his head, with some suspicious looking morsels of the feast clinging to his garments, and a faint aroma of lemon-peel, over the whole!

"You 've gone and drunk up all the lemonade!" cried Hetty in extreme exasperation, reaching down to bestow a pinch on his toes. "Oh — *oh!* now we shan't have any!"

"It got kicked over," said Clumps, placidly, "an' 't was 'most all spilt, an' I only just finished what was left of it, an' 't war n't good either, Grizzy!"

"It was perfectly *elegant!*" cried Hetty, wildly, to all of the company, "an' it was all we had! An' we 've been *so* frightened, an' there is n't anything to eat, either — oh dear, *dear!*"

But the neighbors' hands were in their pockets, and from those pockets, one and all, came enough "lemonade money" to provide for a dozen "Receptions."

"Tom, my boy," said a kind, jolly-faced man, furtively wiping off the tears at the funny recollection, "please run down to the store, about as fast as you ever ran in your life, an' fetch up all the fixings you want for — what do you call it — the thing you were goin' to have?"

He turned to Grizzy, but before he had a chance to answer, it came in one shout from all the little people — "A Re — *cep* — tion! A Re — cep — *tion!* Oh, Grizzy! we *are* goin' to have it after all!"



"COME IN."

WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter III.

Deacon Farnham was fond of chopping down trees; but he had not brought a big sleigh into the woods that morning, with two yoke of oxen, merely to have them stand still in the snow while he chopped. The fires he kept up at the farm-house called for liberal supplies, and so Susie was to have an opportunity of seeing a load of logs put on.

She and Pen had to get out of the sleigh to begin with, and then her uncle and Vosh Stebbins removed all the side-stakes out of the sleigh on the side toward the wood-pile, and they put down, with one end of each on the sleigh and the other end in the snow, a pair of long, strong pieces of wood, that Vosh called "skids." That made an inclined plane, and it was nothing but good, hard work to roll the logs up and into their places on the sleigh. They made a tier all over the sleigh-bottom, and then the lighter logs were piled on them, in regular order, till the load was finished off, on top, with a heap of bark and brushwood.

"Now, Pen," said Vosh, "if you and Susie will climb up, we 'll set out for home with this load."

"Is n't your father coming, Pen?"

"No, Susie. There 's a man at the house to help Vosh when we get there. Now we must climb."

There was fun in that, but Pen was up first.

In a minute or so more, Susie began to gain new ideas about the management of oxen, and how strong they were, and how wonderfully willing. They seemed to know exactly what to do, with a little help from Vosh and his long whip. When all was ready, and they bowed their horns and strained against their yokes with their powerful necks, it seemed as if they could have moved anything in the world.

One long strain, a creaking sound, and then a sudden giving away and starting, and the snow began to crunch, crunch, beneath the wide, smooth runners of the sleigh.

Vosh walked beside his team and drove it away around in a semicircle, carefully avoiding trees and stumps, until he and his load were once more in the road and on their way home.

Corry and Porter had pushed on after Ponto as best they could, but he had not stirred up for them any game in the thick, gloomy forest.

"No rabbits here?" inquired Porter.

"Sometimes there are a few," said Corry, "but this is n't the place. But we 're almost at the swamp, now. We 'd better load up."

"The guns? Are n't they loaded?"

"No. We never leave a charge in. Father says a gun 's always safe when it 's empty."

Corry put the butt of his gun on the ground while he spoke, and Porter watched him narrowly.

"That 's his powder-flask," he said to himself. "I might have known that much. The powder goes in first. Of course, it does."

He had never loaded a gun in all his life, and his experience with the axe had made him feel a little cautious. Still, he tried to make quick work of it, and when Corry began to push down a wad of paper after the powder, his city cousin did the same thing. Only he was a little behindhand, and he put in a much bigger wad of paper.

"How he does ram it! So will I," he thought, and so he did.

Corry remarked: "Don't put too many shot into the gun. I 'll measure them for you, so you 'll know next time. The shot scatter too much if you overcharge it."

Porter was wondering, at that very moment, how many shot he had better put in, or whether he should try the big shot from one side of his shot-pouch or the smaller shot from the other.

"What are the big shot for?" he asked, when he saw Corry choose the smaller size.

"Buckshot? Oh, you can kill almost anything with buckshot. Deer, or even bear."

"Can you? I never used 'em. I thought they were big for rabbits."

He was glad to know his gun was correctly loaded, however, and he imitated Corry in putting on the caps, for both barrels, as if he had served a long apprenticeship at that very business.

"Have n't we reached the swamp yet?"

"No, but we are near it. It 's a great place for rabbits, when you get there. Hullo! Ponto 's started one. Come on, Port."

They did not really need to stir a foot, for the swift little animal the dog had disturbed from its seat among the bushes was running its best straight toward them. "There he is," shouted Porter.

"Try him, Port."—"No, you try him."

Corry's gun was at his shoulder, and in another second the bright flash leaped from the muzzle.

"Did you hit him? He did n't stop running. He kept right on."

"Missed him, I think. Too many trees, and it

was a pretty long shot," explained Corry, apologetically.

"Why, it did n't seem far."

"That 's because it was over the snow. It was more than ten rods. Hark! Hear Ponto."

The old dog was barking as if for dear life, and the boys ran as fast as the snow would let them. They had not gone far before they could see Ponto dancing around the foot of a huge tree.

"If he has n't treed him!" exclaimed Corry.

"Treed a rabbit? Why, can they climb?"

"Climb? Rabbits climb? I guess not. But that tree 's hollow. See that hole at the bottom? The rabbit 's in there, sure."

"Can we get him, Corry?"

"We 'll try, but it wont pay if it takes too long. It 's only one rabbit."

Porter Hudson had a feeling that it would be worth almost anything in the world to catch that rabbit. He hardly knew how to go to work for it; but he felt very warm, indeed, while his cousin stooped down and reached with his arm further and further into the hole in the tree. The hole did not go down, but up, and it was quite large at its outer opening.

"Is it a hollow tree, Corry?"

"Guess not. Only a little way up."

"Can you feel him?"

"My arm is n't long enough."

Ponto whimpered very much as if he understood what his master was saying. That was probably not the first runaway game which had disappointed him by getting into a den of safety.

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Corry.

"Got him? Have you?" answered Port.

"There he is!"

Corry withdrew his arm, as he spoke, and held up in triumph a very large, fat, white rabbit.

"You did reach him, did n't you?" Porter cried.

"No, I did n't. Some of my shot had hit him, and he fell down the hole. Don't you see? They did n't strike him in the proper place to tumble him right over. He could run."

"Poor fellow," said Porter. "He wont run any more, now."

It was of small use for Port to pity that rabbit, when the one thought he had in mind was that he could not go home happy unless he could carry with him another of the same sort and of his own shooting.

Corry loaded his gun again, and on they went; but pretty soon he remarked:

"We 're in the swamp now, Port."

"I don't see any swamp. It 's all trees and bushes and snow."

"That is so; but there 's ice under the snow, in some places. You can't get through here at all in the spring, and hardly in summer. It 's a great place for rabbits."

Ponto was doubtless aware of this fact, for he was dashing hither and thither very industriously.

There were plenty of little tracks on the snow, as the boys could now plainly see; but they crossed one another in all directions, in a manner that puzzled Porter Hudson exceedingly.

"How will Ponto find out which one of them he 'd better follow up?" he asked.

"Wait, Port, you 'll see," said his cousin.

Porter was taking his first lesson as a sportsman, and was peering anxiously behind trees and in among the nearest bushes. Suddenly, he saw something, or thought he saw it, which made him hold his breath and tremblingly lift his gun.

"Can that be a real rabbit," he thought; "sitting there so still?"

He did not utter a word, and the first Corry knew about it was the sound of both barrels of his cousin's gun, fired in quick succession.

Bang!—bang!—they went.

"What is it, Port?"

"I 've shot him! I 've shot him!"

Porter was bounding away across the snow and disappeared among some thick hazel bushes. A moment more, and he was out again, with a rabbit in his hand, quite as heavy as the one Corry had killed.

"First-rate, Port. Was he running?"

"No, he was sitting still."

Corry was too polite to say that no regular sportsman fired at a rabbit unless it was running. It would have been a pity to have dampened Porter's wild exultation over his first game.

Porter had no time to talk then, however, for he had his gun to load, and he was in no small anxiety as to whether he should succeed in getting the charge in rightly. Besides, there was Ponto, racing across the swamp, with a big rabbit just ahead of him. That rabbit was a capital jumper, and it was gaining on its barking pursuer, when they ran by within range of Corry Farnham's gun.

Only one barrel was fired, but Ponto's master was ahead again. "Two to my one," said Porter.

"You 'll have chances enough. Don't fire both barrels every time, though, or you may lose some of 'em; and you 'll fill your rabbits full of shot, as you did that one."

Port's idea had been that both barrels of his gun were there for the purpose of being fired off, but he was quite ready to take a hint. He had more and more serious doubts, however, about his ability to hit a rabbit on the run. The first time he actually tried to do it, he doubted more than ever. His chance and his disappointment came to him soon after Corry's gun was loaded and while they were crossing the swamp.

"I must have hit him," he said, as he lowered his gun and looked after the rabbit, still clearing the snow with long, vigorous jumps.

"Well, if you did," said Corry, "he has n't found it out yet."

"Your first one did n't find out he was hit till he got into the tree."

"That 's so. But I never knew it happen just so before. Ponto 's after another, now! He 's chased it around those sumac bushes. They 're coming this way. Shoot ahead of the rabbit, if you want to hit it."

Porter was positive, in his own mind, that he could not hit the rabbit, and he felt himself blushing as he raised his gun; but he tried to see his game somewhere beyond the end of it, and then he fired.

"I declare! You 've done it! A good long distance, too," shouted Corry.

It was so very long that the shot had scattered a great deal, and one of the little leaden pellets had strayed in the direction of the rabbit. Just one, but it was as good as a dozen; for it had struck in a vital spot, and Porter was as proud as if the skin of his game had been filled with shot holes.

Almost two hours went by after that, and they tramped all over the swamp. Porter killed another sitting rabbit, but Corry was one ahead of him, and was feeling half sorry for it, when he suddenly stopped marching and lifted his hand, exclaiming:

"Hear Ponto! Hark! Away yonder."

"Started another rabbit?" inquired Port Hudson.

"No, he has n't. It is n't any rabbit, this time."

"What is it? What is it?"

"Hear that jumping? Hear Ponto's yelp? It' s a deer!" almost whispered Corry.

"Deer? Did you say it was a deer? Can you tell?"

"Hark! Listen!"

Ponto was no deer-hound. He was somewhat too heavily built for that kind of sport; but any deer of good common sense would run away from his company, all the same. The certainty that the dog could not catch it would not interfere with the deer's running.

Ponto's discovery was a fine buck, which soon came bounding with long, easy leaps out from among the forest trees into the more open ground at the edge of the swamp. Porter thought he had never before seen anything half so exciting, but the buck went by like a flash.

Just half a minute later, Corry turned ruefully to his cousin and asked him: "Port, what did you and I fire both barrels of our guns for?"

"Why to hit the deer," answered his cousin.

"At that distance? And with small shot, too? If they 'd reached him, they 'd hardly have stung him. Why, there was n't the slightest chance of our hurting him. Let 's go home."

Porter was ready enough, and it was not long before Ponto gave up following the buck and came panting along at the heels of his master. He looked a little crest-fallen, as if he would have liked very much to remark: "It 's of no use to drive deer for boys. I did my duty. No dog of my size and weight could have done more."

They had a tramp before them. Not that they were so far from home, but it was a long, weary wade through the snow, and Porter Hudson learned a good deal about the weight of rabbits by the time he laid his game down at the kitchen door of the farm-house. They had been growing heavier and heavier all the way, until he almost wished he had not killed more than one.

CHAPTER IV.

SUSIE and Pen had a grand ride to the farm-house, on the wood-sleigh.

Perched away up there on top of the brush-wood, they could get the full effect of every swing and lurch of the load under them. Vosh Stebbins had to chuckle again and again, in spite of his resolute politeness; for the girls would scream a little and laugh a good deal when the sleigh sank suddenly on one side in a snowy hollow, or slid too rapidly after the oxen down a rather steep slope. It was rather a cold ride, however, and when they reached the house, Susie Hudson almost had to quarrel with Aunt Judith to prevent being wrapped in a blanket and shoved up, in a big rocking-chair, into the very face of the sitting-room fire-place.

"Do let her alone, Judith," said Aunt Farnham. "I don't believe she 's been frost-bitten."

"I 'm not a bit cold now," asserted Susie.

"I 'm glad o' that," said Aunt Judith; "but are n't you hungry? Pen, bring up some krullers." Susie admitted that she could eat a kruller, and Pen had no need to be told twice.

When Vosh came back from the woods with his second load, it was dinner-time, and Deacon Farnham came with him. Only a few minutes later there was a great shouting at the kitchen door, and there were the two boys. The whole family rushed out to see what they had brought home, and Susie thought she had never seen her brother look quite so tall.

"Corry beat you, did he?" said Vosh, as he turned the rabbits over. Something in the tone of that remark seemed to add: "Of course, he did," and Port replied to it: "Well, he 's used to it. I never fired a gun before, in all my life."

That was a frank confession, and a very good one to make, for the Deacon exclaimed: "You never

did? Why, then, you 've done well! You 'll make a marksman, one of these days."

"Vosh," said Mrs. Farnham, "tell your mother to come over with you, after tea, and spend the evening."

"Thank you!" he replied. "She 'll come. I know she will. I 'll finish my chores early."

He swung his axe to his shoulder and marched away, very straight, with a curious feeling that some city people were looking at him.

The boys and the girls and the older people were all remarkably ready for their dinner as soon as it was on the table.

"Pen," said Susie, "I did n't know chopping down trees would make me so hungry."

"Yes," said Deacon Farnham, "it 's as bad as killing deer. Port and Corry are suffering from that. You did your chopping, as they did their deer-killing, at a safe distance."

After dinner, it was a puzzle to every one where the time went to, it fled away so fast.

Pen took Susie all over the house and showed her everything in it, from the apples in the cellar to the spinning-wheel that had been carried upstairs the day before and would have to come down again to-morrow.

"Aunt Judith has a pile of wool, Susie. You ought to see it. She 's going to spin enough yarn to last her all next summer."

"I 'll get her to teach me to spin."

"Can you knit?" asked Pen. "If you can't, I 'll teach you how. It 's easy, as soon as you know."

Then Susie, in her turn, told Pen about her tidies and crochet-work and some other things, and was getting a little the best of the dialogue, when Pen asked, very doubtfully:

"Can you heel a stocking? It 's worse, a good deal, than just to narrow them in at the toes. Aunt Judith says there are n't many women, nowadays, who can heel a stocking."

"I 'll ask her to show me how. Dear me, Pen, do you know how late it is? How the time does fly to-day! Where does it go?"

Corry and Porter knew where a part of their time had gone, after they came from the barns and delivered to Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith the eggs they had found. Corry brought out his checker-board and laid it on the table in the sitting-room.

"It 's a big one," said Porter. "Where are your men?"

"Hanging up there, in that bag. The wooden men were lost. We take horse-chestnuts for black men and walnuts for white ones."

"S'pose you make a king?"

"That 's a butternut, if it 's black. If it 's white, you put on one of these bits of wood."

There was no danger of their getting out of checker-men, but Corry Farnham had a lesson to learn.

Porter Hudson knew a great deal more about checkers than he did about tree chopping or rabbits.

Game after game was played, and it seemed to Corry as if his cousin "hit some of them on a full run." He got up from the last contest feeling a very fair degree of respect for Port; and the latter was quite restored to his own good opinion of himself.

That was comforting, for all his morning's experiences had been a little the other way, and he was not half sure he could hit a running rabbit again, if he should have a chance to try.

Susie and Pen had watched them for awhile, but both boys had been very obstinate in not making any of the "good moves" Pen pointed out to them.

There were "chores" to do, both before and after tea, and Porter went out with Corry, determined to undertake his share of them.

"Did you ever milk cows, Port?"

"Well, no; but I think I could if I tried."

"Well, I guess you 'd best not try to-night, but you can learn before you go home. Some of our cows are skittish in cold weather."

Port was quite contented, after getting into the cow-yard, to let the milking be done by some one who knew how, and he had the satisfaction of seeing Corry himself kicked over into the snow— pail, milk, and all — by a brindled heifer.

There were pigs and cattle and horses to feed, and supper to be eaten, and when at last the boys had finished their duties, the rest of the family was already gathered in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith had their knitting, and the Deacon had a newspaper in his lap, with his spectacles lying in the middle of it. It seemed, however, the most natural thing in the world that they all should be sitting in a great semicircle in front of the fire-place. The night promised to be a cold one, and the fire had been built for it in the most liberal manner.

"Corry," said Porter, "what are all those flat-irons and hammers for?"

"Why, to crack nuts. I 'm going down cellar to bring up some butternuts and hickory nuts."

"I 'll go with you, Corry."

"So will I," said Pen. "Come, Susie, and we 'll bring up the apples and pears and some cider."

Corry and Pen carried candles; but the light only served to make the cellar look larger and darker and more mysterious. It seemed as if it had neither sides nor ends, but the heavy, black beams overhead were not so wonderfully far away. Pen showed Susie bin after bin of carefully selected

winter apples and pears; and there were half a dozen barrels of cider, ranged against one side of the cellar.

"It 's all sweet enough now, but it will be hard enough, some time. Then some of it will be made into vinegar," she added.

"What 's in the little barrel?" Susie asked.

"Aunt Judith's currant wine. Whenever anybody in the valley gets sick, she takes a bottle of it and gives it to the sick person. It 's her one great medicine."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Susie, "just look at all the mince-pies on the swing-shelf! Why, Penelope Farnham!— how many are there?"

There were more than a dozen, for the swing-shelf ran the whole length of the cellar, straight down the middle, and it held double rows of pies, all ready to be carried up and warmed for use. Susie would have been willing to stay longer to inspect the treasures in that generous cellar, but Corry suddenly exclaimed:

"Port, let 's hurry. They 've come. Don't you hear Mrs. Stebbins?"

They could hear her now saying to Vosh:

"And, Lavaujer, you must mind one thing,— you must n't talk too much—"; but, the next moment, they reached the door.

Good Mrs. Farnham, while the young people were downstairs had thoughtfully walked out into the store-room adjoining the kitchen and returned with a long-handled wire corn-popper and a bag of what she called "tucket-corn." It was corn with small, round, blue-black kernels that can pop out larger and whiter for their size than any other kind that grows. There is a legend that the seed of it came originally from the island of Nantucket; but it has short, nubbing ears, and even the island Indians must have found it a poor crop for anything but "popping."

Mrs. Stebbins was inside the door now, for she never dreamed of knocking and waiting out in the cold until somebody should come to let her in. She was hardly over the threshold before she said, as she loosened her shawl:

"Judith, where are Susie and her brother and Corry and Pen? They have n't gone away somewhere the very first night, have they?"

"They 're down in the cellar. They 'll be up here in a minute. Now, Angeline, take off your hood and sit down. Vosh, there 's a chair. Had n't you better take that popper and set to work?"

"Vosh tells me," began Mrs. Stebbins, "that the boys got half a dozen rabbits to-day. *I* don't care much for rabbits. And they saw a deer, too. I 'd ha' thought they might ha' shot it, if it was nigh enough. But, then, a deer is n't anyways like as easy to kill now as it was when I was young. And they were only a couple of boys, besides. I do say, now, here they come; and they 're makin' racket enough for twenty."

They were coming, indeed. Clambering up out of the cellar with every pair of hands full, and Mrs. Stebbins did not stop for an instant.

"Susie, is that you? Well, now, I must kiss you, right away. Vosh said you were lookin' real pretty, and so you be; but he is n't always a good judge. I knew your mother when she was n't no older 'n you be now. She was Josha-u-*a* Farnham's sister. And so she 's gone South for her health and your father 's gone with her, and you 've come to put in the rest of your winter up here? I do declare, Lavaujer, if you are n't kerful you 'll burn up every kernel of that corn. Don't stop to talk. Jest tend to your corn-popper."

She had managed to get up from her chair and kiss Susie without at all interrupting her discourse; but she was a little out of breath for a moment and sat still and watched them while they deposited upon the table the tall, brown pitcher of cider, the pans of fruit, and the maple sugar.

The young folk had a chance to say a word to Vosh, and Corry and Porter each picked up a flat-iron and a hammer. There were plenty of nuts ready for them, and the sound of the cracking, and of the rattling, bursting corn in the popper, mingled oddly with Susie's efforts to answer the rapid inquiries poured upon her by Mrs. Stebbins.

"Now, Susie, I 'm glad you 've come. You 're right from the city, and you 're well-nigh grown now, and you know all about the fashions. We don't hear a word about 'em up hereaway till they 've all come and gone and somethin' else is in fashion. Got to wearin' short dresses, hev they? Think of me, or Judith, or your Aunt Sarah Farnham, in short dresses! I do say! What wont they put on next? Last things they invented were the little, skimp skirts, for hard times, that came so nigh bein' the ruin of the dry-goods men. Did n't take any cloth at all.—Lavaujer, you 're a-talkin' again. You just 'tend to your pop-corn."

"Now, Angeline," said Mrs. Farnham, "do take an apple or a pear."

"Yes, Angeline," said Aunt Judith, "and here 's a plate of popped corn and some nuts. Joshua, pour her out a mug of cider. Pen, go to the cupboard and fetch a plate of krullers. It 's a very cold night."

"So it is," began Mrs. Stebbins, "but the winters are n't what they used to be. No more the butternuts are n't, somehow; but I must say you make out to have good fruit, though how you do it in these times beats me. Our trees die out."

Likely as not they did, but the attack had fairly begun, and poor Mrs. Stebbins found herself out-

numbered. The Deacon pressed her with the cider and Mrs. Farnham with the krullers. There was the heaped-up plate of snowy-white popped corn, and beside it was the tempting little hill of cracked hickory nuts and butternuts. Susie broke off for her a noble piece of maple sugar, and Aunt Judith herself took a candle and went down cellar for a couple of the best mince-pies. It was too much for even Mrs. Stebbins' conversational powers to resist.

"Oh, Vosh," suddenly exclaimed Susie, "Corry told us, this morning, about the bear you killed, last winter."

It was cruel to mention such a thing, just as Mrs. Stebbins had commenced to eat a kruller, and she began to say: "Yes, but once Lavaujer's father——" but she had to pause a moment, and Vosh took up the story with: "No, Susie, I did n't kill him. All three of us did it. We were n't twenty feet from him. Deacon Farnham fired first, and then I, and then Corry; we all had double-barreled guns, and we did n't one of us miss. But it was a big bear——"

"I knew a bear——" began Mrs. Stebbins, but Aunt Judith interrupted her with: "Now, Angeline, do take a slice of mince-pie. It 's cold, but sometimes they 're better cold than warm."

And the pie was too much for the memory of the other bear.

The sound of popping corn and cracking nuts had been almost incessant, and the young people had now succeeded in breaking all the ice the fire had left in the snug sitting-room. They were old acquaintances, all of them, and were chatting away merrily among themselves.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith seemed to keep steadily on with their knitting, whatever else they might be doing. It seemed to do itself, very much like their breathing. Even the Deacon managed to look into the corners of his newspaper while he pared an apple or talked to Mrs. Stebbins. The light of the great astral lamp on the table mingled with that from the fire-place, in a sort of reddish-golden glow, that flickered over the walls and faces in a way to make everything and everybody wear a warm, contented, cozy look that was just the right thing for a frosty winter evening.

"Vosh," said Corry, suddenly, "Port can beat you at checkers. You ought to have seen the way he beat me to-day. Try him a game."

"Now, Lavaujer," said his mother, from beyond the table, "you can play well enough for these parts, but you can't think of comin' up to a city fellow like Porter Hudson. He'll beat you, sure."

At all events, Vosh needed no more than that to make him try a game; so Penelope brought out the board and the home-made "checkers."

It must be confessed that, after his triumphant experience with Corry, Porter Hudson imagined himself to have quite taken the measure of up-country skill and science at that game. He sat down to his new trial, therefore, with a proud assurance of a victory to come. It would have been kind of Corry to have given his cousin the least bit of a warning, but that young gentleman himself had been too roughly handled to feel very merciful. Besides, he had some very small and lingering doubt as to the result, and was willing to wait for it.

He need not have had any doubt, since there was really no room for any. Vosh was a born checker-player, and it is never easy to beat players of that sort. Nobody ever knows exactly how they do it, and they themselves can not tell. Their spare men get to the king-row and their calculations come out right, and if you are Porter Hudson and are playing against them, you get beaten very badly and there 's no help for you.

Corry watched the game with a suppressed chuckle, but it was a dreadful puzzle to Port. Even Pen did not venture to suggest a single good move, and the older people talked very quietly.

Mrs. Stebbins was a proud woman when Susie exclaimed: "Vosh has won!"

It was of no use for Aunt Judith to say: "Wont you have another slice of pie, Angeline? and some more cider?" Mrs. Stebbins responded:

"I don't care if I do. Only I'm afeard it 'll make me dream and talk in my sleep. Lavaujer always did play checkers in spry style, but he is n't the player his father was when he was a young man. He did n't have any time to play checkers after he got to runnin' a farm of his own. Pie? Yes, Judith, you 've got just the right knack of makin' mince pies"; and while she went on to tell of the various good and bad pies she had seen or tasted, all the rest agreed with her about those they were eating. In fact, the good things of all sorts went far to reconcile even Porter Hudson to his defeat, and Vosh was truly polite about that. In less than two minutes he managed to get the other boys and even the girls talking about hunting, skating, coasting, sleigh-riding, and catching fish through the ice.

The evening seemed to melt away, it went so fast, and no one was willing to believe how late it was when Mrs. Stebbins began to put on her hood. They all saw her and Vosh to the door, and did not close it until the gate shut behind the last remark the good woman tried to send back to them. It was something about boiled cider in mince-pies, but they failed to hear it all.

(*To be continued.*)

PIGMY TREES AND MINIATURE LANDSCAPES.

By John R. Coryell.



A PIGMY APPLE-TREE — AND FRUIT (SHOWN HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE).

In some ways the Chinese and Japanese gardeners are the most successful of any in the world. They can control and direct the growth of plants to a degree that seems really marvelous until the principle upon which it is done is known, when, as in many other matters, it becomes quite simple.

The Chinese have such a strong liking for the grotesque, and unnatural, that the handiwork of their gardeners is not as pleasing as that of the Japanese gardeners. The Chinese understand the dwarfing of trees; but their best work is in so directing the growth of a tree or plant that it will resemble some hideous animal which is only fit to exist in a nightmare.

The Japanese, on the contrary, are remarkable for their love of what is beautiful and graceful, and, consequently, ugly forms find no favor with them. Every Japanese has a garden if it be possible; but, as space is valuable in Japan, only the very rich can have large grounds, and the family in moderate circumstances must be content with a garden often smaller in area than the floor of one of our hall bedrooms in a narrow, city house.

Nevertheless, that small garden must contain as many objects as the large garden, and, of course, the only way of accomplishing the desired result is to have everything in miniature. It is no uncommon thing to see a whole landscape contained in a space no greater than the top of your dining table. There will be a mountain, a stream, a lake, rocky grottoes, winding paths, bridges, lawns, fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers: all so artistically laid out

as to resemble nature, itself. In the lake will swim wonderful, filmy-finned gold and silver fish, and not infrequently the tall form of a crane will be seen moving majestically about the tiny landscape.

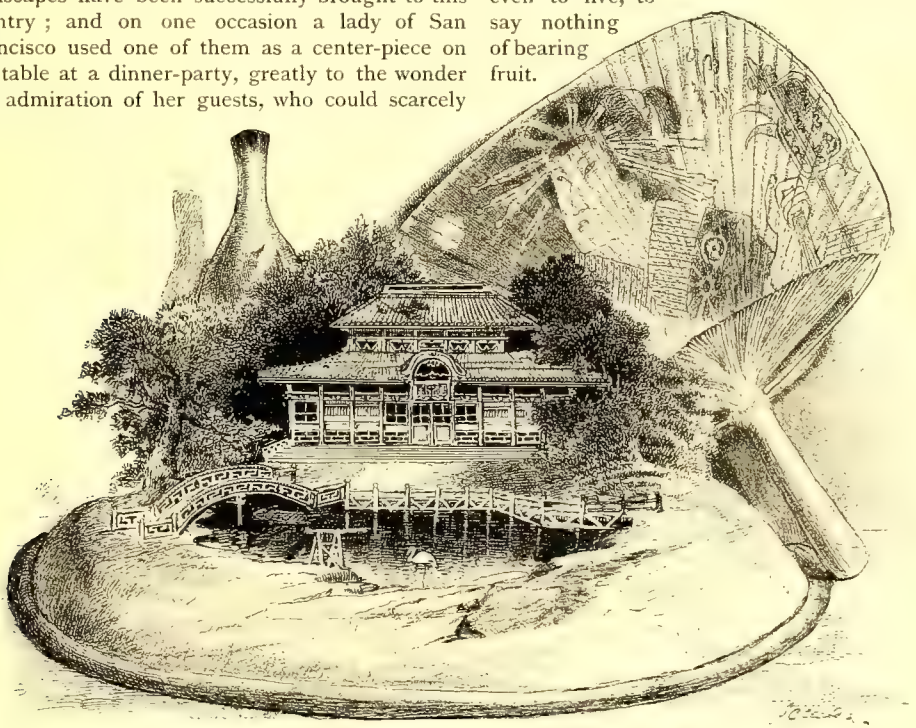
This seems wonderful enough; but what will you think when I say that almost the same landscape is reproduced on so small a scale that the two pages of ST. NICHOLAS, as it lies open before you, can cover it! In this case, a tiny house is added; delicate green moss takes the place of grass, and glass covers the lake where the water should be. Counterfeit fish swim in the glass lake, and a false crane overlooks the whole scene, just as the real crane does the larger landscape. The mountain, winding walks, bridges, and rocky grottoes are in the little landscape; and real trees, bearing fruit, or covered with dainty blossoms, are in their proper places.

These trees are of the right proportions to fit the landscape, and they are, consequently, so tiny that one is tempted to doubt their reality; and more than one stranger has slyly taken the leaves or fruit between the fingers, in order to make sure that the dwarfs do truly live, and are not, like the fish and crane, mere counterfeits. These miniature landscapes have been successfully brought to this country; and on one occasion a lady of San Francisco used one of them as a center-piece on the table at a dinner-party, greatly to the wonder and admiration of her guests, who could scarcely be convinced that the almost microscopic apples on the trees were genuine fruit.

And now comes the question — how is the dwarfing done? The principle is simple. The gardener merely thwarts nature. He knows that, to grow properly, a tree requires sunlight, heat, moisture, and nourishment from the soil. He takes measures to let the tree have only just enough of these to enable it to keep alive.

To begin, he takes a little seedling or cutting, about two inches high, and cuts off its main root. He then puts the plant in a shallow dish, with the cut end of the root resting against a stone, to retard its growth by preventing nourishment entering that way. Bits of clay the size of a bean are put in the dish, and are so regulated in kind and quantity as to afford the least possible food for the little rootlets which have been left on the poor little tree. Water, heat, and light are furnished the struggling plant in just sufficient quantities to hold life in it without giving it enough to thrive on. In addition, any ambitious attempt to thrive, in spite of these drawbacks, is checked by clipping with a sharp knife or searing with a red-hot iron.

After from five to fifteen years of such treatment, the only wonder is that the abused tree will consent even to live, to say nothing of bearing fruit.

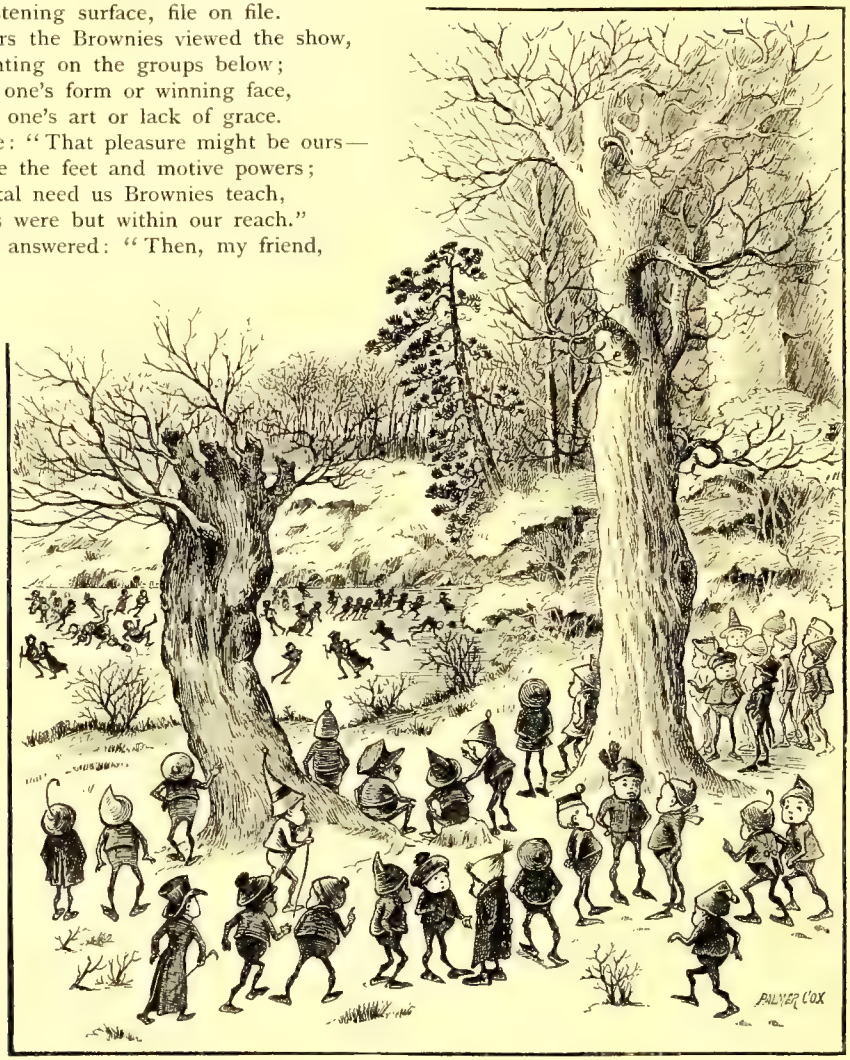


A MINIATURE LANDSCAPE-GARDEN WITH LIVING TREES.

THE BROWNIES ON SKATES.

By Palmer Cox.

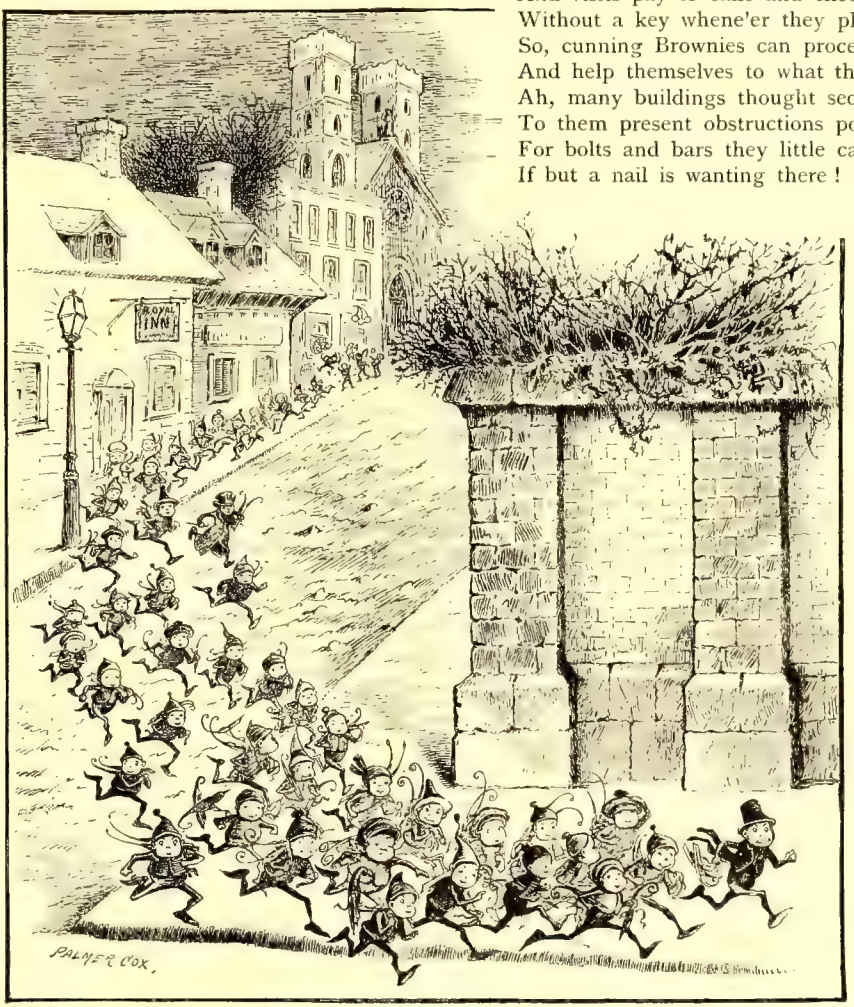
One night, when mercury was low
And winter wrapped the world in snow
And bridged the streams in wood and field
With ice as smooth as Roman shield,
Some skaters swept in graceful style
The glistening surface, file on file.
For hours the Brownies viewed the show,
Commenting on the groups below;
On this one's form or winning face,
On that one's art or lack of grace.
Said one: "That pleasure might be ours—
We have the feet and motive powers;
No mortal need us Brownies teach,
If skates were but within our reach."
Another answered: "Then, my friend,



To hear my plan let all attend.
I have a building in my mind
That we within an hour can find.
Three golden balls hang by the door,
Like oranges from Cuba's shore;
Behind the dusty counter stands
A native of the Holy Lands;
The place is filled with various things,
From baby-carts to banjo-strings;
Here hangs a gun without a lock
Some pilgrim bore to Plymouth rock;
And there a pair of goggles lie,

That stared at Cromwell marching by;
While piles of club and rocker skates
Of every shape the buyer waits!
Though second-hand, I 'm sure they 'll do,
And serve our wants as well as new.
That place we 'll enter as we may,
To-morrow night, and bear away
A pair, the best that come to hand,
For every member of the band."

When evening next her visit paid
To fold the earth in robes of shade;
Then down beneath the golden balls,
As thick as bees when Flora calls
From apple bough or clover mead,
The Brownies gathered as agreed,
To venture boldly and procure
The skates that would their fun insure.
As rats and mice can make a breach
To goods we thought beyond their reach,
And visits pay to cake and cheese
Without a key whene'er they please,
So, cunning Brownies can proceed
And help themselves to what they need.
Ah, many buildings thought secure,
To them present obstructions poor,
For bolts and bars they little care
If but a nail is wanting there!

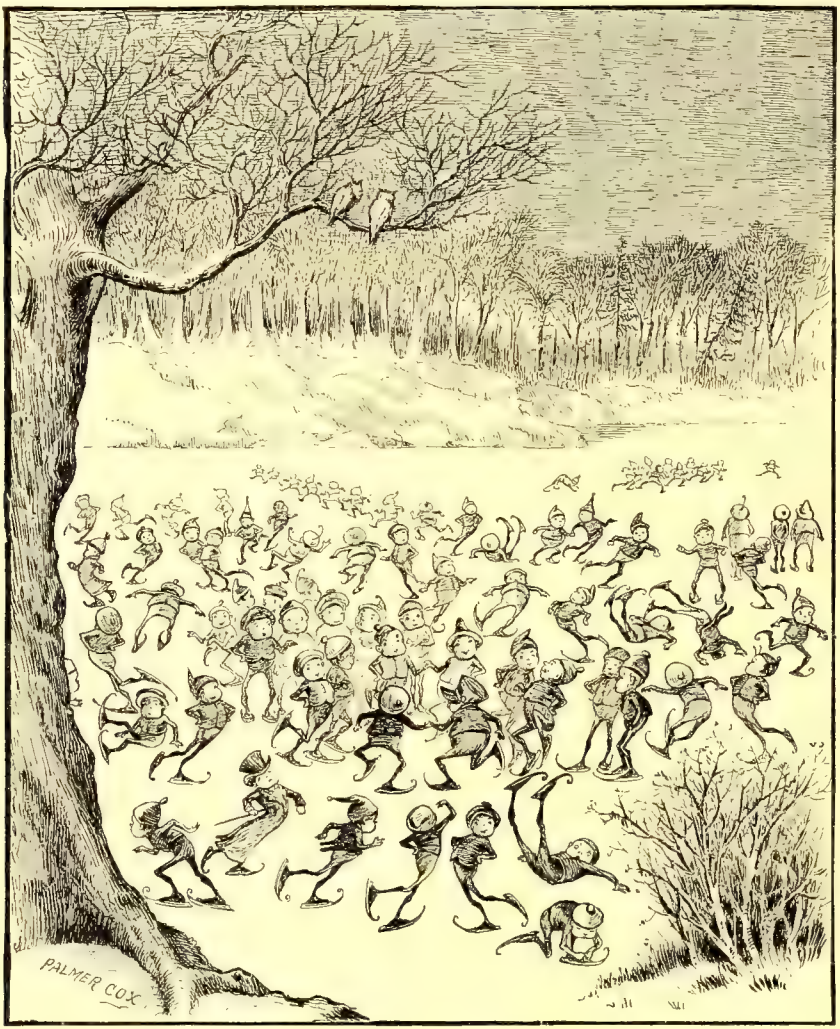


At once, the enterprise so bold
Received support from young and old.
A place to muster near the town,
And meeting hour they noted down;
And then retiring for the night,
They soon were lost to sound and sight.

A panel gone, a broken pane.
A shingle loose they find like rain.
Or, failing these, with ease descend
Like Santa Claus and gain their end.
As children to the windows fly
At news of Jumbo passing by,

So rushed the eager band away
To fields of ice without delay.
Though far too large at heel and toe,
The skates were somehow made to go.
But out behind and out before,
Like spurs, they stuck a span or more,
Alike afflicting foe and friend

To race in clusters to and fro,
To jump and turn and backward go,
Until a rest on bed so cool,
Was more the wonder than the rule.
But from the lake they all withdrew
Some hours before the night was through,
And hastened back with lively feet



In bringing journeys to an end.
They had their slips and sudden spreads,
Where heels flew higher than their heads,
As people do, however nice,
When venturing first upon the ice.
But soon they learned to curve and wheel
And cut fine scrolls with scoring steel,

Through narrow lane and silent street,
Until they reached the broker's door
With every skate that left the store.
And, ere the first faint gleam of day,
The skates were safely stowed away;
Of their brief absence not a trace
Was left within the dusty place.

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego

By Captain Mayne Reid.

Chapter VIII.

A FLURRY WITH FUR-SEALS.

As if Captain Gancy's petition had been heard by the All-merciful, and is about to have favorable response, the next morning breaks clear and calm; the fog all gone, and the sky blue, with a bright sun shining in it—rarest of sights in the cloud-lands of Tierra del Fuego. All are cheered by it; and, with reviving hope, eat breakfast in better spirits, a fervent grace preceding.

They do not linger over the repast, as the skipper and Seagriff are impatient to ascend to the summit of the isle, the latter in hopes of making out some remembered land-mark. The place where they have put in is on its west side, and the high ground interposed hinders their view to the eastward, while all seen north and south is unknown to the old carpenter.

They are about starting off, when Mrs. Gancy says interrogatively:

"Why should n't we go, too?"—meaning herself and Leoline, as the daughter is prettily named.

"Yes, Papa," urges the young girl; "you 'll take us along, wont you?"

With a glance up the hill, to see whether the climb be not too difficult, he answers:

"Certainly, dear; I've no objection. Indeed, the exercise may do you both good, after being so long shut up on board ship."

"It would do us all good," thinks Henry Chester—for a certain reason wishing to be of the party, that reason, as any one might see, being Leoline. He does not speak his wish, however, backwardness forbidding, but is well pleased at hearing her brother, who is without bar of this kind, cry out:

"Yes, Father. And the other pair of us, Harry and myself. Neither of us have got our land legs yet, as we found yesterday while fighting the penguins. A little mountaineering will help to put the steady into them."

"Oh, very well," assents the good-natured skipper. "You may all come—except Cæsar. He had better stay by the boat, and keep the fire burning."

"Jess so, massa Cap'n, an much obleeged to ye. Dis chile perfur stayin'. Golly! I doan' want to tire mysef to deff, a-draggin' up dat ar pressypus. 'Sides, I hab got ter look out fo' de dinner, 'gainst yer gettin' back."

"The doctor"* speaks the truth, in saying he does not wish to accompany them; being one of the laziest mortals that ever sat by a fire. So, without further parley, they set forth, leaving him by the boat.

At first, they find the up-hill slope gentle and easy; their path leading through hummocks of tall tussac,—the tops of the leaves away above their heads and the flower-scapes many feet higher. Their chief difficulty is the spongy nature of the soil, in which they sink at times ankle-deep. But further up, it is drier and firmer; the lofty tussac giving place to grass of humbler stature; in fact, a sward so short that the ground appears as though freshly mown. Here the climbers catch sight of a number of moving creatures, which they might easily mistake for quadrupeds. Hundreds of them are running to and fro, like rabbits in a warren, and quite as fast. Yet they are really birds, of the same species which supplied so considerable a part of their yesterday's dinner and to-day's breakfast. The strangest thing of all is that these Protean creatures, which seem fitted only for an aquatic existence, should be so much at home on land, so ably using their queer wings as substitutes for legs that they can run up or down high and precipitous slopes with equal ease and swiftness.

From the experience of yesterday, the climbers might anticipate attack by the penguins. But that experience has taught the birds a lesson, too, which they now profit by, scuttling off, frightened at the sight of the murderous invaders, who have made such havoc among them and their nestlings.

On the drier upland, still another curious bird is encountered, singular in its mode of breeding and other habits. A petrel it is, about the size of a house pigeon, and of a slate-blue color. This bird, instead of laying its eggs, like the penguin, on the surface of the ground, deposits them, like the sand-martin and burrowing owl, at the bottom of a hole. Part of the ground over which the climbers have to pass is honey-combed with these holes, and they see the birds passing in and out—Seagriff meanwhile imparting a curious item of information about them. It is that the Fuegians

* The popular sea-name for a ship's cook.

tie strings to the legs of certain small birds and force them into the petrels' nests; whereupon the rightful owners, attacking and following the intruders as they are jerked out by the cunning decoyers, are themselves captured.

Continuing upward, the slope is found to be steeper, and more difficult than was expected. What from below seemed a gentle acclivity turns out to be almost a precipice,—a very common illusion with those unaccustomed to mountain climbing. But they are not daunted—every one of the men has stood on the main truck of a tempest-tossed ship. What to this were the mere scaling of a cliff? The ladies, too, have little fear, and will not consent to stay below; but insist on being taken to the very summit.

The last quarter proves the most difficult. The only practicable path is up a sort of gorge, rough-sided, but with the bottom smooth and slippery as ice. It is grass-grown all over, but the grass is beaten close to the surface, as if school-boys had been "coasting" down it. All except Seagriff suppose it to be the work of the penguins—he knows better what has done it. Not birds, but beasts, or "fish," as he would call them—the *amphibia* in the chasing, killing, and skinning of which he has spent many years of his life. Even blind-folded, he could have told it was they, by their peculiar odor.

"Them fur-seals hev been up hyar," he says. "They kin climb like cats, spite o' thar lubberly look, and they delight in baskin' on high ground. I 've know'd 'em to go up a hill steeper an' higher 'n this. They 've made it as smooth as ice, and we 'll hev to hold on keerfully. I guess ye 'd better all stay hyar till I give it a trial."

"Oh, it 's nothing, Chips," says young Gancy, "we can easily swarm up."

He would willingly take the lead himself, but is lending a hand to his mother; while, in like manner, Henry Chester is intrusted with the care of Leoline—a duty he would be loth to transfer to another.

The old sealer makes no more delay; but, leaning forward and clutching the grass, draws himself up the steep slope. In the same way, the Captain follows; then Ned, carefully assisting his mother; and lastly, but with no less alacrity, the young Englishman, helping Leoline.

Seagriff, still vigorous—for he has not much passed manhood's prime—and unhampered, reaches the head of the gorge long before the others. But as soon as his eyes are above it, and he has a view of the summit level, he sees there something to astonish him: the whole surface, nearly an acre in extent, is covered with fur-seals, lying close together like pigs in a sty! This sight, under other circumstances, he would have hailed with a shout of joy; but now it elicits from him a cry of apprehension; for the seals have taken the alarm, too, and are coming on in a rush toward the ravine, their only way to the water.

"Thunder an' airthquakes!" he exclaims, in highest pitch of voice. "Look out thar, below!"

They do look out, or rather up, and with no little alarm. But the cause of it none can as yet tell. But they see Seagriff spring to one side of the gorge and catch hold of a rock to steady himself, while he shouts to them to do the same. Of course, they obey; but they barely have time to get out of the ravine's bed, before a stream, a torrent, a very cataract of living forms comes pouring down it—like monsters in appearance, all open-mouthed and each mouth showing a double row of glittering teeth. A weird, fear-inspiring procession it is, as they go floundering past, crowding one another, snapping, snorting, and barking, like so many mastiffs! Fortunately for the spectators, the creatures are fur-seals, and not the fierce sea-lions; for the fur-seal is inoffensive, and shows fight only when forced to it. These are but acting in obedience to the most ordinary instinct, as they are seeking self-preservation by retreat to the sea—their true home and haven of safety.

The flurry lasts for but a brief while, ending as abruptly as it began. When all the seals have passed, our party resumes the ascent and continue it till all stand upon the summit. But not *all* in silence; for turning his eyes north-eastward, and seeing there a snow-covered mountain,—a grand cone, towering thousands of feet above all the others,—Seagriff plucks off his hat and, waving it around his head, sends up a joyous huzza, and cries out:

"Now I know whar we are better 'n a hul shipfull o' kompasses an' kernometers kud tell us. *Yon 's Sarmiento!*"

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

"YIS, Capting, thet 's Sarmiento, an' nary doubt of it," pursues the old sealer. "I 'd reck'noise thet mountin 'mong a millyun. 'T air the highest in all Feweego.* An' we must be at the mouth o' Des'late Bay, jest as I wor suspectin'. Wal, 'ceptin' them ugly things I told ye 'bout, we kud n't be in a better place."

* The height of Sarmiento, according to Captain King, is 6800 feet, though others make it out higher—one estimate giving it 6967. It is the most conspicuous, as well as the highest of Fuegian mountains,—a grand cone, always snow-covered for thousands of feet below the summit, and sometimes to its base

"Why?" inquires the captain, dubiously.

"'Kase it aint a bay, at all; but the entrance to a soun' bearin' the name o' 'Whale Boat Soun'.'



"THEY HAVE BARELY TIME TO GET OUT OF THE RAVINE'S BED BEFORE A TORRENT OF LIVING FORMS COMES POURING DOWN IT."

An thet 's open water, too, communicatin' wi' another known ez 'Darwin Soun'' — the which larst leads right inter the Beagle Channel."

"But what of all that, Chips? How can it help us?"

"Help us! Why, 't air the very i-dentical thing ez 'll help us; our coorse is laid out to a p'int o' the kompiss! All we 'll hev to do is to run east'ard through the Beagle Channel, an' then 'long the open coast to Good Success Bay, in the Straits o' Le Maire. Thar we 'll be a'most sure o' findin' some o' the sealin' vessels, thet bein' one o' thar rendeyvoos when they 're fishin' roun' Staten Land."

"You think that better then than trying to the

northward for the Straits of Magellan?" inquires Captain Gancy.

"Oceans o' odds better. To reach Magellan we 'd hev to work out seaward ag'in, an' back past the 'Furies,' whar thar 's all sorts o' cross-currents to contend wi'. Goin' east'ard through the Beagle, we 'll hev both wind and tide a'most allers in our favor. 'Sides, there 'd be no bother 'bout the coorse. 'T air jest like steerin' in a river, an' along the coast ag'in. I 'm wall acquaint' wi' every inch o' 't."

That Captain Gancy, an experienced navigator, should be unacquainted with the Beagle Channel may seem strange. But at the time of which we write, this remarkable passage was of recent discovery, and not yet laid down on the charts.

"How about the other matter?" he asks, in half whisper, glancing significantly toward his wife and daughter, who are but a few paces off. "Will the Beagle course be any the safer for that?"

"I can't say 't will, sir," is the answer, in like undertone. "Tho' it wont be any worse. Guess the danger 's 'bout equil eytherways."

"What danger?" questions young Gancy, who has overheard the ugly word.

"O' the gig gettin' bilged, Mister Ed'ard," is the ready, but not truthful, rejoinder. "In coorse thar 's rough seas everywhar through Fireland, an' wi' such a mite o' a boat, we 'll hev to be on the keerful."

"Then," says the Captain, his mind made up, after long and minutely examining sea and coast all around through his glass, "then by the Beagle Channel be it. And we may as well set out at once. I can see nothing of the pinnace. If she 'd weathered the gale and put in this way, they 'd be sure to sail on for the main-land. In that case, they may sight us when we get well out on the open water."

"Jest so, Capting," says Seagriff, "an' as ye perpose, we mout as well make the start now. We kin gain nothin' by stayin' hyar."

"All right, then. Let us be off."

So saying, the skipper takes a last look through the binocular, with a lingering hope that something may still be seen of the consort boat; then, disappointed, he leads the way down to the landing-place.

Their further stay on the island is for but a few minutes,—while the two youths make a fresh raid on the penguinnery, and rob it of another dozen of the young birds, as boat stores. Some tussac asparagus is also added; and then all resume their places on the thwarts, this time with everything properly stowed and ship-shape.

Once more under way, they encounter a heavy ground swell; but the breeze is in their favor and, with the sail set, they are able to keep steadily before it. They have no trouble in making their course, as the sky is clear, and Sarmiento—an all-sufficient guide-post—always visible. But although neither Captain Gancy nor Seagriff has any anxiety as to the course, both seem anxious about something, all the while scanning the water ahead; the skipper through his glass, the old sealer with hand shading his eyes.

This attracting the attention of young Gancy, sharp at reading facial expression, as are most men who follow the sea, he asks, after a time:

"What is it, father? You and Chips appear to be troubled about something."

"Wal, Mister Ed'ard, thar aint ennythin' rumarkabul in thet, sitiwated ez we air; it 's only nateral to be allers expectin' trouble o' some sort. You youngsters don't think o' thet, ez we old uns do."

The old sealer has made haste to answer a question not put to him. He fears that the skipper, in his solicitude as husband and father, may break down, and betray the secret that oppresses them.

Vain the attempt at concealing it longer; for the very next instant the Captain himself exclaims:

"Ha! yonder! A boat full of people putting off from the shore!"

"Mout it be the pinnace, Capting?"

"No, Chips; it 's some sort of native craft. Look for yourself." And he hands him the binocular.

"Yer right, sir," says Seagriff, after a look through the glass. "A Feweegin canoe it air, an' I do believe they 're *Ailikoleeps!* Ef so, we may look out for squalls."

Both his words and tone tell of fear,—confessed at last, since he knows it can no longer be concealed. But the others are only surprised, for as yet they are ignorant of any danger which may arise from an interview with the natives, of whom they know nothing.

Meanwhile, the canoe has pulled well out from the shore—the northern one—and is evidently making to meet the gig in mid-water, an encounter which can not be avoided; the breeze being now light and the boat having little way. Seeing it to be inevitable, the Captain says:

"We may as well show a bold front, and speak them, I suppose?"

"Yes," assents Seagriff, "thet air the best way. 'Sides, thar 's no chance o' our gettin' past 'em out o' reach o' thar sling-stones. But I guess we hev n't much to fear from thet lot, ef thar are n't others to jine 'em; an' I don't see any others."

"Nor do I," indorses the Captain, sweeping the shore line with his glass. "It 's the only craft I can see anywhere."

"Wal, *it* aint on a warlike bender, whether

Ailikoleep or no; seein' as thar 's weemen an' childer in 't. So, I reck'n, thar 's nothin' to be skeart about jest yet, though you niver kin tell for sartin what the critters air up to, till they show it themselves."



THE FUEGIAN WOMAN CLUTCHES AT LEOLINE'S SCARF.

By this, the Fuegians have approached near enough for hailing; which, however, they have been doing all along, shouting in high-pitched voices and frantically gesticulating.

They cry: "Ho-say! ho-say!" in quick repetition, two of them standing up and waving skins of some sort above their heads.

"That means to hold palaver, an' hev a dicker wi' 'em," says Seagriff. "They want to trade off thar pelts an' sech like."

"All right," assents the Captain. "Be it so; and we may as well douse the sail and lie by; we 're making no way, anyhow."

At this, the sail is lowered away, and the boat lies motionless on the water, awaiting the approach of the canoe.

In a few seconds, the native craft comes paddling up, but for a time keeps beyond grappling distance,—a superfluous precaution on the part of the Fuegians, but very agreeable to those in the gig. Especially so, now that they have a nearer view of their visitors. There are, in all, thirteen of them: three men, four women, and the rest girls and boys of different ages; one of the women having an infant tied to her by a scarf fastened over one of her shoulders. Nearly a dozen dogs are in the canoe also,—diminutive, fox-like animals with short ears, resembling the Esquimaux breed, but smaller. Of the human element,—if human it can be called,—all are savages of the lowest type and wildest aspect, their coarse, shaggy

hair hanging like loose thatch over low foreheads, and partially shading their little, bleary, red eyes. Hideous are they to very deformity. Nor is their ugliness diminished, but rather heightened, by a variety of pigments,—ochre, charcoal, and chalk,—laid thick upon their faces and bodies with an admixture of seal oil or blubber. The men are scantily clothed, with only one kind of garment, a piece of skin hung over their shoulders and lashed across the chest; and all the women wearing a sort of apron skirt of penguin skins.

The canoe is a rough, primitive structure: several breadths of bark stitched together with sinews of the seal and gathered up at the ends. Along each side a pole is lashed joining the gunwale rail, while several stout pieces laid crosswise serve as beam timbers. In the bottom, amidships, is a mud hearth on which burns a fire, with sticks set up around it to dry. There are three compartments in the craft, separated from one another by the cross-pieces; in the forward one are various weapons—spears, clubs, and sling-stones—and fishing implements. The amidships section holds the fire-hearth, the men having place on the forward side of it; the women, who do the paddling, are seated further aft; while in the stern division are stowed the boys, girls, and dogs.

Such is the picture taken in by the gig's people, and at a glance; for they have neither time nor opportunity to examine it minutely, as the Fuegians keep up a continual shouting and gesticulating; their hoarse, guttural voices mingled with the barking of the dogs making a very pandemonium of noise.

A sign from Seagriff, however, and a word or two spoken in their own tongue, brings about a lull and an understanding, and the traffic commences. Sea-otter and fox skins are exchanged for such useless trifles as chance to be in the gig's lockers, the savage hucksters not proving exorbitant in their demands. Two or three broken bottles, a couple of empty sardine boxes, with some buttons and scraps of colored cloth, buy up almost all their stock-in-trade, leaving them not only satisfied, but under the belief that they have outwitted the *akifca-akinesh* (white men).

Still, they continue to solicit further traffic, offering not only their implements of the chase and fishing, but their weapons of war! The spears and slings Seagriff eagerly purchases, giving in exchange several effects of more value than any yet parted with, somewhat to the surprise of Captain Gancy. But confident that the old sealer has a good and sufficient reason, the Captain says nothing, and lets him have his way.

The Fuegian women are no less solicitous than the men about the barter, and eagerly take a hand in it. Unlike their sisters of civilization, they are willing to part with articles of personal adornment; even that most prized by them, the shell necklace.* Aye, more, what may seem incredible, she with the child—her own baby—has taken a fancy to a red scarf of China-crape worn by Leoline, and pointing first to it and then to the babe on her shoulder, she plucks the little one from its lashings and holds it up with a coaxing expression on her countenance, like a cheap-jack tempting a simpleton at a fair to purchase a pinchbeck watch!

"Whatever does the woman want?" asks Mrs. Gancy, greatly puzzled; all the rest sharing her wonder, save Seagriff, who answers, with a touch of anxiety in his voice:

"She wants to barter off her babby, ma'am, for that 'ere scarf."

"Oh!" exclaims Leoline, shocked, "surely you don't mean that, Mr. Chips."

"Sure I do, Miss; neyther more nor less. Thet 's jest what the unnateral woman air up to. An' she would n't be the first as hez done the same. I 've heerd afore uv a Feweegin woman bein' willin' to sell her chile for a purty piece o' cloth like that."

The shocking incident brings the bargaining to an end. Situated as they are, the gig's people have no desire to burden themselves with Fuegian *bric-à-brac*, and have consented to the traffic only for the sake of keeping on good terms with the traffickers. But it has become tiresome; and Captain Gancy, eager to be off, orders oars out, the wind having quite died away.

Out go the oars, and the boat is about moving off, when the inhuman mother tosses her pickaninny into the bottom of the canoe, and, reaching her long, skinny arm over the gig's stern-sheets, makes a snatch at the coveted scarf! She would have clutched it, had not her hand been struck down, on the instant, by the blade of an oar wielded by Henry Chester.

The hag, foiled in her attempt, sets up a howl of angry disappointment, her companions joining in the chorus and sawing the air with threatening arms. Impotent is their rage, however, for the crafty Seagriff has secured all their missile weapons; and under the impulse of four strong rowers, the gig goes dancing on, soon leaving the clumsy Fuegian craft far in its wake, with the savages shouting and threatening vengeance.

*The shell most in vogue among Fuegian *belles* for neck adornment is a pearl oyster (*Margarita violacea*) of an iridescent purplish color, and about half an inch in diameter. It is found adhering to the kelp, and forms the chief food of several kinds of sea-birds, among others the "steamer duck." Shells and shell-fish play a large part in Fuegian domestic economy. A large kind of barnacle (*Concholepas Peruviana*) furnishes their drinking cups; while an edible mollusc (*Mactra edulis*) and several species of limpet (*Patella*) help out their often scanty larder.

Chapter X.

SAVED BY A WILLIWAW.

"WAL!" says the old sealer, with an air of relief, when he sees that danger past, "I guess we 've gi'n 'em the slip. But what a close shave! Ef I hed n't contrived to dicker 'em out o' the sling fixin's, they mout 'a' broke some o' our skulls."

"Ah! that 's why you bought them," rejoins the skipper; "I perceive now what you were up to," he adds, "and a good bargain you made of it, Chips."

"But why should we have cared?" asks Henry Chester, his English blood aroused, and his temper ruffled by the fright given Leoline. "What had we to fear from such miserable wretches? Only three men of them, and five of us!"

"Aye, Mister Henry, that 's all true as to the numbers. But ef they war only *one* to our five, they would n't regard the odds, a bit. They 're like wild animals, an' fight jest the same. I 've seed a Feweegin, only a little mite uv a critter, make attack on a w'ale-boat's crew o' sealers, an' gi'e sev'ral uv 'em ugly wounds. They don't know sech a thing as fear, no more 'n a trapped badger. Neyther do thar weemen, who fight jest the same 's the men. Thar aint a squaw in that canoe as cud n't stan' a tussle wi' the best o' us. 'Sides, ye forgit thet we have n't any weepens to fight 'em with 'ceptin' our knives." This was true; neither gun, pistol, nor other offensive arm having been saved from the sinking "Calypso." "An' our knives," he continues, "they 'd 'a' been o' but little use aginst their slings, wi' the which they kin send a stone a good hundred yards.* Aye, Mister Henry, an' the spears, too. Ef we hed n't got holt o' them, some uv 'em mout be stickin' in us now. Ez ye may see, they 're the sort for dartin'."

The English youth, exulting in the strength and vigor of growing manhood, is loath to believe all this. He makes no response, however, having eased his feelings, and being satisfied with the display he has made of his gallantry by that well-timed blow with the oar.

"In any case," calmly interposes the skipper, "we may be thankful for getting away from them."

"Yis, Capting," says Seagriff, his face still wearing an anxious expression, "ef we hev got away from 'em, the which aint sartin yit. I 've my fears we have n't seen the last o' that ugly lot."

While speaking, his eyes are fixed on the canoe in an earnest, interrogating gaze, as though he sees something to make him uneasy. Such a thing he does see; and the next instant he declares, in excited tones:

"No! Look at what they 're doin'!"

"What?" asks the Captain.

"Sendin' up a signal smoke. Thet 's thar trick, an' ne'er another."

Sure enough, a smoke is seen rising over the canoe, quite different from that previously observed—a white, curling cloud more like steam or what might proceed from straw set on fire. But they are not left long conjecturing about it, ere their attention is called to another and similar smoke on the land.

"Yonner!" exclaims Seagriff. "Thar 's the answer. An' yonner, an' yonner!" he adds, pointing to other white puffs that shoot up along the shore like the telegraphy of a chain of semaphores.†

"'T air lookin' bad for us now," he says in under-tone to the Captain, and still gazing anxiously toward the shores. "Thar 's Feweegins ahead on both sides, and they 're sure to put out fur us. Thet 's Burnt Island on the port bow, and Cath'rine to starboard, both 'habited by Ailikoleeps. The open water beyant is Whale-boat Soun'; an' ef we kin git through the narrer atween, we may still hev a chance to show 'em our starn. Thar 's a sough in the soun', that tells o' wind thar, an' onct in it we 'll git the help o' the sail."

"They 're putting out now," is the Captain's rejoinder, as through his glass he sees canoe after canoe part from the shore, one shooting out at every point where there is a smoke.

When clear of the fringe of overhanging trees, the canoes are visible to the others; fifteen or twenty of them leaving the land on both sides, and all making toward the middle of the strait, where it is narrowest, evidently with the design of heading off the boat.

"Keep her well to starboard, Capting!" sings out the old sealer, "near as may be to the p'int o' Cath'rine Island. Ef we kin git past thet 'fore they close on us, we 'll be safe."

"But had n't we better put about and put back? We can run clear of them that way."

"Cl'ar o' the canoes ahead, yis! But not o' the others astarn. Look yonner! Thar 's more o' em puttin' out ahint—the things air everywhar!"

"'T will be safer to run on, then, you think?"

"I do, sir. B'sides, thar 's no help for 't now. It 's our only chance, an' it aint sech a bad un, eyther. I guess we kin do it yit."

* Seagriff does not exaggerate. Their skill with this weapon is something remarkable. Captain King thus speaks of it: "I have seen them strike a cap, placed upon the stump of a tree fifty or sixty yards off, with a stone from a sling." And again, speaking of an encounter he had with Fuegians: "It is astonishing how very correctly they throw them, and to what a distance. When the first stone fell close to us, we all thought ourselves out of musket shot!"

† A kind of telegraph or apparatus for conveying information by means of signals visible at a distance, and as oscillating arms or flags by daylight and lanterns at night. A simple form is still employed.

"Lay out to your oars, then, my lads," cries the skipper, steering as he has been advised. "Pull your best, all!"

A superfluous command that, for already they are straining every nerve, all awake to the danger drawing nigh. Never in their lives were they in greater peril, never threatened by a fate more fearful than that impending now. For, as the canoes come nearer, it can be seen that there are only men in them; men of fierce aspect, every one of them armed!

"Nary woman nor chile!" mutters Seagriff, as though talking to himself. "Thet means war, an' the white feathers stickin' up out o' thar skulls, wi' thar faces chalked like circus clowns! War to the knife, for sartin!"

Still other, if not surer, evidences of hostility are the spears bristling above their heads, and the slings in their hands, into which they are seen slipping stones to be ready for casting. Their cries, too, shrilling over the water, are like the screams of rapacious birds about to pounce on prey which they know can not escape them.

And now the canoes are approaching mid-channel, closing in from either side like a V, and the boat must pass between them. Soon it has some of them abeam, with others on the bows. It is running the gauntlet, with apparently a very poor chance of running it safely. The failure of an oar-stroke, a retarding whiff of wind, may bring death to those in the gig, or capture, which is the same. Yet they see life beyond, if they can but reach it,—life in a breeze, the "sough" on the water, of which Seagriff spoke. It is scarce two cables' length ahead. Oh, that it were but one! Still they have hope, as the old sealer shouts encouragingly:

"We may git into it yet. Pull, boys; pull wi' might an' main!"

His words spur them to a fresh effort, and the boat bounds on, the oars almost lifting her out



"ARE WE TO BE STONED TO DEATH?"

of the water. The canoes abeam begin to fall astern, but those on the bows are forging dangerously near; while the savages in them, now on their feet, brandish spears and wind their slings above their heads. Their fiendish cries and furious gestures, with their ghastly chalked faces, give them an appearance more demoniac than human.

A stone is slung and a javelin cast, though both fall short. But will the next? They will soon be at nearer range, and the gig's people, absolutely without means of protection, sit in fear and trembling. Still the rowers, bracing hearts and arms, pull manfully on. But Captain Gancy is appalled as another stone plashes in the water close to the boat's side, while a third, striking the mast, drops down upon a thwart.

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaims appealingly,

as he extends a sheltering arm over the heads of his dear ones. "Is it thus to end? Are we to be stoned to death?"

"*Yonner 's* a Heaven's marcy, I do believe!" says Seagriff on the instant, "comin' to our help 'roun' Burnt Island. Thet 'll bring a change, sure!"

All turn their eyes in the direction indicated, wondering what he means, and they see the water, lately calm, now in violent agitation, with showers of spray dashing up to the height of a ship's mast.

"It 's a *williwaw!*" adds the old sealer, in joyous tone; though at any other time, in open boat, or even decked ship, it would have sent a thrill of fear through his heart. Now he hails it with hope, for he knows that the williwaw* causes a Fuegian the most intense fear, and oft engulfs his crazy craft, with himself and all his belongings. And, at sight of the one now sweeping toward them, the savages instantly drop sling and spear, cease shouting, and cower down in their canoes in dread silence.

"Now 's our chance, boys!" sings out Seagriff. "Wi' a dozen more strokes we 'll be cl'ar o' them,—out o' the track o' the williwaw, too."

The dozen strokes are given with a will. Two dozen ere the squall reaches them, and when it comes up, it has spent most of its strength, passing alike harmlessly over boat and canoes.

But, again, the other danger threatens. The Fuegians are once more upon their feet, shaking their spears and yelling more furiously than ever; anger now added to their hostility. Yet louder and more vengefully they shout at finding pursuit is vain, as they soon do; for the diversion caused by the williwaw has given the gig an advantage, throwing all the canoes so far astern that there is no likelihood of its being caught. Even with the oars alone, it could easily keep the distance gained on the slowly paddled craft. It does better, however, having found the breeze; and, with a swollen sail, it glides on down Whale-boat Sound, rapidly increasing its advantage. On, still on, till under the gathering shadows of night the flotilla of canoes appears like tiny specks—like a flock of foul birds at rest on the distant water.

"Thar 's no fear o' them comin' arter us any furrer, I reck'n," says the old sealer, in a glad voice.

"And we may thank the Almighty for it," is Captain Gancy's grateful rejoinder. "Surely never was His hand more visibly extended for the protection of poor mortals! Let us thank Him, all!"

And the devout skipper uplifts his hands in prayer, the rest reverently listening. After the simple thanksgiving, he fervently kisses, first his wife, then Leoline. Kisses of mutual congratulation, and who can wonder at their being fervent? For they all have been very near to their last embrace on earth!

CHAPTER XI.

WHY "LAND OF FIRE."

THE night is down; but, although it is very dark, the boat-voyagers do not bring in to land. They are still far from confident that the pursuit has been relinquished; and, until it is abandoned, they are still in danger.

Ere long, they have sure evidence that it is not abandoned; when all along the shores of the sound flash up fires, which, like the smoke seen in the daylight, are surely signals. Some are down upon the beaches, others high up against the hill-sides,—just such lights as Magalhaens beheld three and a half centuries before, while passing through the strait which now bears his name.† Hence, too, the name he bestowed on the unknown country lying south of them, "Tierra del Fuego"—"Land of Fire."

The fugitives in the gig see fires on both shores, fifty or more,—the lurid flames symbolizing the fierce, implacable hostility of the savage men who have set them alight.

"We 're boun' to keep on till we 've got 'em all astarn," counsels Seagriff. "So long 's thar's a spark ahead, it 'll be dangersome to put in. They 'd be for headin' us off jest the same to-morrer, ez thar 's another long narrer to pass atween this an' Darwin Soun'. 'T air a bit lucky the night bein' so dark that they can't sight us from the shore. If they could, we 'd 'a' had 'em out arter us now."

Under ordinary circumstances, the darkness would make it impossible for them to proceed. But, oddly enough, the very thing which forces them to continue their retreat assists them in making it good; the fires on either side being like so many beacon lights, enabling them to hold a course in mid-water. Thus guided, they run on as between two rows of street lamps, fortunately so far from them that they do not render visible the spread sail. Fortunately, also, on reaching the next narrow, where it would otherwise be seen, there is a mist over the water. Screened by this, they succeed in passing

*The "williwaw," sometimes called the "wooley," is one of the great terrors of Fuegian inland waters. It is a sort of squall with a downward direction, probably caused by the warmer air of the outside ocean, as it passes over the snowy mountains, becoming suddenly cooled, and so dropping with a violent rush upon the surface of the water, which surges under it as if struck by cannon-shot.

† He discovered the Straits, or, more properly, Strait, in 1519. His name is usually given as "Magellan" by French and English writers; the Spaniards making it "Magallanes." But, as he was a native of Portugal, and Magalhaens is the Portuguese orthography, it should be the one preferred. By sealers and others, Tierra del Fuego is often called "Fireland." Lady Brassey heard it so called by the settlers at "Sandy Point," in the Strait.

through it unperceived, and enter Darwin Sound just as day is breaking. Here neither fires nor smokes are observed — some warrant for their believing that they have passed out of the territory of the tribe which has attacked them.

For all, they do not yet seek the shore; the wind is too temptingly in their favor, and they run on into the north-west arm of the Beagle Channel, at length bringing to in a small cove on its southern side.

It is late afternoon when they make a landing; yet they have time to choose a camping-place ere the night sets in. Not much choice is there, the only available spot being at the inner end of the cove. There a niche in the rocky beach forms a sort of natural boat-dock, large enough to admit the gig to moorings. And on the shore adjacent is the only patch of bare ground visible; at all other points the trees grow to the water's edge, with overhanging branches.

Confident now that their late pursuers have been shaken off, they determine on making a stay here of at least a day or two. After the long spell of laborious work, with the excitement which accompanied it, they greatly need rest. Besides, all are now very hungry, having had no opportunity of cooking aught since they left the landing place on the isle.

Where they are now, there is no difficulty about fire, fuel being plentiful all about. And while Cæsar is preparing the repast, the others transform the boat-sail into a tent, by setting up the oars, trestle-fashion, and resting the mast on them as a ridge-pole.

Having satisfied the cravings of appetite, and completed their arrangements for passing the night, they sit by the fire and contemplate a landscape which hitherto they have but glanced at. A remarkable landscape it is; picturesque beyond description, and altogether unlike the idea generally entertained of Fuegian scenery. That portion of it which an artist would term the "foreground" is the cove itself, which is somewhat like the shoe of a mule, — running about a hundred yards into the land, while less than fifty feet across the mouth. Its shores, rising abruptly from the beach, are wooded all around with a thick forest, which covers the steep sides of the encircling hills as far as can be seen. The trees, tall and grand, are of three kinds, almost peculiar to Tierra del Fuego. One is a true beech; another, as much birch as beech; the third, an aromatic evergreen of world-wide celebrity, the "Winter's-bark."* But there is also a growth of buried underwood, consisting of arbutus, barberry, fuchsias, flowering currants, and a singular fern, also occurring in the island of Juan Fernandez and resembling the *zamia* of Australia.

The sea-arm on which the cove opens is but little over a mile in width; its opposite shore being a sheer cliff, rising hundreds of feet above the water, and indented here and there by deep gorges with thickly wooded sides. Above the cliff's crest the slope continues on upward to a mountain ridge of many peaks, one of them a grand cone towering thousands of feet above all the others. That is Mount Darwin, wrapped in a mantle of never-melting snow. Along the intermediate space between the cliff's crest and the snow-line is a belt of woodland, intersected by what might be taken for streams of water, were it not for their color. But they are too blue, too noiseless, to be water. Yet, in a way, they are water, for they are glaciers; some of them abutting upon the sea-arm, and filling up the gorges that open upon it, with façades as precipitous as that of the cliff itself. There are streams of water also which proceed from the melting of the snow above; cataracts that spout out from the wooded sides of the ravines, their glistening sheen vividly conspicuous amid the greenery of the trees. Two of these curving jets, projected from walls of verdure on opposite sides of a gorge, meet midway, and mingling, fall thence perpendicularly down; changing, long ere they reach the water below, to a column of white spray.

Such is the magnificent panorama spread before the eyes of our castaways, who, despite their forlorn lot, can not help regarding it with admiration. Nor is their wonder diminished by what they see and hear close at hand. Little expected they to find parrots and humming-birds in that high latitude; yet a flock of the former chatter above their heads, feeding on the berries of the winter's-bark; while numbers of the latter are seen, flitting to and fro or poised on whirring wings before the bell-shaped blossoms of the fuchsias.† From the deeper recesses of the wood, at intervals comes a loud, cackling cry, resembling the laugh of an idiot. It is the call-note of the black woodpecker. And as if in response to it, a kingfisher, perched on the limb of a dead tree by the beach, now and then utters its shrill, ear-piercing scream.

Other fishing-birds of different species fly hither

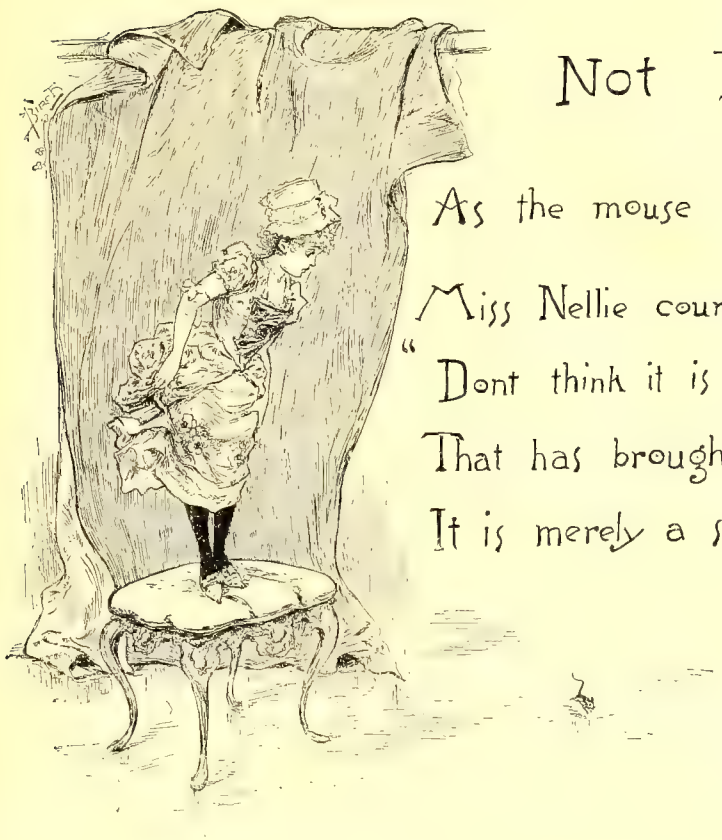
* The beeches are the *Fagus Betuloides* and *F. Antarctica*. The former partakes also of the character of a birch. It is an evergreen, while the leaves of the other fall off in the autumn. The "Winter's-bark" (*Drimys Winteri*) is a laurel-like evergreen, which produces an aromatic bark, somewhat resembling cinnamon. It derives its name, not from the season, but from a Captain Winter, who first carried the bark to England in 1579.

† The Fuegian parrot, or paroquet, is known to naturalists as *Psittacus Smaragdinus*, — the humming-bird, as *Melisuga Kingii*. It was long believed that neither parrots nor humming-birds existed in Tierra del Fuego, — Buffon, with his usual incorrectness, alleging that the specimens brought from it were taken elsewhere. Other learned closet-naturalists insisted on the parrots, reported to exist there, being "sea-parrots" (auks).

and thither over the water, now quite tranquil, the wind having died away. A flock of white pelicans, in pursuit of finny prey, swim about the cove, their eyes looking into the depths, their long, pick-ax beaks held ready for a plunge. Then, as a fish is sighted underneath, down goes head and neck in a quick dart, soon to be drawn up with the victim writhing between the tips of the mandibles. But the prey is not secured yet; as on each pelican attends a number of predatory gulls, wheeling over it, and watching its every movement with a well-studied interest. As soon as the fish is brought up, they swoop at it from all points with wild screams and flapping wings; and as the pelican can not swallow the fish without first tossing it upward, the toss proves fatal to its purpose. The prey let go, instead of falling back into the water, or down the pouch-like gullet held agape for it, is caught by one or more of the gulls, and those greedy birds continue the fight among themselves, leaving the pelican they have robbed to go diving again.

Night comes on, but not with the darkness anticipated. For still another wonder is revealed to them ere closing their eyes in sleep — the long continuance of twilight, far beyond anything of the kind they have ever experienced. But its cause is known to them; the strange phenomenon being due to the fact that the sun, for some time after it has sunk below the horizon, continues to shine on the glistening ice of the glaciers and the snow of the mountain summits, thus producing a weird reflection in the heavens, somewhat resembling the Aurora Borealis!

(To be continued.)



Not Fear

As the mouse round the room
quickly sped.
Miss Nellie courageously said:
"Dont think it is fear
That has brought me up here,-"
It is merely a sort of a dread.

AN ENGRAVER ON WHEELS.

By W. Lewis Fraser.

HAVE you ever seen a wood-engraver at work? No? Well, then, you probably have at some time taken a ring, or a watch, or a dime for a bangle, to an engraver, to have your name or initials cut upon it. And if you have stood and watched the work done, you have noticed that the engraver used a magnifying glass, a pad made of leather (and filled with sand), and perhaps a half dozen small steel tools with queer little wooden or cork handles. And when he put the monogram upon the ring or bangle which you handed him, he went to work in this way: He first raised the magnifying glass to his eye, and, by a curious trick "screwing up" the muscles round about it, held it in place there; then he took the thing to be engraved in his left hand, laid it on the pad (called a sand-bag), and, with one of the queer little tools in his right hand, cut the letters into the metal.

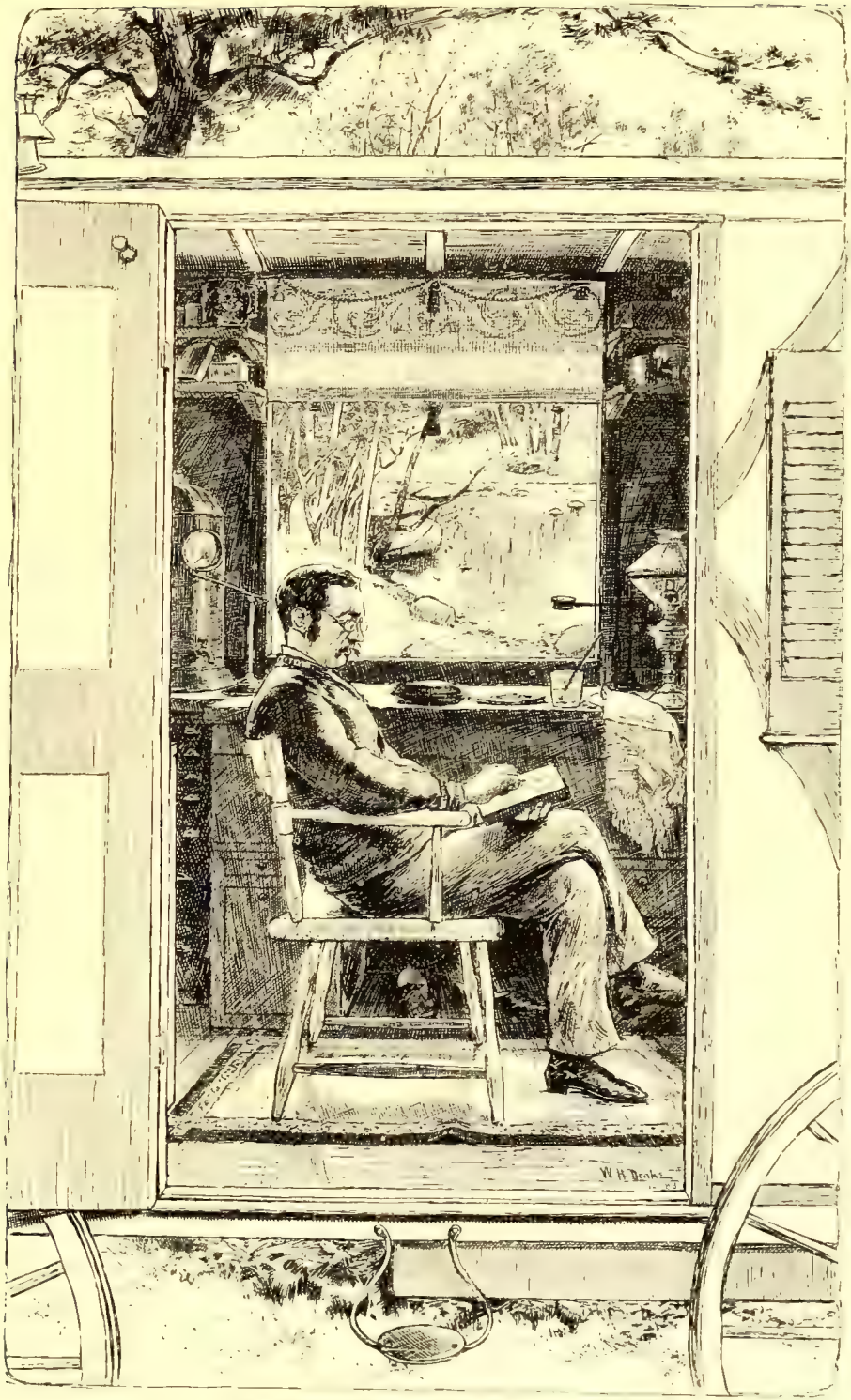
Now the engraver who makes a steel plate for printing works in the same manner,—in fact, your name upon the bangle would print were you to take some very thick printing ink, rub it well into the engraved lines (carefully wiping off the surrounding parts with the ball of the hand, however, so as to leave the ink in the lines only, and the rest of the surface clean), lay a piece of paper on it, and take an impression by rubbing, or with your amateur printing press.

Of course, you know that such pictures as you see in books or in ST. NICHOLAS have to be engraved upon some surface from which an impression can be taken before they can be printed in the book or the magazine. And you probably know that the two principal kinds of engravings are steel-engravings and wood-engravings.

These two kinds of engravings, however, are produced by directly opposite methods. In one, the lines that are to ink the paper are cut *into* the surface of the plate, so that they will *hold* the ink like grooves, and the rest of the surface will be perfectly smooth and clean. (This is the process followed in steel-engraving.) In the other mode, which is followed in wood-engraving, the lines that are to ink the paper are left standing, while the parts between are cut *away* from the surface of the block, so that if an ink roller should be passed over an engraving of this kind it would leave all the lines tipped with a coating of ink, while the grooves and spaces *between* the lines would have no ink; or if they had, would not touch the paper, as they are really little *hollows* between the lines. This process corresponds, in printing, with printing from type, the lines of the engraving corresponding to the surface of the types (which takes the ink), and the hollowed-out lines, or the grooves between the lines, corresponding to the spaces between the types.

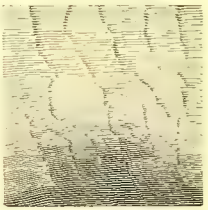
As the lines in a good wood-engraving have to be very thin, you will see at once how necessary it is for the wood itself to be of a firm and strong fiber that will not break, or split, or "crumble" easily. And, indeed, the wood used for engraving is one of the hardest known. It is box-wood, and is obtained almost exclusively from Turkey and Asia Minor. The grain of box-wood is exceedingly close and smooth, and engravers' "blocks" consist of slices each about an inch thick and usually from two to four inches square, cut *across* the grain of the tree. The box-tree does not grow to any considerable size, and when a large block is desired it has to be made by screwing and glueing a number of small blocks together very tightly and securely. It is said that it would take more than one hundred years for a box-tree to grow large enough to furnish a block *in one piece* of a size sufficient to include the whole of the engraving, "A Midwinter Night," which forms the frontispiece of this month's ST. NICHOLAS. That picture is in reality engraved upon nine blocks of box-wood, closely joined together.

You will understand from the account of the manner in which wood-engravings are made that the wood-engraver has to make two lines with his graver to form one which will print. With your bangle, you rubbed the stiff ink *into* the lines, and the pressure of rubbing upon the paper lifted the ink out of the lines and left it on the paper; but the wood-block will not have ink rubbed into it, but just a roller covered with ink passed *over* it, leaving ink on the surface of the block, to be picked up by the sheet of paper which comes in contact with it. So, as I have said, the wood-engraver must sink two lines in the block to make one line which will print. Of course, considering the hardness of the wood and the delicacy required for the lines, this is very slow and tedious work. You may easily form some idea of how tedious it is by placing a penny over any portion of an engraved picture,—such as that of Monkstown Castle, in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS,—making a light mark around the penny with a black lead-pencil, and then by the aid of a magnifying glass



MR. LINGSLEY AT WORK IN HIS CAR-STUDIO.

counting the lines within the circle. You will see that your penny has covered more than one hundred lines; and then you must remember that at every place where the shading in the drawing which the engraver is engraving grows lighter or darker he has to change the width of the line; for just in proportion to the thickness of the black line left between the two white ones will be the "tint" or "color" of the corresponding portion of the printed picture. These changes are called by engravers "stops." And where there are many of these, one square inch of engraving is a fair day's work.



A SQUARE INCH OF AN ENGRAVING SHOWING "STOPS."

I have spoken of a drawing, for the engraver always has a drawing to work from. Sometimes it is made upon the wood-block, but it is more frequently made by the artist much larger than the block on which it is to be engraved, and a reduced copy of it produced upon the block by photography. By this plan, the artist can work much more freely, and the engraver is enabled to have the large drawing in front of him, besides the reduced copy of the same which he is cutting into lines upon the block.

You see, the engraver is a copyist. He copies the artist's drawing, and the printing press duplicates his copy thousands of times, so that you and I may see the drawing too. And being a copyist, his ambition is to make his copy exactly represent the thing which he is copying. And to this end, he often, even after he has been given a beautiful drawing of some object, seeks for the real object, and places it before him for study and comparison while at work. Mr. Marsh, the engraver, did so when making his wonderful engravings of moths and butterflies, published in a book called "Insects Injurious toVegetation." And it is said that Thomas Bewick, who has been called "the father of modern wood-engraving," followed the same plan when making his engravings of "British Birds."

But it is only within the last two years that it has occurred to an engraver — not to bring birds and moths into his studio — but to make a studio which could go out into the fields and woods and find not only the birds and moths, but trees and ferns, and flowers, and even mountains; in fact, all such things as the artist goes to seek, and, having found, makes into pictures. I refer to Elbridge Kingsley, the engraver of "A Midwinter Night," the frontispiece of this number of ST. NICHOLAS. He has built for himself a car, not unlike what you will sometimes see the gypsies have. It is divided into what we might call the artistic, culinary, and marine departments; for, although it is but ten feet long, three and a half feet wide, and seven feet high, it includes a studio, a kitchen, and a boat. It is built of very light, hard wood, and has a slightly curved roof covered with zinc to shed the rain, a little window in front, really the gable end, and an entrance door on one side with a window on each side of it. On the opposite side is a larger window, and in the other gable end there is a door leading out to the kitchen. One half of the studio, to the height of the window-sill, is occupied by a table or desk to work on, and a chest of drawers; and on both sides of the window, above this, are many smaller drawers filled with engraving tools, paper, wood-block, colors, etc. The desk or table is formed from a portion of the side which lifts up, leaving an open space in the side of the car, for the engraver's feet. But the most curious portion of the whole is the bed; for you must know that this car is Mr. Kingsley's house and home for weeks at a time. In other words, he lives, works, cooks, and sleeps in it — sometimes in the lone pine woods, far from any house, the nearest neighbor being miles away — sometimes in the shadow of Mount Tom — sometimes on the outskirts of a New England village. Well, when he wishes to go to bed he lifts up the top of the desk, lets down the side, and, presto! his bed is made!— for what appears to be a desk is really a bedstead, with curtains, mattress, pillow, sheets, and blankets.

At one end of the studio is fixed a kerosene stove and its furniture; over it a ventilator. All about the upper part of the car, are useful shelves and hooks. Each window consists of a single pane of glass, made to slide in sockets like those in a horse-car, fitted with blinds, and in hot weather with mosquito-bars. Each window is also fitted with pretty curtains of material matching in color the interior of the studio, which is of a pale buff tint.

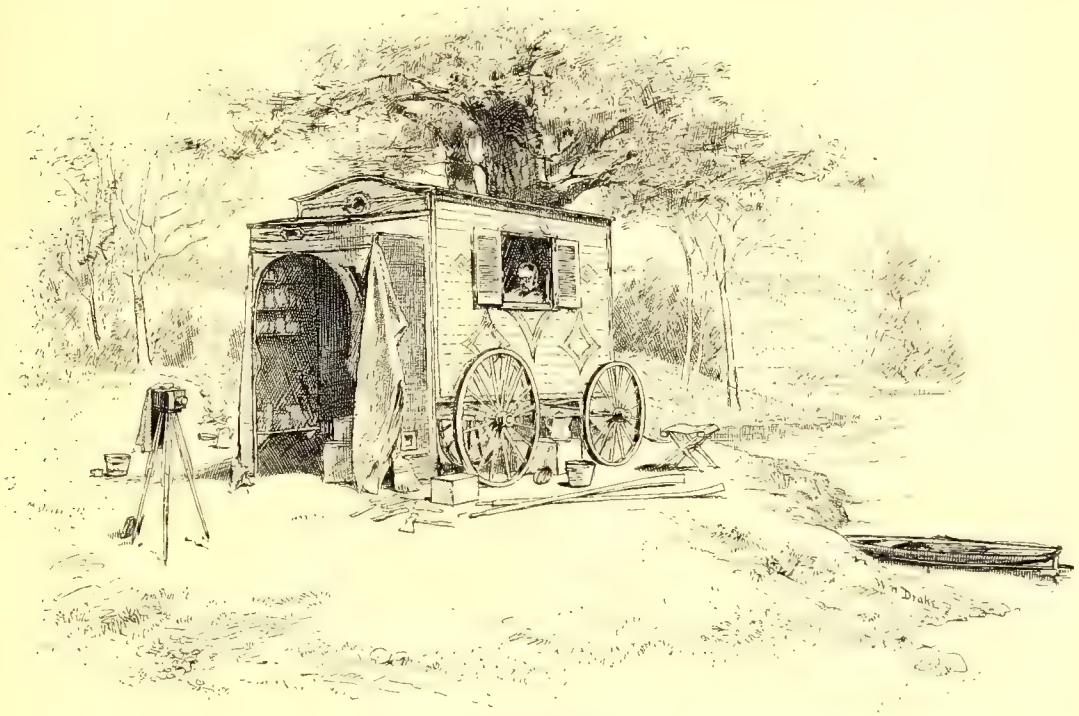
From the studio a step takes one into the kitchen, which is also a unique affair — a sort of portico-like extension, with a zinc roof a little lower than the main roof of the car. The sides are composed of a light frame, running nearly to the ground and fitted with shelves. The outside opening of the kitchen is closed by a light arched trellis of an oval form, and in stormy weather the whole is covered with water-proof curtains. The kitchen contains a zinc reservoir for water, holding about thirty gallons; at its side is a sink fitted with a waste-pipe, — and capable of being pushed under the studio when not in use, — and over the reservoir is a cupboard for holding odds and ends.

But perhaps the most peculiar thing about the kitchen is that it is always carpeted, although the carpet is often changed — being sometimes of

green, velvety turf, sometimes of a bed of ferns, and sometimes of beautiful russet-colored dry leaves—which means that the kitchen has no floor, but is simply a sort of enlarged porch.

The whole of the house, studio, and kitchen is built on a frame with four wheels, not unlike an ordinary country lumber wagon, and is dragged by a horse wherever the needs or whims of the artist take him.

The "marine" department is an annex. It consists of a very light boat fitted with outriggers for the oars, and a sliding seat, and mounted on a pair of wheels for land transportation.



SETTLED FOR A FEW DAYS' WORK.

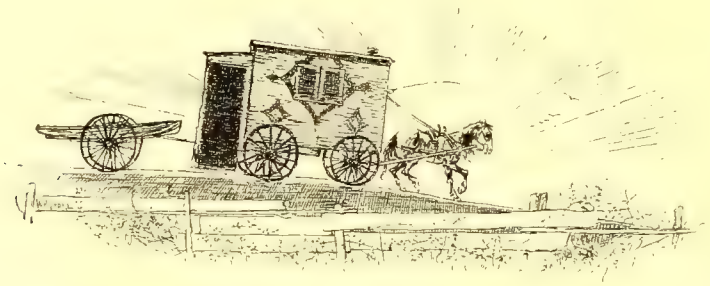
When ready for traveling shafts are put to the car; a horse harnessed in them; the reins passed in through the little window in the front gable; the boat fastened by a bolt to the kitchen behind; all glassware and crockery packed in the desk-bed and in a box which is kept underneath the car when in camp; then, with a good supply of canned foods, the artist is ready for weeks or months of work, either sketching or engraving (for he does both), in the woods.

And now a few words as to his method of work. The first original block which Mr. Kingsley made was "In a New England Forest," published in *The Century Magazine* for November, 1882. This was made directly from nature, that is to say, he had no drawing to work from, but drew his little movable house opposite the landscape he wished to portray, and engraved upon a wood-block the scene he saw,—with such omissions and alterations as were needful for a proper "composition" of the picture. Some of the work was done in the studio, sitting at the desk which has been described and looking through the open window; but more was done under the shade of a convenient tree, the artist holding his block in one hand and his graver in the other, working in a free-hand manner, not only cutting into lines, which could be printed, forms already on his block, but drawing others with the graver, a difficult feat if we remember how many lines have to be made in one square inch of a wood-block, and that these must be cut into a hard surface with a steel tool, and that in engraving there is no means of erasing a line once made.

Not all Mr. Kingsley's blocks have been produced in this way, however. Most of his later work is more the result of observation of nature than a direct copy from an actual scene. Thus, "At Sea," printed in *The Century* for April, 1883, grew out of the article which accompanied it. Mr. Kingsley many made trips down New York Bay, studying effects of cloud and water, making memoranda in

pencil and black and white; and from these he evolved his beautiful picture. And so, too, with "A Mid-winter Night." Of course, the artist could not sit out of doors upon such a night to make an engraving, nor even sit at the window of his car to look out upon what, by contrast with the light within, would be nothing but blackness. But on many a rough winter night has he wrapped himself in a warm coat and gone out into the wild storms to study just such an effect as this, fixing in his mind some needed detail, and upon returning home transferring it to the wood-block; until at last, when he sets out to make an engraving which shall embody all these impressions, he gives us in this frontispiece a truthful representation of such a night as we should choose to spend in staying at home.

Thus you will see that Mr. Kingsley's work is original — that is, he makes the picture as well as the engravings. But do not interpret this statement as belittling the work of other engravers. If all engravers chose to be originators only, the thousands of readers of ST. NICHOLAS would not have the pleasure of seeing Édouard Frère's "Young Guard," nor the many other reproductions of beautiful and celebrated paintings which have been published in this magazine. And it requires not only a high degree of mechanical skill, but fine artistic knowledge and feeling, to faithfully render the forms and tints of a good drawing or painting.



THE CRICKET'S VIOLIN.

BY LAURA F. HINSDALE.

"AH, ME! Ah, me!" a cricket said,
"Grandmother Gray has gone to bed:
No one listens but little Fred
To all the tunes I play;
So I will hop away."

"I 'll climb the chimney, and begin
To play my dulcet violin.
Too long I 've waited; 't is a sin
For Genius thus to stay
Hid from the light of day!"

Poor little Fred began to moan:
"Grandmother Gray, the cricket 's gone!
And you and I are left alone!
Alas! I fear," he said,
"The summer time is dead!"

With many a weary hop-hop-hop
The cricket reached the chimney-top.
But, ah! the people did not stop!
None heard in all the din
The cricket's violin.

The cricket played in every key,
From *do*, *fa*, *la*, to *do*, *re*, *mi*;
From a, b, c, to x, y, z,
He played both slow and fast,—
The heedless crowd went past.

Jack Frost came 'round and nipped his bow,
And then the music was so low,
The cricket cried in tone of woe:
"Oh, for the hearthstone bed,
The ears of little Fred!"

HISTORIC BOYS.*

By E. S. Brooks,

(Author of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "Comedies for Children.")

I.

MARCUS OF ROME: THE BOY MAGISTRATE.

(Afterward the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antonius.)

[A. D. 137.]

A PERFECT autumn day. Above, the clear sky of Italy; below, a grassy plain, sloping gently down from the brown cliffs and ruined ramparts of old Veii. In the background, under the shade of the oaks, a dozen waiting attendants; and here, in the open space before us, three trim and sturdy Roman youths, all flushed with the exercise of a royal game of ball. Come, boys and girls of 1884, go back with me seventeen and a half centuries, and join the dozen lookers-on as they follow this three-cornered game of ball. They call it the *trigon*. It is a favorite ball-game with the Roman youth, in which the three players, standing as if on a right-angled triangle, pitch and catch the ball, or *pila*, at long distances and with the left hand only. It is not so easy as you may think. Try it some time and see for yourself.

"THIS way — toss it this way, Aufidius; our good Sejus will need more lessons from old Trimalchio, the gladiator, ere he outranks us at *trigon*."

And with a quick but guarded dash of the left hand the speaker caught the ball as it came spinning toward him, and with as vigorous a "left-hander" sent it flying across to young Sejus.

"Faith, my Marcus," said Sejus, as he caught the ball with difficulty, "the gallop from Lorium has made me somewhat stiff of joint, and I pitch and catch but poorly. Keep the *pila* flying, and I may grow more elastic, though just now I feel like our last text from Epictetus — 'a little soul bearing about a corpse.'"

"What then! Art as stiff as that, old Sejus?" gayly shouted Aufidius. "Ho! brace thee up, man," he cried, as he sent the ball whirling across to Marcus; "brace thee up, and use rather the words of our wise young Stoic here — 'Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the waters around it.'"

"'T is well applied, Aufidius. But — said I all that?" Marcus inquired.

"Ay, so didst thou, my Marcus. 'T is all down on my tablets." And with merry talk the game went on.

But soon old Ballio, the *ordinarius*, or upper servant, left the oak shade and said to Marcus, "Come, my master; the water-glass shows that we must soon ride on if we mean to reach Rome by dinner-time."

So the game was broken off and, after a few nibbles at the cakes and sweetmeats which one of the slaves carried to "stay the stomachs" of the travelers, the call "To horse!" was given, and the party moved on toward the city. The spirits of the lads ran high; and though the one called Marcus had a sedate and quiet look, he was roused into healthy and hearty boyishness as, over the Etruscan plains, they galloped on to Rome.

They had been riding, perhaps, a short half hour, when they saw, coming down a cross-road that entered the highway just beyond them, a large flock of sheep returning from their summer pasturage on the hills, in charge of three shepherds and their families. The game and the gallop had made the boys ripe for mischief; for, though close and patient students, they were in their hours of sport as ready for a frolic as are any school-boys of to-day.

The shepherds, seeing a party of hard riders coming toward them, looked at their sheep anxiously and eyed the strangers suspiciously. For sheep-stealing was of common occurrence in those days, and, when changing pastures, the shepherds were kept constantly on the watch.

The quick eye of Aufidius marked the suspicions of the shepherds.

"Why, Marcus," he exclaimed, "yonder fellows surely take us for highwaymen."

"Highwaymen, indeed!" said Sejus indignantly. "Dost think the knaves could mistake the noble Marcus Verus for a cowardly sheep-stealer?"

"And why not?" said Marcus, laughingly. "Man looks at man but as his reason tells him. If shepherds look but for sheep-stealers, to them, at first, all men are sheep-stealers. Come," he added, gayly, "let us not disappoint them. What did our teacher Rusticus tell us but yesterday: 'That which is an hinderance is made a furtherance to an act, and that which is an obstacle on the road helps us on the road.' Shall we not put

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his text to the test? Behold our obstacle on the road! Let us ride down the sheep!"

The spirit of mischief is contagious. Down the highway dashed the whole party, following the lead of Marcus and his cry of "Forward, friends!" while the now terrified shepherds turned their huddling sheep around, and with many cries and much belaboring struggled back to the cross-road to escape the pretended robbers. But the swift horses soon overtook the slow-footed shepherds, and the laughing riders, with uplifted weapons and shouts of seeming victory, were quickly at the heels of the flock. Then came a change. The shepherds, finding that they could not outrun their pursuers, stopped, wheeled around, and stood on the defensive, laying valiantly about them with crook and staff.

"Go on and increase in valor, O boy! this is the path to immortality," shouted the nimble Aufidius, and with this quotation from Virgil, he swooped down and caught up a struggling lamb.

"What says your philosophy now, O Marcus?" said Sejus as, rather ruefully, he rubbed an aching shin, sore from the ringing thwack of a shepherd's crook.

Marcus dodged a similar blow and replied: "That nothing happens to any man, O Sejus, which he is not fitted by nature to bear. But I have had enough. Let us go our way in peace."

And turning from the fray, the whole party rode rather ingloriously from the field of defeat, while the victorious shepherds vowed a lamb to Pales, the patron of shepherds, for their deliverance from so "blood-thirsty" a band of robbers.

So, flushed and merry over their adventure, the three lads rode on to Rome; but, ere they came in sight of the yellow Tiber, a fleet Numidian slave came running toward them, straight and swift as an arrow, right in the middle of the highway. Marcus recognized him as one of the runners of his uncle, the proconsul Titus Antoninus, and wondered as to his mission. The Numidian stopped short at sight of the party, and, saluting Marcus, handed him a small scroll. The boy unrolled it, and at once his face became grave.

"For me; this for me?" he said, and, in seeming surprise, laid his hand upon the arm of his friend Aufidius. Then, as if remembering that he was a Stoic, whose desire was to show neither surprise, pleasure, nor pain, let what might happen, he read the scroll carefully, placed it in his mantle and said, half aloud, "How ridiculous is he who is surprised at anything which happens in life!"

"What is it, O Marcus?" Aufidius asked.

"Friends," said the lad, "this scroll from my Uncle Antoninus tells me that I am named by the Emperor's council as Prefect* of the city while the consuls and magistrates are at the Latin games."

"Hail to thee, Prefect! hail! hail! hail!" cried Aufidius and Sejus, while the whole company joined in a respectful salute.

"Would it were some one more worthy than I, Aufidius," said Marcus solemnly.

"Nay, it is rightly decreed, my Marcus," protested his friend proudly. "Did not the Emperor himself say of thee: '*Non Verus, sed Verissimus!*'† and who but thee, Marcus Verissimus — Marcus the most true — should be the governor of Rome?"

"But think of it, friends! I am but a boy after all. Who can respect a Prefect of sixteen?" still queried the modest Marcus.

Sejus at once dipped into history.

"And why not, O Marcus?" he asked. "Was not Tiberius Cæsar a public orator at nine, and Augustus a master of the horse at seventeen? Was not Titus a quæstor‡ before he was eighteen, and the great Julius himself a priest of Jupiter at fourteen? And shall not Marcus Verus, in whose veins runs the blood of the ancient kings, rightly be prefect of the city at sixteen?"

"Thou art a good pleader, my Sejus," Marcus said pleasantly. "Since, then, I *must* be prefect, may I be a just one, and take for my motto the text of the good Rusticus: 'If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.' Forward, my good friends! The lictors await me at the city gate."

So they pressed forward and, with more decorum, rode along the Via Cassia and across the Milvian Bridge to the broader Via Lata and the city gate. Here an escort of six lictors with their rods of office welcomed Marcus, and, thus accompanied, the young magistrate passed down the Via Lata — the street now known as "the Corso," the Broadway of modern Rome — to the palace of his uncle Antoninus, near the Cœlian gate.

"Hail, Prefect!" came the welcome of the noble uncle (one of the grand characters of Roman history). "And how fare the hens at Lorium?" For the good proconsul, so soon to be hailed as Cæsar and Emperor, loved the country pleasures and country cares of his farm at Lorium more than all the sculptured magnificence of the imperial city.

"The hens are well conditioned, O Antoninus," answered the boy simply.

"But what said I?" his uncle exclaimed gayly. "What cares a prefect of Rome for the scratching hens of Lorium? As for me, most noble Prefect, I am but a man from whom neither power nor philosophy can take my natural affections"; and, as the parrot swinging over the door-way croaked

* Governor of the city. † "Not true, but *most* true!" ‡ An officer of the treasury.

out his "*Salve!*" (Welcome!) arm-in-arm uncle and nephew entered the palace.

Marcus Annius Verus was in all respects a model boy. Not the namby-pamby model that all human boys detest, but a right-minded, right-mannered, healthy, wealthy and wise young Roman of the second century of the Christian era. At that time (for the world was not yet Christianized) there flourished a race of teachers and philosophers known as Stoics, wise old pagans, who held that the perfect man must be free from passion, unmoved by either joy or grief, taking everything just as it came, with supreme and utter indifference. A hard rule that, but this lad's teachers had been mainly of the "School of the Stoics," as it was called, and their wise sayings had made so deep an impression on the little Marcus that, when only twelve years old, he set up for a full-fledged Stoic. He put on the coarse mantle that was the peculiar dress of the sect, practiced all their severe rules of self-denial, and even slept on the hard floor or the bare ground, denying himself the comfort of a bed, until his good mother, who knew what was best for little fellows, even though they were stoics, persuaded him to compromise on a quilt. He loved exercise and manly sport; but he was above all a wonderful student—too much of a student, in fact; for, as the old record states, "his excess in study was the only fault of his youth." And yet he loved a frolic, as the adventure with the shepherds proves.

Of the best patrician blood of old Rome; the relative and favorite of the great Emperor Hadrian; a great scholar, a capital gymnast, a true friend, a modest and unassuming lad; he was trying, even at sixteen, to make the best of himself, squaring all his actions by the rule that he, in after years, put into words: "I do my duty; other things trouble me not." Manly boys, with good principles, good manners, and good actions, are young gentlemen always, whenever and wherever they may live; and quickly enough, as did young Marcus of Rome, they find their right place in the regard and affections of the people about them.

Well, the days of waiting have passed. The great festival to Jove, the *Feriae Latinae*, has drawn all the high magistrates to Mount Albanus, and in their stead, as prefect of the city, rules the boy Marcus. In one of the *basilicae*, or law courts of the great Forum, he sits invested with the toga of office, the ring and the purple badge; and, while twelve sturdy lictors guard his curule chair, he listens to the cases presented to him and makes many wise decisions—"in which honor," says the old record, "he acquitted himself to the general approbation."

"Most noble Prefect," said one of the court messengers, or *accensi*, as they were called, "there waits, without, one Lydus the herdsman, demanding justice."

"Bid him enter," said Marcus; and there came into the *basilica* one whose unexpected appearance brought consternation to Aufidius and Sejus, as they waited in the court, and caused even the calm face of Marcus to flush with surprise. Lydus the herdsman was none other than their old acquaintance, the shepherd of the Etruscan highway!

"Most noble Prefect," said the shepherd, with a low salutation, "I am a free herdsman of Lake Sabatinus, and I ask for justice against a band of terrible highwaymen who lurk on the Via Cassia, near to old Veii. Only three days since, did these lawless fellows beset me and my companions, with our flocks, on the highway, and cruelly rob and maltreat us. I pray thee, let the *cohortes vigilum* (armed police) search out and punish these robbers; and let me, too, be fully satisfied for the sheep they did force from me."

"Not so fast, man," said Marcus, as the shepherd concluded his glib recital. "Couldst thou identify these knaves, if once they were apprehended?"

"Ay, that could I, noble Prefect," replied the shepherd, boldly. "They were led on by three villainous rascals, and these had with them a crowd of riotous followers."

"Ha! is it so?" said Marcus. "Aufidius! Sejus! I pray you, step this way." His two friends, in some wonder as to his intention, approached the tribunal; and Marcus, stepping down from his curule chair, placed himself between them. "Three villainous rascals, thou didst say. Were they aught like us, think'st thou?"

"Like you? O noble young Prefect!" began the shepherd, protestingly. But when, at a word from Marcus, the three lads drew back their arms as if to brandish their weapons, and shouted their cry of attack, the mouth of Lydus stood wide open in amazement, his cropped head fairly bristled with fright, and, with a hasty exclamation, he turned on his heel, and ran out of the *basilica*.

"Ho, bring him back!" Marcus commanded; and, guarded by two lictors, Lydus was dragged reluctantly back into the presence of the young prefect.

"So, my shepherd," said Marcus, "thou hast recognized thy villainous rascals surely, though thy fear was larger than thine eyeballs; for thou didst multiply both the followers and the harm done to thee. Thou hast asked for justice, and justice thou shalt have! Forasmuch as I and my companions did frighten thee, though but in sport, it is wise to

do well what doth seem but just. I, then, as Prefect of the city, do fine Marcus Annius Verus, Aufidius Victorianus, and Sejus Fruscianus, each, one hundred sestertii (about five dollars), for interfering with travelers on the public highway; and I do command the lictors to mark the offenders fines, and, handing the money to an *accensus*, bade him pay the shepherd. With many a bow, Lydus accepted the money, and with the words, "O noble young Prefect! O wise beyond thy years!" he would have withdrawn again.

"Hold!" said Marcus, ascending the tribunal,



ANNIA TEASES HER PET CAT, DIDO. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

unless they do straightway pay the fine here laid upon them."

Aufidius and Sejus looked troubled. They had barely a hundred sestertii between them; but Marcus drew forth an amount equal to the three

"hear the rest! Because thou hast placed a false charge before this tribunal, and hast sought to profit by thy lying tongue, I, the Prefect, do command that thou dost pay over to the *scribus* (clerk of the court) the sum of three hundred sestertii, to

be devoted to the service of the poor; and that thou dost wear the wooden collar until thy fine is paid."

Very soberly and ruefully, Lydus paid over the price of his big stories (exactly the sum which he had received from the *scribus)*, and departed from the basilica of the boy prefect, if not a poorer, at least a sadder and a wiser man.

The days of Marcus' magistracy were soon over, and when the great festival of Jove was ended, and the magistrates had returned to the city, the lad gave up the curule chair and the dress and duties of his office, and retired to his mother's house, bearing with him the thanks of the magistrates, the approval of the Emperor, and the applause of the people.

The villa of the matron Domitia Calvilla, the mother of Marcus, stood embowered in delightful gardens on the Cœlian hill, the most easterly of the famous Seven Hills of Rome. In an age of splendor, when grand palaces lined the streets and covered the hill slopes of the imperial city, when fortunes were spent upon baths and gardens, or wasted on a gala dress, or on a single meal, this pleasant house was conducted upon a plan that suited the home ways of the mother and the quiet tastes of the son. Let us enter the spacious vestibule. Here in the door-way, or *ostium*, we stop to note the "*Salve!*" (Welcome!) wrought in mosaic on the marble floor, and then pass into the *atrium*, or great living room of the house, where the female slaves are spinning deftly, and everything tells of order and a busy life. Now, let us pass on to the spacious court-yard, in the very heart of the house. In the unroofed center a beautiful fountain shoots its jets of cooling spray from a marble cistern of clear water.

And here, by the shining fountain, in the central court, stand two persons — Marcus and his mother. The lad has laid aside his *toga*, or outside mantle, and his close-fitting, short-sleeved tunic, scarcely reaching to his knees, shows a well-knit frame and a healthy, sun-browned skin. His mother, dressed in the tunic and long white *stola*, or outer robe, is of matronly presence and pleasant face. And, as they talk together in low and earnest tones, they watch with loving eyes the motions of the dark-eyed little Annia, a winsome Roman maiden of thirteen, as, perched upon a cage of pet pigeons, she gleefully teases with a swaying peacock plume now the fluttering pigeons and now the wary-eyed Dido, her favorite cat.

"But there is such a thing as too much self-denial, my Marcus," said the mother in answer to some remark of the lad.

"Nay, this is not self-denial, my mother; it is simple justice," replied the boy. "Are not Annia and I children of the same father and mother? Is it just that I should receive all the benefit of our family wealth, and that she should be dependent on my bounty?"

"Divide then thy father's estate, my son. Let Annia and thyself share alike, but give it not all to thy sister," his mother suggested.

"To whom we love much we should be ready to give much. Is it not so, O mother?" the boy asked.

"So I believe, my son," his mother answered.

"And if I seek to act justly in this matter, shall I not follow thy counsels, my mother?" Marcus continued; "for thou hast said, 'No longer talk about the kind of a man a good man ought to be, but be such.'"

"Ah, Marcus," the pleased mother exclaimed, "thou wilt be a happy man, too, if thou canst go ever by the right way, and think and act in the right way, as now. Thou art a good youth."

"And what is goodness, mother," argued the young philosopher, "but the desire to do justice and to practice it, and in this to let desire end? Let me then, as I desire, give all my father's estate to my sister Annia. My grandfather's is sufficient for my needs. So shall Annia have her fair marriage portion, and we, my mother, shall all be satisfied."

And now, his sister Annia, wearying of her play with the pigeons, dropped her peacock plume and ran merrily toward her brother.

"O Marcus," she cried, "'t will soon be time for the bath. Do come and toss the *pila* with me; — that is," she added, with mock reverence, "if so grand a person as the prefect of Rome can play at ball!"

"And why not, my Annia?" asked her mother, proudly; "even the world-ruling Julius loved his game of ball."

"Ah, but our Marcus is greater than the great Cæsar. Is he not, mother?" Annia asked, teasingly.

"Aye, that he is," the mother answered, feelingly; "for, know that he has this day given up to thee, his sister, one half of his heritage, and more — unwise and improvident youth!" she added, fondly.

"So let it end, mother," the boy said, as the pretty Annia sprang to him with a caress. "Come, Annia, let us see who can toss the *pila* best — a woman of property, such as thou, or the prefect of three days." And as hand in hand the brother and sister passed cheerily through the pillared portico, the mother looked after them with a happy heart and said, as did that other noble Roman matron of whom history tells us: "*These* are my jewels!"

The days passed. Winter grew to spring. The

ides of March have come. And now it is one of the spring holidays of Rome, the fourteenth of March in the year 138—the *Equiria*, or festival of Mars. Rome is astir early, and every street of the great city is thronged with citizens and strangers, slaves and soldiers, all hurrying toward the great pleasure-ground of Rome—the Circus Maximus. Through every portal the crowds press into the vast building, filling its circular seats, anxious for the spectacle. The magistrate of the games for this day, it is said, is to be the young Marcus Annius, he who was prefect of the city during the last Latin Games; and, moreover, the festival is to close with a grand *venatio*—a wild-beast hunt!

There is a stir of expectation, a burst of trumpets from the Capitol, and all along the Sacred street and through the crowded Forum goes up the shout of the watchers, "Here they come!" With the flutes playing merrily, with swaying standards and sacred statues gleaming in silver and gold, with proud young cadets on horse and on foot, with priests in their robes and guards with crested helms, with strange and marvelous beasts led by burly keepers, with a long string of skilled performers, restless horses, and gleaming chariots, through the Forum and down the Sacred street winds the long procession, led by the boy magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the favorite of the Emperor. A golden chaplet, wrought in crusted leaves, circles his head; a purple *toga* drapes his trim, young figure; while the flutes and trumpets play their loudest before him, and the stout guards march at the heels of his bright-bay pony. So into the great circus passes the long procession, and as it files into the arena, two hundred thousand excited people—think, boys, of a circus-tent that holds two hundred thousand people!—rise to their feet and welcome it with hearty hand-clapping. The trumpets sound the prelude, the young magistrate (standing in his *suggestus*, or state box) flings the *mappa*, or white flag, into the course as the signal for the start; and, as a ringing shout goes up, four glittering chariots, rich in their decorations of gold and polished ivory, and each drawn by four plunging horses, burst from their arched stalls and dash around the track. Green, blue, red, white—the colors of the drivers—stream from their tunics. Around and around they go. Now one and now another is ahead. The people strain and cheer, and many a wager is laid as to the victor. Another shout! The red chariot, turning too sharply, grates against the *meta*, or short pillar that stands at the upper end of the track, guarding the low central wall; the horses rear and plunge, the driver struggles manfully to control them, but all in vain; over goes the chariot, while the now maddened horses dash wildly on until checked by mounted attendants and led off to their stalls. "Blue! blue!" "Green! green!" rise the varying shouts, as the contending chariots still struggle for the lead. White is far behind. Now comes the seventh or final round. Blue leads! No, green is ahead! Neck and neck down the home stretch they go magnificently, and then the cheer of victory is heard, as, with a final dash, the green rider strikes the white cord first and the race is won!

And there, where the race is fiercest and the excitement most intense, sits the staid young Marcus, unmoved, unexcited, busy with his ivory tablets and his own high thoughts! For this wise young Stoic, true to his accepted philosophy, had mastered even the love of excitement—think of that, you circus-loving boys!—He has left it on record that, even as a youth, he had learned "to be neither of the green nor of the blue party at the games in the circus," and while he looked upon such shows as dangerous and wasteful (for in those days they cost the state immense sums), he felt, still, that the people enjoyed them, and he said simply: "We can not make men as we would have them; we must bear with them as they are and make the best of them we can." And so it happened that at this splendid race at which, to please the people, he presided as magistrate, this boy of sixteen sat probably the only unmoved spectator in that whole vast circus.

Now, in the interval between the races, come the athletic sports: foot-racing and wrestling, rope-dancing and high leaping, quoit-throwing and javelin matches. One man runs a race with a fleet Cappadocian horse; another expert rider drives two bare-backed horses twice around the track, leaping from back to back as the horses dash around. Can you see any very great difference between the circus performance of A. D. 138 and one of A. D. 1884?

Among the throng of "artists" on that far-off March day there came a bright little fellow of ten or eleven years, a rope-dancer and a favorite with the crowd. Light and agile, he trips along the slender rope that stretches high above the arena. Right before the magistrate's box the boy poises in mid air, and even the thoughtful young director of the games looks up at the graceful motions of the boy. Hark! a warning shout goes up; now, another; the poor little rope-dancer, anxious to find favor in the eyes of the young noble, over-exerts himself, loses his balance on the dizzy rope and, toppling over, falls with a cruel thud to the ground and lies there before the great state box with a broken neck—dead. Marcus hears the shout, he sees the falling boy. Vaulting from his canopied

box he leaps down into the arena, and so tender is he of others, Stoic though he be, that he has the poor rope-dancer's head in his lap even before the attendants can reach him. But no life remains in that bruised little body and, as Marcus tenderly resigns the dead gymnast to the less sympathetic slaves, he commands that ever after a bed shall be laid beneath the rope as a protection against such fatal falls. This became the rule; and, when next you see the safety-net spread beneath the rope-walkers, the trapeze performers, and those who perform similar "terrific" feats, remember that its use dates back to the humane order of Marcus, the boy magistrate, seventeen centuries ago.

But, in those old days, the people had to be be amused — whatever happened. Human life was held too cheaply for a whole festival to be stopped because a little boy was killed, and so the sports went on. Athletes and gymnasts did their best to excel; amidst wild excitement the chariots whirled around and around the course, and then the arena was cleared for the final act — the wild-beast hunt.

The wary keepers raise the stout gratings before the dens and cages, and the wild animals, freed from their prisons, rush into the great open space, blink stupidly in the glaring light, and then with roar and growl echo the shouts of the spectators.



"AT A WORD FROM MARCUS, THE THREE LADS DREW BACK THEIR ARMS AS IF TO BRANDISH WEAPONS, AND SHOUTED A CRY OF ATTACK."

Here are great lions from Numidia, and tigers from far Arabia, wolves from the Apennines and bears from Libya, not caged and half-tamed as we see them now, but wild and fierce, loose in the arena. Now the hunters swarm in, on horse and on foot, — trained and supple Thracian gladiators, skilled Gætulian hunters, with archers, and spearmen, and net-throwers. All around the great arena rages the cruel fight. Here, a lion stands

at bay; there, a tigress crouches for the spring; a snarling wolf snaps at a keen-eyed Thracian, or a bear with ungainly trot shambles away from the spear of his persecutor. Eager and watchful the hunters shoot and thrust, while the vast audience, more eager, more relentless, more brutal than beast or hunter, applaud, and shout and cheer. But the young magistrate, who had, through all his life, a marked distaste for such cruel sport, turns from the arena and, again taking out his tablets, busies himself with his writing, unmoved by the contest and carnage before him.

The last hunted beast lies dead in the arena; the last valorous hunter has been honored with his *palma*, or reward, as victor; the slaves stand ready with hook and rope to drag off the slaughtered animals; the great crowd pours out of the vast three-storied buildings; the shops in the porticos are noisy with the talk of buyers and sellers; the boy magistrate and his escort pass through the waiting throng; and the Festival Games are over. But, ere young Marcus reaches the Forum on his return, a shout goes up from the people, and, just before the beautiful temple of the Twin Gods, where the throng is densest, flowers and wreaths are thrown beneath his pony's feet, and a storm of voices raises the shout:

"*Ave Imperator! Ave Cæsar!*"

"What means that shout, Aufidius?" he asked his friend, who rode in the escort. But the only reply Aufidius made was to join his voice with that of the enthusiastic throng in a second shout: "*Ave Imperator! Auguste, Dii te servent!*" (Hail, O Emperor! The gods save your majesty!)

Then Marcus knew that the decree of the dying Emperor Hadrian had been confirmed, and that he, Marcus Annius Verus, the descendant of the ancient kings, the boy philosopher, the unassuming son of a noble mother, had been adopted as the son and successor of his uncle Antoninus, who was to reign after Hadrian's death, and that where he went, through the Forum and up the Sacred street, there rode the heir to the greatest throne in the world, the future Emperor of Rome.

A Stoic still, unmoved, save for the slight flush that tinged his cheek as he acknowledged the greeting of the happy people, he passed on to his mother's house, and, in that dear home, amid the green gardens of the Cœlian hill, he heard her lips speak her congratulations, and bent his head to receive her kiss of blessing.

"I lose a son, but gain an Emperor," she said.

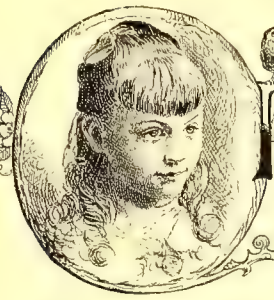
"No, my mother," the boy replied, proudly, "me thou shalt never lose. For, though I leave this dear home for the palace of the Cæsars, my heart is still here with that noble mother from whom I learned lessons of piety and benevolence and simplicity of life, and abstinence from evil deeds and evil thoughts."

Before five months had passed the great Emperor Hadrian died at Baiæ, in his hill-shaded palace by the sea, and the wise, country-loving uncle of Marcus succeeded to the throne as the Emperor Antoninus Pius. During all his glorious reign of twenty-three years, he had no more devoted admirer, subject, helper, and friend, than his adopted son and acknowledged successor, Marcus, who, in the year A. D. 161, ascended the throne of the Cæsars as the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

The life of this Roman Marcus was one of unsought honors and titles. At six, a knight of the Equestrian order; at eight, one of the priests of Mars; at twelve, a rigid Stoic; at sixteen, a magistrate of the city; at seventeen, a quæstor, or revenue officer; at nineteen, a consul and Cæsar; at forty, an Emperor.

A noble boy; a noble man; preserving, as has been said of him, "in a time of universal corruption, a nature sweet, pure, self-denying, and unaffected,"—he teaches us all, boys and men alike, a lesson of real manliness. Here are two of his precepts, which we none of us are too young to remember, none of us too old to forget: "The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer"; "Let me offer to the gods the best that is in me; so shall I be a strong man, ripened by age, a friend of the public good, a Roman, an Emperor, a soldier at his post awaiting the signal of the trumpet, a man ready to quit life without a fear." And so we have opened this series of "Historic Boys" with an account of a boy who was one of the foremost figures of his time, and who himself was manly, modest, princely, brave, and true—the boy magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the greatest and best of the Antonines.





NINE YEARS OLD.

BY

OLIVER JOHNSON.

(JUNE, 1883.)

Ring out, O bells, a merry peal,
On this auspicious morn;
A little maid, with golden locks
And soul of heaven born,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

From out your swelling throats, O birds,
Pour forth your sweetest lays;
A little girl, with eyes of blue
And winsome, joyous ways,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

O merry brook within the glade,
Dance lightly on your way;
A precious child, this gladsome June,
And on this very day,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

Fresh summer flowers, your petals ope,
With fragrance fill the air;
A human blossom on its stem
Unfolding, free and fair,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

Young Balder, frisky household pet,
Come, wag your tail in glee;
Your little mistress, on this day,
As even you may see,
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.

Come, uncles, aunts, and cousins, too,
And join in festive mirth;
Dear grandmamma, be young to-day;
Our maid of priceless worth
Is nine years old,
Is nine years old.



BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



THE Lenten season now comes on,
And Pisces entertains the Sun;
And for Ash-Wednesday dinner fries
The biggest fishes in the skies.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Fri.	4	Pisces	12.14	
2	Sat.	5	Aries	12.14	
3	☽	6	"	12.14	4th Sunday after Epiph'y.
4	Mon.	7	Taurus	12.14	☽ near Saturn.
5	Tues.	8	"	12.14	☽ close to Aldebaran.
6	Wed.	9	"	12.14	
7	Thur.	10	Gemini	12.14	
8	Fri.	11	"	12.14	☽ near Jupiter.
9	Sat.	12	Cancer	12.14	☽ near Mars.
10	☽	FULL	Leo	12.14	Septuagesima Sunday.
11	Mon.	14	Sextant	12.14	☽ near Regulus.
12	Tues.	15	Leo	12.14	
13	Wed.	16	Virgo	12.14	
14	Thur.	17	"	12.14	St. Valentine's day.
15	Fri.	18	"	12.14	☽ near Spica.
16	Sat.	19	"	12.14	
17	☽	20	Libra	12.14	Sexagesima Sunday.
18	Mon.	21	Scorpio	12.14	
19	Tues.	22	Ophiuch	12.14	☽ near Antares.
20	Wed.	23	"	12.14	
21	Thur.	24	Sagitt.	12.14	
22	Fri.	25	"	12.14	Washington's b'day, 1732.
23	Sat.	26	Capri.	12.14	
24	☽	27		12.13	Quinquagesima Sunday.
25	Mon.	28		12.13	
26	Tues.	NEW		12.13	Pancake Tuesday.
27	Wed.	1		12.13	Ash-Wednesday.
28	Thur.	2		12.13	
29	Fri.	3	Aries	12.13	☽ passes over Venus, 11 A.M., close to Venus after sunset.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

"SEE our snow fort!"
"Did you make it?"
"That we did."
"We'll storm and take it."
"Bet you wont!"
"Well, we 'll try."
Then the snow-balls swiftly fly.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255 ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

FEBRUARY 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS has just set: she may be seen in the west after sunset, but is not very bright yet. MARS, a little to the east of our point of observation, is still at his brightest. He has moved *backward*, to the west, among the stars, and is now nearer to JUPITER, who shines as brightly as during the last month. JUPITER is now still nearer to the twin stars Castor and Pollux, and exactly in a line with them. SATURN has not sensibly altered his position among the stars, though he is now, with Aldebaran and the Pleiades, farther to the west than we saw him in January; for the whole starry sphere, by the movement of the Sun among the stars, has appeared to move two hours westward. *Orion*, which, last month, was about one hour to the east of our south mark, is now about one hour to the west of it. Sirius is now in the best position to be observed during the year, for it is almost due south. Notice the bright stars under it; they are also in the constellation of *Canis Major*. Procyon, between JUPITER and Sirius, is still to the east, but in March it too will at this hour have passed to the west. The bright star in the south-east is Regulus, the principal star in the constellation *Leo, The Lion*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac.

Notice the *Milky Way*. It forms an arch of faint, white light from the south-east, touching Betelguese, and passing overhead close to Capella to the north-west. Its light comes from millions of stars, too small and far off to be separately distinguished. Let us notice Aldebaran again. It is one of five stars in the form of a ≻, called the Hyades.

We can now trace another step in the course of the Sun during the year, for the bright star, Regulus, marks the place where he will shine on the 20th of August.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW AND THE ROBIN.

"WHERE did you come from so early?" said the English Sparrow to a Robin Red-breast, one cold February morning.

"From a lovely orange-grove in the South," replied the Robin.

"Well! you had better have stayed there," said the Sparrow; "we shall have more snow, and what will the Robin do then, poor thing?"

"Look here!" said the Robin, "I 'm a natural born American, and wont stand any such airs from foreigners"; and, so saying, he attacked the Sparrow so fiercely that His Lordship was glad to slink away and hide his head under his wing, poor thing. "Well!" said the Robin, after his declaration of independence, "I think I had better go back, after all; it does seem rather stormy, and it 's always best to take good advice, no matter if you don't like the way it is offered."

*The names of planets are printed in capitals; those of constellations in Italics.



"I'M here, Mother Nature!" exclaimed February, with a warm burst of enthusiasm. But his manner chilled as he added, with a sigh: "I don't think I'm of much use though, and I'm sorry I've got to stay twenty-nine days with you this year. It does not seem to be settled whether my business is to thaw out the streams or to freeze them up, so I do a little of both. If it were not for St. Valentine's Day, I think I should try to drop out of the calendar entirely. But I care too much for the pleasure of the young folks to deprive them of their dear old Saint. I was young once myself, you know"—and February peered down into a little pool he had just frozen over, to see if he was growing gray.

"Don't talk of growing old," cried Nature; "why, you only have a birthday once in four years. You can't grow old. But now to work, and please thaw all you can, February, dear, for I'm a little behindhand; the holidays are all over; we must go to work, and you must do your share. Call the birds from the South, and wake up the crocus and daffodils, or they will be late."

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

NAME.	BORN.	PRESIDENT. *From* *To*	DIED.
George Washington	Westmoreland Co., Va., Feb. 22, 1732	1789–1797	Mt. Vernon, Va., Dec. 14, 1799.
John Adams	Braintree, Mass. Oct. 19, 1735	1797–1801	Quincy, Mass., July 4, 1826.
Thomas Jefferson	Shadwell, Albemarle Co., Va. Apr. 2, 1743	1801–1809	Monticello, Va., July 4, 1826.
James Madison	King George, Va. March 16, 1751	1809–1817	Montpelier, Va, June 28, 1836
James Monroe	Westmoreland Co., Va. Apr. 28, 1758	1817–1825	New York, July 4, 1831.
John Quincy Adams	Braintree, Mass. July 11, 1767	1825–1829	Washington, Feb. 23, 1848.
Andrew Jackson	Waxhaw Settlement, S. C. March 15, 1767	1829–1837	Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., June 8,
Martin Van Buren	Kinderhook, N. Y. December 5, 1782	1837–1841	Kinderhook, July 24, 1862. [184
William Henry Harrison.	Berkeley, Va February, 9, 1773	1841–1841	Washington, April 4, 1841.
John Tyler	Charles City Co., Va. March 29, 1790	1841–1845	Richmond, Va., Jan 17, 1862.
James K. Polk	Mecklenberg Co., N. C. Nov. 2, 1795	1845–1849	Nashville, Tenn., June 15, 1849.
Zachary Taylor	Orange Co., Va. Nov. 24, 1784	1849–1850	Washington, July 9, 1850
Millard Fillmore	Summer Hill, Cayuga Co., N. Y. Jan. 7, 1800	1850–1853	Buffalo, N. Y., March 8, 1874.
Franklin Pierce	Hillsborough, N. H. Nov. 23, 1804	1853–1857	Concord, N. H., Oct. 8, 1869.
James Buchanan	Stony Batter, Franklin Co., Pa. Apr. 22, 1791	1857–1861	Wheatlands, Lancaster Co., Pa., June 1,
Abraham Lincoln	Hardin Co., Kentucky Feb. 12, 1809	1861–1865	Washington, April 14, 1865 [1865
Andrew Johnson	Raleigh, N. C. Dec. 29, 1808	1865–1869	Near Elizabethtown, Tenn., July 31, 1875.
Ulysses S. Grant	Point Pleasant, Ohio April 27, 1822	1869–1877	
Rutherford B. Hayes	Delaware, Ohio Oct. 4, 1822	1877–1881	
James A. Garfield	Orange, Ohio Nov. 19, 1831	1881–1881	Elberon, N. J., Sept. 19, 1881.
Chester A. Arthur	Fairfield, Franklin Co., Vermont, Oct. 5, 1830	1881–	

Two little pussy cats wrapped in fur
Sit on the wall and they mew and purr
mew!
mew!
mew!



If you listen you'll hear the black one say
"I like the night much better than day"
If you listen you'll hear the white reply
"You're quite right pussy, and so do I."
Of
mew!
mew!
mew!



So they sit on the wall and mew and purr
These two little pussy cats wrapped in fur.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER ABOUT HER DOLLS.

LOWELL, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to see a picture of my children. My mamma says I may send you one that was made the same day that my picture was taken for Papa's album. She says you will know just how to copy it so that all the little boys and girls can see it. So I send it with this letter.

Shall I tell you their names? The biggest child is the baby,—but you know that doll children don't grow as other children do. Her name is Reba. She has blue eyes, and one little curl, and is as cunning as can be. The oldest child is Mary. She is ten years old. She sits by the baby, and helps me a great deal in taking care of her. The little girl with the long hair and lace cap is Mabel, and her brother, in the Scotch dress, is Colie. Lu Sin and Yung Wing are twins. They came from Japan, and are really adopted children; but I would n't have them know this for anything. Lu Sin is the little girl, Yung Wing is the boy. He is the one sitting in front of Mabel.



They are all very nice children; but, of course, with such a big family, Mamma says I must expect a good lot of care and trouble. The older children are very fond of ST. NICHOLAS. I read it to them, and I don't wonder at their liking it. Your devoted friend, KITTIE R.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, gentle Valentines!

And now, as February is a short month, we 'll proceed at once to business.

Some among you have wished to know what kind of "Silver Bells and Cockle Shells" those could have been that grew in the garden of "Mistress Mary, quite Contrary." So a good friend who loves the old Nursery Rhymes, though she is a grown lady and very learned, will now tell you something about them.

"SILVER BELLS AND COCKLE SHELLS."

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary;
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells
All in a row."

MOST of us children, little and big, have recited this verse; but comparatively few know there is a meaning attached to the last two lines. At the time when this rhyme was made there were really "silver bells and cockle shells," and in rows too, though not growing in gardens.

In those days — some hundreds of years ago — there were no coaches. Ladies traveled and visited on horseback; sometimes riding on a saddle or pillion behind a gentleman or man-servant, and sometimes managing their own horses, with the gentleman riding alongside, or the groom following behind. The equipments or trappings of these horses were very rich and costly. Generally, the cloth which half covered them, and on which the lady rode, would be of finest woolen or silken material, handsomely embroidered. On grand occasions, or when the lady was very wealthy or noble, crimson velvet or cloth-of-gold would be used, edged with gold fringes and sprinkled with small pearls, called seed-pearls. The saddles and bridles were even more richly decorated, being often set with jewels or gold and silver ornaments, called "goldsmith's work." One fashion, very popular in the times of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth of England, was to have the bridle studded with a row of tiny silver cockle shells, and its edge hung with little silver bells, which, with the motion of the horse, kept up a merry jingle Bells were also fastened to the point of the stirrup, which was formed like the toe of a shoe. And this partly explains another old nursery rhyme, made, no doubt, about the same time:

"Ride a grey horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady go on a white horse:
Rings on her fingers and *bells on her toes,*
So she shall have music wherever she goes."

There is a very old book preserved at Skipton Castle in England, the account book of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. In this book, among a great many other entries, little and great, is one of the purchase by the Earl of "a saddle and bridle for my lady, embossed of silver cockle shells, and hung with silver bells"; and on the same page is another entry of "a hawk for my lady, with silken jesses, and a silver bell for the same." It was the custom for noble ladies to ride with a hawk perched upon their wrists; and this Countess of Cumberland, who is said to have been beautiful and stately, must have looked very grand when thus equipped.

A CAR WITH A SAIL.

Here is a letter that the deacon has asked me to show you:

ST. JAMES, MINN.

DEAR DEACON GREEN: The railroad velocipede which I find described in a back number of ST. NICHOLAS (September, 1883) has been used on our road for over two years, mostly by the telegraph repairers. They carry two persons facing one another, and a third often hangs on. But a still more wonderful sight is a common hand-car with a large sail hoisted, and handled much the same as a sail on a sail-boat; this sail-car was formerly much used by bridge carpenters, saving them a great deal of hard work.

My little folks are delighted with the ST. NICHOLAS, and generally take the latest number to bed to look over till they go to sleep.

J. R. MCLEAN.

A DEEP CONUNDRUM.

PERTH AMBOY, ——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. One day I was down on the sea-shore digging in the sand with some friends of mine. We were trying to see who could dig the deepest hole. By and by we all got tired, and some one asked: "Why did you not keep on?"

I thought for quite a long while, because it made me think of riddles, and then I made up this one:

Why can not a young doctor dig to the other side of the world?
Answer, Because he has not patients enough.

Your friend, A. H. C.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

MANY persons, in speaking of the Hermit Crab, consider themselves justified in calling him very selfish and unprincipled. They believe that his habit is to watch in his native waters till some desirable and utterly innocent shell-fish comes along, when Mr. Hermit C. with greedy cruelty pounces upon him, eats him, literally, "out of house and home," and then takes up his abode in his victim's emptied shell.

Now, is this a fair statement of facts? What say you, my young aquarium-keepers? Is the Hermit Crab as bad as this, or not?

We will open the discussion with this bit of writing sent by Jenny H. M., a young member of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association:

The Hermit Crab is very odd in its formation and habits. The crustaceous covering is only over the upper part of the body. The lower part of the body is soft and worm-like, and might be seized upon by any hungry sea-"tramps" passing by. Being thus unprotected by nature, the little hermit crab finds a way to help himself. He searches for some empty shell and backs into it; there he lives until he grows too large for it, when he moves out and starts off in search of another home.

SWIMMING HOME.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 13th, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in a New York paper, last evening, that somebody named William Sexton recently removed from Short Beach to Babylon, Long Island, taking with him fifty tame ducks, ten of which were old birds. The ducks, it seems, were carried in a close box. They remained about their new quarters for one day, and then disappeared. The following morning these ducks were found at their old home on the beach, waiting to be fed. As their wings were clipped, they must have swum the entire distance, nearly nine miles, in a heavy sea and on a dark night.

This seems to me a wonderful incident, if true. Perhaps some of your wise and observant little "chicks" may be able to report authentic duck stories of a similar kind. I have often watched wild ducks swimming in the distance, and have noticed that they stopped very often as if to rest, for they did not appear to be catching anything in the way of food. William Sexton's tame ducks must have been brave swimmers to carry their light forms for such a distance over the heavy sea to the tune of "Home Sweet Home."

Your faithful, but not very young listener, MABEL T. F.

MORE ABOUT THE ERMINE.

IT may be rather late in the day to show you this letter, my friends, as it came to me in October last. And yet, as I have since then received several notes asking questions about ermine fur, I shall let Master George H.'s explanation serve as my reply:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think Charles B.'s composition on the Ermine, in the October ST. NICHOLAS, page 954, is by far the most correct of the three that you gave.

The Ermine is a species of the weasel, but considerably larger than the common weasel. The Ermine is almost ten inches in length, exclusive of the tail, which is fully four and a half inches long. This proves that Mabel C. R.'s statement, that the Ermine grows to be very large, is incorrect.

In the summer the Ermine's coat is a pale reddish-brown color, the under parts yellowish white, and the tip of the tail black.

In the winter the little animal turns to a yellowish white or almost pure white, but the tip of the tail remains black always.

In making up ermine fur, the tails are inserted in a regular manner, thus giving the appearance of a spotted skin.

It is often used for the robes of kings and nobles; hence Mabel C. R.'s mistake. She did not know that many skins must be sewed together to make one large robe.

Ermine is not so valuable now for ladies' muffs and tippets as it was formerly, for it is no longer fashionable.

One of your many young friends, GEORGE H.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October, 1883.

A BEAUTIFUL WINDOW DECORATION.

ABOUT a year ago, as I am informed, the editor of ST. NICHOLAS showed you a picture of a beautifully decorated window in the house of Mr. Vanderbilt, a wealthy citizen of New York. It was a stained-glass window,—that is, one made of bits of richly colored glass, skillfully secured together with metal so as to form a sort of transparent picture, after a design by a famous French artist named Oudinot.

Well, we 've a window-decorator in this country, a namesake of mine, who, I 'm willing to say, without any offense to Mr. Vanderbilt, beats this French designer utterly. Not only does he plan the picture, but he does every bit of the work himself. His name is Jack—Jack Frost. At present I have time only to show you one of his wonderfully beautiful designs, copied last winter *right from a window*.

If any of you dear young folk can tell me something about this clever Jack, and how he makes his window decorations, I shall be right glad to hear from you.



A WINDOW DECORATION, DESIGNED BY JACK FROST, ESQ.

A CHURCH BUILT OF PAFER.

Geneva, N. Y., December, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In these days of using compressed paper or papier-maché (which is only mashed paper after all) for very many different kinds of articles, we all have heard of paper pails and paper bowls, and even of paper boats and paper carwheels; but did ever you hear of a building made of paper? Not long ago I was told that somewhere in Europe, near Bergen, there is a church built entirely of paper or papier-mache. It is of the Corinthian order of architecture, and is large enough to accommodate one thousand persons comfortably.

Now, can the Little Schoolma'am, or Deacon Green, or any of your thousands of young hearers, help me to further knowledge of this wonderful paper church? Who has seen it? And where is this European Bergen? I am, dear J. I. T. P., yours truly,

AN AUNT OF TWO READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you ever tell your little chicks anything about the Compass Plant that grows in some of the States west of the Mississippi river? If you did not, then will you let me give them a description of it? It is found mostly on the prairies and plains of Texas, Utah, and Southern Minnesota. It belongs to the family of the *Compositæ*, and greatly resembles the sunflower in appearance. It emits a strong resinous odor, which has caused it to be called "turpentine plant" also. The name of "Compass," or "Pilot-plant" it has received from a peculiarity in the growth of its leaves, which are arranged along the stalk alternately, and point exactly north and south. Long ago the Indians had made use of this plant as a guide-post on the dreary plains, and had imparted the knowledge of its usefulness to the trappers. The first accounts of the wonderful plant were received with incredulity, but scientific investigations soon established the truth of what had been told of it. Longfellow speaks of it in "Evangeline" saying:

"Look at that delicate plant, which rears its head from the meadow;
See how its leaves are turned to the north as true as the magnet;
This is the compass flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler's journey."

But the dear poet made a mistake when he called it a "delicate plant," for it is over man's height, and covered with a rough fuzz. Botanists thought at first that its leaves were attracted by polar magnetism, but they are now satisfied that in this manner the plant is better protected from the rays of the sun.

Respectfully yours, A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

THE LETTER-BOX.

By an oversight, the text as well as the illustration of the piece entitled "Lullaby," and printed on page 95 of our December number, was credited to Miss Mary A. Lathbury. The lines are really a translation from the German, and Miss Lathbury only gave them the pretty setting with which they made their appearance in "ST. NICHOLAS."

STRATFORD, CONN., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your nice magazine for three years, and I like it very much. I think the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" is splendid. Mamma liked it very much, and she said she thought that Syl Bartland ought to have a kiss for telling

FRANK S. B.

RICHMOND, VA., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years. My brother took you for me last year for a Christmas gift, and I hope that he will take it this year. I have a great many Christmas and other cards. Will not some of the readers please tell me how to make something of them? I am tired of picture scrap-books. With best wishes for a happy Christmas.

Your constant reader, BESSIE L.

In the "Letter-box" for January, 1883, we printed a letter from F. H. P., containing suggestions for a Christmas-card fire-screen. It would be well, we think, for Bessie L. and other girls who have "a great many Christmas-cards," to try the experiment which F. H. P. suggests.

WELLSBORO, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am quite an old boy now — 18 last week — isn't that old? But now, to tell the truth about it, I don't like this being an old boy much; and I tell you I envy that grade of boys who can just boast of ten or twelve years with their almost boundless freedom. It's such a bother to get old, anyway; yet we are always desiring it, and I rather think we would have to, whether we did or not. I am as fond of the bright monthly as ever. I have always read it faithfully and defended it fearlessly. I suppose I should be ashamed to say it, but I have become almost prejudiced against other children's magazines. It sounds ridiculous for me to say: "Boys, be little boys as long as you can, for you'll soon have to be big boys"; and yet it is proper enough, for I am a district school teacher with two months' experience. I have never written you a letter before, though I have often intended to. It often seems to me as if you were the medium of feeling between all the boys and girls in the land. I wish you the friendship and love of all children everywhere. Your true friend, E. S. P.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

I want to tell you of a queer pet we had last summer. Standish, my oldest brother, got a young woodchuck in the woods, and he tamed him so that he would snuggle up under his arm, and go to sleep on his shoulder, and tease to be taken like a little baby. We all called him "Chucky," because he would make such a queer, solemn, little under-ground, chuckling noise. He was real nice for a few weeks, and then he got ugly and cross and snapped at us, and finally he ran off, and we were all glad of it but Standish. M. B.

"A SHIP IN THE SUN."

A correspondent who has been reading the letters in "ST. NICHOLAS" about "A Ship in the Moon," writes to tell us about an equally strange and beautiful sight. He says:

I have seen the Ship in the Sun from the deck of the United States steam-frigate Colorado, off the Atlantic coast of Spain. The day had been stormy, but the wind was going down with the sun, and had moderated to a "to'gallant breeze" — that is, a wind which will allow a vessel to spread the larger part of her sails. The sea was still rough, however, and heavy gloomy-looking clouds crouched upon the horizon, making the prospect for the night rather dismal.

Suddenly the clouds lifted for a moment off to the westward, right in the direction of the setting sun, and formed an arch of glowing fire, whose light lit up the turbulent sea. At this moment a ship, with sails set, came out of the gloom from the right, sailed majestically across the glowing arch, and disappeared in the gloom beyond.

I saw another ship in the sun, in the Mediterranean Sea, on a clear beautiful evening, when water and sky were placid and lovely. A ship crossed the disk of the sun just as it was sinking, and it was a beautiful sight. But it was not so impressive as the ship in the sun which we saw while on the Atlantic. F. H. N.

ELGIN, December 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about our Mother Hubbard party.

My cousin from Texas is visiting me, and we thought it would be new and odd to have a Mother Hubbard party. So the invitations were given out, to be accepted only on condition that all of the young ladies wear Mother Hubbards of some kind. When the evening came, it was a very pretty sight to see all the quaintly attired little ladies, with their hair done in high puffs, and powdered, and with dainty little reticules hanging on their arms.

The evening was pleasantly spent in games, dancing, music, and recitations from several of the number. I thought, perhaps, that some of your young readers might like the idea, and hoping they may derive as much pleasure from it as I have,

I am, yours truly, M. W.

MARIPOSA, September 16, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish very much to tell you how much pleasure your magazine has given me.

I am fourteen years old, and live way up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, in a pretty village called Mariposa. It is very warm here in summer, but a few miles further up it is cool.

Mr. Freemont published maps, with Mariposa marked as a city, and Mariposa Creek a large river, with steam-boats on it, while it is not deep enough for even a small boat.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for five or six years; at first, my sister read it aloud for me, because I could not read myself. Six girls, including myself, have a club called the Mariposa Sun-bonnets: we meet every Sunday at 5 P. M. and read a little paper, for which each of us writes something.

Another little girl and myself tried writing stories; she wrote fifteen, I, seventy-nine pages.

I wish I could write as nice stories as those that are in ST. NICHOLAS. But I don't suppose I ever shall. Yours truly,

SEC OF THE M. S. B.'s.

J. C.—The line you mention, "The conscious water saw its God and blushed," was written by Richard Crashaw, an English poet who lived during the first half of the seventeenth century.

ELLEN CHASE.—We are inclined to adopt your suggestion as to the drawings. Please send address.

R. H.—Authorities differ as to the measurements of the tower of Pisa. Appleton's Encyclopedia gives the height 179 feet, and the diameter 50 feet. Lippincott's Gazetteer gives the height 178 feet, and the diameter 50 feet. The English Popular Encyclopedia says the height is 179 feet, with a deviation of 13 feet from the perpendicular. It also gives the number of steps as 294, and the number of bells as 7. In Scribner's Monthly for August, 1874, may be found an article by Mr. W. H. Goodyear on the leaning tower, which gives the height as 151 feet.

HARTFORD, CT., December 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the book (I call it a book, because I like that name better than magazine) ever since it was first published, and I like it better and better every year. I used to read the stories first, but now I turn to "Jack" first thing, and I miss him very much in this December number. I am afraid he will not have a Merry Christmas, because he did not have his customary talk with us. I wish him one with all my heart, and you too. You do not know how much good you do me. I can get materials for compositions, little plays, fun, employment, work when I want it, and countless other things.

I have a little black kitten, and my sister and I have taught it a

few tricks. When she was a little mite of a thing, whenever she was hungry and it was not convenient to give her milk, we put her in a paper bag containing crackers, and as soon as she got one we took her out of the bag. She soon learned, so that she will go into any bag she sees, and she looks real cunning But we have to look out for her. She will jump over anything we hold out, even if it is real high; and if we leave a door unlatched, she will scratch it open. She will jump on the sink and drink water from the faucet, and when she has had enough she will play with the stream, and not mind the wetting a bit. She loves us all, and we all love her. I have lots of things to say, and could write ever so much more. You know I have known you all your life, so to speak; but I must not take up any more of your time. Wishing you a very happy New Year, I am, yours truly, JESSIE I. N.

December 2, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, though you have been given to me by a kind lady for eight years. A few years ago there was a very interesting article, in one of the numbers, about the giant torpedoes which can blow up ships, and it told where some of them were stationed. I remembered it, and this spring, when on one of the Fall River boats, I looked out for the place, and there it was just as the story said; the words "Torpedoes! don't anchor!!" in great letters, and very few ships near the place. Can you tell me what kind of noises beavers make, or whether they make any at all? In a book my mother was reading, a person was said to go around making "queer little beaver-like noises," and my mother did not know what they were. I belong to an Agassiz chapter, and my brothers to two, and I was very glad to see that a notice of our chapter, No. 513, was put in one of the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS. Captain Reid's "Land of Fire" looks very nice; I should think all the boys would like it. I was so sorry to hear of the author's death. I would be exceedingly obliged if you would answer my question.

Your very much interested friend, RUTH E.

We prefer to let some of our boys and girls answer the question — which is a very good natural history problem. Who can accurately describe for us the "kind of noise" that beavers make? Perhaps it is somewhat like the "queer, solemn, little under-ground, chuckling noise" mentioned by M. B. on the preceding page.

ALEIH, MT. LEBANON, August 31.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl who was born on Mt. Lebanon. My home has always been in Syria. I like natural history very much. A while ago I found some large worms on our grape-vines; one was green, and the others were brown. The green one soon turned brown, showing itself to be the same kind as the others. I put them in an empty flower-pot until they made their chrysalids, and now one has come out a pretty moth. It is light brown, shading into darker stripes of brown. I like ST. NICHOLAS *very, very* much. I read it over and over again.

GERTRUDE E. P.

Lila Ashton, Lucia T. Henderson, H. P. Holt, Dean S. Meacham, H. A. L., Blanche Vars, Kittie Livermore, Cora C. Parramore, M. H., J. Trix, May Hickerson, Henrietta M. G., Fannie D. Hewett, Clinton Franklin, Eddie N. Burdick, Yankee Boy, Constant Reader (Chicago), Angie W. Myers, Lillie S. Smith, Howard Newman, Margaret J. Wright, A. W. H., A. S., Betty Harrison, Mildred Harrison, Sarah Banks, Helen W. Soule, Mary A. Frick, Phil Mighels, "Emidy," and scores of others: We wish we could print every one of your nice letters, dear friends, but for that a Letter-box of a dozen pages would be required. And we must be content with thanking you one and all for the interesting things you tell us and for your hearty words about "ST. NICHOLAS." We are more than glad if, in so many ways, the magazine aids so many earnest girls and boys.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Little Girl Among the Old Masters." With introduction and comment by W. D. Howells Boston: James R Osgood & Co.

"True Tales for My Grandsons." By Sir Samuel W. Baker. London: Macmillan & Co.

"Firelight Stories." By Louise Chandler Moulton. (Illustrated.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"A Round Dozen." By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Queen Victoria." Her Girlhood and Womanhood. (Exemplary Women Series.) By Grace Greenwood. (Illustrated.) New York: Anderson & Allen.

"Donald and Dorothy." By Mary Mapes Dodge. Author of "Hans Brinker." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"The Queens of England." (Young Folk's History.) Abridged, adapted, and continued from Strickland's "Queens of England." By Rosalie Kaufman. (Illustrated.) Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

"History of the Civil War." (Young Folk's History.) By Mrs. C. Emma Cheney. (Illustrated.) Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

"Rosy." By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION — THIRTY-FOURTH REPORT.

NUMA POMPILIUS — but what a way to introduce a little February talk about the prospects of our A. A.! The only possible excuse is that there is a rumor to the effect that that gentleman was the first to introduce into the calendar this month, with its uncertain last day, and its more uncertain weather.

We feel sure that our friends will be particularly interested this month in two things: Dr. Warren's most generous proposition; and the suggestion of the Nashua Chapter for a general A. A. meeting next summer.

Several new chapters are organizing, and two have been admitted:

No.	*Name.*	*Members.*	*Address.*
548	Cranford, N. J. (A)	6	Miss Lottie Watson.
549	Linlithgow, Scotland (A)	6	Wm. Wardrop, Gowan Cottage.

Our classes in botany and entomology have been pleasantly concluded; and we now have the pleasure of opening to our members a class in practical physiology.

THE RED CROSS CLASS.

Aims: — The study of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, for the purpose of preventing or alleviating suffering and sickness.

In 1864 a society was organized at Berne, Switzerland, for the purpose of alleviating suffering in war. Branches have since been organized in most civilized countries, and the scope of the work has been broadened so as to include civil and domestic suffering, the result of war, pestilence, famine, flood, fire, and the like. In honor to Berne, the Red Cross was chosen as the badge of these societies, and by a curious coincidence, though for a different reason, that is also the badge of the A. A.

Realizing the fact that "It is better to keep well than to mend," the "Red Cross" has endeavored in health to prepare for sickness and suffering. For this purpose, lectures and classes have been held in several cities to instruct those interested, in the care of the sick and in giving "first aid to the injured."

It has been thought that members of the Agassiz Association might be interested in this work, and might be pleased to apply their knowledge of Natural History to some practical advantage, and to all such we open the "Red Cross Class."

Before efficient aid can be given in sickness, the human body must be studied in its normal condition of health. This study must include the construction and forms of the parts of the body as individual organs, and as component parts of a complicate organism. This is called anatomy. The study must also include the functions of the various organs; or physiology. Mivart's Lessons in Elementary Anatomy and Huxley's Elementary Lessons in Physiology will be found useful as books of reference

The course is to extend through six months, and all who complete it successfully shall receive a certificate. To those furnishing satisfactory evidence of ability to put into practice the instructions given for "First aid in cases of accident or emergency," a certificate shall be given to that effect.

Each member of the class will be expected to write a short paper on the topic assigned each month. Knowledge is to be obtained by observation and study of animals and plants as individuals and in relation to man, and from books. Most physicians will be glad to give information when asked, and some chapters might with advantage request a physician to give them a series of lectures on anatomy and physiology and emergencies.

A manual will be prepared each month containing an outline of the work for the month; and comments will be added when necessary, together with instructions for the practical application of the facts learned.

The instruction and the six manuals are free to all. The subject

for this month is "THE SKELETON: *Bones, joints; comparison between those of lower animals and man. Practical application. Fractures, dislocations, and sprains. First treatment. After treatment.*"

Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park, Boston, has very generously volunteered to conduct this class, and to him all who desire to follow the course, entire or in part, should send at once their names and addresses, and a postage stamp for the first manual.

NASHUA, N. H., Nov. 29, 1883.

DEAR MR. BALLARD: We wish very much to have a general meeting of the A. A. held in Nashua.

We are making arrangements now, and think we can carry it through. FRED. W. GREELEY,
Secretary Chapter 21.

[We wish the Nashua Chapter all success in its generous and wide-awake plan.]

EXCHANGES, ETC.

English and French flint for a meadow-lark's egg.—H. W. Westwood, 319 Market street, Trenton, N. J.

Manganese (fine).—Caroline S. Roberts, Sec. 522, Sharon, Conn.

Birds' eggs.—R. W. Ford, Plymouth, Conn.

Shells and minerals for insects. Write first.—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Correspondence.—Willie H. Black, 301 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Fossils for minerals and birds' eggs, blown through one hole. Correspondence.—F. H. Wentworth, 153 25th street, Chicago, Ill.

Cocoons of Cecropia and Polyphemus for cocoons of Luna or other moths. Moths also for exchange.—Fred. Corregan, 47 E. 7th street, Oswego, N. Y.

Canadian eggs, shells, insects, minerals, and flowers. Chapter 395.—W. D. Shaw, sec., 34 St. Peter street, Montreal, Can.

1000 cocoons of Prometheus, Cecropia and Polyphemus and spread Promethea moths, for others.—Chas. A. Wiley, 862 Cass avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Sea curiosities, coquina stone, star-fishes, and minerals for other minerals and fossils. Garnet geode and trilobite particularly desired.—Ellen C. Wood, 149 School lane, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Eighty-five varieties of Colorado minerals for bird-skins, good eggs in sets, or insects.—A. W. Anthony, 827 California st., Denver, Col.

Red sea beans, two horned beetles, two June bugs, a mocking-bird's egg and nest, and two alligators just from the egg.—Kitty C. Roberts, Blackwater, Fla.

NOTES.

57. *Spiders* were at one time classified as insects, and are still so called in common parlance. Now, however, they are separated from insects, and the classification is as follows:

(Articulates: Having the body and members articulated. No internal skeleton.)

Insects.—Head, body, and abdomen distinct: *legs, 6; eyes, 2.*

Spiders.—Head and body (thorax) inseparable, but distinct from abdomen; *legs, 8; eyes minute, 6–8.*

Myriapods.—*Very many feet, 20–60,* worm-like.

Crustaceans.—Body covered with a crustaceous shell, like crabs, etc.; *eyes, 2.*

Worms.—Earth-worm, Leech, etc. No feet.

The following are the best spider books:

1. J. H. Emmerton, Structure and Habits of Spiders. Only separate book on spiders
2. Article on Arachnida in ninth edition Encyclopedia Britannica. This article with the book above is sufficient to start a person in the science.
3. A great many old works on entomology (Kirby & Spence, etc.), when spiders were still classed with insects, contain remarks upon them.
4. Hentz, N. M.—Spiders of the United States.
5. Republication of the above by J. H. Emmerton, 1875, in publications of Boston Society of Natural History.
6. Spiders of New England, by J. H. Emmerton. Just published.
7. Many other isolated publications in reports on entomology and agriculture, as well as on surveys of parts of U. S., contain isolated statements on the subject.

1, 2, and 5 are sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

Dr. Aug. F. Forrste, Dayton, Ohio.

58–40.—The name of the black frog-hoppers mentioned in Note 40 is *Ledra rufa.*—E. L. Stephan

59. *Sleep of Plants.*—Plants sleep when it is dark, and *must* sleep, or they die. They can not sleep well if the earth is dry. Mr. Darwin found that a plant that he watched could not sleep for two nights after being violently shaken.—*Ch. 109, Washington.*

60. *Rhinoceros.*—The rhinoceros has an arrangement to deaden the concussion when his horn strikes a solid body.—*Ch. 109.*

61. *Platinum* is magnetic.—*Ch. 109.*

62. *Silicon* is the most abundant element except oxygen; 73% of the ash of wheat straw is silicon.—*Ch. 109.*

63. *Ants.*—We have noticed that ants are very careful to bring insects into their holes head first.—Fairfield, Iowa.

64. *Blue Bird.*—I saw a blue bird feeding its little one which had been caught and put in a cage with a canary. The mother bird comes every morning, lights on the cage, and feeds her little bird through the wires.—Carrie Lamson, Fairfield, Iowa.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

472. *Hazleton, Pa.*—We have a paper every other week, called the *A. Informer.*—Th. F. McNair, Sec.

237. *Plantsville, Conn., A.*—We have taken the first premium at our town fair for our collection of eggs. We have started a library. Our membership has increased from six to twelve.—Frances L. S. Walkley, Sec.

3. *Frankford, Pa., A.*, was the third chapter of the A. A. to organize, and is still one of the most vigorous of all, having 69 members, and having recently taken the lead in organizing a union of all the Philadelphia Chapters. By a long-continued error it has been addressed as No. 110, instead of No. 3.—R. T. Taylor, Sec.

448. *Washington, D. C., G.*—We have had three interesting wards—a pair of cat-birds, rescued from a bird's-nester, and a Cuban fire-fly over an inch long, with two "lights" back of his eyes. Two new members.—Isabella F. MacFarland, Sec.

388. *Beverly, N. J.*—We hope to prosper even more this year than last, although it would seem almost impossible to do that. We have learned a great deal from the essays which have been brought in, and which I have copied into blank-books. We sent to L. L. Lewis, of Copenhagen, N. Y., for a small cabinet, and were so much pleased with it that we sent for a large one, with which we are delighted.

It was remarkable to see how fast we raised the money for that cabinet. We held a fair. The father of one of our members owned a vacant house, in a good part of the town, which he kindly let us have. We used the two back rooms and the shed. We held our fair one afternoon, and evening, and we cleared over thirty-five dollars. I wish to say in behalf of the girls of our Chapter that they must be a very different kind of girls from those in the chapter where they "sit around the room as silent as Egyptian mummies." Our girls have learned how to talk, and are not afraid to show it.—Alice T. Carpenter, Sec.

Spearfish, Dakota.—I will write something about our flood. It rained for one day steadily, and then the time began. The Spearfish river has a fall of 80 feet to the mile, and it rose 8 feet. Oh, it was grand! Great waves, 10 feet high, would come right on top of one another, and make me frightened. But I soon grew accustomed to it, and sat for hours at a time watching it. It sounded like a thousand trains of cars all going at once. A person speaking in common tones could not be heard. We had to shout, and then it was hard to understand what was said.—Jeannie Cowgill.

364. *Brooklyn, D.*—Two new members. Our cabinet now contains over 100 minerals arranged in order, labeled, and catalogued.—Ralph H. Pomeroy, Sec.

170. *North Brookfield, Mass.*—I am happy to say that egg collecting is not so popular among us as formerly. Birds' eggs are not discussed in our meetings. I have seen times in the Spring when it seemed as if I must take just one of some rare nest-full. I did get one from an overthrown and deserted nest of a Wilson's thrush, and that without breaking the law.—Henry A. Cooke.

132. *Buffalo, B.*—We form the Archæological and Geological branch of the Buffalo Society of Natural Science, using their rooms for our meetings. We have no fees or dues. We elect our members in secret session, and two negative ballots reject a candidate. All members of the A. A. are cordially invited to our meetings, which are held Mondays at 7.30 P. M., in the library of the Natural Science Society, in the Young Men's Association rooms, corner Eagle and Main streets.—A. L. Benedict, Sec.

451. *Sydney Mines, Cape Breton Island.*—We have a new member, and have made special study of botany and entomology.—M. S. Brown, Sec.

493. *Buffalo, F.*—We still have the privilege of meeting at the State Normal School. We have joined the other Chapters here in a union meeting held once each month. These meetings are of great interest.—Miss Lizzie Schugens, Sec.

December 8, 1883.

168. *Buffalo, C.*—We have now fifteen members; we began with five. We are going to try to have an entertainment to raise money for a microscope.—Claire Shuttleworth, Sec.

264. *Gainesville, Florida.*—We have obtained several specimens of our beautiful Florida birds. Some of us have made woods a specialty. One has a fine little collection of snails from the west and south, and the last section has undertaken the study of geology and ethnology. We are made up of young and old members, from forty down to eight years of age, and among all the interest is equal. If we can in any way assist any of our sister Chapters, we shall be delighted to do so.—Paul E. Rollins, Sec.

But the editorial shears are opening, and we regretfully push back into our crowded pigeon-holes enough equally interesting letters to fill many pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



In each of the nine horizontal lines of letters are concealed one or more words. By selecting the right word from each line, a quotation from "Hamlet" may be formed.

What Shakespearean actor does the rebus on the snow-shovel represent? G. F.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

A useful article I 'm thought,
But full of airs and graces;
With ivory I am oft inwrought,
And yet I wear two faces.

SECOND

I 'm an abbreviation
Of a goodly name,
Borne by saint and sinner, haply
You may bear the same.

WHOLE.

Born of dreams and tears and darkness,
Dreadful forms I wear;
Seek to touch me and I quickly
Vanish into air.

ZIGZAG.

Each of the words described contains four letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an illustrious personage.

1. Merchandise. 2. Station. 3. Disguise. 4. A whip. 5. To whirl. 6. Compact. 7. Redness. 8. To rouse. 9. A blemish. 10. A tribe. DYCIE.

REVERSIBLE CROSSES.

1

4 5 2

3

I. From 1 to 5, a portion; from 5 to 1, a snare; from 2 to 5, surrounded; from 5 to 2, trim or neat; from 3 to 5, plunder; from 5 to 3, an instrument; from 4 to 5, to superintend the publication of; from 5 to 4, the alternate rising and falling of water.

II. From 1 to 5, to encounter; from 5 to 1, to be full to overflowing; from 2 to 5, a place of traffic; from 5 to 2, a coal wagon used in some parts of England; from 3 to 5, to sound, as a horn; from 5 to 3, to sound, as a horn; from 4 to 5, to send forth; from 5 to 4, duration. "EDABAGHA."

ACROSTIC.

1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8

9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16

From 5 to 8, a celebrated mountain of Greece; from 9 to 12, a river of Italy; from 13 to 16, a cornucopia. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 4, from 1 to 13, and from 16 to 4 each spell the name of the same famous man.

GEORGE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in heaven, but not in earth,
My second, in value, but not in worth;
My third is in tempest, but not in gale,
My fourth is in mountain, but not in vale;
My fifth is in justice, but not in love,
My sixth is in falcon, but not in dove;
My seventh, in serpent, but not in rod,
My whole is the name of a Roman god.

DYCIE.

A SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty-two letters, and am a quotation from *Cymbeline*.

"The 36-29-34 is plain as way to parish church."

"That sprightly Scot of Scots, 9-48-23-1-17-26-10, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular."

"Fair lady 28-16-5-51-35-30-4, so please you, save the thanks this prince expects."

"The dull 19-42-24 will not mend his pace with beating."

"Heaven take my soul, and 38-32-14-21-11-6 40 keep my bones!"

"52-15-45-40 hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

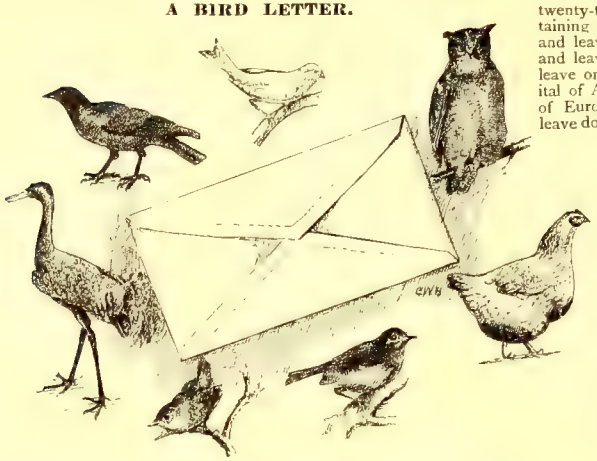
"Do you see yonder 43-7-44-50-13 that 's almost in shape of a camel?"

"It is the green-ey'd 22-2-12-27-47-33-41, which doth mock the meat it feeds on."

"Be not too 25-8-31-46 neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor."

"O! fear him not; his 18-39-37-3-20 in that is out." C. S. C.

A BIRD LETTER.



DEAR FRIEND: Mary ran across a few orchids last June. How we all wondered what they were. Then I borrowed them, and a gentleman told us about them in a very interesting manner. We have been having keen arctic weather.

Yours very truly, G. W. B.

In the foregoing letter are concealed the names of the birds shown in the picture; but the letters forming the names of the birds must be read backward.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

THE words are all of equal length; and the syncopated letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of a king, the downfall of whose empire was predicted by the prophet Daniel.

1. Syncopate measures, and leave large holes. 2. Syncopate a vision, and leave a measure. 3. Syncopate of a very dark hue, and leave an auction. 4. Syncopate a part of the body, and leave an insect. 5. Syncopate pertaining to a duke and leave double. 6. Syncopate the supposed matter above the air, and leave four-fifths of the name of a sovereign called "the Great." 7. Syncopate twenty-two yards, and leave part of the face. 8. Syncopate pertaining to a foot, and leave a loud sound. 9. Syncopate fastens, and leave commands. 10. Syncopate a common article of food, and leave a kind of nail. 11. Syncopate one who sleeps, and leave one who performs. 12. Syncopate thin, and leave the capital of Austria as the Austrians spell it. 13. Syncopate a country of Europe, and leave to twirl. 14. Syncopate conveyances, and leave domestic animals. GEORGE S. HAYTER.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

FIND a word to replace the stars in the first line which may be successively beheaded to complete each subsequent line.

I. We dined last Monday with a *******.
Mother desired us to ******,
Because she saw us so *****;
Who were the guests and who was ****,
And what they said, and wore, and ***,
The table's form was like a **,
And our host's name began with *.

II. Onward we marched. Behind us *******
A frenzied mob, who raved and ******,
As if they knew wherein we *****.
The warlike troops unmoved ****,
As Bonaparte his legions ***.
My trusty aid-de-camp was **,
Whose home was near the *, he said. M. A. H.

ANAGRAMS.

IN each of the following problems a definition of the original word follows immediately the anagram made with its letters.

1. I roast no clam; pertaining to heavenly bodies. 2. 'T is all bad; a singer or writer of narrative songs. 3. A car van; an Eastern conveyance. 4. L. get a deed; commissioned. 5. A pure one; an inhabitant of Europe. 6. Can't I fast? grotesque.

F. SINGLETON.

DIAMOND.

1. IN Hercules. 2. Conducted. 3. Very open and delicate fabrics. 4. Worldly. 5. The town in Holland in which William, Prince of Orange, was assassinated in 1584. 6. Was seated. 7. In Hercules. "ROBIN HOOD."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name an English coin; my finals form a word meaning imperial. Primals and finals together name an aromatic herb.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To emit. 2. A sound reverberated. 3. A fleet of ships. 4. A girl's name. 5. A small ship's-boat. CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

TWO HOLIDAY PUZZLES.

First Puzzle. Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south, let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!
"*A Christmas Carmen*," by J. G. Whittier.

Second Puzzle. Zigzag, Santa Claus. Cross-words: 1. Sail. 2. FAns. 3. RiNd. 4. ColT. 5. ClAm. 6. ACre. 7. Last. 8. CAke. 9. DrUm. 10. SumS.

PI. Chill airs and wintry winds! My ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen and it cheers me long.
"*Woods in Winter*," by H. W. Longfellow.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Initials of the beheaded words, Lowell. Cross-words: 1. s-Low. 2. p-Ore. 3. s-Wing. 4. p-Eat. 5. p-Lump. 6. f-Lint.

RIMLESS WHEEL. From 1 to 8, Yuletide; from 1 to 9, Yawn; from 2 to 9, Upon; from 3 to 9, Lawn; from 4 to 9, Ebon; from 5 to 9, Tern; from 6 to 9, Iron; from 7 to 9, Dean; from 8 to 9, Even.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Afghanistan. Cross-words: 1. SouthAmpton. 2. FairField. 3. BruGgen. 4. BaHia. 5. PAn. 6. N. 7. WIs. 8. PeSth. 9. Santa Fé. 10. BarbAdoes. 11. AusteNville.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. Syncopated letters, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Be-S-et. 2. De-T-er. 3. Ri-N-se. 4. Pa-I-nt. 5. Se-C-ts. 6. Ac-H-es. 7. St-O-op. 8. Pi-L-es. 9. Sp-A-in. 10. Po-S-ts. —— CHARADE. Hour-glass.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Come, ye cold winds, at January's call,
On whistling wings, and with white flakes bestrew
The earth. "*The Months*," by John Ruskin.

MAGIC SQUARE. Reading across: first line, 9-4-4-4; second line, 6-5-7-3; third line, 4-8-1-8; fourth line, 2-4-9-6.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Paul Reese — Arthur Gride — "Sisters Twain" — F. and H. Davis — P. S. Clarkson — S. R. T. — Jenny Brooks — Alex. H. Laidlaw — Harry M. Wheelock — "A. P. Owder, Jr." — S. I. Hall and Dora Wendel — Gertie and Lou — Saidie and Mai — Jessie A. Platt — Maggie T. Turrill — "Uncle Dick, Aunt Julia, and Windsor" — The Stewart Browns — C. L. M. — "Walnut" — Arian Arnold — Professor Shrewsbury — Gracie and Bessie Greene — Fred Thwaits — "Partners" — "Pa, Ma, and I" — Mamie Hitchcock — Walter Angell — Jennie K. — "Two Subscribers" — "Dude" — C. S. C. — Hugh and Cis — Charles H. Kyte — Madeleine Vultee — Pinnie and Jack — Minnie B. Murray — Papa and Susie — Francis W. Islip — Clara J. Child — Lily and Agnes.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Frank L. Kellner, 1 — Jennie C. McBride, 2 — H. J. H., 2 — J. Maude Bugbee, 9 — Gertrude Cosgrave, 5 — G. B., Jr., 1 — Joseph C. Russ, Jr., 2 — "Professor and Co.," 10 — Tip, 7 — Lavenia Haulenbeck and Carrie Heckman, 2 — "Envelope and Stamp," 2 — Wm. M. Richards, 6 — Emmit and Frankie Nicoli, 1 — "Per Jove," 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Bucknor Van Amringe, 1 — Eva Cora Deemer, 3 — Herbert T. B. Jacquelin, 6 — Edward J. V. Shipsey, 2 — Philip Embury, Jr., 8 — H. R. Dexter, 10 — "Kansas Boy," 2 — Willie and May, 7 — Livingston Ham, 3 — Willie Sheraton, 1 — John Brown, 7 — Algernon Tassin, 9 — Bess and Co., 10 — Paul W. England, 5 — Annie Custer, 8 — Helen W. Merriam, 1 — Amy and Bertha, 2 — "Pernie," 8 — Walter L. Fortescue, 1 — Robbie and Russell, 2 — Dycie, 10 — J. B. Sheffield, 4.



A STAMPEDE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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AMONG THE MUSTANGS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

MANY years ago, when I was a Boy Emigrant, slowly traversing the continent, a party of us one day were very much surprised by an unexpected sight that we met in the valley of the South Platte. We had been traveling through an unknown and almost trackless country. Only the tracks of the wheels of emigrant teams ahead of us, and the occasional wreck of a wagon left behind by other companies, gave any sign that civilized people had ever passed that way before. Where the traveler in the West now finds flourishing towns and villages, we found nothing but endless and monotonous prairies, rolling in long, smooth, wavy outlines, day after day. Descending one of these gentle declivities about noon, we beheld before and below us, feeding in a grassy plain, a herd of small horses. They were mostly of a bright chestnut color, although many were curiously dappled with patches of white, red and brown. We were delighted by the sight. There were no signs of man to be seen. Not even a solitary horseman stood guard over the herd. We had heard of the wild horses of the West. Probably this was a wandering drove of those beautiful creatures that had been detained here by the luxuriant grass on which they were feeding tranquilly, and without any suspicion of the approach of man. As far as the eye could reach, there was no human habitation, and we knew that no emigrants could have been on the trail with so many horses as these without our having heard of it. News traveled back and forth on the emigrant trail just as it does in villages.

Our wagons were some distance behind us, and the only lariats we had were with them. We knew enough about wild horses, or mustangs, to know that we must be wary and creep up unperceived in order to throw the lasso, or lariat, slip-noose fashion, over the head of the creature designed for capture. But, while we waited for the coming of the wagons, we decided that we would make a little examination of the field. There were three of us.—Arthur, Tom, and myself. So we crept cautiously down the swale of the prairie and tried the effect of showing ourselves to the grazing herd. To our great surprise, the horses gave no signs whatever of fright. The mustang in his native state is very easily scared and "stampeded." It often happens that a drove of horses, peacefully feeding, will take fright at some trifle, or at a mere whim, as one may say, and as soon as one or two start off wildly, the entire herd will join in the flight as if pursued by some deadly enemy. They may be alarmed by the passing of a wolf, or by the playing of the moonbeams among the underbrush;—no matter what the cause of their alarm, they fly like the wind, crashing and plunging over one another, wild with terror, and blindly scattering far and wide over the country. This is what the frontiersman calls a stampede.

But our appearance among the great herd grazing on the banks of the South Platte did not create any alarm. The keen-sighted animals lifted their heads, snorted gently, as if saying, "How do you do?" and went on with their feeding.

"Why, I believe they are tame horses!" whispered Arty.

"Nonsense," replied Tom, also lowering his voice, "there 's no company on the plains, that we 've heard of, with more than one hundred and fifty horses; and there must be at least a thousand in that gang. Whoop! Whoop!" he suddenly cried, and at the sound, the animals gazed at us and then moved slowly away toward a belt of timber near the river.

Finding that the herd showed none of that fear of man which I had been taught to believe that all wild creatures have, the mystery deepened to me.



"CAUGHT."

We passed through the company of horses, a lane, or passage, being formed for us by the animals themselves, as they moved away on each side from our immediate neighborhood. Then Tom cried:

"See, boys, there 's another drove beyond!"

He was right; for on looking, we beheld another and even larger company of horses grazing just on the other side of the timber belt.

As we almost breathlessly made our way through the trees to explore this new wonder, I stumbled upon two Indians lazily lying on their blankets, but watchfully regarding the herds. Pretty soon we met two or three more who were similarly occupied. The mystery was explained. These were Indian ponies. Screened from the rays of the summer sun, the watchmen were keeping guard in their usual silent fashion. I do not know what would have happened if we had made any attempt to capture one of the Indian horses. It is very likely that we should have had trouble very quickly. The Indian always suspects the white man, and white boys are no better than white men in their eyes. We asked the Indian guardians of the herd where they came from, and they surlily replied:

"Heap way off. No grass there."

The spokesman of the party gave us a very few items of intelligence about themselves. He pointed to the south, and we came to the conclusion that they were Arapahoes, as the tribe then lived in that region of the country, and the dress and fantastic decorations of the specimens before us were like those of some Arapahoes whom we had met before.

After this, we frequently saw mustangs, both in their native and in their tamed state. But never again did we come quite so near provoking a fight with the lawful owners of a herd. The riches of a tribe of Indians largely consist in the herds of ponies that are possessed by the whole company, or group of families. When a chief dies, his war horses are sacrificed at his grave; and when he buys a wife or a coveted rifle, he pays the price

in ponies. When a company of Indians moves camp for a long distance, the great herd of ponies is usually sent on before, only those needed to carry the "plunder" being kept behind. The Indian pony, or mustang, is more easily tamed than the wild horse of Asia, but is less intelligent and tractable when he has been fairly reduced to bondage.

In droves of tens of thousands, the wild horse of North America formerly roved the plains from Western Nebraska to Mexico. Even within a very few years, the native American horse was to be met with as far north as the forks of the Platte River. But the settlement of the country has crowded the wandering herds farther south, and now they may be found only in Texas, New Mexico, and in regions far to the south-west. The Mexicans who live along the boundary line of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico are most expert at catching these wild and timorous creatures. They throw the lasso with amazing dexterity. Riding at full speed, the Mexicans career over the plains like wild men, whirling their coiled lariats, or lassos, over their heads as they fly. Their horses are covered with foam, and often bleeding from the cruel spurs with which they are urged on. The earth trembles under the tramp of many hoofs beating the solid ground, as pursuer and pursued gallop madly far and wide. Suddenly the lariat sings through the air, its noose opens itself and drops over the head of a terrified fugitive, the hunter's steed instantly braces itself with its forefeet and drops on its haunches so as to make an anchorage, as it were, for the caught mustang. And there is no escape now for the captive.

The hunter next blinds his prize, takes a turn of the lariat around its forelegs, forces a heavy bit into its mouth, and at once begins to "break" it to the saddle. How do you suppose the poor mustang feels when it finds itself saddled, bridled, and straddled by a tyrant man? In vain it



ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

"jumps stiff-legged," plunges, and "kicks." No animal in the world has so many tricks and antics as a newly captured wild horse; but man, its conqueror, is equal to all of these. In a few hours, the poor beast, so lately a free and careless creature, a wild rover of the boundless plains, is reduced to abject subjection. Its spirit is broken, and though it may still retain some of its native viciousness, it is the slave of its owner. Henceforth it never forgets the lasso. It knows and dreads the sight of one; and if it escapes, there is very little difficulty in catching it again. But its rider, too, must never forget that the hapless captive is only half-tamed. He must watch it narrowly; for often afterward, when he least suspects such insubmission, the steed he rides will

try to throw him, and will struggle under the saddle as if it were but newly snared.

But man is not the only enemy that the wild horse dreads. On the outskirts of every herd hang droves of wolves, waiting for the downfall of some one of the sick and feeble. When hard pressed by hunger, a band of wolves will boldly attack a mustang, the whole band concentrating their ferocity and skill upon one doomed creature. They will often circle around an animal that they have selected for their prey, as if the whole matter had been agreed on beforehand. The terrified mustang, snorting with fear and excitement, plunges away from the main herd, harried at every jump by the hungry wolves, which snap at its heels and leap on its flanks, back, and shoulders, growling and snarling madly. The long as he lives. How he issues his orders, and how he takes counsel from others of his company, no man can tell. But the captain of the band is a very distinctly marked character. He is every inch a leader, and he is always at the head of the column. He is on guard, too, when the young wild colts are being reared. It is he that gives warning on the approach of a foe, and he has to fight for his own supremacy, sometimes, when turbulent spirits appear among the herd.

A duel between rival mustangs is a fascinating, but not a pleasant sight. They bite, kick, and rush at each other like mad horses. One could hardly imagine that horses could be so like lions and tigers as are these mustangs when enraged. The sound of their cries and shrieks may be heard far across the prairie, and the combatants will often be scarred



"IN A BLIZZARD."

mustang stops, rears, plunges, and finally sinks, though still struggling, in the midst of its ravenous foes. Meantime, the rest of the herd of horses has been scattered by the attack, far over the prairies, and it may be many hours, even days, before they are rallied again into their usual compact marching order, under the leader of the band.

The leadership of a drove of mustangs is determined by the superior prowess and endurance of the candidate. So far as we can judge, the herd selects its leader, and he is implicitly obeyed as and lame for days from wounds received in these fights.

The mustang has a hard time of it in winter In the more northerly of the haunts of the wild horse, snow falls to a great depth, at times, and scanty picking does the hungry animal get when the succulent bunch-grass is covered with fleecy folds. One may see the herd, at such times, pawing away the snow and nosing among the hillocks for food. Nature has been kind to the wandering bison and mustang, however, for the grass is sweet and nutritious all through the winter. The

sagacious mustangs know just where to look for the hidden stores of food, and find the dry and hay-like tufts by scraping off the snow that keeps them sheltered for their use.

Overtaken by a snow-storm of bitter severity, or a "blizzard" (as such a storm is called in the West), the mustangs suffer greatly. Often a storm of snow and wind, sweeping down from the north, prevails for fifty or sixty hours. The air is filled with particles of fine dry ice and snow. The wind blows a gale, and there is no abatement, no lull, for days at a time. Those who have never experienced the force and penetrative quality of a "blizzard," can not appreciate the discomfort that covers a storm-swept prairie in the dead of winter. No garment can resist the dagger-like stabs of the cold, and no structure is secure against its searching blasts. The poor mustangs huddle together, with their heads turned from the direction of the wind, crowding close to be warmed by each other's bodies, shivering with cold, and scarcely stirring for many hours at a time. If the hunter chances to pass a herd at such a time, he would have no difficulty in catching any desired number of the half-frozen beasts. But no man ventures out in such a perilous storm, except on errands of the direst necessity. The shelterless mustangs are often unable to find the slightest screen from the icy wind, and thousands of them thus miserably perish every year. The wild, free life of the untamed horse of the western prairies has its dark side as well as its sunshine and joy.

The wild horse of America, although now native to the soil, is descended from the tribes of wild horses that still rove the plains of Central Asia. When the discoverers of this continent first landed, there were no horses anywhere in either North or South America. Centuries before, the horse had been introduced into European countries from Asia, and had become common all over that continent. When Columbus arrived here on his second voyage, in 1493, he was accompanied by one Cabæa de Vaca, who brought with him a number of horses. These were subsequently landed in Florida, although Columbus and his other companions, notably Blonza de Ojeda, introduced horses into the islands which we now call the West Indies. But the first horses of which any mention is made as having been landed in what is now a portion of the United States, were those taken to Florida.

Cortez took horses with him to assist in the conquest of Mexico, as did Pizarro in his conquest of Peru. The natives were greatly affrighted when they beheld these strange animals. At first they supposed that the man and the horse were one complete creature, something like the centaur of which we read in ancient fable. And when they saw the rider dismount and disengage himself from his steed, their amazement knew no bounds. They had already looked upon the white men as descended from heaven; the ability to ride, and to dismount from, horses seemed to the simple savages a supernatural gift.

A mounted cavalier, or a man-at-arms, clad as the invaders were, in glittering armor, must have been a very terrible sight to the Indians. In course of time, the savages learned that the horse was an animal that had been subdued by man, and that it was a separate creature; but they long dreaded the horse of the Spaniards as a beast of prey. And when the horses escaped from their masters, and made their way into the freedom of the forests, as they did after a space, the natives avoided them as something to be shunned. The quarreling Spaniards neglected their steeds, which soon found homes on the plains of Mexico, South America, and the unexplored interior of North America. From these escaped animals have sprung the wild horses of America. The mustang, as the native horse of the North American continent is usually called, is generally of a bright chestnut color. The horses marked with odd colors and patches are called "pinto," or "painted," by the Mexicans, and "calico" by the Americans. The mustang is smaller than the domesticated American horse; for we must remember that the larger horses now found in our stables are the direct descendants of later importations from Europe, while those brought by the early explorers, having been allowed to flee to the wilderness, there founded the race now known as the native horse of America.

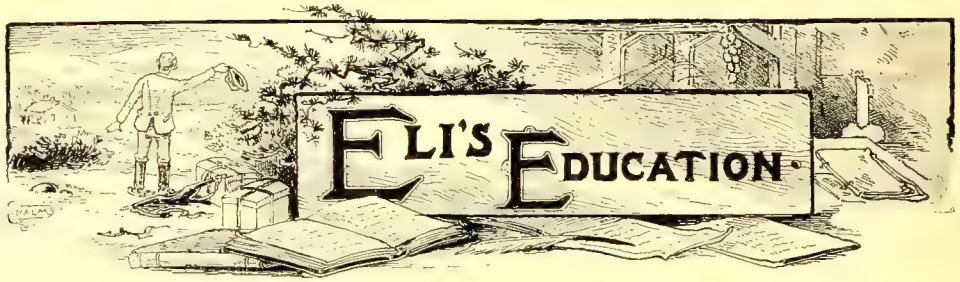
Arty, Tom, and I discussed all these things as we sat on a rise of ground beyond the grazing herd of Indian ponies, and regarded the pretty sight below us in the valley of the Platte.

"Well," said Arty, with something like a sigh of satisfaction, "I 'm glad we did n't try to capture one of those mustangs before we discovered the Indians. They would have killed us, I suppose."

Tom looked wisely at the horses, and said:

"But it 's mighty curious to think that the Spaniards are all gone out of the country, and that the Indians are left with the Spaniards' horses."

"Yes," I said, "the Western Indians and these mustangs are the sole survivors of the early fights that marked the coming of the Spanish conquerors."



THIRD SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"MY turn now," said Walt, as they assembled again after a busy day spent in snow-balling, statue-making, and tumbling in the drifts that still continued to rise on all sides.

"Here is just the story for you and Geoff. You are getting ready for college, after years of the best schooling, and it will do you good to hear how hard some boys have had to work to get a little learning," said Grandma, glancing at the slip that Walt drew from the basket which Aunt Elinor held out to him, and from which Lottie had drawn the story of "Tabby's Table Cloth," told last month.

"This is a true tale, and the man became famous for his wisdom, as well as much loved and honored for his virtue and interest in all good things," added Aunt Elinor, as she began to read the story of "Eli's Education."

Many years ago, a boy of sixteen sat in a little room in an old farm-house up among the Connecticut hills, writing busily in a book made of odd bits of paper stitched together, with a cover formed of two thin boards. The lid of a blue chest was his desk, the end of a tallow candle stuck into a potato was his lamp, a mixture of soot and vinegar his ink, and a quill from the gray goose his pen. A *Webster's Spelling-book, Dilworth's New Guide to the English Tongue, Daboll's Arithmetic*, and the *American Preceptor*, stood on the chimney-piece over his head, with the *Assembly Catechism* and *New Testament* in the place of honor. This was his library; and now and then a borrowed *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, or some stray volume, gladdened his heart; for he passionately loved books, and scoured the neighborhood for miles around to feed this steadily increasing hunger. Every penny he could earn or save went to buy a song or a story from the peddlers who occasionally climbed the hill to the solitary farm-house. When others took a noon-spell, he read under the trees or by the fire. He carried a book in his pocket, and studied as he went with the cows to and from the pasture, and sat late in his little room ciphering on an old slate, or puzzling his young brain over some question which no one could answer for him.

His father had no patience with him, called him a shiftless dreamer, and threatened to burn the beloved books. But his mother defended him, for he was her youngest and the pride of her heart; so she let him scribble all over her floors before she scrubbed them up, dipped extra thick candles for his use, saved every scrap of paper to swell his little store, and firmly believed that he would turn out the great man of the family. His brothers joked about his queer ways, but in his sisters he found firm friends and tender comforters for all his woes. So he struggled along, working on the farm in summer and in a clock shop during the winter, with such brief spells of schooling as he could get between whiles, improving even these poor opportunities so well that he was letter-writer for all the young people in the neighborhood.

Now, he was writing his journal very slowly, but very well, shaping his letters with unusual grace and freedom; for the wide snow-banks were his copy-books in winter, and on their white pages he had learned to sweep splendid capitals or link syllables handsomely together. This is what he wrote that night, with a sparkle in the blue eyes and a firm folding of the lips that made the boyish face resolute and manly.

"I am set in my own mind that I get learning. I see not how, but my will is strong, and Mother hopes for to make a scholar of me. So, please God, we shall do it."

Then he shut the little book and put it carefully away in the blue chest, with pen and ink, as if they were very precious things; piously said his prayers, and was soon asleep under the homespun coverlet, dreaming splendid dreams, while a great bright star looked in at the low window, as if waiting to show him the road to fortune.

And God did please to help the patient lad; only the next evening came an opportunity he had never imagined. As he sat playing "Over the Hills and Far Away" on the fiddle that he had himself made out of maple-wood, with a bow strung from the tail of the old farm horse, a neighbor came in to talk over the fall pork and cider, and tell the news.

"Ef you want ter go over the hills and far away, Eli, here 's the chance. I see a man down to Woodtick who was askin' ef I knew any likely young chap who 'd like to git 'scribers for a pious book he wants to sell. He 'd pay for the job when the names is got and the books give out. That 's ruther in your line, boy, so I calk'lated your daddy would spare you, as you are n't much of a hand at shuckin' corn nor cartin' pummace."

"Haw! haw!" laughed the big brothers, Ambrose Vitruvius and Junius Solomon, as neighbor Terry spoke with a sly twinkle in his eye.

But the sisters, Miranda and Pamela, smiled for joy, while the good mother stopped her busy wheel to listen eagerly. Eli laid down his fiddle and came to the hearth where the others sat, with such a wide-awake expression on his usually thoughtful face that it was plain he liked the idea.

"I 'll do it, if Father 'll let me," he said, looking wistfully at the industrious man who was shaving axe-handles, for the winter wood-chopping, after his day's work was over.

"Wal, I can spare you for a week, mebby. It's not time for the clock shop yet, and sence you 've heerd o' this, you wont do your chores right, so you may as wal see what you can make of peddlin'."

"Thank you, sir; I 'll give you all I get to pay for my time," began Eli, glowing with pleasure at the prospect of seeing a little of the world; for one of his most cherished dreams was to cross the blue hills that hemmed him in, and find what lay beyond.

"Guess I can afford to give you all you 'll make this trip," answered his father, in a tone that made the brothers laugh again.

"Boys, don't pester Eli. Every one has n't a call to farmin', and its wal to foller the leadin's of Providence when they come along," said the mother, stroking the smooth, brown head at her knee; for Eli always went to her footstool with his sorrows and his joys.

So it was settled, and next day the boy, in his homespun and home-made Sunday best, set off to see his employer and secure the job. He got it, and for three days trudged up and down the steep roads, calling at every house with a sample of his book, the Rev. John Flavel's treatise on *Keeping The Heart*. Eli's winning face, modest manner, and earnest voice served him well, and he got many names; for books were scarce in those days, and a pious work was a treasure to many a good soul who found it difficult to keep the heart strong and cheerful in troublous times.

Then the books were to be delivered, and, anxious to save his small earnings, Eli hired no horse to transport his load, but borrowed a stout, green shawl from his mother, and, with his pack on his back, marched bravely away to finish his task. His wages were spent in a new prayer-book for his mother, smart handkerchief pins for the faithful sisters, and a good store of paper for himself.

This trip was so successful that he was seized with a strong desire to try a more ambitious and extended one; for these glimpses of the world showed him how much he had to learn, and how pleasantly he could pick up knowledge in these flights.

"What be you a-brewdin' over now, boy? Gettin' ready for the clock shop? It's 'most time for winter work, and Terry says you do pretty wal at puttin' together," said the farmer, a day or two after the boy's return, as they sat at dinner, all helping themselves from the large pewter platter heaped with pork and vegetables.

"I was wishin' I could go South with Gad Upson. He 's been twice with clocks and notions, and wants a mate. Hoadley fits him out and pays him a good share if he does well. Could n't I go along? I hate that old shop, and I know I can do something better than put together the insides of cheap clocks."

Eli spoke eagerly, and gave his mother an imploring look which brought her to second the motion at once, her consent having been already won.

The brothers stared as if Eli had proposed to go up in a balloon, for to them the South seemed farther off than Africa does nowadays. The father had evidently been secretly prepared, for he showed no surprise, and merely paused a moment to look at his ambitious son with a glance in which amusement and reproach were mingled.

"When a hen finds she 's hatched a duck's egg it 's no use for her to cackle; that ducklin' will take to the water in spite on her, and paddle off, nobody knows where. Go ahead, boy, and when you get enough of junketin' 'round the world come home and fall to work."

"Then I *may* go?" cried Eli, upsetting his mug of cider in his excitement.

His father nodded, being too busy eating cabbage with a wide-bladed green-handled knife to speak just then. Eli, red and speechless with delight and gratitude, could only sit and beam at his family till a sob drew his attention to sister Pamela, whose pet he was.

"Don't, Pam, don't! I 'll come back all right, and bring you news and all the pretty things I

can. I *must* go; I feel as if I could n't breathe shut up here winters. I s'pose it 's wicked, but I can't help it," whispered Eli, with his arm around his buxom eighteen-year old sister, who laid her head on his shoulder and held him tight.

"Daughter, it 's sinful to repine at the ways of Providence. I see a leadin' plain in this, and ef *I* can be chirk when my dear boy is goin', 'pears to me you ought to keep a taut rein on your feelin's, and not spile his pleasure."

The good mother's eyes were full of tears as she spoke, but she caught up the end of her short gown and wiped them quickly away to smile on Eli, who thanked her with a loving look.

"It 's so lonesome when he 's not here. What will we do evenings without the fiddle, or Eli to read a piece in some of his books while we spin?" said poor Pam, ashamed of her grief, yet glad to hide her tears by affecting to settle the long wooden bodkin that held up her coils of brown hair.

"Obed Finch will be comin' along, I guess likely, and he 'll read to you out uv Eli's book about keepin' the heart, and you 'll find your 'n gone 'fore you know it," said Junius Solomon, in a tone that made pretty Pam blush and run away, while the rest laughed at her confusion.

So it was settled, and when all was ready, the boy came home to show his equipment before he started. A very modest outfit—only two tin trunks slung across the shoulders, filled with jewelry, combs, lace, essences, and small wares.

"I hate to have ye go, son, but it 's better than to be mopin' to hum, gettin' desperut for books and rilin' Father. We 'll all be workin' for ye, so be chipper and do wal. Keep steddy, and don't disgrace your folks. The Lord bless ye, my dear boy, and hold ye in the holler of His hand!"

Her own rough hand was on his head as his mother spoke, with wet eyes, and the tall lad kissed her tenderly, whispering, with a choke in his throat:

"Good-bye, Mammy dear; I 'll remember."

Then he tramped away to join his mate, turning now and then to nod and smile and show a ruddy face full of happiness, while the family watched him out of sight with mingled hopes and doubts and fears.

Mails were slow in those days, but at length a letter came, and here it is, a true copy of one written by a boy in 1820:

"NORFOLK, VA., December 4th.

"HONORED PARENTS: I write to inform you I am safe here and to work. Our business is profitable, and I am fast learning the Quirks and Turns of trade. We are going to the eastern shore of Va., calculating to be gone six weeks. The inhabitants are sociable and hospitable, and you need not fear I shall suffer, for I find many almost fathers and mothers among these good folks.

"Taking our trunks, we travel through the country, entering the houses of the rich and poor, offering our goods, and earning our wages by the sweat of our brows. How do you think we look? Like two Awkward, Homespun, Tugging Yankee peddlers? No, that is not the case. By people of breeding we are treated with politeness and gentility, and the low and vulgar we do not seek. For my part, I enjoy traveling more than I expected. Conversation with new folks, observing manners and customs, and seeing the world, does me great good.

"I never met a real gentleman till I came here. Their hospitality allows me to see and copy their fine ways of acting and speaking, and they put the most Bashful at ease. Gad likes the maids and stays in the kitchen most times. I get into the libraries and read when we put up nights, and the ladies are most kind to me everywhere.

"I 'm so tall, they can't believe I 'm only sixteen. They are n't as pretty as our rosy-faced girls, but their ways are elegant, and so are their clothes, tell Pam.

"When I think how kind you were to let me come, I am full of gratitude. I made some verses, one day, as I waited in a hovel for the rain to hold up.

"To conduce to my own and parents' good,
Was why I left my home;
To make their cares and burdens less,
And try to help them some.
'T was my own choice to earn them cash,
And get them free from debt;
Before that I am twenty-one
It shall be done, I bet.
My parents they have done for me
What I for them can never do.
So if I serve them all I may,
Sure God will help me through.
My chief delight, therefore, shall be
To earn them all I can,
Not only now but when that I
At last am my own man.

"These are the genuine Sentiments of your son, who returns thanks for the many favors you have heaped upon him and hopes to repay you by his best Endeavors. Accept this letter and the inclosed small sum as a token of his love and respect.

"Tell the girls to write. "Your dutiful son, ELI."

In reply to this came a letter from the anxious mother, which shows not only the tender, pious nature of the good woman, but also how much need of education the boy had, and how well he was doing for himself:

"AFFECTIONATE SON: We was very glad to receave your letter. I feal very anctious about you this winter, and how you are a doing. You cannot know a mother's concern for her boy wen he is fur away. Do not git into bad habbits. Take the Bible for your rule and guide to vartue. I pray for your prosperity in all spiritall and temporrall things, and leave you in the care of Him who gave you breath and will keep you safe.

"We are all well, and your father enjoys his helth better than last year. I visited Uncle Medad a spell last week. I am provided with a horse and shay to ride to meatin. Mr. Eben Welton took our cow and give us his old horse. Captain Stephen Harrington was excommunicated last Sabbath. Pamely goes away to learn dressmakin soon. I mistrust Mirandy will take up with Pennel Haskell; he is likely, and comes frequent. I wish you had been here a Christmas. We had a large company to dinner, and I got some wheat flower and made a fine chicken pye. Eli, I hope you attend meatin when you can. Do not trifle away the holy day in vane pleasures, but live to the glory of God, and in the fear of your parents. Father sold the white colt. He was too spirity, and upsat Ambrose and nigh broke his head. His nose is still black. Dear son: I miss you every time I set a platter in your place. Is your close warm and suffitient? Put your stockin round your throat if sore. Do you git good cyder to drink? Take the Pennyryal if you feal wimbly after a long spell of travil. The girls send love. No more now. Wright soon.

"Your mother, HANNAH GARDENER."

"P. S.—Liddy Finch is married. Our pigs give us nine hunderd pound of prime pork."

Many such letters went to and fro that winter, and Eli faithfully reported all his adventures. For he had many, and once or twice was in danger of losing his life.

On one occasion, having parted from his mate for a day or two, wishing to try his luck alone, our young peddler found himself, late in the afternoon, approaching the Dismal Swamp. A tempest arose, adding to the loneliness and terror of the hour. The cypresses uprooted by the blast fell now and then across the road, endangering the poor boy's head. A sluggish stream rolled through tangled junipers and beds of reeds, and the fen on either side was full of ugly creatures, lizards, snakes, and toads, while owls, scared by the storm, flew wildly about and hooted dismally. Just at the height of the tumult, Eli saw three men coming toward him, and gladly hastened to meet them, hoping to have their company or learn of them where he could find a shelter. But their bad faces daunted him, and he would have hurried by without speaking if they had not stopped him, roughly demanding his name and business.

The tall stripling was brave, but his youthful face showed him to be but a boy, and the consciousness of a well-filled purse in his pocket made him anxious to escape. So he answered briefly, and tried to go on. But two men held him, in spite of his struggles, while the third rifled his pockets, broke open his trunks, and took all that was of any value in the way of watches and jewelry. Then they left him with a cruel joke about a good journey and made off with their booty. It was the first time poor Eli had met with such a mishap, and as he stood in the rain looking at his wares scattered about the road, he felt inclined to throw himself into the creek and forget his woes there among the frogs and snakes. But he had a stout heart, and soon decided to make the best of it, since nothing could be done to mend the matter. Gathering up his bedraggled laces, scattered scent-bottles, and dirty buttons, pins, and needles, he trudged sadly on, feeling that for him this was indeed a Dismal Swamp.

"I told you we 'd better stick together, but you wanted to be so dre'dful smart, and go stramashin' off alone in them out 'n the way places. Might 'a' known you 'd get overhauled somers. I always did think you was a gump, Eli, and now I 'm sure on 't," was all the comfort Gad gave him when they met and the direful tale was told.

"What shall I do now?" asked the poor lad. "My notions are n't worth selling, and my money 's gone. I 'll have to pay Hoadley somehow."

"You 'd better foot it home and go to choppin' punkins for the cows, or help your marm spin. I vow I never did see such a chap for gettin' into a mess," scolded Gad, who was a true Yankee, and made a successful trader, even in a small way.

"We 'll sleep on it," said Eli, gently, and went to bed very low in his mind.

Perhaps a few tears wet his pillow as he lay awake, and the prayers his mother taught him were whispered in the silence of the night; for hope revived, comfort came, and in the morning his serene face and sensible plan proved to his irate friend that the "gump" had a wise head and a manly heart, after all.

"Gad, it is just the time for the new almanacs, and Allen wants men to sell 'em. I thought it was small business before, but beggars must n't be choosers, so I 'm going right off to offer for the job 'round here. It will do for a start, and if I 'm smart, Allen will give me a better chance may be."

"That 's a fust-rate plan. Go ahead, and I 'll say a good word for you. Allen knows me, and books is in your line, so I guess you 'll do wal if you keep out 'n the mashes," answered Gad, with great good will, having slept off his vexation.

The plan did go well, and for weeks the rosy-faced, gentle-voiced youth might have been seen mildly offering the new almanacs at doors and shops, and at street corners, with a wistful look in his blue eyes, and a courtesy of manner that attracted many customers and earned many a dollar. Several mates, envying his fine handwriting and pitying his hard luck, took lessons in penmanship of him and paid him fairly, whereat he rejoiced over the hours spent at home, flat on the kitchen floor, or flourishing splendid capitals on the snow-banks, when his nose was blue with cold and his hands half-frozen.

When the season for the yellow-covered Almanacs was over, Eli, having won the confidence of his employer, was fitted out with more notions, and again set forth on his travels, armed, this time, and in company with his townsman. He prospered well, and all winter trudged to and fro, seemingly a common peddler, but really a student, making the world his book, and bent on learning all he could. Travel taught him geography and history, for he soon knew every corner of Virginia; looked longingly at the ancient walls of William and Mary College, where Jefferson and Monroe studied; where young George Washington received his surveyor's commission, and in his later years served as Chancellor. In Yorktown, he heard all about the siege of 1781, saw Lord Cornwallis's lodgings and the cave named for him; met pleasant people, whose fine speech and manners he carefully copied; read excellent books wherever he could find them, and observed, remembered, and stored away all that he saw, heard, and learned, to help and adorn his later life.

By spring he set out for home, having slowly saved enough to repay Hoadley for the lost goods. But as if Providence meant to teach him another lesson, and make him still more prudent, humble, and manly, a sad adventure befell him on his way.

While waiting for the coaster that was to take them home, he one day went in swimming with Gad; for this was one of the favorite pastimes of the Connecticut boys, who on Saturday nights congregated by the score at a pond called Benson's Pot, and leaped from the spring-board like circus tumblers, turning somersaults into the deep water below.

It was too early for such sport now; the water was very cold, and poor Gad, taken with cramp, nearly drowned Eli by clinging to his legs as he went down. Freeing himself with difficulty, Eli tried to save his friend; but the current swept the helpless man away, and he was lost. Hurriedly dressing, Eli ran for aid, but found himself regarded with suspicion by those to whom he told his story; for he was a stranger in the place and certain peddlers who had gone before had left a bad name behind them.



"TWO MEN HELD HIM, WHILE THE THIRD RIFLED HIS POCKETS AND BROKE OPEN HIS TRUNKS."

To his horror, he was arrested, accused of murder, and would have been tried for his life, if Mr. Allen of Norfolk had not come to testify to his good character, and set him free. Poor Gad's body was found and buried, and after a month's delay, Eli set out again, alone, heavy-hearted, and

very poor, for all his own little savings had been consumed by various expenses. Mr. Hoadley's money was untouched, but not increased, as he hoped to have it; and rather than borrow a penny of it, Eli landed barefooted. His boots were so old he threw them overboard, and spent his last dollar for a cheap pair of shoes to wear when he appeared at home, for they were not stout enough to stand travel. So, like Franklin with his rolls, the lad ate crackers and cheese as he trudged through the city, and set out for the far-away farm-house among the hills.

A long journey, but a pleasant one, in spite of his troubles; for spring made the world lovely, habit made walking no hardship, and all he had seen in his wanderings passed before him at will, like a panorama full of color and variety.

Letters had gone before, but it was a sad home-coming, and when all was told, Eli said:

"Now, Father, I 'll go to work. I 've had my wish and enjoyed it a sight; and would go again, but I feel as if I ought to work as long as I can't pay for my time."

"That 's hearty, son, and I 'm obleeged to ye. Hear what Mother 's got to say, and then do whichever you perfer," answered the farmer, with a nod toward his wife, who, with the girls, seemed full of some pleasant news which they longed to tell.

"I 've sold all the cloth we made last winter for a good sum, and Father says you may hev the spendin' on 't. It will be enough to pay your board down to Uncle Tillotson's while you study with him, so 's 't you kin be gettin' ready for college next year. I 've sot my heart on 't, and you must n't disapp'int me and the girls," said the good woman, with a face full of faith and pride in her boy, in spite of all mishaps.

"Oh, Mammy, how good you be! It don't seem as if I ought to take it. But I *do* want to go!" cried Eli, catching her round the neck in an ecstasy of boyish delight and gratitude.

Here Miranda and Pamela appeared, bringing their homely gifts of warm hose and new shirts made from wool and flax grown by the father, and spun and woven by the accomplished housewife.

A very happy youth was Eli when he again set off to the city with his humble outfit and slender purse, though Father still looked doubtful, and the brothers were more sure than ever that Eli was a fool to prefer dry books to country work and fun.

A busy year followed, Eli studying, as never boy studied before, with the excellent minister, who soon grew proud of his best pupil. Less preparation was needed in those days, and perhaps more love and industry went to the work; for necessity is a stern master, and poor boys often work wonders if the spark of greatness is there.

Eli had his wish in time, and went to college, mother and sisters making it possible by the sale of their handiwork; for the girls were famous spinners, and the mother the best weaver in the country around. How willingly they toiled for Eli! rising early and sitting late, cheering their labor with loving talk of the dear lad's progress, and an unfailing faith in his future success. Many a long ride did that good mother take to the city, miles away, with a great roll of cloth on the pillion behind her to sell, that she might pay her son's college bills. Many a coveted pleasure did the faithful sisters give up that they might keep Eli well clothed, or send him some country dainty to cheer the studies which seemed to them painfully hard and mysteriously precious. Father began to take pride in the ugly duckling now, and brothers to brag of his great learning. Neighbors came in to hear his letters, and when vacation brought him home, the lads and lasses regarded him with a certain awe, for his manners were better, his language purer, than theirs, and the new life he led refined the country boy till he seemed a gentleman.

The second year he yielded to temptation, and got into debt. Being anxious to do credit to his family, of whom he was secretly a little ashamed about this time, he spent money on his clothes, conscious that he was a comely youth with a great love of beauty and a longing for all that cultivates and embellishes character and life. An elegant gentleman astonished the hill folk that season by appearing at the little church in a suit such as the greatest rustic dandy never imagined in his wildest dreams,—the tall white hat with rolling brim, Marseilles vest with watch-chain and seals festooned across it, the fine blue coat with its brass buttons, and the nankeen trousers strapped over boots so tight that it was torture to walk in them. Armed with a cane in the well-gloved hand, an imposing brooch in the frills of the linen shirt, Eli sauntered across the Green, the observed of all observers, proudly hoping that the blue eyes of a certain sweet Lucinda were fixed admiringly upon him.

The boys were the first to recover from the shock, and promptly resented the transformation of their former butt into a city beau, by jeering openly and affecting great scorn of the envied splendor. The poor jackdaw, somewhat abashed at the effect of his plumes, tried to prove that he felt no superiority by being very affable, which won the lasses, but failed to soften the hearts of the boys; and when he secured the belle of the village for the Thanksgiving drive and dance, the young men resolved that pride should have a fall.

Arrayed in all his finery, Eli drove pretty Lu-

cinda in a smart borrowed wagon to the tavern where the dance was held. Full of the airs and graces he had learned at college, the once bashful, awkward Eli was the admired of all eyes as he pranced down the long contra-dance in the agonizing boots, or played "threading the needle" without the least reluctance on the part of the blushing girls to pay the fine of a kiss when the players sung the old rhyme:

"The needle's eye no one can pass;
The thread that runs so true —
It has caught many a pretty lass,
And now it has caught you."

But his glory was short-lived, for some enemy maliciously drew out the linchpin from the smart wagon, and as they were gayly driving homeward over the hills, the downfall came, and out they both went, to the great damage of Eli's city suit and poor Lucinda's simple finery.

Fortunately, no bones were broken, and picking themselves up, they sadly footed it home, hoping the mishap would remain unknown. But the rogues took care that Eli should not escape, and the whole neighborhood laughed over the joke; for the fine hat was ruined, and the costly coat split down the back in the ignominious tumble.

Great was the humiliation of the poor student; for not only was he ridiculed, but Lucinda would not forgive him, and the blue eyes smiled upon another; and, worst of all, he had to confess his debts and borrow money of his father to pay them. He meekly bore the stern rebuke that came with the hard-earned dollars, but the sight of the tears his mother shed, even while she comforted him, filled him with remorse. He went back to his books, in a homespun suit, a sadder and a wiser boy, and fell to work as if resolved to wash out past errors and regain the confidence he had lost.

All that winter the wheels turned and the loom jangled, that the rolls of cloth might be increased, and never was the day too cold, the way too long, for the good mother's pious pilgrimage.

That summer, a man came home to them, shabby enough as to his clothes, but so wonderfully improved in other ways that not only did the women folk glow with tender pride, but father and brothers looked at him with respect, and owned at last there was something in Eli. "No vacation for me," he said; "I must work to pay my debts, and as I am not of much use here, I 'll try my old plan, and peddle some money into my empty pockets."

It was both comic and pathetic to see the shoulders that had worn the fine broadcloth, burdened with a yoke, the hands that had worn kid gloves, grasping the tin trunks, and the dapper feet trudging through dust and dew in cow-hide boots. But the face under the old straw hat was a manlier one than that which the tall beaver crowned, and the heart under the rough vest was far happier than when the gold chain glittered above it. He did so well, that when he returned to college his debts were paid and the family faith in Eli restored.

That was an eventful year; for one brother married, and one went off to seek his fortune, the father mortgaging his farm to give these sons a fair start in life. Eli was to be a minister, and the farmer left his fortunes in the hands of his wife, who, like many another good mother, was the making of the great man of the family, and was content with that knowledge, leaving him the glory.

The next year, Eli graduated with honor, and went home, to be received with great rejoicing, just twenty-one, and a free man. He had longed for this time, and planned a happy, studious life, preparing to preach the gospel in a little parsonage of his own. But suddenly all was changed; joy turned to sorrow, hope to doubt, and Eli was called to relinquish liberty for duty, to give up his own dreams of a home to keep a roof over the heads of the dear mother and the faithful sisters. His father died suddenly, leaving very little for the women folk beside the independence that lay in the skill of their own thrifty hands. The elder brothers could not offer much help, and Eli was the one to whom the poor souls turned in their hour of sorrow and anxiety.

"Go on, dear, and don't pester yourself about us. We can find food and firin' here as long as the old farm is ours. I guess we can manage to pay off the mortgage by-and-by. It don't seem as if I *could* turn out after livin' here ever sense I was married, and poor father so fond on 't."

The widow covered her face with her apron, and Eli put his arms about her, saying manfully, as he gave up all his fondest hopes for her dearer sake:

"Cheer up, Mother, and trust to me. I should be a poor fellow if I allowed you and the girls to want, after all you 've done for me. I can get a school, and earn instead of spend. Teaching and studying can go on together. I 'm sure I should n't prosper if I shirked my duty, and I wont." The three sad women clung to him, and the brothers, looking at his brave, bright face, felt that Eli was indeed a man to lean on and to love in times like this.

"Well," thought the young philosopher, "the Lord knows what is best for me, and perhaps this is a part of my education. I 'll try to think so, and hope to get some good out of a hard job."

In this spirit he set about teaching, and prospered wonderfully, for his own great love of learning made it an easy and delightful task to help others as he had longed to be helped. His innocent and tender nature made all children love him, and gave him a remarkable power over them; so when the first hard months were past, and his

efforts began to bear fruit, he found that what had seemed an affliction was a blessing, and that teaching was his special gift. Filial duty sweetened the task, a submissive heart found happiness in self-sacrifice, and a wise soul showed him what a noble and lovely work it was to minister to little children; — for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

For years Eli taught, and his school grew famous; for he copied the fashions of other countries, invented new methods, and gave himself so entirely to his profession that he could not fail of success. The mortgage was paid off, and Eli made frequent pilgrimages to the dear old mother whose staff and comfort he still was. The sisters married well, the brothers prospered, and at thirty, the schoolmaster found a nobler mate than pretty Lucinda, and soon had some little pupils of his very own to love and teach.

There his youth ends; but after the years of teaching he began to preach at last, not in one pulpit, but in many all over the land, diffusing good thoughts now as he had peddled small wares when a boy; still learning as he went, still loving books and studying mankind, still patient, pious, dutiful, and tender, a wise and beautiful old man, till at eighty, Eli's education ended.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY "O."

By Mary A. Lathbury.

A little girl would n't say "O"
(She was learning her letters, you know);
And the very same night
She awoke in a fright,
For the Letter-land King on his throne
Said "O" in a thunderous tone,—
And it startled her so
That she quickly said "Oh!"
And the little girl's trouble was done.

BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

By C. F. Holder.



BIRDS BLOWN OUT TO SEA RESTING ON A FISHERMAN'S BOAT.

BIRDS RESTING ON A BUOY.

PROBABLY one of the most welcome sounds of spring is the carol of the birds. The rich bell notes of the robin are heard among the first; other birds soon follow, and so punctually and regularly that a gentleman in Connecticut for several years has predicted the day of their arrival with but a single error, and that of only twenty-four hours. How little we think of the real meaning of their sudden appearance! To us it is the end of winter; they bring us word of the spring that seems journeying north with them; but to the birds, it is the end of a long, tiresome pilgrimage.

Many of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer land of the Amazon; after a short stay, returning again to the North, some penetrating to the extreme shores of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible, but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little Key of Tortugas, two hundred miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the great stretch of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make yearly voyages down into the African continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks, so common in Germany, moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were, perhaps, stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes,

there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking its head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or piece of drift-wood. Thus it will be seen that birds are obliged to adopt all kinds of expedients and to form strange friendships at such times.

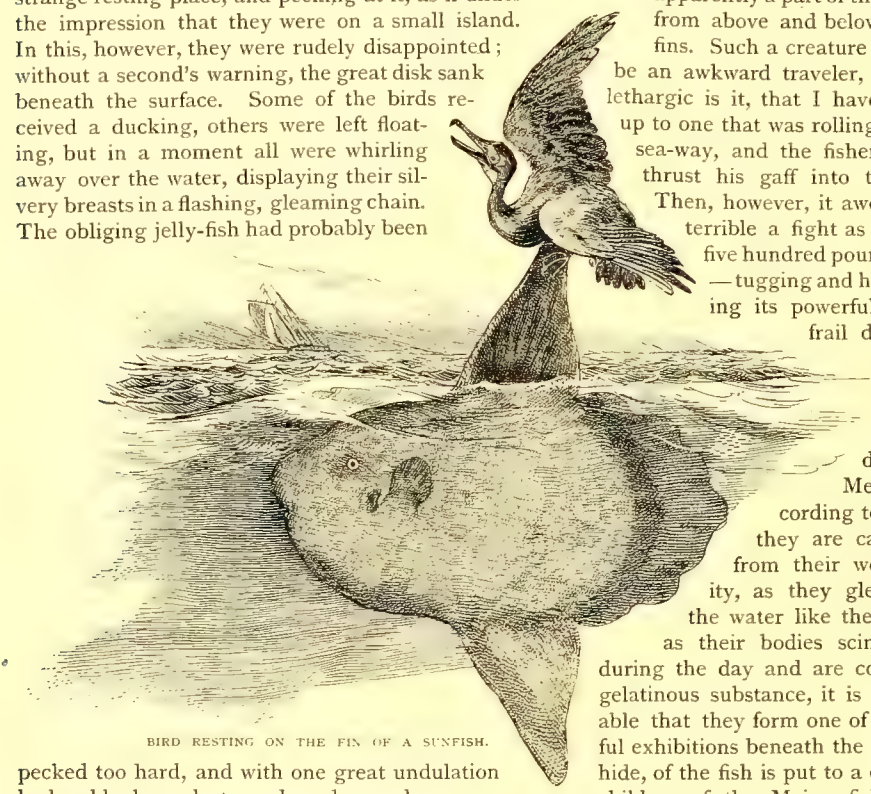
Many of my readers who visit the sea-shore in the summer months are familiar with the great, round, glassy jelly-fishes that are washed up on the beach, the tentacles of some of which are painful stingers. During July particularly they are common, and a glance down into the clear blue water will always be repaid by the sight of one or more moving meteor-like along. The jelly-fish ordinarily to be met with is as large as a dinner-plate, with fantastic pink and white streamers ten or twelve feet long; but, as in most other families, there are giant jelly-fishes — such huge fellows, that their comrades and relations seem entirely dwarfed by them. Such a jelly-fish is the Arctic Cyanea, or *Cyanea Arctica*, which, though common in northern waters, is also occasionally found off the Massachusetts coast.

While the disk of the ordinary jelly-fish is as large as a dinner-plate, that of the giant jelly-fish is seven or eight feet across, and of a consistency firm enough to stop a boat. From beneath the disk curtains of jelly appear to hang, and from among them extends away a mass of fantastic and many-hued streamers, perhaps two hundred feet, so that the enormous creature resembles at night a great comet in the sea. Its folds, margin, and tentacles gleam with phosphorescent light that streams from it like a halo, and, as it moves laboriously along by the rising and falling of its disk, the tentacles streaming behind, it might almost be mistaken for the reflection of some flaming meteor in the sky. Very often these great jelly-fishes lie at the surface of the ocean, with their upper portion exposed and the tentacles streaming below to attract some victim. Such a one was seen off the New England coast. From the deck of the vessel the observers saw several birds hovering in the air, then alighting evidently on the water. There was but little wind, and as they slowly drew near they found a huge jelly-fish floating at the surface, perhaps



FLAMINGO RESTING ON THE BACK OF A SEA-TURTLE

asleep, while on its broad back a number of sandpipers were running about, now leaping into the air as a wave struck them, then dropping upon their strange resting-place, and pecking at it, as if under the impression that they were on a small island. In this, however, they were rudely disappointed; without a second's warning, the great disk sank beneath the surface. Some of the birds received a ducking, others were left floating, but in a moment all were whirling away over the water, displaying their silvery breasts in a flashing, gleaming chain. The obliging jelly-fish had probably been pecked too hard, and with one great undulation had suddenly sunk, turned, and moved away.



BIRD RESTING ON THE FIN OF A SUNFISH.

In the same waters was formerly found in great numbers a great shark called, among many names, the "basker," from its habit of apparently sleeping on the water, its back and dorsal fin exposed to the sun. Two hundred years ago, vessels were sent out from various ports in Maine, and from Provincetown, to capture these sharks, as they did whales, for their oil, and so closely were the sharks pursued, that their numbers became more and more reduced until now they are comparatively rare except near Iceland.

While lying asleep, or basking, the basker's upper fin was often used as a rest by various birds, who probably mistook the sleeping shark for a log or an old piece of wreck, and so did not hesitate to take possession, arranging themselves along the dorsal fin, where they were perhaps soothed by the gentle rolling of the great fish; at least, they seemed to enjoy it, and presented a curious appearance. Others stood upon its back, leaping here and there to avoid the waves that rolled against the living islet.

Birds frequently make similar use of the great Orthagoriscus, or Sunfish, found along our coast. This fish in appearance is almost round, the tail apparently a part of the solid body, while from above and below extend two long fins. Such a creature would necessarily be an awkward traveler, and so slow and lethargic is it, that I have seen a boat pull up to one that was rolling to and fro in the sea-way, and the fisherman deliberately thrust his gaff into the fish's mouth. Then, however, it awoke, and made as terrible a fight as any fish weighing five hundred pounds or more could, — tugging and hauling, and grinding its powerful fins against the frail dory in a manner that threatened the planks; but it was soon mastered and dragged in. In the Mediterranean, according to some naturalists, they are called moon-fishes, from their wonderful luminosity, as they gleam and glow in the water like the full moon; and, as their bodies scintillate like silver during the day and are covered by a thick gelatinous substance, it is not at all improbable that they form one of the most wonderful exhibitions beneath the sea. The skin, or hide, of the fish is put to a curious use by the children of the Maine fishermen, who cut pieces of the pure white gristle, and, winding them with cord, find the balls thus made excellent substitutes for rubber balls, as they bound and rebound when thrown upon the ground.

The great fin of the sunfish, resembling so much a piece of broken spar, is always spied by a tired or lazy bird, which quickly settles upon it, if the sea is quiet, and the fish not rolling. A few years ago, I was present when one of the largest of these fishes ever observed was captured, at the mouth of the St. John's River. The bar across the mouth of the river is less than ten feet in depth at low tide, and, in trying to swim in, the great fish fairly ran aground. The boats put out, and, by means of harpoons and ropes, it was finally secured and carried up the river. When mounted and upright, it measured nearly twelve feet from the tip of one fin to that of the other.

On the Gulf side of Florida, especially down among the coral reefs and keys that grow out from the great peninsula, the loggerhead and green



BIRDS ALIGHTING UPON A "BASKER SHARK."



SANDPIPERS ALIGHTING UPON A GIANT JELLY-FISH.

turtles are very common, and their capture forms a large business among the inhabitants of the various keys. A not uncommon visitor is the great leather turtle, that often weighs fifteen hundred pounds. In their movements the logger-head and leather turtle are much like the sunfish, being extremely heavy and slow. When not alarmed, they move along with great deliberation, and often evidently fall asleep, lying upon the surface, their backs presenting a resting-place to any tired bird that may come along.

Once, during a heavy gale from the east, a party of spongers in an open boat were driven off shore, and so fierce was the hurricane that their only hope was to keep the boat before the wind and run out into the Gulf. For four or five hours the headlong race was kept up; but finally the wind abated, and by early morning the sea was as smooth as glass, a peculiarity often noticed there after a gale. They had been carried far out of sight of land, and were well-nigh worn out, when one of the spongers exclaimed that they were nearing shore, and soon the entire party saw a familiar sight that seemed to signify a reef — a flamingo standing motionless in the water. As the boat drew near, the bird raised its graceful neck, straightened up, and stretched its wings as if to fly; then, seeing that they were not going to molest it, it resumed its position of security. To their astonishment, the men soon perceived that, instead of resting on a reef, the bird had alighted on a huge leather turtle that was fast asleep upon the water. Indeed, the flamingo was in distress, like themselves, having been blown off shore by the same storm, and it had evidently taken refuge on the sleeping turtle. The men did not attempt to dis-

turb it, and their last view as they pulled away to the east was of the flamingo attempting to lift one leg and go to sleep, an act which the undulating motion of the floating turtle rendered well-nigh impossible.

Birds have been seen to alight upon the back of a whale in northern waters when it was moving along at the surface, probably for the purpose of feeding upon the innumerable barnacles and crustaceans that often completely cover these great creatures. And seals and walruses are in like manner frequently made the bearers of feathered passengers.

It is seldom, however, that birds will venture to retain their position upon moving animals. But such an instance, and a remarkable one, has been observed at the Galapagos Islands, where nearly all the animals, birds, and reptiles are characteristic or peculiar to the Archipelago. Besides the great turtles that live here among the lava beds, feeding upon the cactus, are two species of lizards about four feet long. One lives on land, while the other is adapted for a life on the ocean, swimming out to sea in droves. The naturalists' name for the marine lizard is *Amblyrhynchus cristatus*. It is a dark-colored long reptile, with sharp serrations, or spines, extending the entire length of its back, and it lives among the sea-weed and in the crevices of the rocks facing the water on Albemarle Island. Individual specimens have been known to attain a length of nearly five feet. Their tails are flattened like those of the sea-snakes of the China Sea, and all four feet are partly webbed, so that they are perfectly adapted for their marine life. They dive with great ease; not to obtain fish, as might be supposed, but sea-weed (*Ulvæ*), for which they descend to the bottom, tearing it off with their teeth; and often, while swimming under water, they will crawl along the bottom with all the ease of a crab. Indeed, one has frequently been forcibly kept an hour under water without any sign of discomfort. In their excursions to sea, the lizards encounter several enemies,—one, the shark, that does not hesitate to seize them; and another, a gull, that hovers about them in evident malicious enjoyment. As soon as the lizards leave shore, the gulls, if they are about, join in the expedition, fluttering about the great reptiles and uttering piercing cries, as if to call them back or urge them on. Finally, a gull alights on the head of one helpless animal, which, by diving, eludes its tormentor for a moment; but as soon as it comes up, the watchful bird is hovering close by, and again alights on the rough head, perhaps to see if a fish or a crab has been brought up and can be stolen. Be that as it may, the gull utilizes the lizard as a roost, just as the birds use the basking-shark and the turtle, only it secures a ride in addition.

Many other similar companionships are to be found among the lower animals, but the instances here cited are especially remarkable.



GULL RIDING UPON A SEA-LIZARD.

DOCTOR SOPHIA EDITH'S OFFICE-GIRL.

By Henry Lewis.

A long, narrow street; on one side, the high wall of a half-forgotten grave-yard, on the other, a row of dilapidated houses, and beyond — the sea. There were various names for this alley. A romantic party driving through it one sunny morning called it "Europe," because the crowded houses and graystone wall, the dirt and the picturesqueness, brought back to them a memory of European by-ways. The towns-people called it "Grave-yard alley." And "Doctor" Mary Conner's professional card, had she possessed one, would have read thus:



"Monument" street, you observe,—still suggestive of the locality, but not so dismal in language as Grave-yard alley.

There was nothing dismal, however, about the grave-yard. It lay in an open, sunny inclosure, where daisies and buttercups nodded through the summer till the golden-rod and asters came crowding in later. All the people buried there had fallen asleep years and years before; only living people came now, generally strangers — summer travelers, who brushed back the tangled grasses from the quaint inscriptions, or looked over the unsightliness of Monument street to the sea and the ships coming up the harbor.

Monument street was *there*, however, if nobody noticed it; and Monument street was wretchedly poor and ignorant. There were a number of people in the town from whom it might reasonably have expected a helping hand. There was the Sunday-school of St. Mark's Church close by; there was the City Missionary, and the Society for Associated Charities. But the first person who attempted to raise Monument street from its ignorance was Mary Conner, aged fourteen, possessor of a discouraged blue hood and a pair of brave blue eyes.

Mary Conner was the "oldest inhabitant" of the street, the inhabitants having a restless way of moving in and out at convenience — (generally "out," in the night, with the rent unpaid).

Pat Conner was the single exception to prove this rule. In the midst of the floating population, he alone remained stationary, and for fifteen years had regularly paid his seven dollars a month for the rooms over the corner grocery. The corner grocery was the spot where local news was collected and diffused. It represented Monument street's club-house and sewing-circle; and among the onions, laundry soap, clay pipes, and bacon, it was announced, one November morning, that "Pat Conner's Mary has got a place up-town with some kind of a doctor woman."

It was soon known, therefore, throughout the length of Monument street, that Mary Conner had become Dr. Sophia Edith's office-girl. The corner grocery was fond of a pleasant joke, and soon began to call the child "Doctor," first in playfulness, and lastly as a convenience to distinguish her from another Mary Conner in the same house. And Mary liked the title. She knew it was only a nickname, but nevertheless it had a meaning and a pleasant sound to her, and she grew more and more fond of being called "Doctor" Mary, as the days went by.

And it was not strange that six months of answering Doctor Sophia Edith's office-bell, six months of carrying notes and of waiting on aristocratic patients, should have had its influence on Mary Conner's mind. When the discouraged blue hood gave way to a neat spring hat, the brave eyes had gained an ambitious look,— a desire to rise and be somebody; in other words, to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of Doctor Sophia Edith, whom the child considered perfect in mind, manners, and methods. The only place for Mary to shine in was the alley, and the question in her mind was, how much "shining" and of what kind the alley would bear. Doctor Sophia Edith had patients and gave lectures, and helped people who had got past helping themselves. Mary longed also to have patients, and give lectures, and help people. To be sure, Monument street patients would pay nothing; it was barely possible the lectures would be unappreciated and unattended; but nevertheless Mary began her preparations. She listened outside the door on the doctor's lecture mornings, and "read up" such diseases as the mumps and the measles.

Sixteen beautiful young ladies came to Doctor Sophia Edith's physiology class every Thursday morning at ten. Doctor Sophia Edith talked to them about nerves and muscles, and they talked

to one another, after each lecture, about the last charity ball, and of having a large tintype taken of the class as soon as the course of lectures was finished. Of course, Mary could hope for no audience like this. It would be an impossibility for Monument street to come in seal-skin jackets, protected by silk umbrellas; and as for the tintype, Mary repressed a giggle at the thought of Monument street grouped in a picture. The child took her notes on scraps of brown wrapping-paper; the sixteen beautiful young ladies took theirs in russia-leather note-books. Aside from the materials used (and Mary's spelling, which was, of course, uncertain, at times), the notes were much alike. But Mary grew absent-minded and forgetful. The doctor, who never went out without charging her to write down every message or call, was one day met at the door with this list:

Miss Gibs tellufoned. Wants anuther box of those pills. Said you 'd know what kind.

Woman calld. Dident leave any name. Wanted to know if you charged just as much as the other doctors.

Miss Broun called and left her love.

Minuster called. Said he hopd youd take a class in Sunday-skool.

Gess I 'd better give my leckchur after Mikel Kelly moves away. He 's allus shure to make a row.

Someboddy tellufoned from the Orfun 'Sylum—wants you to come right out.

This last was urgent, and Doctor Sophia Edith hurried away without any comments on Michael Kelly, thereby giving Mary an opportunity to abstract her private note from the list.

IT was a May evening at the corner grocery. Pat Conner's Mary was again the subject of discussion.

"She 's a-goin' to tell us how to be a doctor—goin' to give us a whole lot of reseets an' resipes," came from behind the laundry soap and bacon.

"She are n't, either," shouted a woman at the door. "She 's a-goin' to 'mprove our c'ndishun; heard her say so myself."

"No such thing," interrupted Mr. Michael Kelly, who had disappointed Mary's hopes by not moving. "She says to me, this mornin', very perlite, 'Mr. Kelly,' says she, 'I 'm a-goin' to give a little talk on helth,' says she; and thereupon she invited me, because she wanted a gintleman to kape order and make things pleasant-like."

Pat Conner lent his front-room, and the street generally sent in chairs. Mary had arranged a small table, as much like Doctor Sophia Edith's as possible, with a bunch of early violets in a cracked match-safe, a glass of water, and a model of the human eye, which Mary had taken the liberty of keeping over night, instead of carrying it directly from Doctor Sophia's to the oculist's. She had her brown-paper notes on the table, and on the landing, just outside the door, sat one very sympathetic listener—the little lame girl Polly, who believed in "Doctor" Mary Conner as firmly as Mary Conner believed in Doctor Sophia Edith. If Polly had been born in a higher station, she would have been called a child full of poetry and graceful fancies. As it was, the alley jeered at her and called her "foolish Polly."

The audience was very mixed in color and nationality. There was one unpleasant-looking man, said to have "seven-years' consumption," and a troublesome woman who insisted that Mary should leave her lecture and go down-stairs to look at Mrs. Jim Murphy's sick hen. This demand was settled by the hen's coming up the stairs, of her own accord, in apparently good condition.

Mary had thought of calling her talk "A Glimpse of Physiology." She had even written down as her opening sentence these words:

"Such as are your habichual thoughts, such is the charukter of your minds." She glanced from the notes to the faces before her and lost courage. The room swam a little. Michael Kelly at the door was getting ready to say something funny. It was a desperate moment. Her eyes fell on the violets. The violets carried her back to Doctor Sophia Edith, and she remembered having heard the doctor say that nothing awed ignorance so much as knowledge. With a hasty sip from the glass, she took up her notes and said bravely, "I begin my talk on physi-o-l-o-g-y—by sayin' that such as are your habich-u-al thoughts, such is the char--uk-ter of your minds."

"Good land!" ejaculated old Mrs. Mulligan, who washed for the gentry, and was therefore not quite so much crushed as the others.

Mary continued—"The best econ-um-y of time is to be out in the open air. Therefore, my dear friends, you who are industrious and work in the open air are making the best econ-um-y of your time."

"And how about the men as works in the drains, 'Doctor'?"—interrupted old Mrs. Mulligan—"under the ground—a-takin' in all the bad air?——Mary Conner—go along with your econum-y!"

Mary went along,—hastily and disconnectedly:

"For consumption, take a great deal of horseback riding."

The man with the "seven-years' consumption" coughed, and Michael Kelly rose to ask if "Doctor" Mary Conner expected them to buy a horse for "'old Father Cary', as has jest coughed so bad-like, and if she would please to tell them what

that round glass thing on the table was." Mary drew the eye-model into a safer position, and taking up her notes, said, "First let me tell you that we all live in a bird-cage—yes, a bird-cage," continued Mary, the audience objecting. "The ribs which inclose the heart and lungs may be called a cage."

becoming a dangerous rival, with his beautiful ideas. She hurried on; "In our heads is the brain—it is also a telegraph office, and sends messages to all parts of the body"; here Jimmy Donahue opened his eyes. He was a messenger-boy at the Western Union. "We think with our brains,"



"DOCTOR" MARY CONNER GIVES A LECTURE BEFORE THE RESIDENTS OF MONUMENT STREET.

"Indade!" said Michael.

"This cage contains ourselves ——"

"And we are the canary-burrds," explained Michael, who had risen again to his feet and was being violently pulled down by his sister-in-law.

"Yis," said Michael, "and whin we die, the canary-burrd flies out uv the caige."

Mary's cheeks grew a little flushed. Michael was

continued "Doctor" Mary, "we eat with our mouths, we swallow with our necks, and our hearts beat in our wrists and keep us alive."

"All fale of your wrists, ladies, and gintlemuns"—requested Michael, blandly. This request, being universally complied with, made an interruption, of course; and "Doctor" Mary, taking up the glass eye carefully, said, leaning forward as if to com-

municate something of great importance: "First, let me tell you that there is a drop of oil in the knee which keeps it from growing stiff. So, if you have a stiff knee, it would be well to oil it on the outside."

"With karosine?" asked Michael.

"Yes," said Mary, though she did not feel at all sure, and in order to prevent any further questioning, she added instantly: "Now I will show you this beautiful glass eye." The whole audience made a snatching movement forward. Mary motioned them back. "This eye," she said, "which is just like our own eyes, is worth dollars an' dollars. It belongs to a friend of Doctor Sophia Edith. If you break it, we'll all be sent to jail. While you 're lookin' at it, I will recite a beautiful piece of poetry."

Mary had a clear, sweet voice. As the eye was passed around, and Mary began her recitation, the noisy room grew quiet, like a child made happy with a new toy, and calmed by the pleasant sound of some nursery hymn.

She had spoken but two lines, however,

> "Tell me not in mournful numbers,
> Life is but an empty dream,"——

when Doctor Sophia Edith herself came up the narrow stair-way in search of Mary and the eye, the oculist having sent to her for it an hour before. Doctor Sophia Edith wore a gray bonnet, and a black jacket bordered with soft, gray fur. She was righteously angry in her thoughts with Mary, and generally disheartened, for the day had been a trying one. But on the stairs, close by the door, sat little Polly, who smiled a welcome, and said, with unexpected friendliness, as she touched the gray fur of the Doctor's cloak: "Come in, Dr. Pussy Willow. Mary would n't ask you to her lecture, 'cause she said you had n't time, and you would n't think she knew anything."

Through the crack in the door-way, at the moment, came a familiar voice—

> "Be not like dumb, driven cattle,—
> Be a hero in the strife!"—

And, peeking through, the doctor saw at the end of the room, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, Mary, her office-girl, standing on a chair and gesticulating.

She noticed, too, that something was being passed around, but she could not get a sight of the object itself. A woman's voice said:

"And it 's no wonder it hurts when it 's hit; sure—it is as delicate as a chiny closet."

"It has been a beautiful lecture," sighed Polly contentedly, as the Doctor glanced down at her. "I call you 'Pussy Willow' 'cause you wear soft, gray things. Mary told me about them. I saw some real pussy willows once." The child was stroking the fur trimming. "Your clothes are like a pussy willow; but your face is like a Mayflower," she added.

Doctor Sophia Edith for a moment forgot her errand. Novel experiences were frequent in her profession; but this was the cream of novelties—to be called a Pussy Willow and a Mayflower all in one breath, and down in the depth of "Graveyard alley," where she heard her small office-girl calmly and sweetly repeating over the heads of these poor ignorant and miserable people,

> "Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime."

Dr. Sparrow's delicate model of the human eye came in safety to Michael Kelly, and he, having spied Dr. Sophia Edith through the crack, softly slipped the model out to her at arms-length, and said:

"May be ye 'd like to look at it, Marm. But be very keerful; fer, ef you drop it, there 'll be the perlice upon us."

Doctor Sophia Edith whispered a word to Polly; slipped the eye into her pocket, and escaped. Down the stairs floated after her,

> "Let us, then, be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate,"——

interrupted by Michael's shouting jubilantly, "I say, 'Doctor' Mary Conner, there 's a woman 's run off with your eye!"

Mary went through her office-work next day like a person awaiting dismissal and disgrace. She did not know that Doctor Sophia Edith had a great love of poetry and a sincere appreciation for any attempt at scattering scientific knowledge. This love and appreciation were to outweigh a just displeasure. When Mary came in at night for her sentence, the doctor taking a bunch of Mayflowers from the table, said quietly:

"Mary, I expect you to be more faithful in the future, and you can take these flowers to the little lame girl, Polly."



THE WEARY PAGE.

WHOSE SCISSORS DID IT?

By Bessie Chandler.

'T was winter, and gay Jack Frost had flung
His sparkling jewels on the fields of snow,—
While over the way his icicles hung
From the edge of the roof, in an even row.

My little girl looked across the way,
At the frozen fringe which was hanging there;
And then in soft tones I heard her say:
"I wonder who banged that house's hair?"

THE COAST-GUARD.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DO YOU wonder what I am seeing,
In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like cliffs in a golden sunset,
With a summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves
Like the tramp of a mailèd host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast-guard
Pacing along the strand.
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina,
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the life-boat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.



I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.

"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in His hand!

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

By Captain Mayne Reid.

Chapter XII.

A CATASTROPHE NOT ANTICIPATED.

Another day dawns upon the castaways, with again a bright glow showing in the sky; and Ned Gancy and Henry Chester, who have risen early, as they look out over the water, become witnesses of the curious behavior of another Fuegian fishing-bird — the cormorant.

One of these birds, seemingly regardless of their presence, has come close to the ledge where the boat is lying, and has there caught a fish. But instead of gobbling it up or tearing it to pieces, as might be expected, the captor lets it go again, not involuntarily, but, as soon appears, designedly. The fish, alive and apparently uninjured, makes away through the water; but only for a short distance, ere it is followed by the cormorant and caught afresh. Then it is dropped a second time, and a third time seized, and so on through a series of catchings and surrenderings, just like those of a cat playing with a mouse!

In this case, however, the cruel sport has a different termination, by the cormorant being deprived of the prey it seemed so sure of. Not through the efforts of the fish itself, which now, badly damaged, swims but feebly; nor do the gulls appropriate it, but a wingless biped — no other than Ned Gancy. "Chester, we shall have that fish for breakfast," he says, springing to his feet, and hastily stripping for a swim. Then, with a rush over the ledge, he plunges in, sending the cormorant off in affright, and taking possession of the prey it has left behind.

The fish proves to be a species of smelt, over two pounds in weight, and a welcome addition to their now greatly reduced larder.

As they have passed a restful night, all the members of the forlorn little party are up betimes; and soon the "doctor" is bestirring himself about their breakfast, in which the cormorant-caught fish is to play a conspicuous part.

The uprising sun reveals the landscape in a changed aspect, quite different from that seen at its setting, and even more surprisingly picturesque. The snowy mantle of Mount Darwin is no longer pure white, but of hues more attractive — a commingling of rose and gold — while the icicled cliffs on the opposite side of the cove, with the façades of the glaciers, show every tint of blue from pale sky to deep beryl, darkening to indigo and purple in the deep sea-water at their bases. It is, or might be called, the iridescence of a land with rocks all opals and trees all evergreens; for the dullest verdure here seems vivid by contrast with its icy and snowy surroundings.

"Oh, Mamma! is n't it glorious?" exclaims Leoline, as she looks around upon the wonderful landscape. "It beats Niagara! If I only had my box of colors, I 'd make a sketch of it."

To this burst of enthusiastic admiration, the mother responds with but a faint smile. The late danger, from which they have had such a narrow escape, still gravely affects her spirits; and she dreads its recurrence, despite all assurances to the contrary. For she knows they are but founded on hope, and that there may be other tribes of cruel and hostile savages to be encountered. Even Seagriff still appears apprehensive, else why should he be looking so anxiously out over the water? Seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, pipe in mouth, he sends up wreathing curls of smoke among the branches of the winter's-bark overhead. But he is not smoking tranquilly, as is his wont; but in short, quick puffs, while the expression on his features, habitually firm, tells of troubled thought.

"What are you gazing at, Chips?" questions Captain Gancy, who has noticed his uneasy look.

"At that glasheer, Captin'. The big un derect in front of us."

"Well, what of it?"

"'Pears to me it bulges out beyond the line o' the clif more 'n we mout like it to. Please let me have a squint at it through the glass. My eyes aren't wuth much agin the dazzle o' that ice an' snow."

"By all means. Take the glass, if that will help you," says the Captain, handing him the binocular, but secretly wondering why he wishes to examine the glacier so minutely. The Captain can not understand what there is in the blue and frozen mass to be troubled about. But nothing further is said, he and all the rest remaining silent, so as not to interfere with Seagriff's observation. Not without apprehension, however, do they await the result, as the old sealer's words and manner indicate plainly that something is amiss. And their waiting is for a short while only. Almost on the

instant of getting the glacier within his field of view, Seagriff cries out:

"Jest as I surspected! The bend o' the ice air 'way out from the rocks, ten or fifteen fathoms, I should say!"

"Well, and if it is," rejoins the skipper, "what does that signify to us?"

"A mighty deal, Captin'. Thet air, surposin' it should snap off *jest now*. An' sech a thing would n't be unusuul. I wonder we have 'nt seed the like afore now, runnin' past so many glasheers ez we hev. Cewrus, too, our not comin' acrost a berg yet. I guess the ice 's not melted sufficient for 'em to break away."

But now an appetizing odor, more agreeable to their nostrils than the perfume of the fuchsias, or the aromatic fragrance of the winter's-bark, admonishes them of breakfast being served; the doctor likewise soon proclaiming it. And so for a time the glacier is forgotten.

But after the meal has been dispatched, the glacier again becomes the subject of discourse, as the old sealer once more begins to regard it through the glass with evident apprehension.

"It 'ud seem beyond the possibility of belief," he says, "thet them conglomerations uv ice, hard froze an' lookin' ez tight fixed ez a main-stay, for all thet, hev a downard slitherin' motion, jest like a stream o' water, tho' in coorse thousands, or millions o' times slower."

"Oh! that 's well understood," asserts the skipper, acquainted with the latest theory of glacier movement.

"So it may be, Captin'," pursues Seagriff; "but thar 's somethin' 'bout these breakin' off an' becomin' bergs ez aint so well understood, I reckin'; leastways not by l'arned men. An' the cause of it air well enough know'd 'mong the seal-fishers ez frequent these soun's an' channels."

"What is the cause, Chips?" asked young Gancy, like all the others, interested in the subject of conversation.

"Wall, it 's this, Mister Ned. The sea-water bein' warmer than the ice, melts the glasheer when thar 's high tide, an' the eend of it dips under; then at low tide,—bein', so to speak, *undermined*, an' not havin' the water to rest on,—it naterally sags down by its own weight, an' snaps off, ez ye 'll all easily understan'."

"Oh! we quite understand," is the universal response, every one satisfied with the old sealer's explanation as to the origin of icebergs.

"How I should like to see one launched," exclaims Leoline, "that big one over there, for instance. It would make such a big plunge! Would n't it, Mr. Chips?"

"Yes, Miss, sech a plunge thet ef this child tho't thar was any likelihood of it comin' loose from its moorin's, while we 're hyar, he would n't be smokin' his pipe so contented. Jest look at thet boat!"

"The boat! what of her?" asks the skipper, in some apprehension, at length beginning to comprehend the cause of Seagriff's uneasiness.

"Wall, Captin', ef yon glasheer war to give off a berg, any sort of a big un, it mout be the means o' leavin' us 'ithout any boat at all."

"But how?"

"How? Why, by swampin', or smashin' the only one we 've got, the which——Thunder an' airthquakes! See yonner! The very thing we 're talkin' 'bout, I vow!"

No need for him to explain his words and excited exclamations. All know what has called them forth; the berg is snapping off. All see the breaking up and hear the crash, loud as the discharge of a ship's broadside or a peal of thunder, till at length, though tardily, they comprehend the danger, as their eyes rest on a stupendous roller, as high as any sea the *Calypso* had ever encountered, coming toward them across the strait.

"To the boat!" shouts Seagriff, making down the bank, with all the men after him. They reach the landing before the roller breaks upon it; but alas! to no purpose. Beach, to draw the boat up on, there is none; only the rough ledge of rocks, and the only way to raise it on this would be to lift it bodily out of the water, which can not be done. For all that—they clutch hold of it, with determined grip, around the edge of the bow. But their united strength will prove as nothing against that threatening swell. For the roller, entering the confined water of the cove, has increased in height, and comes on with more tempestuous surge.

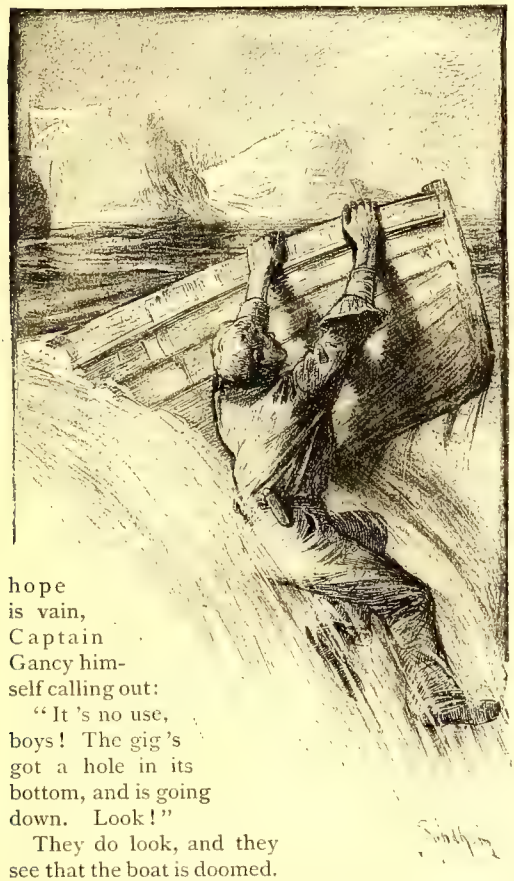
Their effort proves futile, and nigh worse than futile to Henry Chester. For, as the boat is whisked out of their hands and swung up fathoms high, the English youth, heedless of Seagriff's shout "let go!" hangs on, bull-dog-like, and is carried up along with her!

The others have retreated up the slope, beyond reach of the wave which threatens to bear him off in its backward flow. Seeing his danger, all cry out in alarm; and the voice of Leoline is heard above, crying out to her mother:

"Oh! Henry is lost."

But no, Henry is not lost. Letting go before the boat comes down again, with a vigorous bound backward the agile youth heads the roller, getting well up the bank ere it washes over him. Wash over him it does, but only drenches him; for he has flung his arms around a barberry bush and holds it in firm embrace; so firm and fast that, when the water has surged back, he is still seen clinging to it—safe! But by the same subsidence

the boat is dashed away, the keel striking on some rocks with a harsh sound, which tells of damage, if not total destruction. Still, it floats, drifting outward, and for awhile all seems well with it. Believing it to be so, the two youths rush to the tent, and each snatching an oar from it, prepare to swim out and bring the boat back. But before they can enter the water, a voice tells them their



hope is vain, Captain Gancy himself calling out:

"It 's no use, boys! The gig 's got a hole in its bottom, and is going down. Look!"

They do look, and they see that the boat is doomed. Only for an instant are their eyes upon it, before it is seen no more, having "bilged" and gone under, leaving but bubbles to mark the place of its disappearance.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHANGE OF QUARTERS DETERMINED ON.

NO GREATER calamity than the loss of their boat could have overtaken the castaways, save losing life itself. It has made them castaways in the fullest sense of the word; almost as if left boatless on a desert isle in mid-ocean. Their situation is desperate, indeed, though for a time they scarce realize it. How can they, in so lovely a spot, teeming with animal life, and Nature, as it were, smiling around them? But the old sealer knows all that will soon be changed, experience reminding him that the brief, bright summer will ere long be succeeded by dark, dreary winter, with rain, sleet, and snow almost continuously. Then no food will be procurable, and to stay where they are would be to starve. Captain Gancy, also, recalls the attempts at colonizing Tierra del Fuego; notably that made by Sarmiento at Port Famine in the Magellan Straits, where his whole colony, men, women, and children—nearly three hundred souls—miserably perished by starvation; and where, too, the lamented missionary, Gardner, with all his companions, succumbed to a similar fate.* The Captain remembers reading, too, that these colonists had at the start ample store of provisions, with arms and ammunition to defend themselves, and renew their stores. If *they* could not maintain life in Tierra del Fuego, what chance is there for a party of castaways, without weapons, and otherwise unfitted for prolonged sojourn in a savage land? Even the natives, supplied with perfect implements for fishery and the chase, and skilled in their use, have often a hard, and at times an unsuccessful, struggle for existence. Darwin thus speaks of it:

"The inhabitants, living chiefly upon shell-fish, are obliged constantly to change their place of residence, but return at intervals to the same spot. * * * At night, five or six of them, unprotected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground, coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks, and the women, winter and summer, either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair line jerk out small fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a dead whale discovered, it is a feast. Such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi. Nor are they exempt from famine, and, as a consequence, cannibalism, accompanied by parricide."

The old seal-fisher, familiar with these facts, keeps them to himself, though knowing the truth will in time reveal itself to all. They get an inkling of it that very day, when the "doctor," proceeding to cook dinner, reports upon the state of the larder, in which there is barely the wherewithal for another meal. Nearly everything brought away from the bark was in the gig, and is doubtless in it still—at the bottom of the sea. So the meal is eaten in a somewhat despondent mood.

They get into better spirits soon after, however, on finding that Nature has furnished them with an

* There is now a colony in the Straits of Magellan, not far from Port Famine, at Sandy Point—the "Punta de Arenas" of the old Spanish navigators. The colony is Chilian, and was established as a penal settlement, though it is now only nominally so. The population is about fourteen hundred.

ample store of provisions for the present, near at hand. Prospecting among the trees, they discover an edible fungus, known to sealers as the "beech-apple," from its being a parasite of the beech. It is about the size and shape of a small orange, and is of a bright yellow color. When ripe, it becomes honey-combed over the surface, and has a slightly sweetish taste, with an odor somewhat like that of a mushroom, to which it is allied. It can be eaten raw, and is so eaten by the Fuegian natives, with whom, for a portion of the year, it is the staple article of subsistence.

The castaways find large numbers of this valuable plant adhering to the birch-beeches,— more than enough for present needs; while two species of fruit are also available as food,— the berries of the *arbutus* and barberry.

Still, notwithstanding this plentitude of supply, the castaways make up their minds to abandon their present encampment, for a reason that becomes apparent, soon after they see themselves boatless.

"There 's no use in our stayin' longer hyar," says Seagriff, who first counsels a change of quarters. "Ef a vessel should chance to pass along outside, we could n't well be in a worse place fur signalin', or gettin' sighted by, her. We 'd hev but the ghost of a chance to be spied in sech a sercluded corner. Ther'fore, we ought to cl'ar out of it, an' camp somewhar on the edge o' the open water."

"In that I agree with you, Chips," responds the Captain, "and we may as well move at once."

"Thet 's true, sir, ef we *could* move at onct. But we can't—leastways not to-day."

"Why not?"

"It 's too nigh night; we would n't hev time to git to the outer shore," explained the carpenter.

"Why there 's an hour of daylight yet, or more!"

"Thet 's cl'ar enough, Captin'. But ef thar were two hours o' daylight, or twice thet, it would n't be enough."

"I don't understand you, Chips. The distance can't be more than two or three hundred yards."

"Belike, it are n't more. But for all that, it 'll take us the half of a day, ef not longer, to cover it."

"How so?" queried the skipper.

"Wal, the how is thet we can't go by the beach; thar bein' no beach. At the mouth o' the cove, it 's all cliff, right down to the water. I noticed thet as we war puttin' inter it. Not a strip o' strand at the bottom broad enough fur a seal to bask on. We 'll hev to track it up over the hills, an' thet 'll take no end o' time, an' plenty o' toilin', too;— ye 'll see, Captin'."

"I suppose, then, we must wait for morning," is the skipper's rejoinder, after becoming satisfied that no practicable path leads out of the cove, between land and water.

This constrains them to pass another night on the spot that has proved so disastrous, and, the morning after, to eat another meal upon it — the last they intend tasting there. A meager repast it is; but their appetites are now on keen edge, all the keener from their being stinted. For, by one of nature's perverse contrarieties, men feel hunger most when without the means of satisfying it; and



"THE DOCTOR."

most thirsty when no water can be had! It is the old story of distant skies looking brightest, and far-off fields showing greenest;— the very difficulty of obtaining a thing whetting the desire to possess it, as a child craves some toy, that it soon ceases to care for when once in its possession.

No such philosophic reflections occupy the thoughts of the castaways. All they think of, while at their scanty meal, is to get through with it as speedily as possible, and away from the scene of their disaster.

The breakfast over, the tent is taken down; the boat sail folded into the most portable form, with mast, oars, and everything made ready for overland transport. They have even apportioned the bundles, and are about to begin the up-hill climb, when, lo! the *Fuegians!*

CHAPTER XIV.

A FUEGIAN FISH-HUNT.

YES, the savages are once more in sight,—a canoe full of them just appearing around the point of the cliff, closely followed by another, and another, till four are under view in front of the cove. They

are as yet far out on the sea-arm; but as they have come along it from the west, the castaways suppose them to be some of their late assailants, still persistently continuing the pursuit.

But no! Captain Gancy, quickly sighting through his binocular, declares them different; at least, in their array. For they are not all men, more than half being women and children; while no warlike insignia can be discerned,—neither white feathers nor chalked faces.

Seagriff, in turn taking the glass, further makes out that the men have fish-spears in their hands, and an implement he recognizes as a *fizgig*, while the heads of dogs appear over the gunwales of the canoes, nearly a dozen in each.

"It 's a fishin' party," he pronounces. "For all thet, we 'd best make a hide of it! thar 's no trustin' 'em, anyway so long as they think they hev the upper hand. A good thing our fire has gone out, else they 'd a-spied it afore this. An' lucky the bushes be in front, or they 'd see us now. Mebbe they 'll pass on along the arm, an'—— No! they 're turnin' in toward the cove!"

This can be told by the apparent shortening of the canoes, as they are brought head around toward the inlet.

Following the old sealer's advice, earnestly urged, all slip back among the trees, the low-hanging branches of which afford a screen for concealment like a closed curtain. The bundles are taken along, and the camp-ground is cleared of everything likely to betray its having been lately occupied by white people. All this they are enabled to do without being seen by the savages, a fringe of evergreens between the camp-ground and the water effectually masking their movements.

"But should n't we go farther up?" says the skipper, interrogating Seagriff. "Why not keep on over the hill?"

"No, Captin'; we must n't move from hyar. We could n't, 'ithout makin' sech a racket ez they 'd be sure to hear. Besides, thar 's bare spots above, whar they mout sight us from out on the water; an' ef they did, distance would n't sarve us a bit. The Feweegins kin climb up the steepest places, like squir'ls up a tree. Once seen by 'em, we 'd stan' no chance with 'em in a run. Ther'fore, we'd better abide quietly hyar. Mebbe, arter all, they may n't come ashore. 'T aint one o' thar landin'-places, or we 'd 'a' foun' traces of 'em. The trees would 'a' been barked all about.—Oh, I see what they 're up to now. A fish-hunt,—a surround wi' thar dogs. Thet 's thar bizness in the cove."

By this, the four canoes have arrived at the entrance to the inlet, and are forming in line across it at equal distances from one another, as if to bar the way against anything that may attempt to pass outward. Just such is their design; the fish being what they purpose enfilading.

At sight of them and the columns of ascending smoke, the pelicans and other fishing birds take flight, in a chorus of screams,—some to remain soaring overhead, others flying altogether out of sight. The water is left without a ripple, and so clear that the spectators on shore, from their elevated point of view, can see to its bottom, all around the shore where it is shallow. They now observe fish of several sorts swimming affrightedly to and fro; and see them as plainly as through the glass walls of an aquarium.

Soon the fish-hunters, having completed their "cordon" and dropped the dogs overboard, come on up the cove, the women plying the paddles, the men with javelins upraised, ready for darting. The little foxy dogs swim abreast of and between the canoes, driving the fish before them,—as sheep-dogs drive sheep,—one or another diving under at intervals, to intercept such as attempt to escape outward. For in the translucent water they can see the fish far ahead, and, trained to the work, they keep guard against a break from these through the inclosing line. Soon the fish are forced up to the inner end of the cove, where it is shoalest; and then the work of slaughter commences. The dusky fishermen, standing in the canoes and bending over, now to this side, now that, plunge down their spears and fizgigs, rarely failing to bring up a fish of one sort or another; the struggling victim shaken off into the bottom of the canoe, there gets its death-blow from the boys.

For nearly an hour the curious aquatic chase is carried on; not in silence, but amid a chorus of deafening noises,—the shouts of the savages and the barking and yelping of their dogs mingling with the shrieking of the sea-birds overhead. And thrice is the cove "drawn" by the canoes, which are taken back to its mouth, the line reformed, and the process repeated till a good supply of the fish best worth catching has been secured.

And now the spectators of the strange scene await with dread anticipation the approaching crisis. Will the savage fishermen come ashore, or go off without landing? In the former event, the castaways have small hope of remaining undiscovered. True, they are well concealed; not an inch of face or person is exposed; the captain and Seagriff alone are cautiously doing the vidette duty. Still, should the Fuegians come on shore, it must be at the ledge of rocks, the only landing-place, and but half a stone's throw from the spot where they are sheltering.

"The thing we 've most to be afeerd of is thar dogs," mutters Seagriff. "Ef they should land,

the little curs 'll be sure to scent us. An' — Sakes alive! What's that?"

The final exclamation, though involuntarily uttered aloud, is not heard, even by those standing beside him, for it is drowned by the noise that called it forth,— a thundering crash, succeeded by a loud crackling which continues for more than a minute of time. There is no mystery about it, however; it is but a falling tree,— the one behind which "the doctor" had been standing, his hands pressed against it for support. Yielding to curiosity, he had been peering around its trunk,— a disobedience that is costing him dear; for, as if in punishment, he has gone along with the tree, face foremost, and far down the slope.

As he is lost to sight in the cloud of dust that has puffed up around them, all believe him killed, crushed, buried amid the *debris* of shattered branches. But no! In a trice he is seen on his feet again coming out of the dust-cloud, no longer with a black skin, but chocolate-brown all over, woolly pate and clothing included, as though he had been for days buried in tan-bark!— sneezing, too, with a violence that is really comical.

He is a spectacle to make the most sober-sided laugh, were the occasion one for merriment; but his companions are too alarmed for that now, feeling sure of being discovered by the savages. How can it be otherwise, after such a catastrophe — nature itself, as it were, betraying them?



A FUEGIAN FISH-HUNT.

Yet to their pleased surprise it proves otherwise; and on the dust settling down, they see the Fuegian fishermen still in their canoes, with not a face turned toward the land, none, at least, seeming to heed what has happened! But there is nothing strange in this apparent apathy, to one who knows the reason. In the weird forests of Tierra del Fuego there is many a tree standing,

to all appearance sound in trunk, branches, everything; yet rotten from bark to heart-wood, and ready to topple over at the slightest touch — even if but a gun be rested against it! As the fall of such trees is of common occurrence, the natives never gave a second thought to so common a phenomenon. The fishers in the canoes have not heeded it; while the sneezing of Cæsar has been unheard amid the noises made by themselves, their dogs, and the shrieking sea-birds.

In the end, this very thing by which the castaways feared betrayal proves their salvation; for the hunter-fishermen do land at length. But, luckily, they do not stay on shore for any great time; only long enough to make partition of their spoil and roughly clean the fish. By exceedingly good luck, also, the bits of fish thrown to them fully engage the attention of the dogs, which otherwise would have surely strayed inland, and so have come upon the party in hiding.

But perhaps the best instance of favoring fortune is the tree pushed down by the doctor; which has fallen over the ground of the abandoned camp, and has covered under a mass of rotten wood and dust all the place where the tent stood, the fire-hearth, half-consumed faggots, everything. But for this well-timed obliteration, the sharp-eyed savages could not have failed to note the traces of its recent occupancy. As it is, they have no suspicion either of that or of the proximity of those who have had possession of the ground before them, so much engrossed are they with the product of their fish-hunt, which has proved an unusually large catch.

Still, the apprehensions of the concealed spectators are not the less keen, and to them it is a period of dread, irksome suspense. But, fortunately, it lasts not much longer. To their unspeakable delight, they at length see the savages bundle back into their canoes, and, pushing off, paddle away out of the cove.

As the last boat-load of them disappears around the point of rocks, Captain Gancy, in grateful, prayerful voice, exclaims:

"Again we may thank the Lord for a merciful deliverance!"

Chapter XV.

A rough overland route.

When they are convinced that the canoes are gone for good, the castaways again prepare to set out on the journey so unexpectedly delayed. It is now noon, and it may be night ere they reach their destination. So says Seagriff; an assertion that seems strange, as he admits the distance may be but a few hundred yards.

They are about taking up their bundles to start, when a circumstance arises that causes further delay; this time, however, a voluntary and agreeable one. In a last glance toward the cove, ere turning their backs upon it, two flocks of gulls are seen, each squabbling about something that floats on the surface of the water. Something white, which proves to be a dead fish, or rather a couple of them, which have been overlooked by the hunter-fishermen. They are too large for the gulls to carry away; and a crowd of the birds are buffeting their wings in conflict above them.

"A bit of rare good luck for us!" cries young Gancy, dropping a pair of oars he has shouldered. "Come, Harry! we 'll go a-fishing, too."

The English youth takes the hint; and, without another word, both rush down to the water's edge, where, stripping off coats, shoes, and other *impedimenta*, they plunge in.

In a few seconds the fish are reached and secured, to the great grief and anger of the gulls, which, now screaming furiously, wheel around the heads of the swimmers until they are safe on shore with their prey.

Worth all their trouble is the spoil retrieved, as the fish prove to be a species of mullet, each of them over six pounds in weight.

Now assured of having something to eat at the end of their journey, they set out in much better spirits. But they make not many steps — if steps they can be called — before discovering the difficulties at which the old sealer has hinted. Steps, indeed! Their progress is more a sprawl than a walk; a continuous scramble over trunks of fallen trees, many so decayed as to give way underneath, letting them down to their armpits in a mass of sodden stuff, as soft as mud, and equally bedaubing. Even if disposed, they could no longer laugh at the cook's changed color, for each of the party now has much the same aspect.

But no place could be less incentive to laughter than that which they are in. The humid atmosphere around them has a cold, clammy feeling, and the light is no better than shadowy twilight. A weird, unearthly silence pervades it, only broken by the harsh twitter of a diminutive bird — a species of creeper — that keeps them company on the way, the dismal *woo-woo-a* of an owl, and, at intervals, the rattling call-note of the woodpecker. The last, though laugh-like in itself, is anything but provocative of mirth in those who listen to it, and who learn from Seagriff that it is a sound peculiar to the loneliest, gloomiest recesses of the Fuegian forests.

After toiling up the steep acclivity for nearly two hours, they arrive at a point where the tall timber ends. There are trees beyond, — beeches,

like the others, but so dwarfed and stunted as to better deserve the name of bushes. Bushes of low growth, but of ample spread; for in height, they are less than twenty inches, while their branches extend horizontally to even more than that number of feet! They are as thickly branched as the box-edging of a garden-walk, and so interwoven with several species of shrubs as to present a smooth, matted surface, seemingly that of the ground itself, under a close-cropped sward.

Mistaking it for this, the two young men, who are in the lead, glad at having escaped from the gloom of the forest with its many obstructions, gleefully strike out into what they believe to be open ground.

But they soon find their belief a delusion, and the path as difficult as ever. For now, it is over the tops of growing, instead of the trunks of fallen, trees. It is quite as impossible to make rapid progress here as it was in the forest; and every now and then the lads' feet break through and become entangled, their trousers are torn and their shins scratched by the thorns of the barberries.

The others, following, fare a little better, from being forewarned, and proceed with greater care. But all find it a troublesome task, calling for agility as well as caution; now a quick rush, as if over thin ice or a treacherous quagmire, must be made; anon, a trip-up and tumble causes many eccentric flounderings before the feet can be recovered.

Fortunately, the belt of lilliputian forest is of no great breadth; and beyond it, higher up, they get upon firmer ground, nearly bare of vegetation, which continues to the summit of the ridge.

Reaching this, at length, they have a scenic view of "Fireland" grander than any yet revealed to them. Mountains to the north, mountains to the south, east, and west; mountains piled on mountains all around, of every form and altitude. There are domes, cones, and pyramids; ridges with terraced sides and table-tops; peaks, spires, and castellated pinnacles, some of them having resemblance to artificial mason-work built, as it were, by Titans! In the midst of this picturesque conglomeration, and standing high above all, like a giant above ordinary men, is the grand snow-cone of Mount Darwin, on the opposite side of the arm, fit mate for Sarmiento, seen in the same range, north-westward. Intersecting the mountain-chains are deep, ravine-like valleys, some with sloping sides thickly wooded, others presenting façades of sheer cliffs, with rocks bare and black. Most of them are narrow, dark, and dismal, save when illumined by glaciers, from the glistening milky-white and beryl-blue surfaces of which the sun's rays are vividly reflected.

Valleys, I said, but strictly speaking they are not valleys at all, but chasms, the bottoms of which are arms of the sea, straits, sounds, channels, bays, inlets; many of them with water as deep as the ocean itself. Of every conceivable shape and trend are they; so ramifying, and communicating with one another, that Tierra del Fuego, long supposed to be a main-land, is, in point of fact, only an archipelago of islands, closely clustered together.

From their high point of observation on the ridge's crest, the castaways command a view also of a reach of water wider than the sea-arm immediately beneath them, of which, however, it is a continuation. It extends eastward as far as they can see, straight as an artificial canal, and so like one in other ways as to suggest the idea, or fancy, that it has been dug by the same Titans who did the masonwork on the mountains! It occupies the entire attention of Seagriff, who, looking along it toward the east, at length says:

"Thet 's the Beagle Channel; the way we were to hev gone but fur the swampin' of our boat. An' to think we 'd 'a' been runnin' 'long it now, 'nstead o' stannin' helpless hyar! Jest our luck!"

To his bitter reflection no one makes response. Captain Gancy is engrossed with his binocular, examining the shores of the sea-arm, while the others, fatigued by their long, arduous climb, are seated upon rocks at some distance off, resting.

After a time, the skipper, re-slinging his glass, makes known the result of his observation, saying:

"I can see nothing of the canoes anywhere. Probably they 've put into some other cove along shore to the westward. At all events, we may as well keep on down."

And down they go, the descent proving quicker and easier than the ascent. Not that the path is less steep, or beset with fewer obstructions; but their tumbles are now all in the right direction, with no backward slidings. Forward falls they have, and many; every now and then a wild upthrowing of arms ends with a fall at full length upon the face. They succeed, however, in reaching the water's edge again, without serious injury received by any, though all of them are as wet as if they had been swimming with their clothes on, and are looking forlorn, soiled and draggled.

At the place where they have now reached the beach, there is a slight curving indentation in the shore-line; not enough to be called a bay, nor to interfere with their chance of being seen by any ship that may pass along the arm. As this has been their reason for changing quarters, it might be supposed they would choose the most conspicuous point for their new encampment. But their choice is influenced by other considerations; chief of these being the fact that near the center

of the curve they find a spot altogether suited to their purpose — a grassy spot, high and dry, a little platform surrounded and sheltered by trees.

That they are not the first human beings to set foot on it is evinced by the skeleton of a wigwam found standing there; while on the beach below is a heap of shells recognizable as a "kitchen midden."* These evidences of former occupancy also proclaim it of old date. The floor of the wigwam is overgrown with grass and weeds; while the shell-heap is also covered with greenery, the growth upon it being wild celery and scurvy grass, both of which plants give promise of future utility. Like promise is there in another object near-at-hand: a bed of kelp, off shore, just opposite, marking a reef, the rocks of which are bare at ebb tide. From this, shell-fish may be taken, as they have been before; for the kelp-bed explains the presence of wigwam and "kitchen midden."

In addition to these advantages, the beech-apples and berries are as plentiful here as at the encampment in the cove, and still another species is found not far off. At the western extremity of the indentation, a slightly elevated ridge projects out into the water, treeless, but overgrown with bushes of low stature, which are thickly covered with what at a distance appear to be bunches of red blossoms, but on closer inspection prove to be berries — *cranberries*.

But, notwithstanding all these advantages, there are other indications about the place which are not so pleasing. The wigwam tells of their still being in the territory of the hostile tribe from which they have so miraculously escaped.

"Ailikoleep!" is the exclamation of Seagriff, as soon as he sets eyes on it; "we 're in the country o' the rascally savagers yit!"

"How do you know that?" inquires the skipper.

"By the build o' thet wigwam, an' the bulk of it. Ez ye see, it's roun'-topped, wharas them o' the Tekineekers, an' other Feweegins, run up to a sharp p'int, besides bein' bigger an' roomier. Thar 's another sign, too, of its bein' Ailikoleep. They kiver thar wigwams wi' seal-skins, 'stead o' grass, which the Tekineekers use. Ef this hed been thatched wi' grass, we 'd see some o' the rubbish inside; an', moreover, the floor 'd be hollered out — which it 's not. Yes, the folks that squatted hyar hev been Ailikoleeps. But it 's no surprise to me, ez I heern some words pass 'mong the fishin' party, which show'd 'em to be thet same. Wal," he continues, more hopefully, "thar 's one good thing; they have n't set fut on this groun' fur a long while; which is some airnest o' thar hevin' gi'n the place up fur good. Those dead woods tell o' thar last doin's about hyar."

He points to some trees standing near, with most of the bark stripped from their trunks.

"They 've peeled 'em fur patchin' thar canoes; an', by the look of it, thet barkin was done more 'n three years ago."

All this does little to restore confidence. The fact of the fishing party having been Ailikoleeps is too sure evidence that danger is still near at hand. And such danger! They only need to recall the late attack — the fiendish aspect of the savages, with their furious shouts and gestures, the darting of javelins and hurling of stones — to fully realize what it is. With that fearful episode fresh in their memory, the castaways require no further counsel to make them cautious in their future movements.

However, they begin at once to repitch their tent, which is set up so as to be screened from view of any canoe passing along the sea-arm; and for their better accommodation, the wigwam is re-roofed, as it, too, is invisible from the water. Moreover, no fire is to be made during daylight, lest its smoke should betray them; and when kindled at night for cooking purposes, it must be done within the wood, whence not a glimmer of it may escape outward. And a lookout is to be constantly kept through the glass, by one or another taking it in turns; this is done not alone for enemies, but for friends — for that ship which they still hope may come along the Beagle Channel.

Chapter XVI.

By the "Kitchen Midden."

The programme determined on is carried out to the letter. But as the days pass, and no ship appears, their impatience becomes despondency — almost despair. Yet this is for the best, as it strengthens a resolution already half formed, but not finally decided upon. This is to build a boat. Nor, in this case, is necessity — mother of invention — the sole impelling influence. Other circumstances aid in suggesting the scheme, because they favor its execution. There is timber in plenty on the spot, needing only to be hewn into shape and put together. The oars, mast, and sail are already on hand; but, above all, here is a ship's-carpenter, capable of turning out any kind of craft, from a dinghy to the biggest of long-boats.

All these advantages taken into account, the task is set about without further hesitation, and hopefully. A great drawback, however, is their

* These shell-heaps, or "kitchen middens," are a feature of Fuegian scenery. They are usually found wherever there is a patch of shore level enough to land upon; but the beach opposite a bed of kelp is the place where the largest are met with. In such situations the skeletons of old wigwams are also encountered, as the Fuegians, on deserting them, always leave them standing, probably from some superstitious feeling.

being unprovided with proper tools. They have only a common wood-ax, hammer, auger, and their sailor-knives. The other tools were left in the gig, and went down with it.

Doing their best with those on hand, the ax is first brought into play, the negro being the one to wield it; and he promptly attacks the tree which Seagriff points out to be felled first.

of the trees are heart-decayed, without showing outward sign of it, the result of an ever-humid atmosphere. Aware of this, Chips tries each one by tapping it with the auger before the ax is laid to it.*

For days after, the chipping strokes of the ax, with the duller thuds of wood mallets on wedges, awaken echoes in the Fuegian forest such as may never have been heard there before. When



"NOW IT IS OVER THE TOPS OF GROWING, INSTEAD OF THE TRUNKS OF FALLEN, TREES."

It is a beech; one of those that have been barked. This circumstance is in their favor, and saves them time; for the barked trees having been long dead, their timber is now dry and seasoned, ready for working up at once. Still, caution is called for in selecting those to be cut down. Were they taken indiscriminately, much of Cæsar's labor might be thrown away; for, as has been said, many

felled, the trunks are cut to the proper length, and split into rough planks by means of wedges, and are afterward smoothed with the knives.

With such indifferent tools, the work is necessarily slow; and is still further retarded by another requirement, food, which meanwhile has to be procured. The supply, however, proves less precarious than was anticipated, the kelp-bed yield-

* Nearly all the larger trees in the Fuegian forests have the heartwood decayed, and are worthless as timber. Out of fifteen cut down by Captain King's surveying party, near Port Famine, more than half proved to be rotten at the heart.

ing an unlimited amount of shell-fish. Daily, at low water, the two youths swim out to it, and bring away a good number of limpets and mussels. And now and then a calf seal is clubbed, which affords a change of diet; some delicate morsels, too, parts of the young seal being equal to spring lamb. The scurvy-grass and wild celery, moreover, enable "the doctor" to turn out more than one variety of soup.

But for the continuing fear of a visit from the savages, and other anxieties about the future, their existence would be tolerable, if not enjoyable. Kind Nature here, as elsewhere, treats them to many a curious spectacle. One is afforded by the "steamer-duck,"* a bird of large size, specimens having been taken over three feet in length and weighing thirty pounds. It has an enormous head, with a hard, powerful beak for smashing open the shells of molluscs, which form its principal food. But its wings are so short and weak that flight in the air is denied it. Still, it uses them effectually in flapping, which, aided by the beating of its broad webbed feet, enables it to skim over the surface of the water at the rate of fifteen miles an hour! In its progress, says Darwin, "it makes such a noise and splashing that the effect is exceedingly curious." The great naturalist further states that he is "nearly sure the steamer-duck moves its wings alternately, instead of both together, as other birds move theirs." It is needless to say that it is from this propulsion by its wings, like the paddles of a steam-vessel, that the bird has derived the name by which it is now best known.

Seals are observed every day; on one occasion a seal-mother giving a curious display of maternal solicitude in teaching her calf to swim. First taking hold of it by the flipper, and for a while supporting it above water, with a shove she sends the youngster adrift, leaving it to shift for itself. In a short time, the little creature becomes exhausted, when she takes a fresh grip on its flipper, and again supports it till it has recovered breath, after which there is another push-off, followed by a new attempt to swim, the same process being several times repeated to the end of the lesson.

A still rarer and more remarkable spectacle is furnished by a couple of whales. One calm, clear morning, with the water waveless and smooth as a mirror, two of these grand cetaceans are seen swimming along, one in the wake of the other, and so close in shore that they might almost be reached with the boat-hook. And while still near the edge of the water, one of them blows, sending aloft a spout that, returning in a shower of spray, falls upon the leaves with a pattering as of heavy rain!

Soon after, sheering off into mid-channel, and continuing their course, they blow again and again, each steam-like spray, with the sun upon it, showing like a silvery cloud, which hangs in the air for more than a minute ere becoming altogether dissipated.

The marine monsters have come along the arm from the west, and are proceeding eastward — no doubt making the traverse from ocean to ocean, in the same direction the castaways propose to go, if permitted to finish their boat. But will they be permitted? That is the ever-recurring question, and constant cause of uneasiness. Their anxiety about it becomes even keener, as the time passes, and their task draws nearer completion. For, although weeks have now elapsed since the departure of the fishing party, and nothing more has been seen of them or any other savages, nor have any fires been visible at night, nor any smoke by day —still the Fuegians may appear at any moment; and their fears on this score are not diminished by what Seagriff says, in giving the probable reason for their non-appearance:

"I guess they 've gone out seaward, along the west coast, seal-huntin'. The old seals ur tamer at this seezun then any other, an' easier stolen upon. But the year 's on the turn now, an' winter 's settin' in; therefur, we may look out any minute for the ugly critters comin' along. Ef we only hed the boat finished an' afloat! I wish she was in the water now!"

As all wish the same, there is no relaxation of effort to bring about the desired end. On the contrary, his words inspire them to renewed energy for hastening its accomplishment.

Alas, all to no purpose! One morning, just before daybreak, while on the lookout with his glass, Captain Gancy sees coming eastward, along the arm, a fleet of canoes crowded with people, to all appearance the same craft encountered in Whale Boat Sound.

Believing that they are the same, he cries out in a voice that quivers, despite his efforts to keep it firm: "There they are at last! Heaven have mercy on us!"

* The *micropterus brachypterus* of Quoy and Guimard. The "steamer-duck" is a feature almost peculiar to the inland Fuegian waters, and has always been a bird of note among sailors, like the "Cape pigeons" and "Mother Carey's chickens." There is another and smaller species, called the "flying steamer," as it is able to mount into the air. It is called by naturalists *micropterus Patachonica*.

(To be continued.)

An Alphabet Menagerie



A, was an Amiable Ape,
Who lived on an African [Cape.
He climbed up the trees
On his elbows and knees -
And came down by the [fire escape.



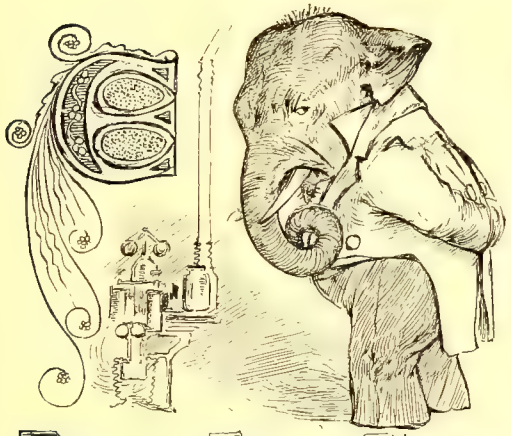
B, was a Bustling old Bear,
Who thought he must have [change of air,
So he went with a show,
Though it filled him with woe
To see people so rude as to [stare.



C, was a Comical Cat
Who tried to make love to a [rat.
She sang him a song
Both loving and long,
But he said "You can't fool me [like that"!



D, was a Dainty old Dog,
Who every day drank an [egg nog.
He took it he said,
To steady his head,
In case there should come [up a fog!



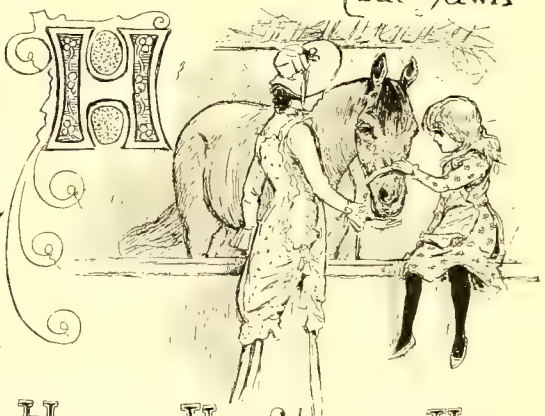
E, was an Eminent Elephant
Who invented a thing called a
[Telephant
When they asked: "What's it for?
He replied: "Such a bore
To be pestered with questions,
[irrelevant!



F, was a Frivolous Fawn
Who gave a soiree on the
[lawn
He played on the flute
And sang to a lute
But the guests would do nothing
[but yawn



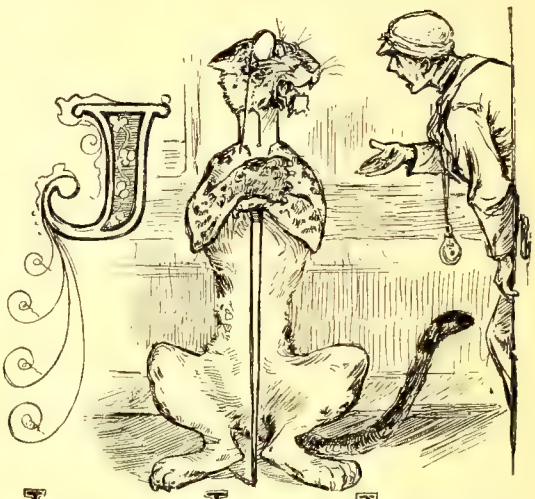
G, was a Greedy old Goat
Who ate up his master's best
[coat
He stood by with a leer
While they searched far and near
And remarked: "They seem rather
[afloat!"



H, was a Hopeful young Horse
Who was brought up on love
[without force
He had his own way
And they sugared his hay;
So he never was naughty of
[course!



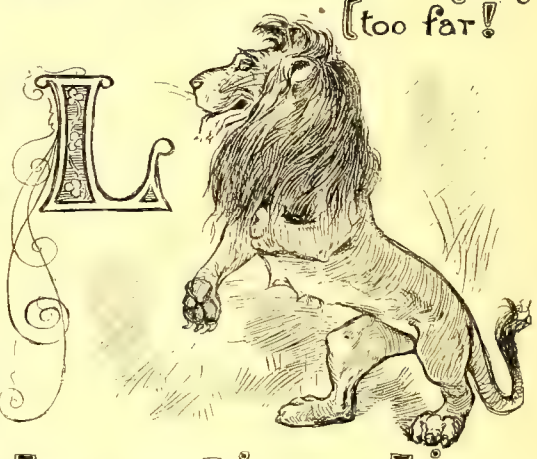
I, was an Idle Ichneumon
Who wanted to learn to play
[Schumann.
But he found to his pains,
It took talent and brains;
And neither possessed this
Ichneumon.



J, was a Jaunty Jaguar,
Who once took a ride in a
[car;
But when asked for his fare,
Gave a growl and a stare,
And remarked: That is going
[too far!



K, was a Keen Kangaroo,
Who painted his children
"sky-blue."
When his wife said: My dear,
Don't you think they look queer?
He replied "I'm not sure but
[they do."



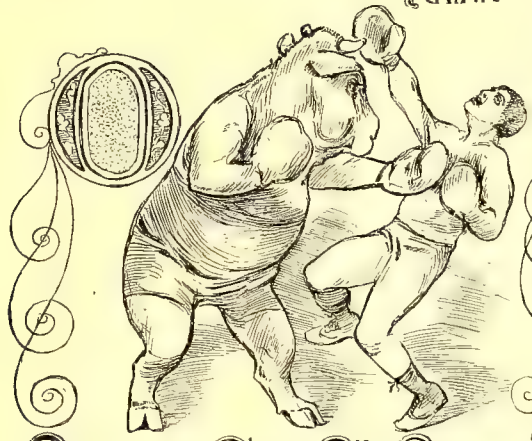
L, was a Lively old Lion,
Whose conduct no man could
rely on.
For he'd smile and look sweet
At the people he'd meet,
And be thinking which one
[he should fly on!



M, was a Merry young Mink,
Who went in to skate at a rink.
But he said that the ice
Was too hard to be nice,
And too smooth to allow him to think



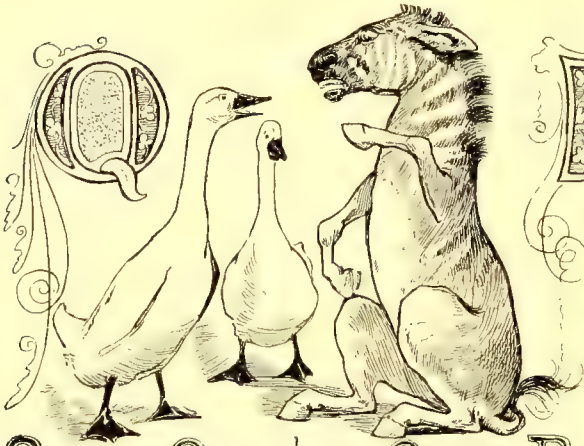
N, was a Naive Nylghau
Who would take his tea through a straw
When his Aunt said, "I think
'Twould be better to drink"
He replied "You had better withdraw!"



O, was an Obese Old Ox
Who wanted to learn how to box
A teacher he hired
Who nearly expired
At the first of his terrible knocks!



P, was a Prosy old Pig,
Who complained that his brain was too big.
He felt it, he said,
Inside of his head —
Which was certainly strange, for a pig!



Q, was a Quarrelsome Quagga
Who made a great bluster and [swagger
But what was quite queer
When danger was near
No trace could be found of the [bragger.



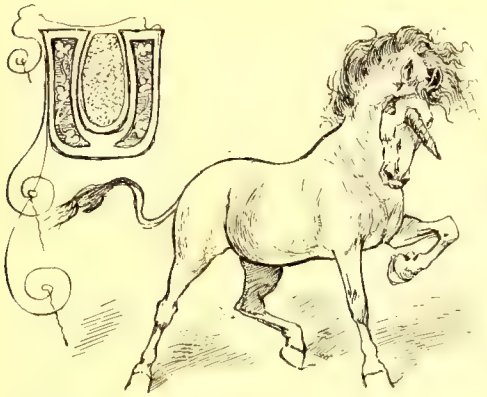
R, was a Rowdy young Rabbit
Who had a most terrible habit!
When he saw any food
Which appeared to him good
He would rise from his chair,
[and just grab it.



S, was a Senseless old Sheep
Who spent all his time half asleep.
He was thinking, he said,
When he nodded his head,
But his friends thought that tale [rather steep



T, was a Terrible Tiger,
Whose name was Abdullah [Meshigah.
For lunch he would eat
Forty two kinds of meat
And his postal address was
["The Niger".



U's a Unique Unicorn
Who tried to peek over his horn
He said he saw more
Than he e'er did before
But it made him feel rather
forlorn.

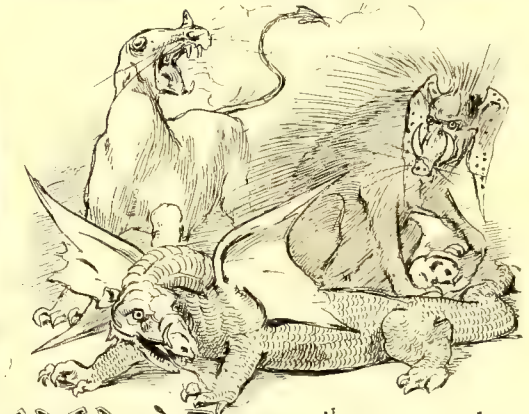


V. was a Verdant old Viper
Who let himself out as a piper
But so badly he played
That the dancers all said
They would wait till his talents
were riper





W's a Wan little Weasel,
Who spent all his days at his
easel.
His friends came to see
What they thought was a tree.
But he called it a "Study of
Teasel"



X, Y, and Z, were three creatures
With all sorts of fabulous
features.
They had talons, and claws,
And fiery jaws.
But their names have'nt
happened to reach us!

Birch

GIRL-NOBLESSE. A REPEAT OF HISTORY.

BY MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

[INTRODUCTORY.—I have been asked by the editor of ST. NICHOLAS to prefix a little note of explanation to my analogue. It is not a "Repeat of History," as such; it is a bit of incident in which something that happens bears a parallel likeness to another thing that happened long ago. It was suggested by a visit I made, a summer or two since, with a young party, to an old block-house near the coast of Maine, a genuine relic of the Indian and colonial times. Cooper's novels were among the great delights of my girlhood. His "Pathfinder," in which the lovely Indian girl, Dew-of-June, saves the life of the heroine, Mabel Dunham, by warning her to seek shelter in the log-defense, (telling her, mysteriously, when all seemed safe in the forest-fort where she was staying with her father, the sergeant of the garrison,—"Block-house good; got no scalp"); the adventures that followed; the plots and rude retributive vengeance of Arrowhead; the fidelity of June coming to shut herself up with Mabel while her savage kindred were besieging the block; all these had fascinated me over and over again, and impressed on my mind a clear vision of the place and surroundings as described. So that when I stood in this other similar structure, and found its rough, primitive plan the very same,—and when certain little jokes and frights befel and amused us,—I thought how easily the same characteristics illustrated themselves, and even circumstances fell into significant resemblance, in the old, wild time and the new, cultivated one. The idea led me into the writing of this story. You who have read, or may now read, the "Pathfinder," will recognize the adaptation and application of names, as well as the spirit and action of the persons, in several cases in the present tale; as, indeed, they are partly pointed out as it goes along. The things unexplained I will leave you the pleasure of discovering for yourselves. A. D. T. W.]

"JUNIA ROYD."

That was the way it sounded, and that was the way it had come to be spelled in Nonnusquam, as well as in other out-of-the-way new places to which the old family of the Rougheads had scattered and drifted. The girls in Mrs. Singlewell's school hardly knew whether to think it funny or pretentious when it was explained to them. It was ridiculous, anyway, that there should have been an "origin" to this village name, or that ancient spelling and present pronunciation should have anything to do with each other. They called it "Rough-head," and so applied it, in the school-girl derision that is so cruel, and that was directed by the common consent of a certain set toward this young girl, against whose admission among them they had scornfully objected that she was "only one of the aborigines."

Nonnusquam was known farther, but perhaps not better, as the seat of a superior school for girls, and as the summer residence of a few wealthy people who had bought estates and built houses among its lovely heights and along its water-borders, than as the quiet, honest, homely, uncultivated farm-settlement, which it began by being, and which it had continued to be up to the sudden advent and rush of city discoverers.

And Junia was a meek, modest, easily oppressed sort of girl,—on one side of her character. Strong points lay opposite and in balance, which we may find out, as the people from the great hubs found out the glory of the hills and waters in quiet Nonnusquam.

One of the brightest things ever said in satire was that concerning our grand old, noble, mean, persecuted and persecuting New England ancestry: "The first thing they did here was to fall upon their knees; the next was to fall upon the aborigines." That was very like what some of the city settlers and improvers had done in Nonnusquam. They had fallen down and worshiped before the magnificence of nature,—they had built their shrines there; then they had set foot of pride on the primeval human nature in whose rough simplicity was hid, perhaps, a grandeur also. It came hardest upon the "little ones," for despising whom there is a threatening; and it came most openly from the other little ones, than to cause whom to offend, by spirit or example, a millstone 'round the neck is better.

So Nonnusquam was divided into twain; yet there were shades in the differences, and crossings in the partings, that were delicate to adjudge.

Young people are indiscriminate; they could not see the difference between the Royds, or Rougheads, and the Polliwocks. They could not appreciate that Redman Royd, late owner of half the pasture-lands and intervales bought up by the new gentry, and still holding craftily certain interjacent coveted meadow-strips and wooded ridges,—a power in town-meeting and political convention,—a man with a blaze in his eye under his old straw hat for any too cool or level glance from beneath more stylish brim,—was more to be considered or accepted than Stadpole Polliwock or Evetson Newt. Consequently they could not ap-

preciate that Junia Royd could have privilege among them at the seminary or in their little social life above the small Polliwocks or Captain Newt's Saramandy.

"R-o-u-g-h-e-a-d, for *Royd!* That 's nonsense!" said Hester Moore.

"E-n-r-a-g-h-t, for *Darby!* That 's a fact," said Amabel Dernham "in a certain English family name. And there are plenty of others, almost as queer."

"E-n-r-a-g-e-d, hopping-mad! That 's the fact for me,—and for plenty of others in a certain American school," returned Hester.

"What 's the use?" asked placid Amabel.

"Oh, you 'll give in, and be as polite as a pink," charged Hester. "I know. You can't show your mind, ever."

"I can't *tread* on *any*thing," said Amabel. "The other side of my mind comes up then, and I show that."

"No need of treading," said the incipient woman of the world. "You can walk 'round things, or put them out of the window. But *you* 'll make right up to 'em, and cosset 'em; see if you don't."

So Junia Royd was (figuratively,) "walked 'round"; "put out of the window"; made to feel like a phantom. The girls, whenever it so suited them, behaved precisely as if she was n't there; rather, perhaps, as lacking the second sight themselves. For if they could have seen her in the spirit,—ah, that is the secret of all our sins against the second great Commandment!

There were a few little Eves whose souls were not strong against odors and colors of apples and plums which came from Squire Royd's garden, and were irresistible at lunch time. These little Eves would take and eat, though they must thereby make acquaintance with second-rate, which is always evil, as well as with first-rate, which is always good.

Then, also, there was Amabel Dernham.

Mrs. Singlewell was a woman of observation and instinct. She might find herself in a dilemma, but when she moved, she made the best move to be made. She put Junia Royd as desk-mate with Amabel Dernham. I will not say that Amabel did not at first feel secretly a little "put upon." Hester Moore came by within an hour and whispered, "Little Miss Muffet!" But that rather touched Miss Muffet's pride in the right place; and she stuck to her tuffet, and to its sharer, like a woman. A real, true woman; not a feminine creature, afraid of spiders.

Junia Royd was slight and dark; Amabel was large and fair; they looked together like a little deep-colored, velvet pansy, and a delicately superb one of white and gold. Junia bent her dusky head to her contrast and worshiped. The sunshiny contrast bloomed on serenely, and, by very sunshine and serenity, was gracious.

Amabel shared her Latin Lexicon with Junia; she showed her how to trace the derivations and disentangle the constructions. She explained "abstracts" and "criticisms" as school exercises; she reminded her of the order of lessons and the obligation of rules, until these became familiar to the new-comer. In short, she was just "as polite as a pink,"—or as a princess pansy.

Junia would lay a Jacqueminot or a Gloire de Dijon rose on Amabel's desk, coming early to school on purpose; Amabel would put the crimson flower in her blonde hair, or the golden-colored one against her breast-knot of brown or red; and one was pleased and the other was happy. But Junia never offered a pear or a peach at that shrine; she kept those for the sort to whom she would not cast pearls; the sort who would render stolid, narrow-eyed regard, and move grovelingly to her approach, for the sake of them. She gave simply what they came for, asking for no further sign in exchange. One does not care to caress that kind of animal; one would rather have a fence between than not.

And so, with all, she lived a phantom life among these girls; even with Amabel, not getting beyond the grace and the politeness,—the shy, sweet utterance of thanks, or the matter-of-course chirping over their lessons. If on one side there were—creatures—in their pen of exclusiveness, on the other there was but a bird on a bough. Any beautiful, realized friendship was the dream of her own heart. Amabel was claimed on all sides when desk hours were over; her way did not lie with Junia's; each drifted to her separate element and belonging between school-out and school-in. Junia made long romances to herself of what these intervals were like to the birds of the air; as for Amabel, she flitted away and forgot Junia altogether every day, from two in the afternoon till nine next morning, when she lighted again beside her.

Neal Royd was Junia's brother; she had a hard time with him, often, in these off hours. She worshiped him also,—and first and always; he was brother and sister and all to her; tyrant and scoffer, too, with his man-masterfulness and boy-cynicism. He had the hard, proud nature of Neal and Roughead; "Neal," in the old Celtic, stands for "chief." He was bitter against the "high-noses," and bitter with his sister because they snubbed her. He was contemptuous of the girl-noblesse; yet he would often crush June with scorn of her position with them,—that "she could not be anybody as well as anybody else." He would have been well content to carry the Royd rights level

with the "high-nose" assumptions. His contempt, therefore, was not absolute or successful.

He was especially mordacious against "Pester More." He had his own grudges against the name, belonging also to "Alexander the Great," her brother. "*He 'll* never weep for more worlds to conquer. The world 's all More, already, for small Shandy," quoth Neal Royd. He would give him both titles, the great and the small, in one sentence. "Small body and high strut,"—"big spread and little spunk," he said of him, and not untruly.

Hester Moore had turned her back upon Neal once, long ago, as only raw rudeness could have done, and left him *planté la*, in the face of bystanders, when he would have handed her a handkerchief that she had dropped; and Sandie had served him a mean trick, and never given him a chance to pay it off. It was up at the Little Wittaquee — the brook that feeds the Big Wittaquee before it runs past Nonnusquam. Neal was trout-fishing; he knew a place that few others knew, and he had just got a splendid fellow playing around his line, when "*ploomp!*" came a stone from right over his head into the pool; and "*ploomp! ploomp!*" another and another, breaking great circles in the still water, and scattering the fish, of course; besides (which was even worse), a voice jeeringly advertising the discovery of his secret. Starting to his feet, and facing about and upward, he saw small Shandy coolly looking over, not at him, but upon the farther water, as if simply bent upon his own amusement, and as if not knowing that "Neal was there."

Down went rod upon the bank, and up the rough steep went Neal, scrambling and grasping, making with swift vengeance for the petty foe, whom, even after the breathless ascent, he knew he could overtake in a fair run upon the level above. But lo! reaching the ridge, from which the down-like table spread away for half a mile toward another climb, there was Master Alexander upon his pony Bucephalus, putting four legs to their best against his two!

"Another time!" articulated Neal Royd, with deliberation, standing stock still in black wrath, not even raising a fist to shake impotently after the "meaching minnum." "Another time! If it is n't till we 're both men!"

And that was what, indeed, seemed most likely, since Sandie Moore was off the next day to Mount Desert, to meet a yachting party for his holidays, and at their end, at Exeter Academy again; and in the intermediate short space that he had been at Nonnusquam, had shown the small, conscious shrewdness of his sort in keeping well out of "the Rough-head's" way.

Neal Royd was not without his untrimmed points of human nature, though there was better blood in him than in Sandie Moore. He was an aborigine yet, in that he was the enemy of a girl, for her own offenses and those of her kin. A savage will ambush and will take scalps of women. Neal Royd thirsted for a chance or a contrivance to "pay off" to "Pester More" the interest, at least, upon the accumulating family debt. He was only fourteen; there was hope for better things in him, since he began with something generous enough to resent a meanness even more than a malice. It would be his turn now, though, if a way should show; and fair enough, if he served them in their own fashion. They, not he, had set it. "June would let a grasshopper kick her!"

All this has been historical introduction. We come now to the beginning of our "repeat."

A gypsy party at the old block-house. A straw ride to Mill Creek Landing; the steamer, touching at ten o'clock, for Penbassett; the lovely river sail, the quiet cove, the steep rocks, the cavern, the woody summit, the oak-glade in the farm-edge; above all, the real, true old-settlement block-house, that the colonists had taken refuge in, the Indians had invested, — with the bullet-holes in its timbers, the places charred and blackened by flames against its massive sides, the excavation beneath in solid ledge, and the tradition of an under-ground passage to the cavern by the river.

All Mrs. Singlewell's young ladies were to go; the great difficulty was male attendance. It was September, and the youths — "high-nose" — were just away at academy or college. The youths, — snub-nose, — even if they were to be asked, would hardly go, merely as "Polly-put-the-kettle-ons," and to be snubbed some more. One of the inconveniences of a small town, cleft in social twain, arose. Early harvest occupied the able-bodied men; corn and barley were of more consequence than a day's chore. Who should carry baskets up and down, fetch wood and water, and hang the kettle — for the picnic party?

Amabel Dernham thought "Mamma would let Zibbie go (Zibbie was short for Zorayda Brunhilda, — Z. B., — the magnificent Moorish and Teutonic prefixes to the plebeian Yankee of Spodge); "besides, it would be only fun to do it nearly all ourselves."

Hester Moore went unblushingly to Junia Royd, and invited her to invite her brother.

"You are the only one who has a brother at home," she said, with an air of conscious penalty-for-honor. "They would all go if they were here, of course; only Mrs. Singlewell's mother had to be sick at just the wrong time, — when they *were* here — and put us into the wrong time now."

Hester Moore had probably never spoken so many consecutive words to Junia before in their whole school year.

"I will tell him," said June, not without her own dignity, "if you mean it for a message; but very likely he will think it a wrong time for him to be in."

"Oh, I don't see why," said Hester, carelessly.

To Junia's amazement, Neal said that he would go. Then something in the set of his face startled her differently.

"O Neal!" she said, "don't!—I mean—don't *do* anything!"

"Why, what do you suppose they want me for?" asked Neal. "I shall make myself of service—to the interests of society in general—in any way that I see chance for."

"O Neal! Don't look for chances! That 's just what I mean." June had heard the word too often, not to be apprehensive of it.

"You may be sure I wont waste time in looking, if I can *make* one," was all that Neal vouchsafed. "And I shall go."

Poor little June! With her awe of Neal's tremendousness, and her gentle dread of harm or pain to any, she shivered with vague imagination of little less than an upset canoe on the river in the pleasure-boating, or a block-house blown up, in good earnest, with dynamite! If she could only warn her Amabel,—or knew what to warn her of! From that moment, the gypsy party had only trembling and terrors for her; at all events, in the looking forward. When they were fairly embarked, the delights of the way asserted themselves, and absorbed her temporarily; in the pauses, or recurrences of thought, she remembered to look forward again, and the nameless dread began anew. Neal was so reckless of what he did, when the freak was on! She was sure there would be some disaster,—something to make them wish they had not gone.

Amabel, sitting between her and Hester Moore in the wagon, told Hester something that gave Junia a cold shudder at the outset.

"If I were superstitious, I 'd hardly dare be here," said the girl. "Old Sabina said such a queer thing this morning. She brought up my dress, this,"—touching the light cambric frills that lay about her in white freshness,—"into my room last night, and I spread it out so nicely on my lounge. Then I got out my ribbons and neckerchief, and put everything together just as it was to go; and this morning I tied up my flowers, evenly, and laid the bunch at the side, where it is now; and there I was, you see, all *but* me, just as straight and prim and complete. And old Sabina came in, and I showed her. I was doing my hair. 'See how nice it looks,' I said; and, do you think, she just gave a screech, and flew at it, and tossed everything apart, and flung the dress on a chair. 'For goodness' sake, Miss Amy, don't ever do a thing like that again! Don't streek out things you 're going to wear, and make 'em look like *that!* Why, my sister, that 's a widder, laid out jest a long frilled counterpin once, over two chairs, not to muss it while it aired; and it looked so *goshly*, mother made her take it away. And do you b'lieve, Miss Amy, 't war n't a week 'fore my brother David he come up dead, in a letter!'"

"Oh, don't!" cried Junia, excitedly; and Amabel, turning with the laugh on her lips, saw June as white as the dress.

"Why, do you mind such things?" she asked. "It sounded so funny!"

"So—'*goshly*,'" replied Junia, trying feebly to turn off her nervousness by the quotation.

"I don't see what she has to do with it," remarked Hester, remotely.

Junia, put in the third person, stayed put, and held herself aside. Put down? Easily quenched? These easily quenched persons are not always "down." There is a fine inward retreat, of which the putter-down may scarcely be capable even of supposing.

In this retreat Junia troubled herself afresh for Amabel. She was always with Hester Moore; and June was sure that Hester Moore would be that day like a tree in a thunder-storm, for whatever bolt should fall.

"If you would just keep with me, to-day,—some of the time,"—she entreated, and then shyly qualified, standing by Amabel upon the pier.

She had never asked for herself, or put herself in the way before. Amabel gave a glance of surprise.

"It is such a wild, great place," said June.

"We shall all be there," returned Amabel. "Of course, we shall be together."

Amabel had said truly; there were two sides to her mind, and she was sometimes a little vacillating in her action between them.

The bright little steamer, with its pretty lattices of white-painted rope, its striped awnings, its flying colors, came around a green promontory and glided to the landing. There was a warping in, close to the pier-head; a shock and tremble of the tall timbers as it swept suddenly against them; a flinging of the foot-plank; a hurrying on board; and instantly, like a flock of butterflies, the girls, in their white and dainty-colored dresses, and shady, veiled or feathered hats, had fluttered and settled, here and there, brightening up the decks with their motion and alighting.

Mrs. Singlewell was coming last,—Miss Fidelia

Posackley, the assistant, was just on board,—when a boy on a gray pony came galloping down the road, reining up just in time on the wharf, and waving a yellow envelope above his head, as he kept on at slackened speed toward the steamer.

"Mrs. Singlewell!" he shouted; and the lady took her foot from the plank and turned around.

"All aboard!" was called impatiently from the boat, and two men already held the gang-plank, ready to draw it in.

"A telegram!"

Mrs. Singlewell tore it open; there was only an instant for deciding anything; she passed down the gang-plank, dispatch in hand.

"It is from Fordstoke," she said to Miss Posackley. "My mother is ill again. I shall have to go on to Rigston, leaving you in charge at Penbasset. I am very sorry. I shall be very anxious."

Miss Fidelia assured her of all possible care. But Miss Fidelia Posackley was one of those who can only move between ruled lines of duty and precedent; and, by very adherence to them, go straight to grief—or stand and take it—when sudden deviation is demanded. They turn into pillars of salt instead of getting out of Sodom. Miss Posackley was invaluable in school routine; she was worse than nothing for an emergency. It was with a great misgiving, therefore, that Mrs. Singlewell saw her flock of butterflies flutter up the bank into the oak glades at Penbasset; Miss Fidelia, with her green lawn overdress, looped in two precisely similar, long-pointed festoons behind, walking among them like a solemnized Katydid. It was too late to have helped it; there would be no boat back that stopped at Nonnusquam till the one at six o'clock, which they were to take.

"Get them all together by half-past five," charged Mrs. Singlewell, at parting; "and let there be no going in canoes."

At those words, one dread was lifted from Junia Royd's imagination.

"Your 'sign' is read out now," said Hester Moore to Amabel. "It 's only the old lady that 's "come up" worse again in a telegram."

Junia would not have spoken so, or allowed herself that "only"; nevertheless, another weight—or, rather, a dim, grim sense of one—was eased within her mind.

She was able, with a released spring of enjoyment, to hasten up the cliff-path and over the beautiful oak-open, in the little party that instantly sought the famous old block-house. Another detachment took the shore-way along the rocks toward the traditionary cavern.

Junia had read with enthusiasm Cooper's fascinating stories of border life and forest warfare. The legends of Deerslayer and Pathfinder were realities to her in that realm where fancy shapes its facts and maps its territories. She had not more surely come to this actual spot, than she had gone through the wilderness, drifted upon the water, and dwelt in the lonely fort or on the rudely fortressed island, with Judith and Hetty and the young hunter,—the brave old sergeant, the captious Cap, Eau-douce, the honest scout, and Mabel Dunham. But to come here to-day was to make that strange join of things dreamy and things tangible which makes the visible seem a dream and the vision seem a substance. To say, "Right here those, or such, things have been," was to narrow down to touch and presence what she had before gone far away into wide thought-land to find and get conception of.

"Mabel Dunham!" All at once that came and fitted. Her very heroine was here,—Amabel. How strange that the name should happen so! Amabel Dernham. And herself,—why, she, little, dusky, insignificant, secretly worshiping friend,—what was she but the very Indian June of the wild-wood story?

She rehearsed it all to Neal, who walked up with her, and who knew the old tale by heart as well as she.

"And I 'm Neal Roughead,—Chief Arrowhead!" cried the boy.

"And if I knew what you 'd do to Amabel,—my Mabel,—I 'd go and tell her, as June did Mabel Dunham!" retorted quiet Junia, in a quick, low, angry tone.

"'T is n't your Amabel,—she 's well enough; it 's the rest of 'em. It 's that 'Pester' More!"

"She 's always with that Hester Moore; what happens to one will happen to the other."

"Let it, then. Good for her. Why is n't she sometimes with you?"

"What *is* it, Neal?" asked Junia, pleadingly.

"Don't know myself. Time enough when the time comes. Only you look out, and keep yourself in a clear place, and clear of 'Pester' More."

Junia was silent then, but her eyes, full of helpless trouble, would not leave her brother's; and somehow the trouble would not let her see the half-fun half hid in his, or that he was already amusing himself in advance with her.

"Sho, June! Don't work yourself up to concert pitch like that. You girls always suppose the end of the world, or nothing. I sha'n't tomahawk anybody. But I can scare their fish, or make 'em feel small, I guess, one way or another, before it 's been their turn much longer."

With that, June had to make much of the relief again, and go on with the others to the block-house. Neal stopped at the "big flat" with some baskets, and was to return to the pier for more.

Not all the girls had read "The Pathfinder"; still fewer were acquainted with, or cared much for, the early history of Penbasset, in which this old block-house figured, as the other did in the novel. Miss Posackley dutifully enlarged to them upon the one; the girls who knew the enchanting fiction broke up the solid lecture with interpolations of the romance, and finally got the audience —all that was audience, and not restlessness and chatter — to themselves. June, knowing it all better than any, stood silent, and gazed intently about her, recognizing the points and landmarks of her dream. For one of these old block-houses was nearly a duplicate of another.

The heavy door of the structure had been long off its hinges; some of the great timbers leaned up against its side; an open space where its leaf had hung gave wide entrance into the dusty, empty, ancient interior. The narrow loops would else have let in little light. As it was,—low-raftered, deep, and heavily built,—there was enough of the shadow-charm of mystery for the young explorers, as they stepped across the great, rude, uncrumbled sill, and went peering in toward the far, dark corners.

"Such beams!" they exclaimed. "Whole trees! and big ones! And such bolts and clampings!"

"Here are the holes they fired their rifles from!"

"And here are bullet-holes at the edges, where the Indians tried to fire in!"

"But *this*, girls, is the trap-door—take care! Down here are the mysteries and the under-ground passage!"

"*I'm* going down!" cried Clip Hastings, always first, and often head-first.

"My dear!" remonstrated Miss Posackley, "it's five or six feet, and no steps!"

"No matter. Here I am!" replied Clip, from the cellar, into which she had swung herself while the words were spoken. And half a dozen others had followed before Miss Posackley could call up rule or precedent for determined opposition.



"AND I 'M NEAL ROUGHEAD — CHIEF ARROWHEAD."

"There! Stop, my dears! No more of you must go down!" she said, with out-stretched, hindering hands, to the others. "I can't see how they are to get back again, I 'm sure." And she fluttered to the brink, like a hen whose ducklings are in the water.

"'Round by the cavern!" called back Clip. "Good-bye!" Then the voices grew smothered under the solid floor, as the rebels groped away into the darkness.

"My dears! Young ladies! Really, this will not do!" called Miss Posackley. "Come back, instantly!"

Were they out of hearing? No answer — no sound of one — returned. How far did the excavation reach? And what might be there? Water, possibly! An old well! What might they grope or stumble into? Miss Posackley was in an agony.

The stillness, that had occurred so suddenly,

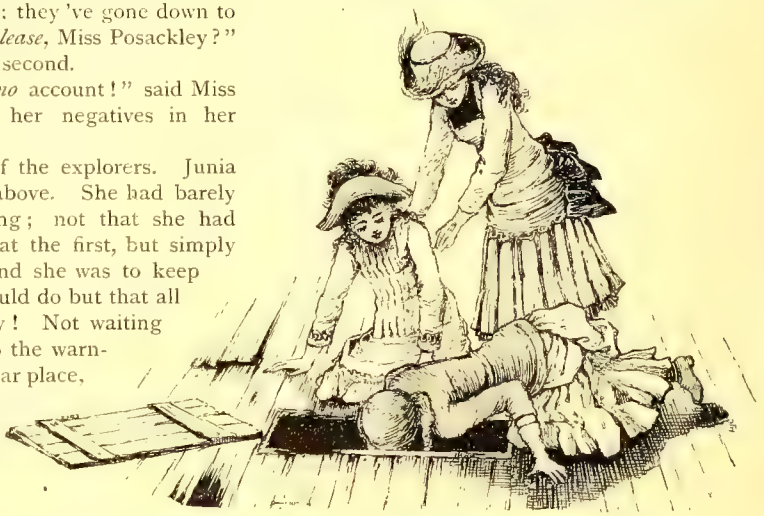
continued. Some of the girls were frightened; some eagerly excited.

"Oh, where do you think it goes to? Have they fallen into anything?" cried the first.

And "They 've found it: they 've gone down to the river! Let us go, too, *please*, Miss Posackley?" declared and besought the second.

"Not one of you; on *no* account!" said Miss Posackley, unsparing of her negatives in her vehemence.

Hester Moore was one of the explorers. Junia held Amabel by the arm, above. She had barely hindered her from following; not that she had really thought of danger, at the first, but simply that she saw Hester go, and she was to keep those two apart. If she could do but that all day long, not knowing why! Not waiting to know,—only clinging to the warning of Neal's words: "A clear place, and clear of 'Pester'!" There would be mischief, somehow; and this would be the only sure exemption from it.



Neal Royd is not the first who has been terrible by hint and mystification, while tolerably mystified himself as to fulfillment. He walked up at this moment from the kettle-hanging, and looked in at the open door. He was "behaving so well," the girls thought; not putting himself where he did not belong. But then, what could one strange boy do, among all of them? They were not at all in doubt of their veritable and sufficient terribleness,—these little women in their millinery and manners!



"O Master Royd!" exclaimed proper Miss Posackley. "They have gone down there—half a dozen of them. Where do you suppose that underground way leads? They seem to be quite out of hearing. I am very much concerned."

"They say," returned Neal, with great gravity and weight of manner, "that there 's a steep underground way to the river. But I should think it could n't be very safe; it must be very 'blind,' anyhow. I 'll see what I can find out."

And he dropped himself down into the blackness, where he stooped and peered about; then moved with apparent caution away from the opening, and out of sight.

"The place is as still as death," he called back from beneath. "It 's very curious."

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Miss Posackley, in terror.

"If they only come out at the other end, it 'll be all right. But if they get down anywhere and can't get up again; or get stuck in the middle—I declare! here *is* a hole!"



"Miss Posackley," he said, returning to the trap, "I think you 'd better just step down here yourself." A queer little smothered sound interrupted him. "Hark! I thought I heard something. I really don't believe they can have got far. If you would just come down,—it is n't at all bad here,—and call to them,—they would n't mind me, you know,—it would be the best thing. And then you would have done all you could,

you see; and if you want me to, I 'll try the burrow."

"Oh, how *can* I?" faltered poor, shocked Miss Posackley, wringing her hands over the chasm.

"You 'll have to be quick, I 'm afraid," urged Neal, mercilessly solemn.

"Go back, young ladies," commanded Miss Posackley, to the rear squad, who huddled about her, divided between frightened faith and most diverted skepticism. "Go down to the big flat, and wait for me. Oh, how can I *ever?*"

"Oh, what a lark!" laughed out Kitty Sharrod, the minute she was outside, and turning short around to look in through the great doorway. "Can't she see it 's nothing but a lark all 'round? I 'd give a coach and horses to be down there! She called me just as I was over the edge. It just stopped at me,—my luck! She 's actually gone down!—How do you suppose she will come up again?" the girl added, slowly and sepulchrally, to her companions, who lingered, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"Come back and see it out! She wont mind, now she 's down, and thinks we did n't see her go.—Do take care, Miss Posackley! We *can't* go off and leave you there! You 'll want us to help you up again," shouted Kitty, leaning boldly down the trap.

A match flashed below; Neal held it right above Miss Posackley's head. Kitty Sharrod, gazing after its illumination, saw what Miss Posackley also saw,—a row of crouching figures, two or three feet apart, each with hands on knees, flat against the low, rough wall of the far side. From the motionless rank burst a sudden, laughing salute.

Miss Fidelia's position before them, alone, would have been like that of a general at a review. Only, she had to crouch also, which impaired the dignity, and made the tableau irresistible. The floor was not more than four and a half feet — instead of five or six — from the ground below.

Neal Royd struck a light again,—a whole card of matches.

"Wont they get it?" exclaimed Kitty Sharrod, in an excited whisper, clapping noiseless hands. "But I 'd give a Newport cottage to be there, and to see her face!"

(To be concluded.)

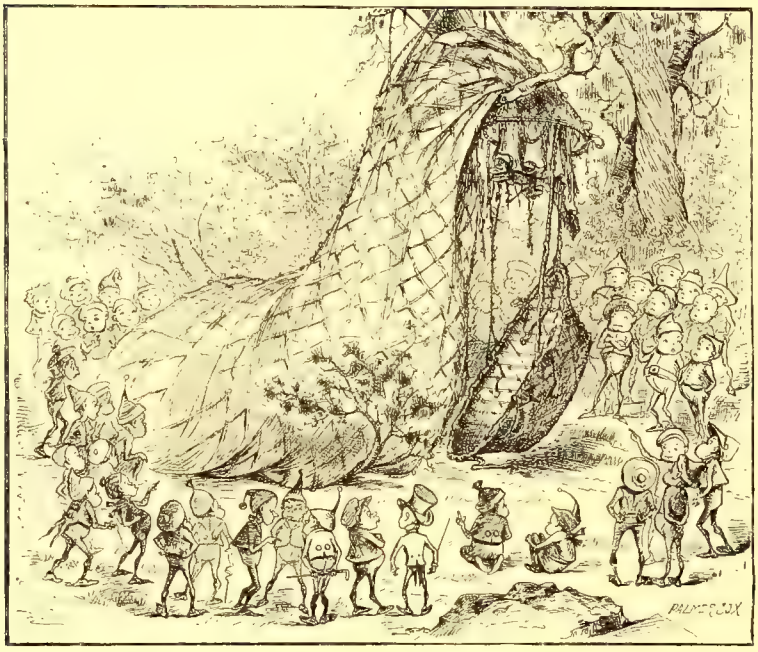
HER NAME.

By Mrs. L. P. Wheeler.

In search, from A to Z, they passed,
And "Marguerita" chose at last,—
But thought it sounded far more sweet
To call the baby "Marguerite."
When Grandma saw the little pet,
She called her "darling Margaret."
Next, Uncle Jack and Cousin Aggie
Sent cup and spoon to "little Maggie."
And Grandpapa the right must beg
To call the lassie "bonnie Meg."—
(From "Marguerita" down to "Meg"!)
And now she 's simply "little Peg."

THE BROWNIES' BALLOON.

BY PALMER COX.

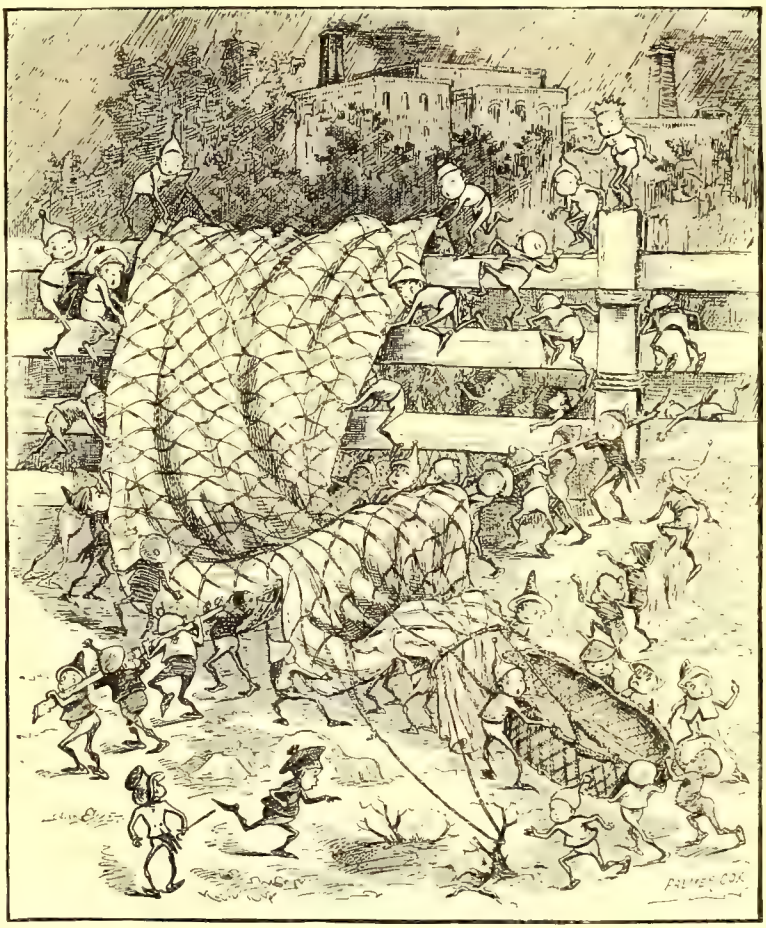


WHILE rambling through the forest shade,
A sudden halt some Brownies made;
For spread about on bush and ground
An old balloon at rest they found,
That while upon some flying trip
Had given aeronauts the slip,
And, falling here in foliage green,
Through all the summer lay unseen.
Awhile they walked around to stare
Upon the monster lying there,
And when they learned the use and plan
Of valves and ropes, the rogues began
To lay their schemes and name a night
When all could take an airy flight.
"We want," said one, "no tame affair,
Like some that rise with heated air,
And hardly clear the chimney-top
Before they lose their life and drop.
The bag with gas must be supplied,
That will insure a lengthy ride;
When we set sail 't is not to fly
Above a spire and call it high.
The boat, or basket, must be strong,
Designed to take the crowd along;
For that which leaves a part behind
Would hardly suit the Brownie mind.
The works that serve the town of Bray
With gas are scarce two miles away.
To-morrow night we 'll come and bear,
As best we can, this burden there;
And when inflated, fit to rise,
We 'll take a sail around the skies."

Next evening, as the scheme was planned,
The Brownies promptly were on hand;
For when some pleasure lies in view,
The absentees are always few.
But 't was no easy task to haul
The old balloon, car, ropes and all,
Across the rocks and fallen trees
And through the marshes to their knees.
But Brownies, persevering still,
Will keep their course through every ill,
And in the main, as history shows,
Succeed in aught they do propose.
And though it cost them rather dear,
In scratches there and tumbles here,

They worked until the wondrous feat
Of transportation was complete.

Then while some busy fingers played
Around the rents that branches made,
An extra coil of rope was tied
In long festoons around the side,
That all the party, young and old,
Might either find a seat or hold.
And while they worked, they chatted free
About the wonders they would see.
Said one: "As smoothly as a kite,
We 'll rise above the clouds to-night,
And may the question settle soon,
About the surface of the moon."
Now all was ready for the gas,
And soon the lank and tangled mass
Began to flop about and rise,
As though impatient for the skies;
Then was there work for every hand
That could be mustered in the band,
To keep the growing monster low
Until they stood prepared to go;
To this and that they made it fast,
Round stones and stakes the rope was cast;
But strong it grew, and stronger still,
As every wrinkle seemed to fill;
And when at last it bounded clear,
And started on its wild career,
A rooted stump and garden gate,
It carried off as special freight.



Though all the Brownies went, a part
Were not in proper shape to start;
Arrangements hardly were complete,
Some wanted room and more a seat,
While some in acrobatic style
Must put their trust in toes awhile.
But Brownies are not hard to please,
And soon they rested at their ease;
Some found support, both safe and strong,
Upon the gate that went along,
By some the stump was utilized,
And furnished seats they highly prized.

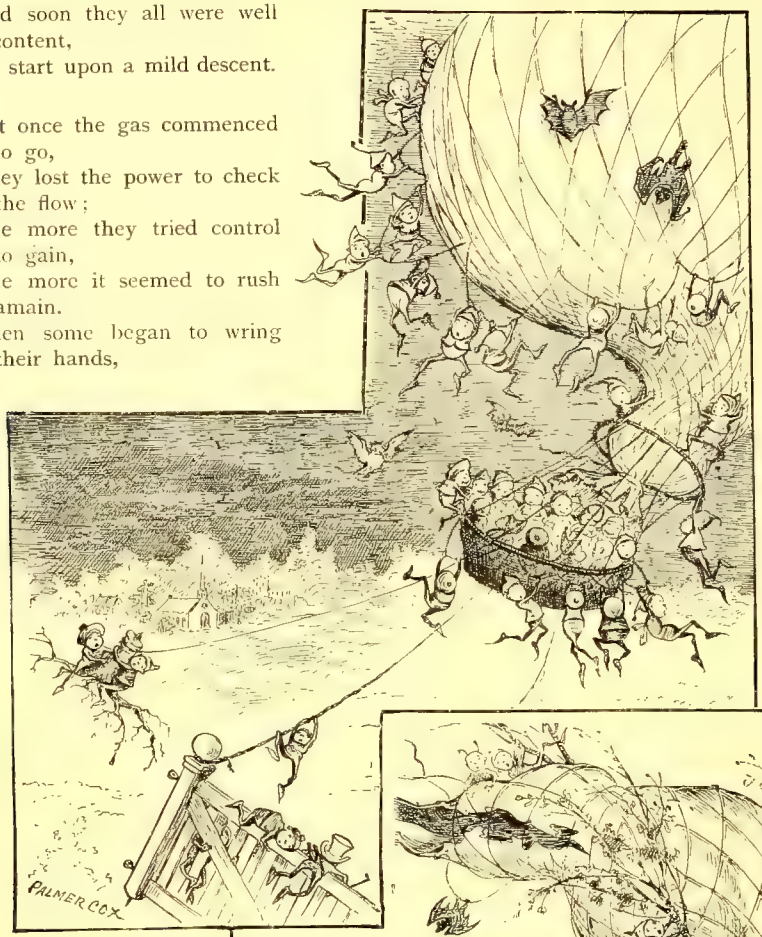
Now, as they rose, they ran afoul
Of screaming hawk and hooting owl,
And flitting bats that hooked their wings
At once around the ropes and strings,
As though content to there abide
And take the chances of the ride.

On passing through a heavy cloud,
One thus addressed the moistened crowd:

"Although the earth, from which we rise,
Now many miles below us lies,
To sharpest eye, strain as it may,
The moon looks just as far away."
"The earth is good enough for me!"
Another said, "with grassy lea,
And shady groves, of songsters full.—
Will some one give the valve a pull?"

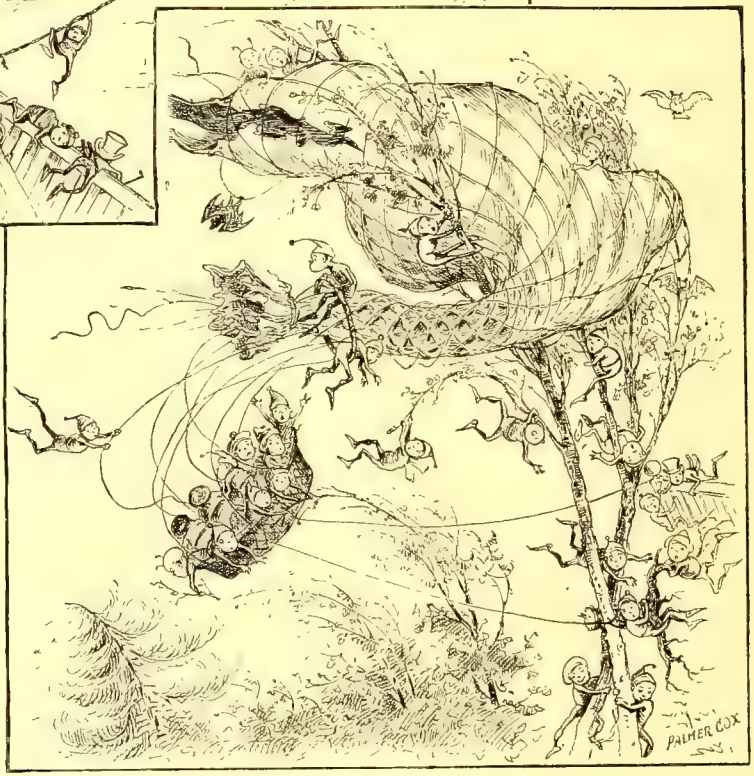
And soon they all were well
content,
To start upon a mild descent.

But once the gas commenced
to go,
They lost the power to check
the flow;
The more they tried control
to gain,
The more it seemed to rush
amain.
Then some began to wring
their hands,



And more to volunteer
commands;
While some were craning out to view
What part of earth their
wreck would strew,
A marshy plain, a
rocky shore,
Or ocean with its sullen roar.

It happened as they
neared the ground,
A rushing gale was
sweeping round,
That caught and carried them with speed
Across the forest and
the mead.
Then lively catching
might be seen



At cedar tops and
branches green;
While still the stump
behind them swung,
On this it caught, to
that it hung,
And, as an anchor,
played a part
They little thought of
at the start.
At length, in spite of
sweeping blast,
Some friendly branches held them fast:
And then, descending, safe and sound,
The daring Brownies
reached the ground.
But in the free-top on
the hill
The old balloon is
hanging still,
Relieving farmers on
the plain
From placing scarecrows in their grain.

WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter V.

The Stebbins farm was not a large one, and neither its house nor barn compared well with Deacon Farnham's; but there was a good deal to be done in and around them on a winter morning. Vosh was a busy boy, therefore, at the beginning of the day, and his mother was a busy woman, and it was not until an hour after breakfast, on the day following the events recorded in our last chapter, that she said to him: "Now, Lavaujer, I want you to drive me, in your new red cutter, to Benton Village, and if I can't find what I want there, I 'm goin' right on to Cobbleville."

Vosh had been thinking up a series of excuses for going over to the Farnham's, but he made no mention of them, and it was a credit to him that his new turn-out was so soon standing, all ready, by the front gate.

It was not a bad idea that his first long drive in it should be with his mother; but a number of surprises awaited him that day.

The first came in the fact that his mother was unaccountably silent, and that whenever she did open her lips she had something to say about economy. Then she talked a little of the wickedness and vanity of buying or wearing anything "just for show." City people, she freely declared, were doing that very thing all the while, and she was glad that no one could accuse her of it.

Vosh was quite sure that her remarks were sensible, but he could not help being rather glad, when they drove by Deacon Farnham's and he saw the girls at the window, that his cutter was of so bright a red and so remarkably well varnished.

Benton Village was down in the valley, and the sorrel colt covered the distance in so short a time that it seemed only the beginning of a ride. Mrs. Stebbins said as much, after she had bought some tea and sugar at one store and some raisins and coffee at another.

"They have n't what I want, Lavaujer. You can drive right along to Cobbleville. There never was better sleighin', not even when I was a girl."

That was a gracious admission for her to make, and Vosh put the colt to his very best speed along the well-traveled road to Cobbleville. And, all the way, Mrs. Stebbins was strangely silent.

"Where shall I pull up, mother?" asked Vosh, as they turned into the main street of the village.

"You can make your first stop at old Gillis's harness shop yonder. I want to look at some o' the things in his big show-case."

Vosh was out of that cutter and had his colt tied to the post in front of Gillis's in about half his usual time for hitching.

"Lavaujer," said his mother, as she paused on the sidewalk, "don't ever buy a thing just for show. You must n't let your vanity get the best of you."

Five minutes later, she was holding in her right hand a very useful string of sleigh-bells, and saying to him:

"Now, Lavaujer, if you 're ever drivin' along after dark, you wont be run into. Anybody 'll know you 're there by the jingle o' those bells. And I 'll feel safer about you."

Vosh thought he had not often seen less vanity in anything than there was in those bells, and he was thinking of going right out to put them on the sorrel, when his mother exclaimed:

"There! That 's what I 've been lookin' for. That red horse-blanket, with the blue border and the fringe. Jest tell me the price of it."

Singularly enough, it happened to be the best blanket in the shop, and she said to her son:

"I don't know but it 's too showy. But I s'pose we can't exactly help that. Anyhow, it wont do for you to let that colt of yours git warm with a hard run, and then catch cold when you hitch him. You must take care of him, and see that he has his blanket on. You 'll find it useful."

"Guess I will!" said Vosh, with a queer feeling that he ought to say something grateful and did n't know how. He was thinking about it, when his mother said to him:

"That headstall of yours is cracked and the check-rein might break some day. The rest of your harness 'll do for a while. But it 's always safe to have your colt's head-leather in good condition."

No doubt, and the sorrel colt was a different-looking animal when Vosh exchanged the head-gear and check-rein for the new rig that the careful Mrs. Stebbins bought for him.

"Now, Vosh, there is n't anything else I want in Cobbleville, but you may drive through the main street, and we 'll take a look at the town, as we have n't been here for a good while."

He unhitched the colt and sprang in after her. The new headstall, check-rein, and the bells were

already in their places. The brilliant blanket was spread across their laps, as they sat in the cutter. Vosh touched up the sorrel, and all the Cobbleville people who saw them dash up the street for half a mile, and back again, were compelled to admit that it was decidedly a neat turn-out.

"Now, Lavaujer," said his mother, "don't ever do anything jest for show. But I feel better satisfied to know that if you want to take Judith Farnham, or her sister, or Penelope, or Susie Hudson out a-sleighin', they wont need to feel badly over the cutter you invite 'em into."

They all had been talking of Vosh and his mother that morning at Deacon Farnham's, and it was plain that the good qualities of the Stebbins family were fully understood by their next-door neighbors. The boys hoped Vosh would come over in the course of the day, but he did not; and the next day was Saturday, and still he did not come. He was at work in his own barn, shelling corn for dear life, to let his mother know how fully he appreciated her generosity. He felt that it would take an immense deal of corn-shelling to express all he felt about the bells and the blanket, not to speak of the bright bits of new harness.

The next day was Sunday, and Deacon Farnham's entire household went to meeting, at Benton Village. Vosh was in the choir, as usual, and was covered with confusion when he accidentally started on the wrong stanza of the hymn they were singing, and so found himself "looked at" by the choir leader.

The next day, just after tea, Vosh came over "to have a word with Deacon Farnham," and he had an errand of some importance this time. Corry and Porter stood by, while he explained it, and before he had said many words they became deeply interested. He was just inside the kitchen-door, and Susie and Pen were sitting on the other side of the stove, paring apples.

"A man came by to-day from one of the lumber camps, 'way up among the mountains," said Vosh. "He was on his way to town for supplies and things. He says the road to Mink Lake 's in prime condition for a sleigh-ride."

"All the way?" asked the deacon, somewhat doubtfully.

"Every inch of it. I asked him. Now, why could n't we all go in for a mess of pickerel?"

"And a grand sleigh-ride," exclaimed Corry.

"And an old-fashioned winter picnic," added Aunt Sarah Farnham. "How would you like that, Susie?"

"A winter picnic? I never heard of such a thing. How do you manage it? I should like to see a winter picnic!"

"A picnic! A picnic!" shouted Pen. "Fishing through the ice, Susie, and—and—there are ever so many other things. Mother, can we go?"

Vosh Stebbins had spoken only about the pickerel, but the larger enterprise was what really had been upon his mind. And, before he went home, it had been thoroughly discussed, and an expedition to Mink Lake determined upon.

"Corry," said Port, after Vosh went away, "what sort of a place is Mink Lake?"

"It 's the prettiest lake in these parts, and a great place in summer. Just crowded with fish."

"Is it far?" queried Port.

"About eight or nine miles, through the woods, and around among the mountains. The road to it is one of the crookedest you ever saw. It 's apt to be snowed up in winter; but we have n't had any deep snow yet, and there are no big drifts," answered Corry.

"What kind of fish can be caught there? Trout?"

"Yes, there are trout, but there are more bass and pickerel and perch. You 're liable to be bothered with pumpkin-seeds in summer."

Port was silent. He wanted to ask about the pumpkins, and how the seeds could bother a fellow when he was fishing for trout. After a minute or two, he uttered one word:

"Pumpkin-seeds?"

"Hosts of them. They 're the meanest kind of fish. Bite, bite, bite, and you keep pulling 'em in, when all the while you want something bigger."

"Can't you eat them?" Port wanted to know.

"Yes, they 're good to fry, but they 're full of bones."

"They wont bite in winter, will they?"

"I hope not. But I 'm sure of one thing, Port. We 're in for a glorious time."

That was an exciting evening. Nobody seemed to wish to go to bed, and the semicircle around the fire-place talked, for more than two hours, about fishing and hunting. Deacon Farnham himself related some stories that Aunt Judith said she had n't heard him tell for more than a year. Porter and Susie had no stories to tell, but they could listen. The former went to bed, at last, with a vague feeling that he would rather go to Mink Lake. It was a good while before he fell asleep, and even then he had a wonderful dream. He dreamed he was trying to pull a fish, as large as a small whale, through a sort of auger-hole in some ice. He pulled so hard that he woke himself up; but he could roll over and go to sleep soundly, now that the fish was gone.

The house was astir early in the morning, and Deacon Farnham's long, low box-sleigh, drawn by his two big black horses, was at the door by the time they were through breakfast. Mrs. Farnham had decided not to go, because, as she said:

"It 's Judith's turn; and somebody must stay and keep house."

It had required some argument to persuade Aunt Judith that it was her duty to go, but she had taken hold of the preparations with a will. It was wonderful what an amount of wrapping-up she deemed needful for herself and all the rest.

"Why, Judith," said the deacon, "it's a good deal warmer up there in the woods than it is down here."

"I 've heard so, and may be it 's true; but I don't put any trust in the saying. I 've no wish to be frost-bitten before I get back," was her reply.

There was little to be feared from the frost, with all the buffalo-robes and blankets and shawls and cloaks that were piled into the sleigh.

When its passengers were in, they made quite a party. There was the deacon,—who insisted on driving,—and Aunt Judith, and Mrs. Stebbins, and Vosh, and Corry, and Susie Hudson and Porter, and Penelope, besides all the baskets of luncheon, the fishing-tackle, axes, and guns, in the sleigh, with Ponto all around outside of it.

"You can't shoot fish," said Susie.

"We may shoot something else," said Vosh. "There 's no telling. It 's a wild place."

"Susie," exclaimed Pen, "did n't we tell you that there are deer up at Mink Lake? Real deer?"

"Corry," whispered Port, "let 's get one before we come home."

"Father has his gun by him, all ready for deer, if we should see any," replied Corry; "but he wont let us take ours out till we reach the lake. He may get a shot at something, though, as he drives along."



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE FOR PICKEREL. (SEE PAGE 404.)

There was a sharp lookout for all kinds of wild animals, after the way began to wind among the piney woods, and through the desolate-looking "clearings" left by the choppers. The road was found even better than Vosh's news had reported it, and the black team pulled their merry load along quite easily.

The young folk soon got over the solemn feeling which came upon them when they found themselves actually in the great forest. It was delightful to shout and listen for echoes, and to sing and whistle, with the knowledge that there was not a

living person to hear them, except those in the sleigh.

It was about two hours after they left the farm-house, and Port had just remarked:

"Seems to me we 've been going up hill all the time," when Corry suddenly exclaimed:

"There it is! That's Mink Lake! It 'll be down hill all the way going home. See it?"

"Where?" said Port. "I don't see any lake. O yes, I do! It 's all ice and snow. Frozen clean over."

"And we have n't seen a single deer yet," said Susie, sorrowfully.

"You can see some now, then," replied Vosh, as he eagerly pointed forward. "See 'em, Port? Yonder!— on the ice!"

"I see them," shouted Pen. "One, two, three, four!"

"Those black *specks*?" said Susie.

There they were, indeed, and they were beginning to move rapidly across the ice; but they were so far away that Susie could just make out what they were. Even Ponto continued to plod along soberly behind the sleigh. He was too old a dog to excite himself over any such distant and unattainable game as that.

Deacon Farnham seemed to know exactly where to go, for he drove straight on, when nobody else could see any road, until he stopped in front of a very small and very rudely built house.

"Aunt Judith," asked Susie, "did anybody ever live here?"

"Live here, child? Why, that 's a chopper's shanty. And it 's for anybody who wants it, now they 've done with it."

That was so, but it was not for the mere human beings of the picnic party. The deacon took his horses from the sleigh and led them in through the rickety door. "They 're a little warm," he said, "but they wont catch cold in there. I 'll give 'em a good feed, Vosh, while you 're starting a fire. Get the guns and tackle out, Corry."

Vosh had had a hard struggle with himself that morning to leave his own horse and cutter at home, but his mother had settled it for him. She remarked:

"I 'd rather be in the big sleigh, with the folks, so I can hear what 's going on. So would Susie Hudson or Judith Farnham, I 'm sure, and so you 'd be lonely in your cutter. Besides, the little cutter itself would upset a dozen times an hour on those mountain roads."

He was ready with his axe now, and Porter Hudson opened his eyes with amazement to see how soon a great fire was blazing on the snow, a little distance from the shanty.

"What are we to get into?" asked Port.

"We dont want any shelter, when we 're on a winter picnic," said Aunt Judith. "We can eat our dinner in the sleigh."

They were not yet thinking of eating. The first business on hand was a trip to the lake. Vosh Stebbins took his axe with him, and he and the deacon each carried a long, wide board. Port managed not to ask what these were for, and he had not a great while to wait before he discovered.

"Vosh," said the deacon, "the ice must be pretty thick. Hope we sha' n't have to chop a hole."

"There 's one air-hole, away yonder. It does n't look too wide," suggested Vosh.

"I should n't wonder if it would do," assented Deacon Farnham.

"Susie," said Pen, "don't you know? That 's where all the fish come up to the top to get a breath of fresh air."

There was some truth in Pen's explanation, in spite of the laugh she got from Mrs. Stebbins. Susie said nothing, for she was intent at that moment. She thought she had never seen anything more strange or more beautiful than that little lake, all frozen, with the hills around it and the mountains beyond them. The broken slopes of the hills and mountains were covered with white snow, green pines, spruces, and hemlocks, and with the brownish gray of the other trees, the leaves of which had fallen from them. It was very wonderful and new to a young lady from the city.

"Almost half the lake," said Vosh, "is smooth enough to skate on. If I had thought of that, I would have brought my skates along."

It would have been worth their while. Mink Lake was what some people call a "pond," and was scarcely a mile wide by an irregular mile and a half long. There was an immense skating "rink" there now, in spite of the snow which covered a large part of it.

Susie was just about to ask some more questions, when her uncle shouted:

"This will do, Vosh. Bring along your slide."

That was the board he was carrying, and its use was plain now. The air-hole was an opening in the ice, not more than two feet across, but the ice was thin at the edges of it. A heavy man or a busy one might break through and find himself in a cold bath; but when those two "slides" were slipped along on either side of the hole, any one could walk out on one of them and drop in a hook and line safely enough.

"There, Susie," said Pen, "now we can keep our feet dry while we catch our fish."

"Now, folks!" exclaimed the deacon,—"Two at a time. We 'll take turns."

"Your turn 's good till you 've hooked a fish," said Vosh to Porter, as he handed him a line. "You and your uncle try first."

It seemed very easy, as it was nothing more

than to stand on a dry board and drop a line, with a baited hook at the end of it, through a hole in the ice. And the fish were not slow to respond.

"Father! father!" shouted Pen, in a few moments. "You 've hooked one!"

A sort of electric shock went through the entire "picnic," as the deacon jerked out a gleaming, struggling fish. But he did not seem delighted with his catch.

"Nothing but a perch! He 's a pound and a quarter, though. Here, Mrs. Stebbins, take that other line and see what you can do," said the deacon.

Mrs. Stebbins had talked quite industriously all the way, and even after they went upon the ice, but she was silent the moment she took hold of the line. Just after it touched the water, Porter Hudson exclaimed:

"Corry! Corry!"

"Pull, Port! Pull! You 've a big fellow!"

"So have I," cried Mrs. Stebbins. "Deacon! Vosh! Come!—help me!"

"Pen," said Susie, "could it pull her through the hole?"

"Why, Susie! ——"

Pen's eyes and mouth were wide open, for both her cousin and Mrs. Stebbins were leaning back, and it seemed as if something down below was trying to jerk them through the ice.

"Wind it 'round your wrist, Port," said Corry. "Don't let go!"

"Well, Mother," said Vosh, as he took hold of her line, "I declare, you *have* hooked a good one, and no mistake. But I think I 'll have to pull it in for you."

It seemed to cost him hardly an effort to bring a great three-pound pickerel through the hole and sling it out upon the ice, saying, with a little pardonable pride:

"That 's better than a perch, Deacon."

"Shall I help you, Port?" asked Corry.

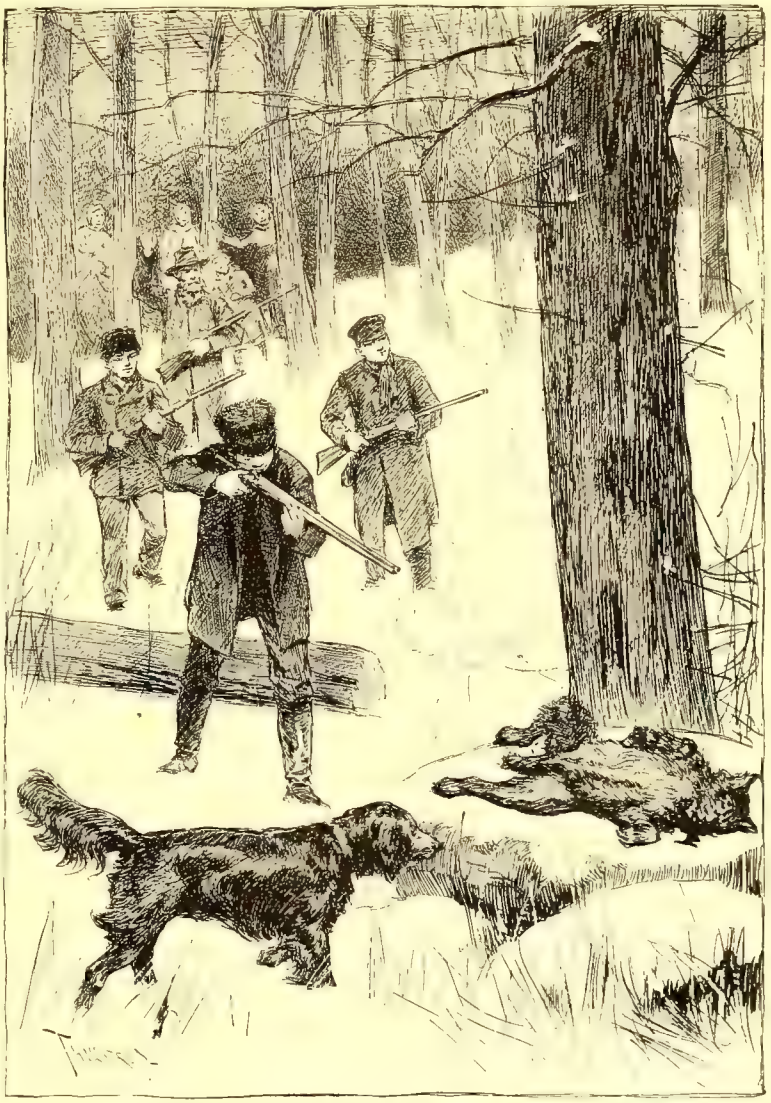
"No, sir-e-e-e! I 'll bring in my own fish."

"Hand over hand! Don't let him get away from you."

Port's blood was up, since he had seen the other pickerel landed, and he pulled with all his might.

"Now lift," said Vosh. "Don't let him rub his nose against the ice, or he 'll break loose. Don't lean over too far. That 's it."

It was an exciting moment, and Port followed the directions given him, although his heart was beat-



"VOSH SPRANG FORWARD AND FIRED THE SECOND BARREL OF HIS GUN."

ing quickly, and he thought he had never lifted anything quite so heavy as that fish. But as the gleaming burden appeared above water, his captor grew triumphant, and shouted:

"Up we come!"

"Hurrah for Port," said Aunt Judith. "The biggest one yet."

So it was, and a proud boy was Porter Hudson when Deacon Farnham declared that the great fish the lad had fought so hard for was "a seven-pound pickerel."

"Now, Aunt Judith, it 's your turn," said Port.

"Mine, Port? Why, what could I do with a creetur like that?"

"I 'll help you, if you get a big one. Here 's your line. You must try."

She had to be coaxed a little more; but she consented, and Susie took the other line. The fish were biting hungrily, for in less than a minute Aunt Judith gave a little scream and a jerk, and began to pull in her line. Then another little scream, and another jerk, and then:

"Perch!" exclaimed Aunt Judith. "I 'm glad it was n't a pickerel! Penelope, you can catch the rest of my fish for me. I 'll look on."

Susie's face grew almost pale, as she stood there with her line in her hand, waiting for something to pull on it.

"Do they nibble first, Vosh?"

Hardly were the words out of her mouth before the line was suddenly jerked away from her. Vosh had just time to catch hold of the piece of wood that it was wound upon.

"I 've lost it! I 've lost it!" exclaimed Susie.

"No, you have n't; but he's running pretty well," said Vosh. "The line would have cut your fingers if you had tried to hold it."

Susie's soft, white hands were hardly suited to work of that sort, indeed, and they were already becoming a little cold. She was quite willing to pick up her muff and slip them into it while Vosh pulled in her pickerel for her. It was a fine one, too; only a little less in weight than Porter's.

Pen had now taken the line from Aunt Judith, and she dropped her hook in, very confidently.

"There is n't a scrap of bait on it," said Corry.

"Is n't there? I forgot that. Just wait a minute and then I 'll let you bait it for me."

Corry and the rest began to laugh, but Pen shouted again:

"Wait!— He 's nibbling! Now he 's biting! Oh, he's bit it!"

So he had, bait or no bait, and Pen was quite strong enough to pull up a very handsome perch, without help from anybody.

After that, Deacon Farnham and the boys had all the fishing to themselves. It was well there was enough of it to make it exciting, for it was wet, cold, chilly work. The fish were of several sorts and all sizes, and some of them rubbed themselves free against the icy edges of the hole in spite of all that could be done. But, before noon, there was a considerable heap of them lying on the ice, and the fun of catching them had lost a little of its power to keep the cold away.

Long before the fishermen decided that they had caught enough, however, Mrs. Stebbins and Aunt Judith and the girls became tired of looking on, and set out across the ice toward the sleigh and the very attractive-looking fire. The latter had been well heaped up at first and was now blazing vigorously.

"We must have a good dinner for them," said Aunt Judith, as she turned away. "All the fish they can eat."

"You carry one," said Mrs. Stebbins. "I 'll take a couple more. The girls can help. We 'll fry 'em, and we 'll roast 'em in the ashes."

She tried to think of some other way, but she could not. She and Aunt Judith were excellent cooks, and knew just what to do with fresh fish and such a fire. It was by no means their first picnic, either, and the proper cooking utensils had *not* been left at home. Susie and Pen entered into the spirit of the affair with a good deal of enthusiasm, but they were quite contented to let the more experienced cooks do the cooking.

There was plenty to do, and when at last the fishermen gave up dropping lines through the air-hole, and came plodding slowly back across the ice, there was all the dinner they could reasonably ask for, hot and smoking and ready for them.

Each was dragging a goodly string of fish after him, and all brought hearty appetites to the tempting "spread!"

There was hot coffee to be drank out of tin cups, fish in two styles of cookery, crisply fried pork, roasted potatoes, bread and butter, and last of all was some cold meat that no one seemed to care for.

"Will there be any dessert?" asked Port.

"Aunt Judith has some mince pies warming on the log by the fire," said Pen.

"What a dinner for the woods!" exclaimed Susie.

"Woods?" said Corry, "why, the choppers have fresh fish and potatoes and coffee all the while, and sometimes they have venison."

"Game," said Port, "but no pie."

"Vosh," said Susie, "what has become of all those deer you were going to get?"

Just at that moment, they heard old Ponto barking away at a great rate, in the woods near by, and Vosh sprang up, exclaiming:

"He 's treed something!"

"Yes, he has," said the deacon. "Get your guns, boys. Load with buckshot."

"Mine 's loaded," said Vosh.

"Mine 'll be ready in a minute," said Corry. "Hurry, Port."

"Wait a minute," said the deacon. 'We all must have a share in the hunt."

It seemed to Susie and Pen that they could hardly wait for those two guns to be loaded, and Mrs. Stebbins exclaimed:

"Judith, I do hate a gun, but I 'm going with them."

"So am I," replied Aunt Judith.

Ponto must have shared in the general impatience, to judge by the noise he was making, and now there came another and a very curious sound from that direction.

"It 's a baby crying," said Pen.

"Or a cat —" began Port.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbins. "I do believe the critter 's gone and treed a wild cat."

"You 're right," said the deacon. "I 'm sure it 's a wild cat."

They all kept together, as they waded through the snow to a spot about twenty rods into the woods, from which they could see old Ponto bounding hither and thither around the trunk of a tall maple tree, that stood by itself in the middle of an open space in the forest.

"There was no other tree handy for it to jump into," said Vosh. "And there it is."

"Where?" asked Aunt Judith.

"See it? Up there on that big, lower limb?"

"It 's forty feet from the ground," said the deacon. "Come on, boys. All the rest stay here."

"Oh, Pen," said Susie, "I do believe I 'm afraid. Will it jump?"

"They 'll shoot it, and Ponto will grab it when it falls," said Pen.

"No, he wont," said Corry. "That wild cat would soon beat off one dog. He 'd be too much for Ponto."

There was little doubt of that, for it was a wild cat of the very largest size. Not so dangerous an animal as the "panther," but a terrible foe, nevertheless.

It seemed even larger than it really was, as it drew itself up, on the long, bare limb of the tree, and looked savagely down upon its barking enemy.

It may be that the smell of the cookery, particularly of the fish, had tempted it so near the picnic. Thus Ponto had scented the cat, in turn, and had chased it into that solitary tree.

"Now, boys," said Deacon Farnham, "all around the tree. Fire as soon as you can after I do, but don't fire both barrels of your guns."

Porter Hudson knew he was not one bit scared, and wondered why he should shake so, when he tried to lift his gun and take aim. He was sure he could not shoot straight, and hoped that the shot would scatter well.

"Now, boys!"

"Bang!" went the deacon's gun, and the other three followed, almost on the instant. But the wild cat replied with an angry scream, and began to tear the bark of the limb with its sharp, strong claws.

A moment later, however, it suddenly gathered itself for a spring at the spot, nearly under it, where Ponto was barking. Alas for the great cat of the woods! Too many buckshot had struck it, and it fell short short of its mark, in the snow.

Vosh had been watching, and he was nearest. Hardly did the wounded animal reach the snow before Susie saw Vosh spring forward and fire the second barrel of his gun.

No more shots were required. Corry ran forward, and Porter after him, and the deacon followed, but Ponto was ahead of them all, and it would not do to fire at any risk of shooting the brave old dog. But there was no fight left in the wild cat by the time Ponto attacked it.

"Drop it, Ponto. Drop it," said the deacon; "I don't want that skin spoiled. It 's a fine one."

The wild cat was killed now without a doubt, however, and Vosh could carry it to the sleigh, and they could all go back and eat more pie, and talk about bears and wolves and panthers, till the two girls felt like looking around at the woods to see if any intruders of that sort were coming.

"We don't need any more fish," said Aunt Judith. "We 've more than enough for the whole neighborhood."

"Well, it looks some like a snow-storm," said the deacon. "We 'd best be packing up for home."

Even that was grand fun, but it seemed almost a pity to leave so good a fire behind, to burn itself out alone there, in the snow, with no merry party to sit around it and tell stories.

If the road had been "all up hill," coming to the lake, it was just as much all down hill, going home again, and the homeward ride was almost as good as any other part of the picnic.

They all thought so, until they reached the farmhouse and found what a fine supper Mrs. Farnham had prepared for them. And they all wondered, afterward, how it was possible that they should have been so ravenously hungry twice on the same day.

"Well, picnics always make people hungry," said Pen, which statement nobody else denied.

(To be continued.)

HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS,

(Author of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "Comedies for Children.")

II.

GIOVANNI OF FLORENCE, THE BOY CARDINAL.

(Afterward Pope Leo X.)

IT was one of the wild carnival days of 1490. From the great gate of San Gallo to the quaint old bridge of the goldsmiths, the fair city of Florence blazed with light and rang with shout and song. A struggling mass of spectators surged about the noble palace of the Medici, as out through its open gate-way and up the broad street known as the Via Larga streamed the great carnival pageant of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the head of the house of Medici.

"Room for the noble Abbot of Passignano! room for My Lord Cardinal!" shouted a fresh young voice from the head of the grand staircase that led from the *loggia* of the palace to the great entrance-hall below.

"So; say'st thou thus, Giulio?" another boyish voice exclaimed. "Then will I, too, play the herald for thee. Room," he cried, "for the worthy Prior of Capua! room for the noble Knight of St. John!" And down the broad staircase, thronged with gallant costumes, brilliant banners, and gleaming lances, the two merry boys elbowed their way.

Boys? you ask. Yes, boys — both of them, for all their lofty and high-sounding titles. In those far-off days, when royalty married royalty at ten and twelve, and Lord High Admirals wore bib and tucker, there was nothing so very wonderful in a noble prior of eleven or a lord cardinal of thirteen.

"Well, well, my modest young Florentines," said Lorenzo, in his harsh but not unkindly voice, as he met the boys in the grand and splendidly decorated entrance-hall; "if ye do but make your ways in life with such determination as that, all offices must needs yield to you. A truce to tattle, though, my fair Giulio. Modesty best becomes the young. Remember, Giovanni's cardinalate has not yet been proclaimed, and 't is wisest to hold our tongues till we may wag them truthfully. But, come," he added in a livelier tone, "to horse, to horse! the Triumph waits for none. To-night be ye boys only. Ho, for fun and frolic; down with care and trouble!" And humming a glee from one of his own gay carnival songs, Lorenzo the Magnificent sprang to the back of his noble Barbary horse, Morello, and spurred forward to mingle in the glories of the pageant.

It was a wondrous display — this carnival pageant, or "Triumph," of the Medici. Great golden cars, richly decorated, and drawn by curious beasts, horses dressed in the skins of lions and tigers and elephants; shaggy buffaloes and timorous giraffes from the Medicean villa at Careggi; fantastic monsters made up of mingled men and boys and horses, with other surprising figures as riders; dragons and dwarfs, giants and genii; beautiful young girls and boys dressed in antique costumes to represent goddesses and divinities of the old mythologies; — these and many other attractions united in the glittering display which, accompanied by Lorenzo the Magnificent and his retinue of over five hundred persons, "mounted, masked, and bravely appareled," and gleaming in the light of four hundred flaring torches, traversed the streets of Florence, "singing in many voices all sorts of *canzones*, madrigals, and popular songs."

"By the stone nose of the *marzoccho*,† but this is more joyous than the droning tasks we left behind us at Pisa; is it not, my Giovanni?" gayly exclaimed the younger of the two boys as, glittering in a suit of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, he rode in advance of one of the great triumphal cars. "My faith," he continued, "what would good Fra Bartolommeo say could he see thee, his choicest pupil, masking in a violet velvet suit and a gold-brocaded vest?"

"I fear me, Giulio," replied his cousin Giovanni, a pleasant, brown-faced lad of nearly fourteen, "I fear me the good Fra would pull a long and chiding face at *both* our brave displays. You know how he *can* look when he takes us to task? And tall! Why, he seems always to grow as high as Giotto's tower there."

"Say, rather, like to the leaning tower in his own Pisa! for he seems as tall, and threatens to come down full as sure and heavily upon us poor unfortunates! Ah, yes, I know how he looks, Giovanni; he tries it upon me full often!" and Giulio's laugh of recollection was tempered with feeling memories.

Here an older boy, a brisk young fellow of sixteen, in a shining suit of silver and crimson brocade, rode toward them.

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† The *marzoccho* was the great stone lion of the Palazzo Vecchio — the City Hall of Florence.

"Messer Giovanni," he said, "what say'st thou to dropping out of the Triumph here by the Vecchio Palace? Then may we go back by the Via Pinti and see the *capannucci*."

Now, the *capannucci* was one of the peculiar carnival institutions of the Florentine boys of old, as dear to their hearts as is the election-night bonfire to our young New Yorker of to-day. A great tree would be dragged into the center of some broad street or square by a crowd of ready youngsters. There it would be set upright and propped or steadied by great faggots and pieces of wood. This base would then be fired, and as the blaze flamed from the faggots or crept up the tall tree-trunk, all the yelling boys danced in the flaring light. Then, when the *capannucci* fell with a great crash, the terrible young Florentine urchins never omitted to wage, over the charred trunk and the glowing embers, a furious rough-and-tumble fight.

Giovanni and Giulio, for all their high-sounding titles, welcomed exciting variety as readily as do any other active and wide-awake boys, and they assented gleefully to the young Buonarotti's suggestion.

"Quick, to the Via Pinti!" they cried, and yielding up their horses to the silver-liveried grooms who attended them, they turned from the pageant, and with their black visors, or half masks, partly drawn, they pushed their way through the crowds that surged under the great bell tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and thronged the gayly decorated street called the Via Pinti.

With a ready handful of *danarini* and *soldi*, small Florentine coins of that day, they easily satisfied the demands of the brown-skinned little street arabs who had laid great pieces of wood, called the *stili*, across the street, and would let none pass until they had yielded to their shrill demand of "Tribute, tribute! a *soldi* for tribute at the *stili* of San Marco!"

With laugh and shout and carnival jest, the three boys were struggling through the crowd toward the rising flame of a distant *capannucci*, when suddenly, with a swish and a thud, there came plump against the face of the young Giovanni one of the thin sugar eggs which, filled with red wine, were favorite carnival missiles. Like a flow of blood the red liquid streamed down the broad, brown cheek of the lad, and streaked his violet tunic. He looked around dismayed.

"Aha!" he cried, as, looking around, his quick eye detected the successful marksman in a group of laughing young fellows a few rods away. "'T was thou, was it? Revenge, revenge, my comrades!" and the three lads sent a well-directed volley of return shots that made the assailants duck and dodge for safety. Then ensued a very common carnival scene. The shots and counter-shots drew many lookers-on, and soon the watchers changed to actors. The crowd quickly separated into two parties, the air seemed full of the flying missiles, and, in the glare of the great torches that, held by iron rings, flamed from the corner of a noble palace, the carnival fight raged fast and furiously. In the hottest of the strife a cheer arose as the nimble Giulio, snatching a brilliant crimson scarf from the shoulders of a laughing flower-girl, captured, next, a long pikestaff from a masker of the opposite side. Tying the crimson scarf to the long pike-handle, he charged the enemy, crying, "Ho, forward all!" His supporters followed him with a resistless rush; another volley of carnival ammunition filled the air, and a shout of victory went up as their opponents broke before their charge and the excited crowd went surging up the street. Again a stand was made, again the missiles flew, and now, the candy bon-bons failing, the reckless combatants kept up the fight with street refuse,—dust and dirt, and even small stones.

It was in one of these hand-to-hand encounters that a tall and supple young fellow dashed from the opposing ranks and grappled with Giulio for the possession of the crimson standard. To and fro the boys swayed and tugged. In sheer defense the less sturdy Giulio struck out at his opponent's face, and down dropped the guarded disguise of the small black visor.

"Ho, an Albizzi!" Giulio exclaimed, as he recognized his antagonist. Then, as the long pikestaff was wrested from his grasp, he raised the well-known cry of his house, "*Palle, palle!* Medici to the rescue." *

"Ha, Medici—is it?" the young Albizzi cried, and, as Giovanni de Medici pressed to the aid of his cousin, Francesco Albizzi clutched at Giovanni's mask in turn and tore it from his face.

"Hollo!" shouted the scornful Albizzi. "We have uncovered the game! Look, boys, 't is Messer Giovanni himself! Hail to the young magnifico!" and, doffing his purple bonnet, as if in reverence to Giovanni, he struck the lad with it full on his broad, brown cheek.

His followers applauded his deed with a shout, but it was a weak and spiritless "brava!" for it was scarcely safe to make fun of the Medici in Florence then, and cowards, you know, always take the stronger side.

The supporters of the Medici hastened to wipe out the insult offered to their patron's son. They pressed forward to annihilate Albizzi's fast-lessening band, but the young Giovanni interfered.

"Nay, hold, friends," he said, "'t is but a carnival frolic, and 't is ended now. Messer Francesco did but speak in jest, and, sure, I bear no malice."

* The *Palle d'Oro*, or golden balls, were the arms of the house of Medici, and "*Palle, palle*," was their rallying cry.

But the hot-headed Albizzi, the son of a house that had ever been rivals and enemies of the Medici, would listen to no compromise.

"Ho, hark to the smooth-tongued Medici!" he cried. "Boys of Florence, will ye bow to this little magnifico? Your fathers were but boys when they struck for the liberties of Florence and drove *this* fellow's father, the lordly magnifico, like a whipped cur behind the doors of the sacristy, and scattered the blood of *that* boy's father on the very steps of the Reparata!"*

The young Giulio, when he heard this brutal allusion to the murder of his father, could restrain himself no longer; but, rushing at Francesco Albizzi, expended all his fierce young strength upon the older boy in wildly aimed and harmless blows.

Giovanni would have again interceded, but when he saw the vindictive young Albizzi draw a short dagger from his girdle, he felt that the time for words had passed. Springing to the relief of his cousin, he clutched Francesco's dagger-arm. There was a rallying of adherents on both sides; young faces grew hot with passion, and an angry street fight seemed certain.

But, hark! Across the strife comes the clash of galloping steel. There is a rush of hurrying feet, a glare of flaring torches, a glimmer of shining lances, and, around from the Via Larga, in a brilliant flash of color, swings the banner of Florence, the great white lily on the blood-red field. Fast behind it presses the well-known escutcheon of the seven golden balls, and the armed servants of the house of Medici sweep down upon the combatants.

"*Palle, palle!* Medici, ho; a Medici!" rings the shout of rescue. The flashing sword of young Messer Pietro, the elder brother of Giovanni, gleams in the torch-light, and the headstrong Albizzi and his fellow-rioters scatter like chaff before the onward rush of the paid soldiers of the house of Medici. Then, encompassed by a guard of bristling lances, liveried grooms, and torch-bearers, and followed by a crowd of shouting boys, masked revelers, and exultant retainers, the three lads hurried down the Via Larga; the great gates of the Palace of the Medici swung open to admit them, and the noise and riot of the carnival died away in the distance. Through the hall of arches and up the grand staircase the lads hastened to where, in the spacious *loggia*, or enclosed piazza, Lorenzo the Magnificent stood waiting to receive them.

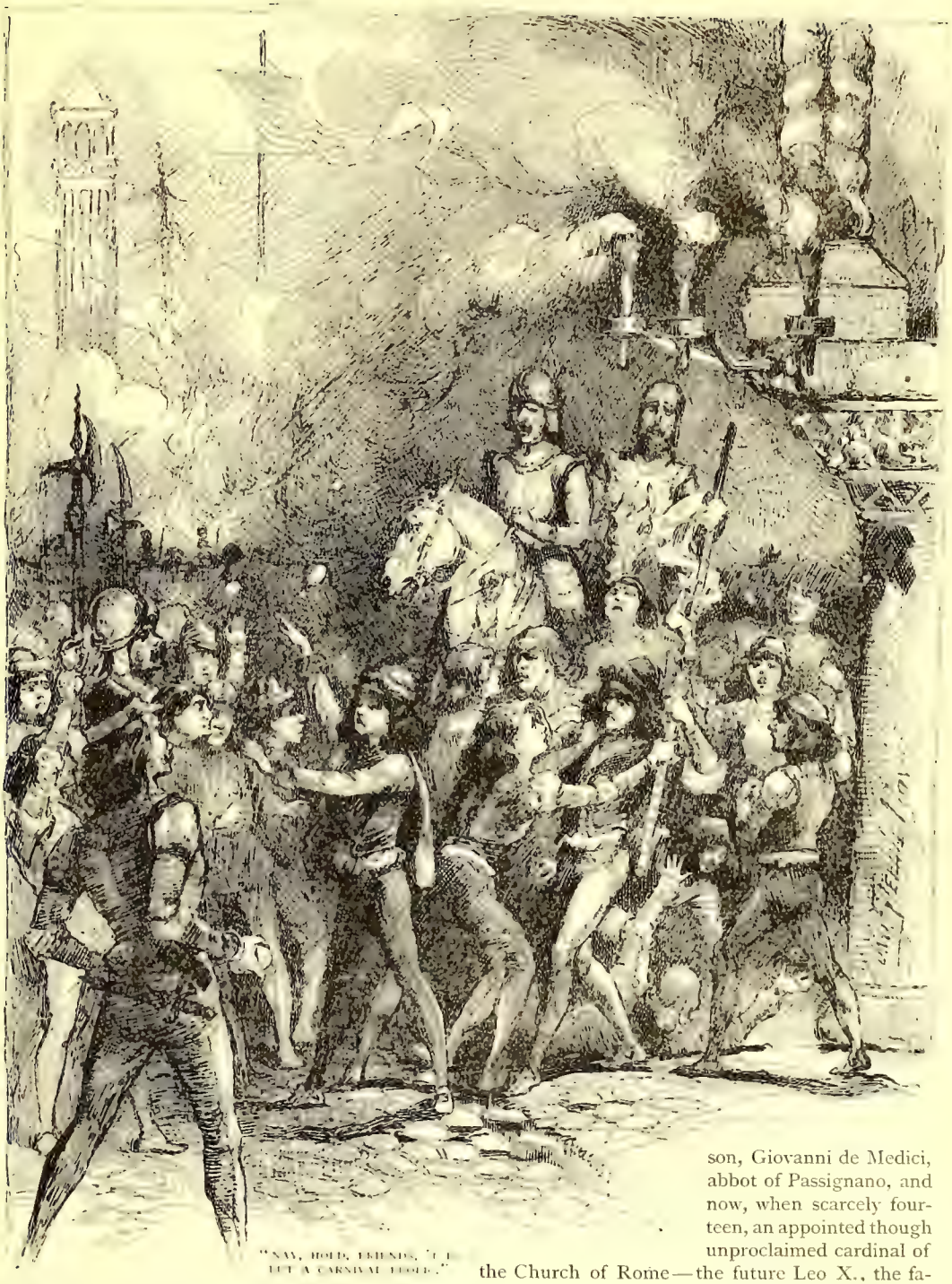
"Well, well, my breathless young citizens," he exclaimed; "what news and noise of strife is this I hear? Methinks you come to us in sad and sorry strait."

But his banter changed to solicitude as he noticed the troubled face of his son. "Who, then, is in fault, my Giovanni?" he asked. "'T was well for thee that Pietro sallied out in such hot haste; else, from all I hear, a son of the house of Medici might almost have been slain in a vile street brawl."

"Nay, hear, my father, I pray, the whole truth of the matter," Giovanni replied; and, as he relates, in presence of that brilliant and listening company, the story of the carnival fight as we already know it, let us, rather, read hastily the story of the great house of the Medici of Florence, whose princely head now stands before us — him whom the people call "*il gran magnifico*," Lorenzo the Magnificent, the father of the boy cardinal.

Four hundred years, and more, ago there lived in Florence a wealthy family known as the Medici. They were what we now call capitalists — merchants and bankers, with ventures in many a land and with banking-houses in sixteen of the leading cities of Europe. Success in trade brought them wealth, and wealth brought them power, until, from simple citizens of a small inland republic they advanced to a position of influence and importance beyond that of many a king and prince of their day. At the time of our sketch, the head of the house was Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, from his wealth, his power, and his splendid and liberal hospitality. All Florence submitted to his will, and though the fair city was still, in form, a republic, the wishes and words of Lorenzo were as law to his fellow-citizens. A man of wonderful tact and of great attainments, he was popular with young and old, rich and poor. From a glorious romp with the children, he would turn to a profound discussion with wise old philosophers or theologians, could devise means for loaning millions to the king of England, sack a city that had braved the power of Florence, or write the solemn hymns for the priests or the gay street songs for the people of his much-loved city. Princes and poets, painters and priests, politicians and philosophers, sat at his bountiful table in the splendid palace at the foot of the Via Larga, or walked in his wonderful gardens of San Marco; rode "a-hawking" from his beautiful villa at Careggi, or joined in the wild frolic of his gorgeous street pageants. Power such as his could procure or master anything, and we therefore need not wonder that the two boys whose acquaintance we have made had been pushed into prominence early. Look well at them again. The boy who, with face

* The Church of the Reparata, or Santa Maria Novella, in which Lorenzo was wounded and his brother Giuliano murdered, in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, in 1478.



"NAY, HOLD, FRIENDS, 'T IS BUT A CARNIVAL FROLIC."

upturned toward his father's kindly eyes, is telling the story of the street fight, is Lorenzo's second son, Giovanni de Medici, abbot of Passignano, and now, when scarcely fourteen, an appointed though unproclaimed cardinal of the Church of Rome—the future Leo X., the famous pope of Martin Luther's day. His companion is the young Giulio de Medici, nephew of Lorenzo,

and already, at thirteen, a prior and knight, and in future years that pope, Clement VII., of whom you may read in history as the unfortunate prisoner of San Angelo, the antagonist of bluff King Henry VIII. of England. And this other lad, this Buonarotti, who is he? A *protégé* of Lorenzo, the companion of his sons and a favored guest at his table, his name is to last through the ages more illustrious than that of all the Medici,—the wonderful Michael Angelo, the greatest of the artists.

"So, so," Lorenzo said, as Giovanni concluded his story; "the matter is graver than I thought. 'T is another yelp from the Albizzi kennel. The Signory must look to it. Young Messer Francesco's tongue wags too freely for the city's good. And back to Pisa must ye go, my lads, for it ill beseems such as you, to be ruffling it in any wild street brawl that these troublous malcontents may raise against us."

So, back to the quiet University of Pisa went the boys Giovanni and Giulio, to pursue their studies in "theology and ecclesiastical jurisprudence."

And spending his time thus, between his stately Florentine home, his noble old castle of an abbey at Passignano, and the University of Pisa, Giovanni's three years of probation were passed.

"Whither so fast, my Maddalena?" asked young Francesco Albizzi, stopping a dark-haired flower-girl, as on a bright March morning he rode into the city. "What 's astir, my dear, that thou and all the world seem crowding to meet me, here, at San Gallo's gate?"

"Thou, indeed?" and the flower-girl laughed a merry peal. "Why, brother of the mole and lord of all the bats, where hast thou been asleep not to know that to-day our young Messer Giovanni is to be proclaimed a cardinal?"

"So — the little Medici again?" exclaimed the wrathful Albizzi. "Bestia! Must he be always setting the city upside down? Where is 't to be, Maddalena?"

"Why, where but at the altar of Fiesole? But do not thou keep me longer," she said, breaking away from the indignant young patriot. "All Florence goes forth to meet the new cardinal at the bridge of Mugnone, and my flowers will sell well and rarely to-day. But, hark thee, Messer Francesco," she added, with warning finger, "we are all *palleschi** to-day, and 't were best for thee to swallow thy black words. See, yonder rides young Messer Pietro, and the Medici lances are ready and sharp for such as thou."

And, as Albizzi turned sullenly away, Maddalena disappeared in the crowd that, hurrying through San Gallo's gate, headed toward the flower-crowned hill of Fiesole. There, overlooking the "Beautiful City," stood the gray old monastery in which, on that eventful Sunday, the ninth of March, 1492, the young Giovanni was receiving the vestments.

Then, into the city, attended by the Archbishop of Florence and the civil magistrates, with a glittering retinue, and followed by "an immense multitude on horseback and on foot," with waving banners and shouts of joyous welcome, through the great gate of San Gallo, rode Giovanni de Medici, "on a barded mule housed with trappings of scarlet and gold," to the arched hall of the Palace of the Medici, where his father, sick and reclining on his litter, awaited his son's coming.

With many words of useful and practical advice as well as warm congratulations did the proud father receive the young cardinal, and then, from all the acclamations and illuminations, the joy, the fire-works, and the feasting that accompanied the ceremonies at Florence, Giovanni, on the twelfth of March, with a brilliant retinue, departed for his duties at Rome.

Thus far we have seen only the bright side of the picture — the carnival glories, the processions, the ceremonies, the cheers, the frolic, the feasting. Now comes the darker side; for if ever a boy was to be in trouble, worried, badgered, and disappointed, that boy was Cardinal Giovanni de Medici. For, like a sudden shock, with many an accompanying "portent" and "sign" that caused the superstitious Florentines to shake their heads in dismay, came the news that Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead. Still in the prime of life, with wealth and power and a host of followers, a mysterious disease laid hold upon him, and on the eighth of April, 1492, he died at his beautiful villa among the olive groves of Careggi, where the windows overlooked the fair valley of the Arno and the "Beautiful Florence" that he had ruled so long. From Rome to Florence, from Florence to Rome again, the young cardinal posted in anxious haste; as, following fast upon the death of his much-loved father came the sudden illness and death of his other patron and protector, Pope Innocent VIII. This occurred on July twenty-fifth, 1492, and soon again was Giovanni posting back to Florence, a fugitive from Rome, proscribed by the new pope, who was not friendly to the house of Medici.

But, in Florence, Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead, and in his place ruled his eldest son, Messer Pietro. Rash, headstrong, overbearing, vindictive, wavering, proud and imprudent, this wayward young man of twenty-one succeeded to a power he could not wield and to possessions he could not control. Enemies sprung up, old friends and sup-

* *Palleschi* was the name given to the adherents and retainers of the house of Medici.

porters dropped away, the people lost confidence, and when, by a final blunder, he unnecessarily surrendered to the King of France important Florentine fortresses and territory, the anger of his fellow-citizens broke out in fierce denunciation and open revolt.

So, in spite of the strong words and the brave front of the young Giovanni, in spite of the power of the once potent name of Medici and the remembrance of past favors to Florence, in which the great house had been so lavish,—the spirit of freedom, of resistance to tyranny, and of hatred, especially for the cowardly Pietro, flamed through the fair city by the Arno from San Gallo's gate to the goldsmith's bridge. The hoarse *boom*—*boom*—of the great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio—"the old cow of the Vacca," as the Florentines called it—rang out above the hurrying throngs, and all who heard it knew that its measured toll heralded the downfall of the Medici. And full well, too, the boys of the now fallen house knew the meaning of that tolling bell. Its loud *boom*—*boom*—rang out "danger to Florence; rally, good men and true!" and, as its clang sounded over the city from gate to gate, every citizen, no matter what his occupation, answered the summons by snatching up the arms nearest at hand and hastening to the great square of the Vecchio.

Resistance was useless. "*Palle, palle*, Medici to the rescue!" had lost its old power to rally retainers and citizens to the support of the once proud house. The banners of the white lily and the golden balls no longer waved side by side, and on Sunday, the ninth of November, 1494, the young Giovanni, with his cousin Giulio, fled from his native city. As he hurried through San Gallo's massive gate, with that terrible bell still tolling the doom of his family, and the shouts of an aroused and determined people filling the air, he remembered the brilliance and enthusiasm of other passings through that well-known gate, and, with the words "Ungrateful,—ah, ungrateful," on his lips, he hastened to the villa at beautiful Careggi, where the defeated Pietro had taken temporary refuge.

But not long could the banished brothers remain at Careggi. The enraged Florentines still pursued them, and for two anxious weeks this young Giovanni, whose boyish days had been filled with pleasure and brightness, whose slightest wish had ever been gratified, remained concealed in the deepest recesses of the Apennines, declared a rebel and an outlaw, with a price upon his head.

Eighteen years passed away, and on the morning of the fourteenth of September, 1512, two riders, surrounded by a great escort of glittering lances and a retinue of heavy-armed foot-soldiers, entered the gate-way of the "Beautiful City." They were Giovanni de Medici and his faithful cousin returning to their native city, proudly and triumphantly, after eighteen years of exile. Boys no longer, but grave and stalwart men, Giovanni and Giulio rode through the familiar streets and past the old landmarks that they had never forgotten, to the foot of the Via Larga, where still stood the palace of the Medici. Since the year 1504, when the unfortunate Messer Pietro—unfortunate to the last—had been drowned on the disastrous retreat from Garigliano, the Cardinal Giovanni had stood as the head of the house of Medici. After six years of wandering and anxiety, he had risen to eminence and power at Rome. In all these eighteen years, he never gave up his hope of regaining his native city. Three times did the Medici seek to return to power; three times were they repulsed. At last, his time had come. Florence, torn by feud and discontent, with a Spanish army camped beyond her walls, opens her gates to the conquerors, and the Cardinal Giovanni rules as lord of Florence.

So the exile returned to position and power; so the fickle Florentines, who, in a fury of patriotism, had sacked the palace of Lorenzo, now once more shouted themselves hoarse for "*Palle* and the Medici!"

With Giovanni's later life we need not here concern ourselves, except to mention an item of interest to young Americans—that he was the firm friend of the American Indians when they were persecuted by their Spanish conquerors. "The best of all the Medici, save his father," so the historians report,—we may, as we read of him, remember the diligence, notwithstanding his love of pleasure, and the loyalty to the name and fortunes of a once powerful family, that marked the youthful years of Giovanni de Medici, the boy cardinal.

THE WIND-FLOWER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WIND-FLOWER, Wind-flower, why are you here?
This is a boisterous time of the year
For blossoms as fragile and tender as you
To be out on the road-sides in spring-raiment new;
For snow-flakes yet flutter abroad in the air,
And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear.
Have you not come here, pale darling, too soon?
You would seem more at home with the flowers of June.

"Why have I come here?" the Wind-flower said;
"Why?"—and she gracefully nodded her head
As a breeze touched her petals: "Perhaps to teach you
That the strong may be sometimes the delicate, too.
I am fed and refreshed by these cold, rushing rains;
The first melting snow-drifts brought life to my veins;
The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild;
I am here with the Wind—because I am his child!"

WONG NING'S IDEAS.

AS EXPRESSED BY HIMSELF.

[WONG NING is no imaginary character. He is a real, flesh-and-blood Chinese boy, living in San Francisco, and much interested in the new and many-sided life going on about him. So we are glad to give you, in his own words, a few of his observations on American life and manners.

Our correspondent, Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, who sends us Wong Ning's portrait, says in her letter, written from San Francisco: "Although the Chinese are so numerous here and so intimately connected with our domestic routine, they are reticent, and rarely speak of their native land, though greatly attached to its memories. In fact, the thoughts and expressions of home life that I have gleaned, are almost as unfamiliar to Californians as to Eastern people, because of this reticence. Wong Ning, or 'Charley,' as he likes to be called, is a very intelligent fellow with very sound ideas; and he sees many things in the way of customs and habits among Americans of which he disapproves as strongly as we disapprove of certain customs among the Chinese. Some of these 'ideas' are comical; some sensible. As it is a departure to look upon ourselves through Chinese eyes, I thought, perhaps, it might interest your readers; so I gathered together just a few of his expressions for your perusal. While following the idiom, I have not attempted to give the pronunciation, for it would interfere with the ideas and divest them of clearness. Besides, an intelligent Chinese does not indulge in the absurd, 'You heapee likee,' as the *littérateur* would have us believe; but takes great pride in talking as well as possible. I also send a photograph of Wong Ning.]

MY name Wong Ning. I born on home China, come to this country when thirteen years old, and been here now seven year.

Little boy have very hard time on home China. Have to get up and go to school at six o'clock,—very early that,—come home, get breakfast at eight o'clock, and lunch at twelve o'clock; then stay till six o'clock in the day. I no think American boy like that!

Little girl no go to school *at all!* Very funny, that! Have one big house, on home China, where all the girls go every day; learn to sew, make the pretty things, the flowers, the birds, everything! by the needle. Little girl no speak to the boy—no! never! on home China.

On home China every one like the mother very much; give everything to she. If a China boy no like the mother, no work hard for she, no send she everything—Oh! horrible! *very bad!* All the sons marry, bring home the wife to wait on she. Not like the wife so much as the mother, on home China.

The woman—the wife, the mother, the little girl—all work in the house—sew, cook, make the cloth, everything! When they make the dinner or the lunch, set the table very nice, put on everything; then run behind the curtain (no have any door on home China), and then the man—the father, the son, the little boy—all come in, sit down, eat the dinner; eat him all up. Pretty soon, by and by, the woman—the mother, the wife, the little girl—come quiet, lift up the curtain. If he all gone, can come eat; if no, can not come. *Yes! sure!*

This place not the same like on home China. Everything more different.

I go to school at night, learn to read and write; I think English very hard. I been work for the Jew family, the Irish family, and the Spanish family. I think my English get too much funny—

so many kinds of language. Now I work for the American family; like it more better.

I been here so long, and go to school so much, that I understand the English more better than China. *Very funny that!* When my cousin, at the wash-house, send me the letter to come take dinner with he, he have to write it in English, and the lady I work for, she laugh very much.



I get one letter this morning. (My American name, Charley.) Here the letter:

"Mr. Chily you Please come to Kum Lee this evening to take dinder, beacuse Lee chong go to home China this week. Ah Do and Ah Sing all come in to if soon as you can

"good by Wong Voo"

I know plenty stories about on home China. You ever hear about Kong-foo-too?—American call him Confucius—he very great man.

Maybe you like, I tell you one story. Kong-foo-too—he travel all over China. He live about two, three thousand year ago, *yes! sure!* He travel every city, teach Chinaman—that very good.

One city he no came,—that Canton,—one very big place inside three big walls. Kong-foo-too, or Confucius, he come to Canton, and try to come in the gate—very big gate.

One little boy there, seven years old. I think that little boy too smart. He making play of a little city, and building three little walls around it, all the same like Canton. He took up too much room, and talk too smart, so that Confucius can not get in.

He watch him a little while, then he say, "I guess Canton all right, this boy can teach Canton. I go some other place." *That very bad!* Next year that boy die—*very strange that!* So Canton never get any teaching, not from boy, not from Kong-foo-too. I think not very good for little boy to be too smart.

PEA-NUTS.

BY M. P. D.

DON'T you think smoke is pret-ty? One ver-y cold day, a poor lit-tle boy stood in the street look-ing at some smoke.

It came from a sort of tin box, with a lit-tle roof, and a door on one side. A man in a great-coat stood turn-ing a hand-le of the box, and at ev-er-y puff of the blue smoke, the boy said to him-self: "Oh! how good those pea-nuts must be! I would rath-er grind pea-nuts than grind an or-gan. I am go-ing to be a pea-nut man, when I grow up."

Soon a great big boy came a-long, and gave the man five cents. Then the man gave the big boy a nice pa-per of pea-nuts. This was ver-y nice for the man and the big boy, but it did not help the lit-tle boy at all. It on-ly made him wish that he was a big boy and could buy pea-nuts; but as he had n't any five cents, he could not get them. And they did look so good!

At last, an-oth-er boy came a-long, and he was a lit-tle boy too, but he had a warm ul-ster, but-toned up to his chin and but-toned down to his boots, and a lit-tle fur cap that came down o-ver his ears, and he was walk-ing a-long with his nurse. Mer-i-den Mel-born (this was the big name of the lit-tle boy) saw the oth-er lit-tle boy in the street, and he ran up to him and said: "What is your name?"

"Jim," said the boy.

"What are you do-ing?" said Mer-rie, while his nurse tried to take him a-way.

"I am look-ing at that pea-nut man," said Ja-mie. When Mer-rie heard that, he for-got all a-bout Jim, for he want-ed some pea-nuts. He took out his own lit-tle pock-et-book that San-ta Claus had sent that ver-y Christ-mas and he went up to the man, and he said: "I want some pea-nuts." Then he gave the man five cents, and the man gave him a pa-per of pea-nuts. And then he and his nurse went a-way, and the poor lit-tle boy, Jim, felt sor-ry to see them go a-way. For he had no mon-ey and no pea-nuts.

Mer-rie went on down the street with his nurse, then they stopped to look at some pict-ures in a win-dow, when, all at once, a pict-ure of a poor lit-tle boy made Mer-rie think of the lit-tle boy in the street and how he was look-ing at the pea-nut man. "I ought to give him some

pea-nuts," Mer-rie said to him-self, for he was a good boy, on-ly some-times he for-got; then he won-dered if it was too late, and he ran back a-long the street to find Jim and the pea-nut man. He found them just as he had left them, and he went up to Jim and put five pen-nies in-to Jim's lit-tle hand, and said: "You must get some pea-nuts, too," and then he ran off a-gain as fast as he could go. He soon met his nurse.



She had missed him, and she was a-fraid he would get lost. So she was ver-y glad to see him a-gain. Then they walked home, and Mer-rie felt as hap-py as a king. And, just then, an-oth-er lit-tle boy was ver-y hap-py, too. He was start-ing off for home with a warm lit-tle pa-per of nice pea-nuts un-der his arm. It was the poor boy, Jim.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



THE Sun, while driving through the sky, now climbs the steepest hills,
And hitches Aries, or the Ram, into his chariot thills.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Sat.	4	Aries	12.12	
2	☽	5	Taurus	12.12	1st Sunday in Lent.
3	Mon.	6	"	12.12	☾ close to Saturn.
4	Tues.	7	"	12.12	Inauguration Day, 1793.
5	Wed.	8	Gemini	12.11	
6	Thur.	9	"	12.11	[the Twins. ☾ between Procyon and
7	Fri.	10	Cancer	12.11	☾ near Jupiter and Mars.
8	Sat.	11	"	12.11	(9th) ☾ near Regulus.
9	☽	12	Leo	12.10	2d Sunday in Lent.
10	Mon.	13	"	12.10	Benjamin West, d. 1820.
11	Tues.	FULL	"	12.10	Charles Sumner, d. 1874.
12	Wed	15	Virgo	12.10	☾ near Spica.
13	Thur.	16	"	12. 9	La Fontaine, d. 1695.
14	Fri.	17	"	12. 9	
15	Sat.	18	Libra	12. 9	Andrew Jackson, b. 1767.
16	☽	19	"	12. 9	3d Sunday in Lent.
17	Mon.	20	Ophiuch	12. 8	☾ near Antares.
18	Tues.	21	"	12. 8	
19	Wed.	22	Sagitt.	12. 8	
20	Thur.	23	"	12. 7	Sir Isaac Newton, d. 1727.
21	Fri.	24	"	12. 7	Robert Bruce, b. 1724.
22	Sat.	25	Capri.	12. 7	Rosa Bonheur, b. 1822.
23	☽	26	Aqua.	12. 6	4th Sunday in Lent.
24	Mon.	27	"	12. 6	Queen Elizabeth, d. 1603.
25	Tues.	28		12. 6	Joachim Murat, b. 1771.
26	Wed.	29		12. 6	[in America.
27	Thur.	NEW		12. 5	Eclipse of Sun, not visible
28	Fri.	1		12. 5	Raphael, b. 1483.
29	Sat.	2		12 5	☾ near Venus.
30	☽	3	Taurus	12. 4	5th Sunday in Lent.
31	Mon.	4	"	12. 4	(30th) ☾ near Saturn.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

TOPS and marbles, both together,
Come with breezy, bright, March weather.
Spin them, spin them on the ground;
Snip them, snap them, all around.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST NICHOLAS for January.)*

MARCH 15th, 8.30 P.M.

Although VENUS is not very much brighter, it can be well seen in the west after sunset, as it does not set till about half-past nine. SATURN, though it has scarcely moved its position among the stars, is now far to the west from our south-mark, and with it *Taurus*, and the brilliant *Orion*, are all on their descending course. MARS is not quite so bright as in February; it has moved still a little *backward* to the west, among the stars, and is still nearer to JUPITER, who, nearly as bright as ever, has also moved *backward*, a little to the west, out of line with Castor and Pollux.

Sirius is now in the south-west, Procyon, in the *Little Dog;* and higher up, Castor and Pollux in *Gemini*, or *The Twins*, are a little to the west of our point of observation. *Orion* is bending to the west. Betelguese marks his right shoulder; the bright star to the west of it is Bellatrix, and marks his left shoulder. Rigel is in his knee. Below the three stars that mark his Sword Belt are three others, not near so bright, that one can easily imagine to be his sword.

Regulus is now high in the south-east This star is one of a group of six or seven, all in *Leo*, that plainly mark the form of a sickle in the sky. Regulus is at the end of the handle. Half way between Regulus and Procyon, and now exactly in the south, is a cluster of very small stars called Præsepe, or the Bee-hive. It can only be observed on very clear nights in the absence of the Moon; it is the principal or most interesting object that marks the constellation of *Cancer*, or *The Crab*, which is one of the constellations of the Zodiac. The star that stands so much alone in the south, between Sirius and Regulus, is called by the Arabs "Al Fard" ("the Solitary"). It is in the constellation *Hydra*, or "The Water Snake."

THE HARE AND THE CHIPMUNK.

"I 'M hurried to death," said the Hare, when the dogs were after him, to the Chipmunk, who begged that he would stop and crack a nut of gossip with him; "but if you will take my place, and let me have yours, so that I can overlook the country, I 'll stop and rest awhile."

"All right," said the Chipmunk, hopping down from the tree, with a nut in his mouth. "I 've always wished to see a March hare. But you 're not a very mad one, are you?"

"Oh, no!" replied the Hare, grinning; "I 've all my wits about me, as you will presently perceive." And, at that moment, the dogs burst through the bushes, and pounced upon the poor Chipmunk, who exclaimed with his last breath: "What a fine thing it is to be smart! *That* gray Hare will never go down with sorrow to the grave."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"PUFF! Puff! Puff!" cried March, rushing in like a lion and roaring at the top of his voice. "I'm no smoker, but I can blow a cloud as well as any one. You've seen my advertisement, Mother Nature, and you *must* buy. March dust is worth more to you than to any one. I'll give you good measure this time."

"Don't bluster so, March!" said Dame Nature. "I'll take your dust, but though I knew the old proverb says 'A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom,' I can't pay a great price for it. December disappointed me last year, and, though January did his best, my garden, I'm afraid, is not going to be quite what it should be. I should not be surprised if Green Pea sulked in her pod, and would not give me a single blossom. Corn has got his ears wide open, and Potato keeps his eyes peeled, I can tell you. I expect to have trouble with them all, when their time comes."

"Blow 'em up!" said March,—"that 's what I do!"

MARCH DUST.

"IT 'S worth a king's ransom! Come, sweep it along;
"Come, gather it, Winds, in your grasp so strong!
"It 's worth a king's ransom! We 'll toss it on high!
"It 's worth a king's ransom! Who 'll buy, who 'll buy?"

In a cloud, in a whirl, the March dust flies
Through the bright, keen air,—'neath the cold, March skies;
And if you will listen, you 'll hear this song
That the March winds sing, as they hurry along:

"It 's worth a king's ransom! Come, sweep it along;
"Quick, gather it, Winds, in your grasp so strong!
"It 's worth a king's ransom! We 'll toss it on high!
"It 's worth a king's ransom! Who 'll buy, who 'll buy?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

STAND close, my friends, and do not let these gusty winds blow you away nor drown the sound of your Jack's voice!

March is a consequential fellow, full of noise and bellow; but he means well — that is, he means to go before long. Meantime, let us see how much we can make out of the thirty-one days he brings with him.

Now for a word about

WET METEORS.

A FEW months ago, some of you young folk astonished us all by your accounts of shooting-stars and their artless ways. But imagine my surprise at hearing the dear Little School-ma'am tell Deacon Green this very morning that rain and snow were meteors! At first, the Deacon and I thought the little lady was joking. Not a bit of it. She was giving us a scientific fact. In the first place, she explained that "meteor" came from a Greek word signifying "lofty — in the air"; and then she further said that, according to Appletons' American Cyclopædia ——

What did you say, you dear little girl with spectacles on? Ah, certainly. Thank you, very much. I quite agree with you that all the boys and girls interested in this subject can look for "meteors" in the cyclopædias — that is, if they can find the cyclopædias. I do not happen to have one by me just now.

HOW DO *YOU* SPELL IT?

SOMETIMES I hear the dear Little School-ma'am and Deacon Green arguing about words as they stroll by my pulpit, and one day they actually came to blows. But that was only because the Deacon asked why, if "foes" and "froze" and "rose" were right, a man could not be allowed to spell "blows" b-l-o-e-s or b-l-o-z-e or b-l-o-s-e, according to his fancy.

"Because you can not," said the dear Little School-ma'am. "It 's not spelled so in the dictionary."

Then you should have seen the Deacon. His eyes shone, and he stood before her an image of triumph.

"The dictionary!" he exclaimed. "Now I have you! Will you kindly spell me a dictionary word that means a short Turkish sword?"

"Saber?" asked the little lady, doubtfully. "Oh, I know — *cimeter* you mean."

"Exactly," assented the Deacon, with an expectant air. "Spell it."

"C-i-m-e-t-e-r," responded the Little School-ma'am, promptly.

"Wrong eight times!" exclaimed the Deacon. "I was studying out that very word this morning in my Worcester's Unabridged, and the word is spelled in that dictionary nine different ways — yes, and Worcester favors 'em all, too, after a fashion. Webster, too, almost says it is not material how you spell it,—as it is a foreign word."

The bright Little School-ma'am laughed merrily, glad that the Deacon had gained a point.

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed. "Nine different ways?"

The Deacon chuckled. "Verily!" he observed. "I know the list by heart. Yes, you can write the word nine different ways without offending Worcester — c-i-m-e-t-e-r — c-i-m-i-t-e-r — c-y-m-e-t-a-r — s-c-y-m-e-t-a-r — s-c-i-m-i-t-a-r — s-c-y-m-i-t-a-r — s-i-m-i-t-a-r — c-i-m-i-t-a-r — and — s-c-i-m-e-t-a-r. Ha! ha! The pen *is* mightier than the sword this time and no mistake."

"Yes, and there 's another proverb that fits the case," chirped the good-natured Little School-ma'am. "*It 's a poor sword that will not cut two ways.*"

"But this sword (which, by the way, ought to be spelled s-o-r-d, and done with it)," said the Deacon, "this sword cuts more than half a dozen ways. Look out, my dear, that you never give the word to a spelling-class of eight youngsters."

"And why not?" she asked.

"Why, because if following the dictionary is your rule, don't you see it 's very likely the children will all be wrong, and all be right, and all have to go up head?"

HEAVY BANKERS.

TALKING of words, I 'm told that in England a "banker" is not always a man connected specially with money banks, or one who handles large sums of money in a business way. In fact, he may be one who handles very little money indeed. Men who work in the English fens or bogs, digging in the soil or banking it up, have been called bankers.

Again, a banker need not be a man at all, nor a woman, nor a boy, nor a girl. A banker, I 'm informed, may be a kind of hard bench, or a sort of soft cushion, or a style of sailing vessel. Yet

I 'll warrant if any of you were to speak casually of going soon to see a heavy banker, meaning a vessel, or perhaps a stone bench on which masons cut and square their work, you 'd be asked straightway to beg him to subscribe to some good cause or worthy charity, or to help some poor youngster to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS.

Dear, dear, words are queer things; and, on account of yonder Red School-house, they really seem to grow quite near my pulpit.

A SOUND SLEEPER.

HERE is a true story, sent me by a well-known naturalist who loves to watch insects and study their interesting ways:

"One sultry morning last summer a wasp that had been flying about a newly mown hay-field



WHICH WILL WAKEN?

became drowsy and decided to take a nap. Looking about, he spied a tall dried spear of hay that had been left standing by the mowers. The little fellow, attracted by so breezy a resting-place, seized the stalk between his mandibles, swung off, and soon was snoring, if wasps do snore. Very soon after, a grasshopper came slowly climbing up the stalk past the sleeper, and settled himself a short distance above waspy's head, where for a long time he worked and wriggled, shaking the spear to and fro. Finally, he actually came out of his skin, and moved away, leaving only the empty shell, through which the wind blew and whistled, to tell his story. A little later, another grasshopper, in a wild, headlong flight, sprang into the air, and landed directly on the tip of the dry spear. This entered its shell, piercing it through and through. The spear bent almost to the ground under the blow, swayed from side to side, finally regaining its upright position, bearing aloft the impaled jumper — a dire warning to all others of its kind. Notwithstanding this commotion, the wasp slept on, its slender form swaying in the sunlight, until at last it started into wakefulness, bustling off with an 'I 'm-late' sort of movement that was very amusing. Meantime, the empty 'hopper shell looked up at the impaled brother with a rustle of sympathy that might easily have been mistaken for the genuine article."

FLORIDA BOYS, PLEASE ANSWER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read last week in the *Transcript* that Florida fishermen have a novel way of destroying the sharks which sometimes come uncomfortably near their boats. Our paper said that the root of the dogwood is certain death to sharks, and that the Florida fishermen take advantage of the fact. Whenever a shark is in sight, they kill a small fish, and, after putting dogwood bark inside of it, throw it overboard. In a few moments the shark rises to the surface, quite dead, — a victim to the poisoned bait. Now I should like to hear more about this. I asked papa, and he said the best way would be for me to write to Florida. But how can I do that? I think he was joking. Anyway, I have decided to write to you, dear Jack. If you show my letter to the Florida boys, may be they will look into this matter and report the facts to you.

Your admiring young friend, L. C. D.

PORTLAND, Jan. 9, 1884.

A BIG PIECE OF WORK FOR BEES.

MY birds tell me that a bee-comb, nearly a yard long, was discovered last summer near Santa Anna, in California. This great piece of comb hung from a tree, and was nearly filled with honey. The bees were still busily at work upon it, and they seemed quite unconscious that they were doing anything extraordinary.

Have any of my children ever seen a piece of honey-comb as large as this? It is likely that many have found honey stored in hollow trees in large or small quantities; but have they ever seen the comb hanging in open sight from a sturdy limb of the forest?

Letters describing personal observations on this subject will be very acceptable to your Jack.

DEACON GREEN'S REPORT
ON THE
PRIZE DRAWINGS,
NEXT MONTH.

THE LETTER-BOX.

IN MRS CLEMENT'S article on Dürer, printed last month, a sentence about Martin Luther was quoted from Dürer's diary, which misstated the date of Luther's death, giving it as 1521. Probably, a false report had come to Durer, in some way, for Luther lived till 1546 — twenty-five years later.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle sends me the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like it very much I am nine years old. I was very much interested in reading about the durion tree, but my grandma has seen trees in California two hundred feet high. MARJORIE.

BALTIMORE, January, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your notice about the Christmas plays in the "Letter-box" of the January number, and supposing it would gratify the author, I take pleasure in informing him that "The Three Somber Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls" was played with great success by the children connected with St. Luke's Sunday-School, Franklin Square, of this city, on the 28th of December last. I took the part of one of the three pretty girls. All the performers were under fifteen years of age. "The House of Santa Claus" was also played at the same entertainment. We played "False Sir Santa Claus" last year, and now look regularly for your welcome assistance every Christmas.

Your loving friend, ISABEL EMORY PRICE.

We have had many other reports of successful performances of Mr. Brooks's Christmas pot-pourri. We congratulate Isabel on being able to take the part of one of the three pretty girls.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in California, but I am in New York now on a visit. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for a long while, and think there is no other magazine in the world like it. Every month when I have read it myself I send it to a little girl who lives far away in the country, and has few books to read; and she enjoys it so much. I am very glad to hear that Miss Alcott and Mrs. Whitney will write for the magazine in 1884. Their stories are always delightful. Your constant reader, "FANNIE."

"Fannie," in common with so many other girls, will be glad to see the first part of Mrs. Whitney's story, "Girl-Noblesse"— printed in this number.

Here is a most welcome letter, which has traveled ten thousand miles to reach us. And it is a pleasure to us to think of ST. NICHOLAS' having previously sped over every one of those ten thousand miles, by land and sea, to give joy to "Buttercup, Daisy, and Violet."

BOURKE, N. S. W., August, 1883.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Our Grandmamma takes you for us, and we all think you are the nicest magazine we have ever seen.

We are three Australian children, and live in Bourke It is a small country town in New South Wales, about one hundred miles from the Queensland border. The river Darling runs through the town, and it is often navigable; just now it is too low for any steamers to come up from Adelaide. There is not any railway here. We get all our letters and magazines by the mail-coaches.

We have a very large, pure white cat. He is very amusing and quite deaf. He will play like a kitten, although he is nearly three years old. He also can pretend to be dead, so well that he has often frightened us.

We have a little half-caste girl called Topsy, who helps with the house-work. She is very clever and makes us all laugh; she says such funny things.

We all like copying those little pictures of cats, dressed up like people, they are so funny. Our kind Grandmamma has sent you to us for more than a year, and we always look forward to your coming with great pleasure.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. We must not take up too much of your space, as we hope to see our letter in your "Letter-box" in a few months. We are, your constant readers,

BUTTERCUP, DAISY, AND VIOLET.

Many thanks for your cordial letters, dear girls. We are glad to know that such a Buttercup, a Daisy, and a Violet are growing "all the year round" in your far-off country. And, by the time this number of ST. NICHOLAS reaches you, we shall be welcoming again the pretty flowers that can claim you as their namesakes.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., January 3, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, and like you better than any magazine I have ever taken.

I began to draw a picture for one of the poems printed with Deacon Green's offer in December, but did n't succeed, so I would n't send it.

I think the "Soap-bubble Party" is just splendid, and think of getting one up here.

We had a Christmas-tree, and before the presents were distributed we all sang the "Christmas carol" in the December ST. NICHOLAS.

I hope you will print this, if it is worthy of a place in your precious magazine. Your constant reader, EMMA T. S.

ORANGE, December 4, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my home in Southern California. I am ten years old, and have lived nearly all my life in an orange grove. Our home is the Yale Orange Grove. Besides oranges, we have lemons, limes, grapes, figs, melons, bananas, pears, nectarines, peaches, apricots, pomegranates, plums, and other things.

This afternoon we had a hard rain, and last night and this morning we saw snow on the mountains. Once we had a little snow here. One night we went to a concert, and our cats followed us all the way; and when we got to the concert one of them went home and the other stayed and went into the concert. She got into a man's coat-pocket, and he scared her out, and she stayed down town awhile. After that I took her home, and then she got sick and died. I think the concert killed her.

Your little friend, ELSIE CLARK.

ST. THOMAS, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been going to write to you for a long time, but have never fulfilled my intention until now. Your prized magazine is looked for all the month, and when I have received it I keep from reading it all through as long as I possibly can, so as not to get rid of the pleasure it gives me too soon. I am fifteen years old; and were it not for my school-mates, I would perhaps be lonesome as I have no sisters and but two brothers, who are over twenty-four. I enjoy the A. A. reports, too, and intend having a little chapter among my friends. But I shall never have anything to do with caterpillars, as I have too great an abhorrence for the poor ugly things. I am an American although living in Canada, and would like to live in the States again. I will not trouble you with a longer letter, so good-bye. LELAH B.

WHITE ROCK, ELKO CO., NEV., October, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years of age, and live in this far-off country. A kind friend sends us the ST. NICHOLAS, and you should see how eager we all are to look at it; we all think it very interesting, and like to read the nice stories and look at the pretty pictures. There are five children in the family: Aubrey, twelve years old; Bessie and Lay, twins, ten; Anita, six years. These are brothers and sisters; I am a cousin of their mamma's, and live with them. I think that some of your young readers would like to know how we live out here, and what we do to pass away the time. We are living at the head or mouth of a cañon, which is called Silver Creek Cañon. It is named Silver Creek Cañon, because the mountains on each side of the cañon contain many rich silver ledges. We children have each an interest in one of the mines; it is called the Peerless. Our house is a large log cottage, covered with hop-vines in summer, with four Balm of Gilead trees in front of it, which were brought from the mountains and planted here, for we have no trees in the valleys of this region unless they are planted by settlers; but in the mountains there are pines, cotton-wood, and all kinds of fir-trees. The air is so clear here that from our house we can see Paradise Mountain, one hundred miles distant. Our boys sometimes go prospecting with their father, and are quite successful; we enjoy ourselves looking through a magnifying-glass at the specimens they bring home, to find gold and silver on them; for gold is found

here also. We study at home, sometimes sew, sometimes read, and we go out and fish in the creek for mountain trout. We ride our ponies, and in many other ways amuse ourselves. So we have a pleasant time, although our nearest neighbor lives more than half a mile away from us. My letter is getting very long, so I must say good-bye.

Your little friend, LUCY C. A.

We are compelled to merely acknowledge many pleasant letters which we would be glad to print in the "Letter-box," if it were possible, and also many letters that have been sent in reply to the gutta-percha question. Our thanks are due especially to G. M. Lawton, Walter A. Mathews, Georgia B Hawes, Andrew C., Ada L. Cook, Herbert Roberts, Amy Angell Collier, Frederick William P., Carrie R. Murray, C. Hamlin Reeves, Miriam Oliver, Willie T. Nicoll, Carrie McC., E. D. McC., V. J., Gracie E. Wilson, Grace Nettleton, C. B. W., Kate M. Drew, Phœbe McNeal, Madeleine Miller, Helen W. Soule, Mary A F., Florence Rosenbaum, "Daisy," John F. Minaldi, Jessie A. Smith, "F. H.," Hilda Schoenthal, Jennie R., Lina Brooks, Maud Miller, Guy Smith, J. Mills Anderson, Jennie Hitchcock, May Harris, "Reginald."

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-FIFTH REPORT.

MANY of our Chapters have been organized in connection with schools, and at the close of each school year comes a dispersion. Some of the members, being graduated, never return, and the Chapter finds itself crippled in the loss of its oldest and leading members. We have received many letters in such cases, asking whether a number less than four can be allowed to continue a Chapter.

We therefore wish now, before the close of the current academical year, to state distinctly and once for all, that while we require at least four to organize a Chapter, yet after it has once been organized and recognized by official certificate, it shall not be dropped from our roll so long as *one* active member shall remain; providing always that such chapter shall have shown its good faith by continuing a membership of four, for six months from the receipt of its certificate. Do not be discouraged, then, if your comrades are removed and you are left entirely alone; so long as your own interest is alive, you shall be recognized as a Chapter, and shall retain the old number and all its privileges. We are happy to state, however, that most of our branches are steadily increasing rather than diminishing in numbers

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have been asked to call the attention of the Association to the matter of correspondence. Complaints are occasionally made of letters unanswered. The interchange of letters and specimens among distant Chapters is one of the most valuable features of our Society, and might be developed to a much greater degree than it is at present. We request all secretaries to send us the names and numbers of any Chapters that may fail to respond when addressed by mail. Such delinquents should be published, that others may not waste time and postage upon them. But we must always temper our disappointment with patience, remembering that many causes besides neglect may prevent us from getting a reply to our first letter. We may have written the address incorrectly or illegibly ourselves, or our letter or the answer to it may have been lost in the mails

RED CROSS CLASS.

The topic for the class in practical physiology for the month is "Muscles, fat, and fascia; skin;—Practical application: Wounds and their treatment."

The details of study are fully given in the class manual furnished free to all who desire to take the course, by Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park, Boston, Mass., to whom all letters on this subject must be addressed. Tuition free. (See February ST. NICHOLAS.)

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
550	Galesburg, Ill. (B)	8	Chas. F. Gettemy.
551	Clinton, Iowa	6	Henry Towle. box 486.
552	Easton, Pa. (D)	10	A. Collins Ely.
553	Defiance, Ohio (A)	6	Emmet B. Fisher.
554	Phila., Pa. (Q)	9	J. Edgar McKee, 2229 Mt. Vernon St
555	Olympia, W. T. (A)	6	Wood J. Doane.
556	Phila., Pa. (R)	6	P. T. Brown, 2206 Green St.
557	Phila., Pa. (S)	8	Miss Bessie P. Pearsall, 1704 Pine St.
558	Indianapolis, Ind. (C)	11	R. D. Robinson, 303 N. J. St.
559	Bath, N. Y. (A)	4	Percy E. Meserve.
560	Cambridge, N. J. (A)	8	G. Morrison Taylor, Riverside P. O., Burlington Co.
561	Cincinnati, O. (B)	7	J. A. Giebel, 21 Ohio Av.

NEW CHAPTERS

No.	*Name*	*No of Members.*	*Address.*
562	Wilmington, Del. (C)	5	Albert E Keigwin.
563	Lyons, N. Y. (A)	4	Chas. Ennis.
564	Santa Rosa, Cal. (A)	4	Wilber M. Swett

EXCHANGES.

Eggs, blown through one hole, and bird skins.—J. Grafton Parker, 2238 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Carnelians, agates, and petrified wood.—Chas Ennis, Lyons, N. Y.

Cinnabar, silver ore and galena, serpentine, mica, and black tourmaline, for limonite, ribbon jasper, and others.—Helen Montgomery, box 764, Wakefield, Mass.

75 cocoons for birds' eggs.—E. J. Putnam, 778 Olive Street, Cleveland, O.

Magnetic sand from Lake Michigan, and gypsum, for ores of any kind but iron.—J. H. Sawyer, Ludington, Mich.

Birds' eggs, minerals, and insects, for rare insects.—F. Hamilton, 96 Fountain Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

NOTES.

65 *Vanessa Milberti*.—I have observed the larvæ of Milbert's butterfly feeding in great numbers upon the nettle, and stripping the plant of leaves. Two broods are reared in a season. The larvæ closely resemble *Antiopa*, but are only about half as large.—Frank H. Foster, Sec. 440.

66. *Dodecatheon Virginiana*.—In the August number, I noticed a sketch of one of the prettiest of our wild flowers. Thirty years ago, these charming spring flowers were found in great abundance and diversity in fresh clearings. They vary from the purest white to deep purple. They belong to the primrose family.—Constant Reader and Subscriber from the beginning of ST. NICHOLAS.

67. *Sportive Flowers*.—We have made some very interesting discoveries. We have found pure white and striped violets which are of the common blue species, but in some way affected by their surroundings; also, anemones having fourteen to eighteen rows of petals, making them appear like little roses; also, a wind-anemone with four petals in their proper places, and one farther down on the stalk; also, a mullein-stalk, over seven feet high.—Ralph H. Pomeroy, Sec., Brooklyn.

68. *Leaf-impression*.—In grading for a railroad near here, there was found a rock containing, when broken, a fossil plant or plant-impression. It closely resembles a stalk of corn, both in leaf and fiber. It belongs to the carboniferous period. We think it is a reed. We wish to correspond with Chapters west and south.—Will Searight, Sec. 498, 23d and Liberty Streets, Pittsburg, Pa.

69. *Puff-ball books*.—Puff-balls, in the family of Gasteromycetes.

1. U. S. Species of Lycoperdon, by Chas. H. Peck, A. M., 1879. (The only special American work.)
2. Frie's System of Mycologicum (Describes species of puff-balls, some of them found in U. S.)
3. Sweinitz's Synopsis of N. A. Fungi. (Contains some Gasteromycetes, or puff-balls.)
4. Berkeley's and Cook's Books on British Fungi, and Smith's Book on English Plants, contain species of fungi

The first mentioned is sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

Dr. Augustus Foerste.

70. *Books on Shells*.—

1. For general use, I recommend Woodward's Manual of Mollusca, which is within the reach of all, and, besides illustrating the genera, affords excellent instruction for beginners
2. Our N. A Land and Fresh Water Species have been ably treated by Binney and Bland, most of whose works can be obtained at nominal cost by addressing Mr. Spencer F. Baird, Sec. of Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.
3. A small work on Common Sea Shells of California, published by Prof Josiah Keep, of Alameda, Cal.—Harry F. Dore.

71. *Owls*.—In answer to a question in the January number, I think that owls do not move their eyes in their sockets. If you go

near a cage in which an owl is confined, and walk to and fro, he will move his head as you go.— Herbert Westwood.

"I see it stated in 'Facts and Phases of Animal Life' that owls can not move their eyes in their sockets, but they can turn their heads very far around so as look down their own backs."— E. B. Smyth.

[Similar answers from M. E. Goodrich and others.]

72. *Silk-worms — What they will eat.*— Not being able to obtain white mulberry leaves, which are, I believe, the only mulberry leaves on which the *Bombyx mori* will thrive, I fed them on leaves of Osage-orange. At the time I was raising about 2000 larvæ. These leaves must be plucked sometime before, so as to allow them to wilt before giving them to the worms. This rule must be rigidly observed. I made an experiment to test it. I placed four healthy worms in a sieve by themselves, and fed them exclusively on fresh leaves They grew wonderfully, and reached their largest size before the others; but as soon as they began to spin they grew sickly and weak, and after forming slight cocoons, died entangled in the silk. Most of those fed on wilted leaves spun well. If the question were simply, "What will silk-worms *eat?*" I might answer, with a good degree of accuracy, that they will eat every leaf that grows; but as I know you desire to know what they will *thrive* on, I highly recommend Osage-orange.— A Friend of the A. A.

[Similar answers from Frank L. Jones, M. D., who adds the scientific name of the Osage-orange (*boisdarc, maclura aurantiaca*), and states that it grows in all parts of Colorado; also, answers from Mr. P. M. Floyd and others.]

73. *Flowers under a handkerchief.*— We came to a spot which Dr. Hammond covered with his handkerchief, and we guessed how many kinds of plants were growing under it. There were ten: a violet, a dandelion, an aster, a buttercup, a hepatica, a fern, a Michella vine, a daisy, a plantain, a veronica — Emily S. Warren.

74. *Winter.*— I feel as keen delight in the approach of winter as I should if spring, with all her glories, were at the gate. For me, the vast white carpet, absolutely without a stain, the low-hanging sun, and the trees that respond to the winter wind, have peculiar charms. — Linwood M. Howe, Hallowell, Me.

75. *Streams drying up.*— The streams in this part of Maine seem to be gradually dwindling. Can this be owing to the destruction of our forests?— L. M. H.

76. *Cow Black-bird.*— I found four cow-birds' eggs in a nest with one egg of the Wilson's thrush. Has any one else found so many in one nest?— X.

77. *Night-hawk asleep.*— Last August, I saw, about seven o'clock one evening, what I took to be a dead bird lying on a stone wall by the road-side. It was half lying, half leaning, against a stone. I clambered up the bank to get it, making some noise. Just as I put out my hand to pick it up, with a great flap and rush by my face, the bird soared up into the air. As soon as it opened its wings, I knew it to be a night-hawk by the white spots on the under side of them, and by the peculiar cry it uttered.—Wm. Carter.

78. *Humming-birds learn by experience.*— A young lady watched some humming-birds taking nectar from the flowers of our abutilon. The full-grown birds pushed their bills in between the calyx and corolla, just as the bees I wrote of some months ago nipped a hole in the petunias, in order to get more easily at the nectar. But the most curious thing is, that the young birds tried to take their drink in the ordinary way, by going inside the bell of the flower, and it was only as they grew in wisdom and stature that they learned from their parents the shorter way. The young lady is quite confident that the smaller birds were not of a different kind, but the young of the larger birds.— C.

QUESTIONS.

Is it a common thing for flowers to change their color in different years? We have a rose that, formerly pale yellow, has changed first to pink and then to white.— Mary R. Ridgway.

How are pebbles formed? How many kinds of iron ore are found in America? What are the causes of earthquakes?— Chicago, E. *per* Frank W. Wentworth.

Are there galleries in the homes of ants? Do ants live through the winter? Explain the phenomenon of frogs raining down? What causes, and what is, the blue part of the flame next the gas-jet?— C. F. G.

What is attacus cynthia?— X.

I have been trying unsuccessfully to find something about sea-beans? Will not some one help me?— A. S. G.

What are the two red spots on the back of the "Rusty Vapor Moth?" I had one under the microscope, and the red spots moved and a black spot appeared and then disappeared.— F. V. Corregan

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

283. *Greenfield, Mass.*— We take with pleasure from the *Springfield Republican* the following encouraging notice of Chapter 283, Greenfield, Mass., and shall be grateful to all secretaries of other Chapters who will send us copies of papers that contain mention of their work:

"Principal Sanderson started a good deal of zeal among the high school pupils, some two years ago, in the study of natural history, and as a result the natural history society was organized. The work began in a small way in the collection of birds, plants, and minerals, until the foundation has been laid for a permanent museum. The Society now has one large case of stuffed birds, containing 150 well-preserved specimens. These are mostly native birds, caught and mounted by members of the Society. Several in this way have become quite expert taxidermists. In the list, however, are found some rare birds, including the beautiful 'Ruby Topaz' humming-bird, the 'Rosy Starling' and the 'Coppersmith' from India, while the horned owl and the blue kingfisher have been found in the neighboring woods. There are also some cases of insects, and any quantity of birds' eggs. The Society belongs to the Agassiz Association, and by exchanges has added to some of the departments. The local organization is made up of thirty-six members, who were ambitious enough, last fall, to hire of the town the old brick house near the high-school building, paying a rental of $150 a year. These youthful scientific investigators want encouragement from the citizens at large, and are going to ask the town, at its annual meeting, to contribute the rent of this building. It would seem that the voters could very properly encourage the young people in this way. As the natural history rooms are located close to the high-school building, it can very readily be made a beneficial adjunct to the public schools. Already the zoölogical classes have enjoyed the advantage of these rooms and their collections."

339. *Salt Lake City.*—We have taken two sails on Great Salt Lake. A small island was found, inhabited by gulls, pelicans, and cranes. It was covered with eggs and young birds. As we approached the island, the old birds flew up in clouds, making a noise that was almost deafening. The pelicans' nests were formed of sticks, and contained from two to four large white eggs each

Last month, five of the members went to Strawberry Valley. It is high up on the tops of the mountains, being between 8000 and 9000 feet above the sea. The sides are thickly covered with firs, pines, etc., among which are many kinds of game. The hunters shot five deer. We saw quite a number of beaver-dams, and learned much about the habits of animals.

On the way home, we visited some curious warm springs. They flow from cone-shaped mounds, 20 or 30 feet high, formed of calcareous tufa. We saw one filled to within a few feet of the top, and the orifice, which was 25 feet in diameter, was almost perfectly round.

The following will show something of the progress we have made in our collections. The entomologist now has 1800 insects, the botanist has collected 325 species of plants, and the geologist has 170 minerals, 170 fossils, and 90 species of shells. Another member has 9 varieties of eggs, including pelicans' and gulls'.— Arthur G. Leonard.

395. *Montreal, Canada.*—We have a splendid cabinet, 6 feet high, 3 feet wide, and 2 feet deep, containing forty-eight drawers, twenty-two of which are allotted to the entomological section. Nineteen of these are already filled with insects. Our library promises to become a great success. We are trying to secure a room in the St. Antoine School for a museum and reading-room. We have had two very successful field-meetings, on one of which prizes were offered for the best collection made during the day. I expect to see the Montreal branch of the A. A. take a leading position among the scientific institutions of Canada. One of our most successful evenings was spent with the microscope, and I was fairly astonished to see how the attention of even the smallest boy was secured, and to note his horror on learning that the "lobster" under the glass was only a flea!— W. D. Shaw.

132. *Buffalo, B, N. Y.*— We have at present twenty-two active members. Our meetings are held once a week in the library of the Society of Natural Science. The aggregate of our collections is minerals, 2450; fossils, 1350; insects, 450; eggs, 165. We have sent you, as a New Year's token, a box of minerals and fossils which fairly represent our local geology.— Chas. W. Dobbins.

[For the beautiful specimens, please accept our hearty thanks.]

Meran, Tyrol.— Our Chapter is traveling in Europe, and in a week we hope to go to Italy. We have been working steadily, and during the summer have collected and pressed about 412 botanical specimens.— H. Ries, with Mrs. Richter, care Brown, Shipley & Co., London, Eng.

Neuchâtel, Switzerland.— We have formed a traveling Chapter of the A. A., with four members.— Kenneth Brown, Sec.

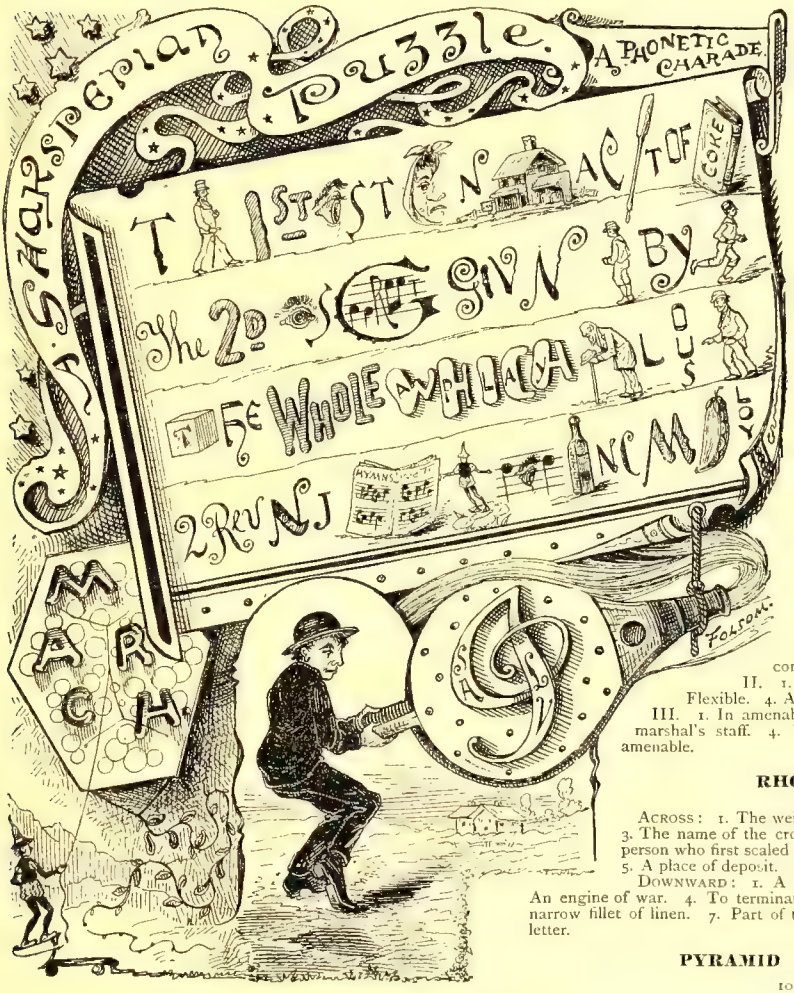
St. Paul, Minn.— We began our Chapter with six members, and in six months have increased to fifteen. We held a fair and cleared $14.08.— Philip C. Allen, St. Paul, C.

In closing our report for March, we must express our belief that our Association has never been so hard at work and, consequently, never so truly prosperous, as now. We beg all our young friends who have written us long and interesting letters, and have not yet seen extracts from them in print, to have patience, remembering that where there are 6370 hands to be shaken, it can not be done in a moment.

Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



THE above picture should first be read as a rebus. The result will be a four-line charade. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The first and second parts of the word are defined phonetically. The one word which is the answer is the name of a Shakesperian play. The answer to the rebus on the bellows is a prominent exponent of the principal character of this play. G. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a famous musical composer, who died in March, 1827; my finals name a queen, who died in the same month, but over two hundred years previous.

Cross-words: 1. To sew slightly. 2. Found in a studio. 3. Listlessness. 4. A precious stone. 5. A famous volcano. 6. A town of Servia near the city of Nissa. 7. Indefinite. 8. The world. 9. To whinny. "MARK TAPLEY."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of ninety-three letters, and am part of a poem by "H. H."

My 10–49–34–65–36 is a sharp instrument for cutting. My 69–18–85–12 is a nimbus. My 66–20–53–44–74–40 is powerful. My 47–70–62–31–67–89 is the workshop of an artist. My 57–7–48–63 is the green cormorant. My 8–61–45–90 is the fleecy coat of the sheep. My 27–79–1–6–64–59–24–71 is a large snake of South America. My 38–88–28–93–73 is primary. My 52–9–58–14 is warmth. My 21–84–35–91 is liked by a boy in windy weather. My 25–54–43–3 is the instrument by which a ship is steered. My 15–75–41–46 is the body of an old ship. My 4–23–92–22–33–55–63–2–42 is aversion. My 76–17–32–29 is the reddish coating on iron exposed to moist air. My 77–51–10–30–13 is to scatter. My 72–16–81–86–56 is the principal course of a dinner. My 82–39–60–50–78–11–80 is sometimes the last course of a dinner. My 5–37–87–26–83 is a wanderer.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS.

```
      1
    1 2 3
  1 2 3 4 5
    3 4 5
      5
```

I. 1. In amenable. 2. Bustle. 3. To reverence. 4. A compound of metal. 5. In amenable.

II. 1. In amenable. 2. Kindled. 3. Flexible. 4. A useful article. 5. In amenable.

III. 1. In amenable. 2. A flying animal. 3. A marshal's staff. 4. The prevailing fashion. 5. In amenable. DAISIE.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. The weight of four grains. 2. Custom. 3. The name of the crown given by the Romans to the person who first scaled an enemy's walls. 4. Lukewarm. 5. A place of deposit.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter. 2. An exclamation. 3. An engine of war. 4. To terminate or border. 5. Weary. 6. A narrow fillet of linen. 7. Part of the face. 8. To perform. 9. A letter. "A. P. OWDER, JR."

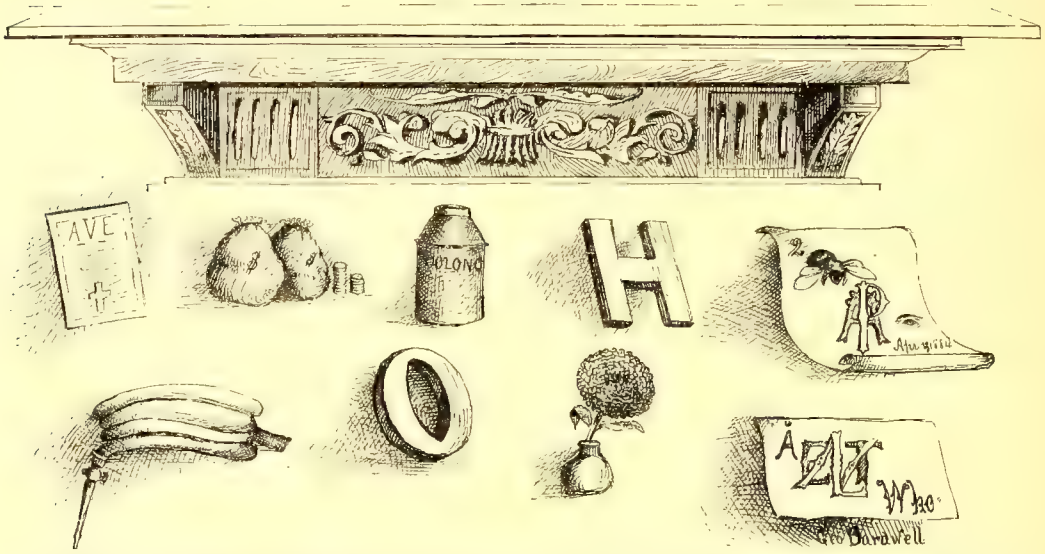
PYRAMID PUZZLE.

```
                10
              9   11
            8       12
          7           13
        6               14
      5                   15
    4                       16
  3                           17
2                               18
1                                   19
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Reading across:

Let T crown the pyramid which here you view;
Then take yourself twice — I mean double U;
A small sharp report now take, I beseech;
Then take what a preacher takes when he would preach;
Of "income" to take the reverse is now meet;
Now, a volume made up of eight leaves to a sheet;
Next, take one who rivals yourself, if you dare;
Take of earnings divided your own proper share;
Now take a word meaning just, even, or right;
Last of all, you may name the chief one in a fight.
Take from one to nineteen, or from nineteen to one
(It makes not the least difference under the sun),
And at once you will see, as a kind of a border,
These six words, which are *** ***** *** *** ** ***** C. C. D.

A LENTEN PUZZLE.



ARRANGE these ten articles upon the shelf in such a way that they may be read as a rebus. The sentence thus formed is a maxim from "Poor Richard's Almanac." G. W. B.

CHARADE.

My *first* it is dark but my *second* is bright
When in a cold *first* at its door you alight.
My *third* fills my *first* with dismay and affright;
But my *whole* cheers my *first* with its song of delight.

"THE WHOLE FAMILY."

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. ANSWER: Ma-lad-y.

1. Syncopate a dairy product from a mendicant, and leave a division in music. 2. Syncopate a measure of weight from small portions of territory, and leave cups for liquids. 3. Syncopate a number from made plump, and leave doomed. 4. Syncopate consumed from a stove, and leave a pronoun. 5. Syncopate a pronoun from cleansed, and leave to stuff. 6. Syncopate a fowl from pagans, and leaves warms.

Each of the syncopated words contains the same number of letters; when these words are placed one below another in the order here given, the central row of letters will spell the name of a German poet who died on March 22d, 1832. F. S. F.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

M*r*h *r*s* n*v*r *i* g*o*.

"MARGERY MIDGET."

PI.

How sthoos ta het dim-yad nus, gouhh eh si ruse eh lashl veern ith het karm, ety sa ruse eh si, hatt eh lashl hosto gerhih hant eh how sima tub ta a shub. M. V.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE. "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." Answer to rebus, Edwin Booth.

ZIGZAG. Washington. Cross-words: 1. Ware. 2. rAnk. 3. maSk. 4 lasH. 5. spIn. 6. sNug. 7. Glow. 8. sTir. 9 blOt. 10 claN. — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Neptune.

REVERSIBLE CROSSES. I. From 1 to 5, part; 2 to 5, girt; 3 to 5, loot; 4 to 5, edit. II. From 1 to 5, meet; 2 to 5, mart; 3 to 5, toot; 4 to 5, emit. — CHARADE. Phan-tom.

ACROSTIC. From 5 to 8, Ossa; 9 to 12, Arno; 13 to 16, Horn. From 1 to 4, from 1 to 13, and from 16 to 4, Noah.

SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

A BIRD LETTER. 1. Canary. 2. Crow. 3. Hen. 4. Owl. 5. Robin. 6. Wren. 7. Crane.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Nebuchadnezzar. 1. pi-N-ts. 2. dr-E-am. 3. sa-B-le. 4. mo-U-th. 5. du-C-al. 6. et-H-er (Peter). 7. ch-A-in. 8. pe-D-al. 9. bi-N-ds. 10. br-E-ad. 11. do-Z-er. 12. wi-Z-en. 13. Sp-A-in. 14. ca-R-ts.

BEHEADED RHYMES. I. Prelate. II. Trailed.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Astronomical. 2. Balladist. 3. Caravan. 4. Delegated. 5. European. 6. Fantastic.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Led. 3. Laces. 4. Secular. 5. Deltt. 6. Sat. 7. R.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Penny; finals, royal. Cross-words: 1. PouR. 2. EchO. 3. NavY. 4. NorA. 5. YawL.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO. 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Arthur Gride — Maggie T. Turrill — Clark and Lowell — Eddie and Oscar — Hugh and Cis — Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Edith M. Van Dusen, 1 — Helen Ballantine, 1 — Willie Mossman, 2 — Georgie Denton, 2 — Alma Hoffman, 1 — Bessie Perault, 3 — Hannah Harwood Greene, 1 — M. M. 1 — Geo. P. Miller, 5 — Helen and Adelbert S. Hay, 2 — C. W. Woodward, 1 — Hattie K. Toles, 1 — James W. Fiske, 1 — Horace R. Parker, 7 — Blanche H. and Annie L. 2 — Arthur, 3 — F. and H. Davis, 8 — Manny Neuburger, 1 — "Mrs. Nickleby," 1 — Samuel Workman, 1 — Maude H. Bucknor, 7 — H. E. C. 2 — Bertha Feldwisch, 5 — William C. Marshall, 1 — Eva M. Shelow, 1 — Emma T. Screws, 1 — Ned V. Shipsey, 3 — "Ed and Ben," 8 — Lihan V. Leach, 1 — Maude, Annie, and Carrie, 5 — Fin: I. S. 7 — R. K. Miller, 1 — Millie Kendall 4 — "Little Buttercup," 1 — Alice Close, 3 — Daisy Moss, 1 — Edith Helen Moss, 1 — Hans Veidt, 5 — Jessie E. Jenks, 1 — C. Chas. Ernst, Jr. 1 — May Whitsit, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 5 — Mamie and Lillie Brown, 7 — Austin H. Pease, 8 — Mrs. J. Frank Reeves, 1 — Maggie M. Adelsberger, 2 — Lucia T. H. 2 — Alex. Laidlaw, 8 — Bessie Rogers and Co. 9 — Theo. Megaarden, 1 — Paul Reese, 6 — Charles Howard Williams, 3 — Mary P. Stockett, 5 — Olive Durant, 1 — Julia T. Nelson, 4 — Harry F. Whiting, 4 — W. T. and M. L. 7 — W. L. Keleher, 1 — Mary C. Burnam, 7 — Mamie Hitchcock, 8 — Upton, 6 — Helen Hollister, 3 — T. S. Palmer, 8 — D. B. Shumway, 9 — Almeda H. Curtis, 1 — Millie White, 8 — Willie Sheraton, 3 — Jessie A. Platt, 8 — Amateur Editor, 1 — Maria Fagersten, 1 — Clara J. Child, 7 — Vessie Westover and Eva Roddin, 8 — Dorothy, 7.


SPRING

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A HERO OF LEXINGTON.

BY W. W. FINK.

"I HAD two bullets in my pouch,
Two charges in my horn,
When British red-coats gayly came
To Lexington that morn."

The veteran gravely said the words,
And paused, and silent grew;
But Johnny raised the lashes from
His wond'ring eyes of blue,

And cried: "Oh! grandpa, tell me all!
How many did you slay?
'T was glorious if each bullet killed
A Britisher that day!"

The veteran smiled upon the child;
"You think so now," said he;
"But the wreath of fame on Victory's brow
Is the badge of misery.

"Too well you know the story, dear,
To ask for its repeating;
How, back from Concord, came the foe
Toward Boston swift retreating.

"A proud young officer passed by,
And, standing near a wall,
I raised my rifle to my eye,
Resolved that he should fall.

"With steady nerve and earnest aim
I drew a bead; and then —
Well, then the proud young officer
Marched onward with his men! —

"One charge was in my powder-horn,
One in my rusty gun."
"And killed you not a single man?"
"Not one, my boy, not one!

"You 're angry, dear, and so was I,
For my patriot blood was hot;
But I 've thanked the Lord a thousand times
That He staid the deadly shot:

"For, when the war was o'er at last,
The man I tried to kill
Became my friend, — I see him now
Just coming 'round the hill!"

"Why, that is *father!*" — "Yes, my boy;
Run to the house and bring
My rifle, now, and let me prove
That war 's a cruel thing.

"You wished that I had killed him then —
Suppose I kill him now!"
— The child gazed on the veteran's face
And fiercely frowning brow;

And then, forgetting Lexington
And glory's glittering charms,
Turned traitor, and abruptly fled
To the red-coat's fondling arms.

FAIRY LODGE.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

IF there is yet any faith in fairies, it is to be found among little girls,—the dear "maiden-kind," so ready to believe in "whatsoever things are lovely"; and it is to them that I wish to tell the story of Fairy Lodge.

"Is it true?" you ask. Yes, perfectly true, as far as the Lodge is concerned. As to the fairies, I can not certainly say that I have seen them.

On the level brow of a mountain, within a hundred miles of the office of ST. NICHOLAS, stands a lovely home—lovely, because love has done so much toward making it what it is; and love, aided by a creative faculty, can do marvelous things. The home has a fine forest around it, which, out of regard for the fairies, I suppose, is left much as nature would have kept it. There are many beautiful and interesting things in and around the home, gathered from foreign lands and from our own, and nothing has been left undone that could help to make the six children of the home wise and happy.

But the happiest thought of all was the building of Fairy Lodge.

There was the forest, to be sure; but what place was there for the dear, old-fashioned, household fairies? The home was too stately by far, and no fairy could be comfortable in a modern house; so there was built, first in the thought of the home, and afterward among the trees near by it, a log cabin, that must have seemed at least two hundred years old to the fairies when they first discovered it; and as they never stop their pranks to reason about time or place, I suppose they took possession at once without question.

There was this stipulation made (if the fairies ever listened to it), that they and the other household fairies—the six children—should occupy it jointly and harmoniously for purposes of work and play, and so it has been occupied to this day; and I have never heard of a collision between the two parties, though the children would be glad of any collision that would give them an opportunity of seeing the fairies. During the day the Lodge belongs to the children, but at night it is sacred to the use of the fairies; and, if any of you have a drop of fairy blood in your veins, you have only to peep through the little panes of the Lodge windows to witness some of the merriest midnight routs that ever were seen.

There was a great deal of pleasure got out of the building and the settling of the Lodge. I think the great chimney must have been built first, for that, when the logs are ablaze in it, forms the heart and lungs of the house. The fire-place almost fills one side of the "living-room," and all the old-time utensils are there,—the andirons, the crane, the tongs, the bake-kettle, and the iron tea-kettle, while the bellows hangs by the chimney-side.

There are no "modern antiques" in Fairy Lodge, and everything is a bit of history. The cupboard at one end of the fire-place is filled with rare old odds and ends from many a broken set of china. On the right of the fire-place stands the spinning-wheel, and the great arm-chair is drawn close to the braided rug before the fire. Then there are chests and dressers with brass corners and handles, and chairs, and tables with spindle legs; old-time mirrors, and a clock with a time-worn face; and, in a corner, stand the big wool-wheel, the swifts, and the reel.

There are interesting pictures on the log walls—miniatures of men with high, rolling collars, and of women with short waists and puffy sleeves; and there are documents of historic value, yellow with age and heavy with seals, in frames of tarnished gilt. There are books also, in which the "*s*'s are all *f*'s," as one of the six children said,—and psalm-books full of "quavers," "semi-quavers," and "demi-semi-quavers."

There is a kitchen, opening out of the "living-room," which has the modern innovation of a cook-stove. The two elder girls practiced cookery at the Lodge, and found it difficult to reach the best results with a tin bake-oven and a long-handled frying-pan. So the stove came in, and the fairies have made no sign of disapproval; but it is evident that they prefer to bake and brew for their midnight suppers at the great fire-place, for they never touch the row of cup custards, or the wedges of gold and silver cake that are set for them at the close of a five o'clock tea.

On those long and lovely days when there are guests at the home, the Lodge, as you may imagine, is a cozy retreat for the girls and their friends. There is the last recipe from the Cooking Club to be tried in the morning, and a tea at five o'clock. There is no hurry, for there is no

heavy work to be done before "company" comes. There is chatting and laughing on the "back stoop," and lounging and dreaming on the front porch, where sitting under one's own vine and fig-tree in utter content is only interrupted by sudden flights to the kitchen to see if the oven is hot, or if the cake is getting too brown. After the baking, there are dishes to wash, and the dish-towels to rinse and hang outside, and then there is nothing to do again except rest and read, until it is time to "set the table" for tea.

There is an old-fashioned flower-garden in front of the Lodge, which must be dear to the garden fairies. It is laid out in square "beds," with walks between, and there are grass-pinks and portulacca in the borders, with settings of marigold and larkspur, of corn-lily and peony and poppies, all entangled with vagrant sweet-pea and morning-glory; while, farther back, stand hollyhocks and sunflowers in a stately row. And the old-fashioned flowers have had the honor of going, each summer, with the flowers from the home conservatories, in thousands of bouquets, through the Flower Mission, to the city hospitals and the sick-rooms of the poor.

In one of the garden beds near the Lodge, stands a little apple-tree, watched over very tenderly by everybody in the home,—for there was a "planting of the apple-tree" one May-day, when the baby-girl was just one year old, and all the elder apple-trees wore pink and white that day, and the little girl wears the apple-blossom ever since as her own flower.

From November until May the fairies have full possession of the Lodge, and it is supposed that the frost-sprites, who drift down from the North during that season, make it their head-quarters; for often, of a winter's morning, there are traces on the window-panes of delicate and lovely lace-work, such as only frost-sprites know how to make. Their advance couriers work wonders of color with the maple and the sumach all over the mountain-side in October, and rattle the chestnuts down like hail; but on the first warm day in April, the sprites themselves vanish, lest their wings should melt in the sun.



FAIRY LODGE

For a last picture, we will go back to the day when the Lodge, finished and furnished, gathered its friends to the "hanging of the crane." There were many guests, honored and beloved, who had gathered the day before to assist in the dedication of the little church near by, and who remained, at the invitation of the young people, to the "house-warming" at Fairy Lodge. It was a happy, old-

time affair, where two of the young daughters from the home, assisted by four of their friends, stood in a stately row and "received." I have said stately, for the maidens were arrayed in the garments of their grandmothers,—the high, powdered coiffure, the gay brocades, and the silks that would "stand alone"; the yellow lace and kerchief, worn baked beans, doughnuts, and pumpkin pie; and the young people were served to toasts and speeches by wise and reverend men who had assisted at many a state and college banquet, but whose heads were almost turned by this occasion; for who would not forget fifty years of his life and his degree to find himself a boy at home again, with the back-



"EXILE ONE'S OWN KIN AT THE FEET."

years before their present wearers were born; the simpler hood and gown of the Puritan girl, and the bridal dress and veil worn by the grandmother of one little maid fifty years before.

After the greetings of welcome, there was a genuine merry-making, and the guests were served by their young hostesses to a collation, which included

log blazing in the old fire-place, the kettle singing drowsily on the crane, and a row of apples roasting on the hearth?

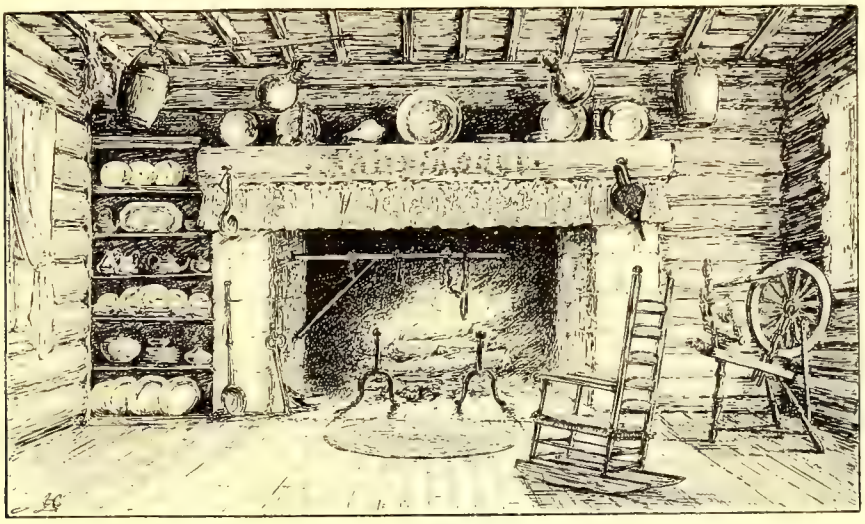
In the midst of this wholly unconventional feast (for time, if not space, had been unceremoniously hustled out of doors), the head of the home rose to ask a question.

"Children, what is mamma's favorite motto?"

"The two F's,—'Faith and Fun,'" was the ready response.

"Yesterday, we dedicated a house to faith, and to-day we dedicate another to—*Fun!* Shall it be so?"

The answer was what might have been expected, and the hour that followed was quite in the line of the suggestion, but at the last was tempered into something that had less of fun and more of faith in it, when all joined hands and sang—the old voices and the young—dear "Auld Lang Syne," and then passed out through the little flower-garden, leaving the Lodge to the fairies.



INTERIOR OF FAIRY LODGE.

How shall I close without describing the fairy fête that took place that night! I think it is really a greater disappointment to me than to you that I am unable to do so, for I am afraid that many of you have already begun to be unbelievers in one



THE HOSTESSES OF "FAIRY LODGE" RECEIVE IN FANCY DRESS.

side of my story, while to me Nature has a living personality that easily takes form, and I think I am getting my "second-sight."

Indeed, I am almost ready to declare that on Hallow-Eve next, after walking backward around the Lodge three times, unwinding a ball of wool that has never been dyed, and then throwing the ball over the chimney-top, I shall be able to see the fairies holding high carnival inside;— in which case I promise to tell you all about it.



HOW BRIGHT BENSON GOT HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

By Rev. C. R. Talbot.

Brightman Benson came out of the little weather-beaten red house that stands on the rising ground overlooking the Cove, and walked slowly down toward the beach, reading a newspaper as he went. Suddenly, he stopped short and stood for a moment, staring at a paragraph that had caught his eye. Then, with an air of vexation, he crushed the paper angrily together and thrust it into his pocket, starting on again at a quicker pace and presently turning off upon the narrow wharf that ran out from the beach into deep water. He went out to the end of the wharf and sat down upon the cap-log, dropping his chin into his hands and gazing down moodily into the water.

"What be ye doin', Bright? Anybuddy 'd think your best friend 'd jest gone down for the third time right 'fore your eyes."

A minute later, the speaker had come quietly up behind him, and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. The latter recognized his voice at once. Everybody knew everybody else's voice at Lobster Cove,—at least, everybody knew Uncle Silas Watson's. Bright answered, without looking up.

"If my best friend was out there," said he, rather ungraciously, "I should n't be sitting here watching the place where he went down."

"Wall, now, if ye have n't ennythin' better to do than mopin' 'round in this way, I want ye. I 've got to go down an' empty my traps. The smack 'll be in termorrer from Deer Island, an' my car aint harf full yet. I 'll give ye ninety cents. Thet 's fair wages for four or five hours' work. I could git Tink Potter, but you 're wuth two o' him at an oar. What d' ye say?"

Bright rose up from his seat and stood a moment with his hands in his pockets, still looking into the water. Suddenly he turned about almost fiercely. "Uncle Sile," he demanded, "do I look like a person of sound body and healthy constitution?"

The old lobsterman looked back at him with a kind of thoughtful curiosity, presently letting his glance run down the stout, well-built figure of the lad to his very feet, and then back again until it rested once more upon his manly, sun-burned face. "Sound body an' healthy constitootion?" repeated he. "Humph! Who ever saw one o' your folks thet war n't! Ye 're not worryin' 'bout y'r health, air ye, Bright? Why, boy, you 've got a hunderd years ter live yet, ef ye take keer o' y'rself. The Bensons 'r a long-lived race, I tell ye. They come to *stay*, they did!"

Bright nodded quickly at this, as if it were no

more than he had expected, and then went straight on: "Well, how about my mental abilities? Do you think you could say that they were fair, and that I had any natural aptitude for study and habits of application and persistent effort?" He pronounced the words as if he were quoting them from a book — as, indeed, was the case.

Uncle Silas scratched his chin. "I dunno 's I 'm a judge o' mental 'bilities," said he, diffidently. "I was brought up on the water, an' my eddication don't extend much 'bove high-water mark. But I 've heerd my gal, Hetty, say more 'n once thet you were the smartest scholar in school, 'n' what a pity 't was thet you could n't go to collige."

"College!" There was an odd sort of contempt in the way Bright took up the word. "*I* don't want to go to *college!* — at least, not to any of those land-lubber concerns. I want to go to the Naval School at Annapolis!" As he finished, he stooped down, and taking a good-sized lump of iron-stone from a heap of ballast that had been thrown out upon the wharf, he sent it spinning into the air, catching it as it came down again as easily as though it had been a regulation ball. And when he looked at his companion, it was out of the corner of his eye. He was almost afraid of being laughed at.

Uncle Sile was regarding him not with amusement, however, but with increased interest. Nobody at Lobster Cove had ever aspired to anything like this. The command of a factory smack, or, at most, of one of the big smacks that came once a week to take the larger lobsters down to Portland or Boston, was the grandest ambition that any Lobster Cove boy had ever been known to entertain. And yet, as he looked now at the fine young fellow before him, the old man acknowledged that there was an element of consistency in the scheme.

"Juniper!" he observed, solemnly, "ef ye *could* git in, Bright, the Guvverment would n't be any loser by the transaction, that 's sartain! Why, you 're a better sailor this minute than harf the navy chaps arter they 're put on to the retired list. I see one on 'em las' summer down t' South Saint George. He came 'round inspectin' light-houses. I see him jump ashore one day with a boat's painter, an' I 'll be painted plum-color ef he did n't make *four harf hitches* 'round a post with it." Uncle Sile threw back his head at the recollection, and discharged into the air a volley of peculiar sounds that were, on the whole, quite as well calculated to provoke mirth as to express



"WHY, BOY, YOU 'VE A HUNDRED YEARS TO LIVE YET, EF YE TAKE KEER O' Y'RSELF!"

it. He immediately recovered his soberness, however, and returned to the subject.

"You 'd hev to write to the member o' Congress from this deestrict f'r *that*, would n't ye?"

"That is just what I did do," responded poor Bright, bitterly. "And precious little good it did me!"

"Did n't he answer it?" asked Uncle Sile.

"Yes, he answered it." Bright hesitated a moment; and then, willing to taste of the consolation which almost always comes from the narration of one's wrongs, he plunged into the rest of the story. "He answered it, and told me there was to be a preliminary examination at B—— last Wednesday, and I could come up and try that if I liked. I did like, and I went. There were four other fellows besides me; and a puny-looking set they were. I give you my word, Uncle Sile, I could have taken all four of 'em and knocked their heads together just as easily as I can swim. They would have *rung*, too, I warrant you. And when it came to the mental examination, I *know* I was better 'n any of 'em. There was one fellow—his name was Cushman — who just made an everlasting noodle of himself. He 'd have done a deal better if he 'd kept still altogether. When we got through, I looked at them all, and I said to myself, 'Well, if any of *you* beat me at this thing, I shall never get over blushing for myself.' I thought I was sure of the appointment. They told us an announcement would be made in the papers within a day or two, and the one that was appointed would get notice, and could then go on to Annapolis for the regular examination. And what do you think? This morning's paper says that Congressman Lorrimer has appointed Cushman. The paper says he is the son of Mr. Rodolphus Cushman, the B—— millionaire. I suppose that was why he got the appointment. He don't know a marline-spike from a belayin'-pin, and he never will!"

Bright threw down the lump of iron-stone, which had all the while remained in his hand, with an air of complete disgust.

"I vow, it 's an etarnal shame!" Uncle Silas exclaimed, sympathetically. "An' it 's jest what might 'a' ben expected, too. Thet 'xamination was a sham from beginnin' to end. They did n't *mean* t' give ye the app'intment."

"No," said Bright. "They meant Cushman should have it all the while. If I had had a rich father and influential friends, I might have stood some chance. But having no money and no friends at all—" The lad stopped short and looked down upon the ground, his eyes suddenly filling with bitter tears. And, indeed, there was no need for him to finish his sentence. It all went without saying,—the slights, the injustice, the disappointment that a poor, friendless fellow, such as he, might always expect in such a pursuit.

"Yes," continued Uncle Sile, nodding vehemently "It 's all a piece of p'litic'l *shycainery*. Talk 'bout y'r 'civil sarvice reform'! They 'd better begin at the House o' Ripresent'tives with their reformin'. They 're ready enough t' put a 'civil sarvice' plank inter their platforms, an' they allus plant their feet squarely on it when they make their speeches; but arter 'lection 's over, they split it up f'r kindlin' mighty quick, I guess. Nobody ever hears of it ag'in." Uncle Silas was an ardent politician, and had frequently, before this, delivered himself at great length upon this very subject up at Gideon Trowbridge's grocery-store. "Well, then," he asked, finally, "what ye goin' t' do about it, Bright?"

"Do?" repeated Bright, who had turned around and was looking down into the water again. "Well, I' m not going to drown myself." And with a resolute change of manner he whirled about. "In the first place, I guess I 'll do just what the apostle Peter did when things looked dark. I 'll 'go a-fishing.' Or, rather, I 'll go a-lobstering. Come on! Where 's your dory? We 'll go and empty the traps."

"Well," chimed in the old man, as they walked off together, "I 'm not sure but that 's the best thing you kin do, arter all. I tell ye what, this cannin' lobsters is gettin' t' be a smashin' big business. There 's *one consarn* owns twenty-three factories 'tween Casco Bay an' the Bay o' Fundy." This was another subject upon which Uncle Sile could wax eloquent at a moment's notice. "A boy might do worse, Bright, than stay here an' grow up with it. They say solderers 're gettin' fifteen an' eighteen dollars a week down ter Green's Landin'."

Poor Bright shut his teeth hard, and listened as patiently as he could. Alas, alas! Was this the waking from his dream of naval glory?—a life-long future spent in cracking lobsters or soldering cans, in a coast of Maine lobster factory. Poor Bright, indeed!

But whatever was to be the future career of Brightman Benson, he was not destined to begin it within the unsavory walls of a lobster factory. For, a few days later, he heard that Captain Bruce Gardner wanted a boy to go with him in his sloop, the "Elizabeth and Jane"; and Bright promptly applied for the position, and got it. Nor was there in this case any violation of the principles of civil service reform. Captain Bruce wanted an active, industrious boy, and one who knew something about lobsters and smacks. And although there were three other candidates for the place, his selection of Bright was made purely on the ground of superior merit.

All through the summer, and into the month of September, Bright sailed with Captain Bruce in the "Elizabeth and Jane"; and, in more senses than one, he did his duty like a man. He grew browner and stronger and a better sailor every day, but he never grew more contented. There was something

in him that would not *let* him settle down and be satisfied with such a life as this. He felt that he was made for something better; and something better, sooner or later, he meant to be. Meanwhile, there was nothing for him just now but to follow still the apostle's rule, and do with all his might the thing that came to his hand. And so, while the lobster season lasted, he stuck to the "Elizabeth and Jane" and laid carefully away all the money that he earned.

The lobstermen of the Maine coast are famous politicians. They have a good deal of time, first and last, for talking politics; and they do not fail to improve it. Captain Bruce Gardner was no exception to the rule. Not that he talked with Bright very much. He never got any encouragement to do so. But he found plenty of others to talk with, in his cruisings to and fro among the different lobster-fishing grounds; and when at last the fall election came around, he arranged his trips so as to be home at Lobster Cove for election day. They arrived at the Cove the night before, and Captain Bruce told Bright he could have the next thirty-six hours for a holiday. So Bright dressed himself up and went ashore to spend the night with his aunt, Mrs. Alvinah Pond, who lived up on the hill in the little red house.

The next morning, however, the Captain came to him, with something of an apologetic air, and said that he had work for him, after all. He wanted him to take the "Elizabeth and Jane" down to Egg Island and bring up a gang of ship-carpenters, who were at work there. There were over twenty of them, all Lobster Cove men, and they were to have come up on the steamer the night before, so as to be at home to vote. But something had happened to the steamer, so that she had missed her trip, and there was no way for the men to get home unless they were sent for. It was well known how they would have voted; and it had been suddenly discovered that their votes were of the utmost importance. A dispatch had come down from B—— that morning, saying that the vote in the district would be an extremely close one, and that a score of votes might decide it. Lobster Cove must do its duty. Captain Bruce explained all this to Bright. And then, with a wink, he concluded: "Ye see, Bright, for sartain reasons I'm partic'larly anxious that our Congressman, Lorrimer, should get in agin. I'm bound to do my outermost, an' I 'm goin' to let 'em have my sloop to go down for the men. *I* can't go. I 've got to stay right here all day. But it 'll be all right."—He winked again.—"I 'll see that you git ten dollars out o' the gin'ral fund for your day's work. Gid Trowbridge's boy 'll go with you to tend jib-sheet."

Bright had thrown up his head a little when Captain Bruce mentioned the money. "Cap'n," said he, "I 'll go. Of course, I 'll go. But I don't go for the money, and I wont take it. I 'll go because it 's my business to go. I suppose I 'm to start right away. I 'll see Tom Trowbridge myself, if you like."

Five minutes before he started, as he was pulling the "Elizabeth and Jane" around to the head of the wharf, Uncle Silas Watson came down.

"Juniper, but this is lucky for you, Bright! Who 'd 'a' thought 't would be *you* 't was t' go down arter those fellers? Ef they get up here, they 'll vote for Lorrimer, every mother's son on 'em. An' twenty votes may elect him. *You* don't want *thet*, Bright,—no more 'n some others on us. You have n't forgot how he treated you 'bout that app'intment. Besides,"—here he put his hand to his mouth as though the wind was blowing, and spoke in a solemn whisper,—"they say up town thet Cushman could n't pass th' examination, arter all,—he 's near-sighted, or weak-eyed, or somethin',—an' we 've put our heads together, up at Trowbridge's, an' made up our minds that ef Lennox, the other man, is 'lected, we 'll make him app'int *you*." The old man paused a moment and looked at Bright, giving him at the same time a nudge with his elbow. "How 'd ye like that, Bright? Eh?" Then Captain Bruce was seen coming down the wharf, and Uncle Silas went on rapidly, without waiting for any answer: "Ye onderstand, Bright? Th' polls close at six o'clock. Ef they don't git here 'fore that, they can't vote. You 've got it all in y'r own hands. A word to the wise, ye know." He gave Bright another significant nudge; and then, as Captain Bruce drew near, he began talking in an entirely different tone about a big lobster that had been trapped down at South Saint George the week before, and that weighed twenty-seven pounds.

Uncle Silas lent his hand to help get up the "Elizabeth and Jane's" mainsail, and a few minutes later the sloop's bow was shoved off, and she moved slowly away from the wharf. Captain Bruce stood on the cap-log and yelled out his orders and instructions as long as he could be heard. "You get the men up here *some*how, Bright, ef ye stand the old boat on eend an' jerk the mast clean out. She 'll be paid for, I reckon. Ye wont have much wind this mornin', but there 'll be plenty of it this arft'noon, or I miss my guess. Now, remember,—*you get 'em here!*" He shook his finger at the departing smack; and then he and Uncle Silas went back to the town-house together, each of them chuckling silently at his own thoughts.

Egg Island lies a long way southward and eastward from Lobster Cove, four hours' sail, at least, as the wind was now. Three short tacks and a

long one took the "Elizabeth and Jane" out of the Cove and well by Broomcorn Point, and then it was simply squaring away, with the wind, what there was of it, nearly astern, for a long run down the bay.

Bright had enough of time to think that morning, and enough to think about. It was not Captain Bruce's final directions, but the last words that Uncle Silas Watson had said to him that were uppermost in his mind. Bright knew something about local politics, although he was not much of a politician. He knew that in that district the balance was, as Uncle Silas had said, very close. Two years before, Lorrimer had gone in by a majority that had, after a deal of counting and re-counting on the part of the opposition, been finally reduced to less than a dozen votes. Men were looking out sharply everywhere, calculating every chance and straining every nerve. Those twenty-odd votes from Egg Island might be the votes to decide the matter. And if they were, Lorrimer would get his reëlection. It was certain that the ship-carpenters, for reasons connected with their business, would vote for him to a man. Here, then, was Bright's chance to pay Mr. Congressman Lorrimer what he owed him. The boy might have given up his dream of an appointment to the Naval School, but he had not gotten over the disappointment that his failure had caused him, and for that failure he had always held the distinguished Representative responsible. And now the time had come when he could take his revenge. Bright stood there at the helm and turned this thought over in his mind, and it can not be denied that it was very sweet to him. He tightened his grasp upon the tiller, with a sudden sense of power.



"NOW, REMEMBER,—YOU GET 'EM HERE!" CALLED CAPTAIN BRUCE, SHAKING HIS FINGER AT THE DEPARTING SMACK.

All at once, by a very simple combination of circumstances, he found the political fate of the member of Congress in his very hands,—he, the poor, friendless fellow who, three months before, had been despised and rejected because of his poverty and friendlessness. He had but to delay a little the course of the "Elizabeth and Jane" by some slight neglect or accident—*that* could be managed, he well knew, with perfect ease,—and the thing was done. Yes, it cannot be denied that the thought was a pleasant one to Brightman Ben-

son. He dwelt upon it; he reveled in it; he laid his plans for its execution in a dozen different ways again and again, always picturing to himself at the last the disappointed Congressman reading in the morning paper with rage and mortification the news of his defeat, just as, three months before, Bright himself had read the news of *his* defeat.

And then there was another thought that followed this and was in harmony with it. Uncle Silas had said something about the other candidate, too, and that if he were elected the appointment to the Academy might after all be obtained. Bright knew what this meant, also. He knew that appointments to positions of all kinds were constantly given in just this way, in return for services rendered at election time. And he felt sure that such a service as this that was expected of him, if it were successful, could hardly be refused its reward. It was too important, and too much would depend upon its being kept secret. And, although, when long ago he had read the news of Cushman's appointment, he thought he had given up all hope of attaining the object of his ambition, yet now he knew that it was not so. Deep down in his heart he had always kept a forlorn, unreasonable hope that something might happen that would give him the appointment after all. And now, thinking over all that he had heard that morning, he brought that hope forth again, and cherished it and encouraged it until it became as strong and as dear to him as ever.

Nevertheless, the "Elizabeth and Jane," as skillfully handled as any lobster-smack ever was, made the very best of the moderate breeze that blew; and at one o'clock by her skipper's old silver watch, she came up to the wind and dropped her anchor in Egg Island basin. There was no time to lose, and Bright, leaving Tom Trowbridge in charge, went ashore at once. The carpenters were at work over on the other side of the island, and he had half a mile to walk. When he got there, he found that they had given up all hope of getting home and were hard at work. And the job, which they were at just at that time, was such that it could not be left, for an hour at least. They seemed to think that on the whole, perhaps, it would hardly be worth while to try to go. But Bright, hanging his head a moment as if he had had an impulse that he was ashamed of, threw it back suddenly and told them what Captain Bruce had said about the news from town. They *must* go. The result of the election might depend upon their votes. When they heard this, they debated the matter half a minute longer and then, with a cheer of decision, resolved to go at any cost. They could be ready, so said Lon Baker, the head of the gang, shortly after two o'clock. The wind was freshening, and hauling a bit, too. They ought easily to get back to Lobster Cove by five o'clock. So Bright went back to the sloop and waited.

It was after half-past two, however, when they appeared, and then it seemed as though they would never get off. Bright was dreadfully nervous, and out of sorts. He felt now that it was a matter of some doubt whether they would be able, even if he did his best, to get back to Lobster Cove in time. And one would have thought that, considering everything, he would have been glad of any delay. It would only make the carrying out of Uncle Silas's proposal all the easier; possibly it would do away with the necessity of carrying it out at all. Indeed, Bright had thought of all this. And he had thought, too, that he was glad they were late. Yet he fidgeted constantly while he was waiting; and when at last they appeared, he did his best to hurry them on board. The truth was that the boy was in the most unsettled and unsatisfactory state of mind he had ever been in, in his life. He did not know what he did want. He had not, as yet, at all made up his mind to do the wrong thing, and yet he was by no means resolved not to do it. And when, presently, having run out of the basin, he hauled aft his sheet and headed the sloop, with the wind almost dead ahead, for the south-west point of Frost's Island, he actually had not the slightest idea what he meant to do himself. That was the whole truth of the matter; and no wonder he was ugly Meanwhile, he put off the moment of decision, and gave the "Elizabeth and Jane" her head exactly as though he meant to do his best as a swift sailor.

The instant they got outside the basin, it was evident that there was already rather more wind than they cared for. The little vessel, close-hauled as she was, bent over before it like a piece of paper; and she labored heavily without making very rapid progress. Lon Baker came to Bright almost immediately, and spoke to him with an uneasy laugh.

"I b'lieve, Bright, 't would 'a' been better, arter all, if we 'd reefed her 'fore we started."

"Who said anything about reefing before we started?" Bright snapped out the words so fiercely, one would have thought he had been accused of something. As a matter of fact, he had thought of putting a reef in the mainsail while he had been waiting for the men to come down. But immediately he had dismissed the thought. He had not been able yet to do anything that looked like not doing his best to get home in time.

"Nobody said anything about it," answered Lon; "but, I swan, I wish they had." He grasped the companion-way to steady himself as the sloop

for a moment seemed to bend deeper than ever before the wind. "Don't ye think we 'd better reef her now, Bright?"

"No," said Bright, surlily. "I don't think we 'd better reef her now."

"But she can't stand this, you know—not a great while. The wind 's risin' every minute."

"She 's *got* to stand it!" was the grim response.

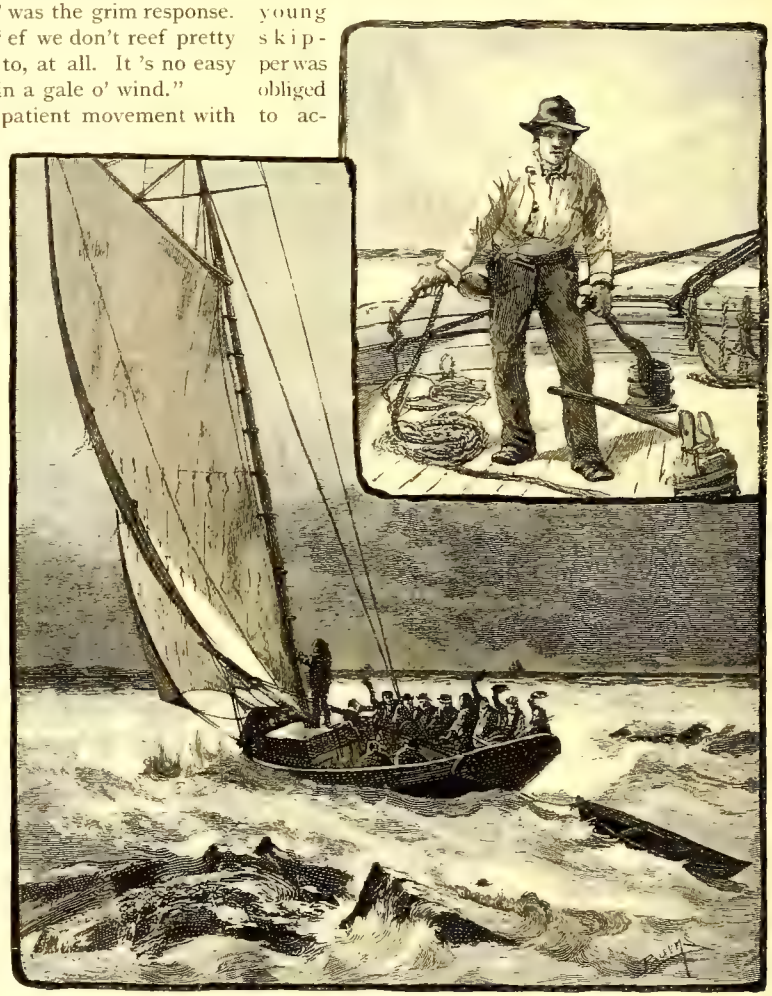
"But," Lon persisted, "ef we don't reef pretty soon, we may not be able to, at all. It 's no easy job, reefin' a sail like that in a gale o' wind."

Bright made a quick, impatient movement with his hand, as if he was waving aside some one who was tempting him.

"It 's no use talking, Lon Baker. We 're making no great headway now; and a single foot less sail means not getting into Lobster Cove till after dark. I came down here to take you men home to vote, and it 's my business to get you there in time." He paused a moment, watching a big wave that was coming down upon them, and easing the boat a little to avoid shipping it. "If it 's too wet for any of you on deck, you can go below. I s'pose you 'll acknowledge that in order to get home we must get around Frost's Island *somehow*. And it 'll take us three-quarters of an hour, even at the rate we 're going. After we do get by, we shall have the wind freer and it 'll be easier sailing."

After that, Lon walked away forward, and Bright stood wondering at himself. He knew that there was now the best reason in the world for reefing. But he knew, too, that, as he had said, to reef was to give up all chance of getting home in time. And he shook his head as he thought of that. He still could not bring himself to take any step that looked like delaying. And besides, he was not the lad to be frightened by a capful of wind, more or less. If worst came to worst, he could slack his sheet at any time and run away from it. The sloop could carry all sail easy enough before the wind. As for getting to Lobster Cove in time,—well, he did not know yet whether he *would* do it or not, but he *could* do it if he chose, he and the "Elizabeth and Jane" together. And he would like to see the gale that would frighten him out of it.

Twenty minutes later, however, the audacious young skipper was obliged to acknowledge that he could not have things altogether his own way. It became evident, then, that the vessel could not stand up any longer under full sail, on her present course. He must either reef her or keep her away. He debated the alternative a single half minute with himself. To reef, he felt certain now, was to give up the game altogether. It would take an hour and a half to get around the island, with half the sloop's sail taken off. And yet, to keep away and go to leeward of the island,



"THE MEN SUDDENLY WAVED THEIR HATS AND GAVE A CHEER."

would not that take longer yet? There was a long ledge of rocks, known as "The Broken Back," which ran out directly southward from the other corner of the island. Over this reef it was impossible to pass, and yet to go around it he must turn back far out of his way. Even from their point of starting this would have been the longer way home; now it was far the longer. Only there was one fact, of which Bright himself of all on board was probably the only one aware, that at high water (and it was high water at three o'clock to-day) a vessel of light draft, if one knew how to do it, might be run in close to shore and pass through *inside* the ledge, saving miles of circuit by the maneuver. Bright thought of all this in that single half minute. And the thought flashed across his mind, too, that if still he should decide to do what Uncle Silas had proposed to him, nothing would be easier than to run the smack ashore at the point he had in mind. The next instant he called out in a defiant voice to Tom Trowbridge, to ease off the jib-sheet; and, slackening the main-sheet himself, in another moment the sloop was sweeping along with a far more rapid and yet, at the same time, far easier movement before the wind.

Several of the men gathered about him and inquired the meaning of the change. He told them curtly that it was their only chance of getting home in time. "But it will take all the afternoon now to run out around 'Broken Back,'" one of them protested.

"I don't mean to run out around Broken Back, at all," was Bright's answer. And that was all they got out of him.

Ten minutes after this, the sheet was hauled aft again, and they stood in under the lofty shore of the island. Bright still would answer no questions. He was not in the mood for it. But they saw now what he meant to do; and they looked at the long ledge of rocks, thrusting up their black heads everywhere across the path, and said to each other that it could not be done. But Bright Benson knew that it *could* be done. He and Captain Bruce had done it with the "Elizabeth and Jane" four weeks before, on just such a tide as was now running. At one single point, he knew there was water enough to carry the sloop over. And he knew as well that a single, almost imperceptible motion of the helm to port would bury the vessel's keel in the sand, and Captain Bruce would look in vain that night for his twenty-two voters from Egg Island.

Bright stood as motionless as a statue, the end of the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other. It seemed to him just then as though he were somehow *outside* of it all; that the water, the rocks, the strip of sand, the "Elizabeth and Jane," and even his very self were all part of a dreadful scene upon which he himself was looking — looking with bated breath and straining eyes, and wondering what he himself would do. Then, all at once, they were in the midst of the narrow passage, gliding swiftly along. He gripped the tiller with all his force and looked straight ahead. He had no fear for his eye and his hand themselves. He knew *they* could be trusted — the one to see the way and the other to guide the vessel steadily through it. If only he could leave them to do their work themselves. But it was *himself* that he feared and distrusted. That, at any instant, *he*, suddenly possessed by the evil spirit that had been hovering about him all the day, should interfere with the hand and arm that could themselves be trusted,— that was what he feared. And great drops of sweat gathered on his brow in that short season of suspense.

Then, all in another instant, the little vessel glided swiftly out from the passage and left the Broken Back behind her. The men suddenly waved their hats and gave a cheer; and Bright Benson swung his own hat and shouted, too, louder than any of them. But it was not for the same reason. They little knew in what peril he had been all this while, and through what awful dangers his very manhood had so narrowly and yet safely passed. No wonder he swung his cap for joy and shouted above them all. He knew at that instant what it was to have saved one's self to one's self. He realized the mean thing he would have been if he had sold himself.

It was all plain sailing after that, and there was no longer any doubt about their getting home in time. With the wind fairly abeam now, and just enough of it to drive the sloop to her utmost, they sped away for Lobster Cove; and at just twenty-five minutes of six by the town-house clock, they filed into the voting-room and deposited their twenty-two votes for Congressman Lorrimer. Bright Benson was not there to see it, but Uncle Silas Watson was; and his soul was filled with wonder and chagrin. He posted off at once down to the shore. Bright was putting the stops on the sloop's jib, as the old man came up, and whistling "Hail Columbia" at the top of his whistle.

"Juniper, Bright!" Uncle Silas exclaimed. "What in Passamaquoddy does this mean! I thought ye knew what ye was 'bout. What hev ye be'n doin' all day?"

Bright looked up at the old man with a sly smile. "Uncle Sile," said he, "I 've been doing a little civil service reform on my own account."

Uncle Silas stared at him a moment in dumb amazement. Then he turned and went up street again without another word.

Bright followed him with his eyes, the smile on his face slowly fading again into a serious expression. "I need n't be bragging to myself, though," muttered he. "If ever a fellow came near selling himself out, I did to-day. If I had done that thing, I never should have been a *man*, if I 'd lived a thousand years. I thank God I did n't do it!" He spoke with all sincerity and reverence. And he added presently, before he began to whistle again, "If those twenty-two votes will elect Lorrimer, he 's welcome to 'em. If I were a man I would n't have sold him *my* vote for a dozen appointments to the Naval School."

But as it turned out, those twenty-two votes did not elect Lorrimer, although they helped to do it. The returns, when they were all in, showed that the astute politicians of the district had not counted noses quite right, after all, and that Congressman, more fortunate than before, Lorrimer was reëlected by a majority of several hundred.

A week after this—the "Elizabeth and Jane" being again at Lobster Cove—Bright found a letter for him in the post-office, which was signed "P. C. Lorrimer," and which requested him to call at that gentleman's residence, at B——, at the earliest possible moment.

He did not know what to make of the summons; but he obeyed it. He was ushered at once into the presence of the Congressman, and the instant he saw him, he mentally begged the honorable gentleman's pardon. Such a kindly, noble-looking man as this could not be the hard-hearted and depraved individual that Bright had conceived him. Mr. Lorrimer motioned him to a seat, and although he was very courteous, did not waste any words.

"So you are Brightman Benson, are you?" said he. "I received a letter from you a while ago in regard to a vacancy in the Naval Academy, and I heard good reports of you at the examination that was held here in town. I sent for you to tell you that Cushman has resigned the appointment, and that it is yours if you choose to accept it. Here is your formal appointment." He held out a paper. Then he added, with a smile: "I also heard good reports of your doings on election day. You did a good stroke of work for me on that day."

Bright had advanced a step, perfectly dizzy with surprise and delight, to take the paper. But at these last words he halted and dropped his hand again.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he faltered. "But was that—was that the reason you gave me the appointment?—because I got those men up from Egg Island? Then, I must tell you, sir,"—there was a great lump in Bright's throat, and it was like throwing the whole world away to say it, but he had not mastered himself a week ago for nothing,—"that I did n't do that for your sake at all. I did it for my own sake. And if ever a fellow was tempted to do differently, *I* was that day." He paused a moment, shaking his head; then he stepped forward and laid the paper on the table, saying: "No, sir; I can't take it! It would only be selling myself out, after all."

The expression on Mr. Lorrimer's face, as he listened, changed rapidly from that of amusement to wonder; and then, as he seemed to comprehend what was passing in the boy's mind, it became at last very grave and gentle.

"My young friend," said he, "if you will look at the date of the letter there, you will see that it was written before the election. I appointed you because, from all I could hear, I thought you deserved it. I am quite certain that you do, now. And I assure you, I am glad to make *one* appointment, at least, on the ground of *merit*. You will have to go to Annapolis for your examination, though, on the twenty-second of this month. Do you think you can pass it?"

"You may crack my back for a lobster, if I don't!" exclaimed Bright, hardly knowing what he said. A kind of hysterical joy had suddenly taken full possession of him, and he felt as though he *must* say or do something extravagant and ridiculous. Then, as he took the paper, he added: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I feel as if I 'd like to wrap myself in the American flag and sing Yankee Doodle Dandy at the top of my voice."

A Modern Artist.

By Margaret Johnson.

There was a small maid in our town
Who was sure she could win much renown
By painting in oil.
So with infinite toil
She finished a "study in brown."

She gazed at her picture and sighed
In a rapture of pleasure and pride.
"It's exceedingly flat.
But of course you like that."
To her wondering neighbors she cried.

"It is crooked perhaps in your sight.
Though to say so you're much too polite.
But observe if you please.
It is so Japanese!"
And her friends all declared her quite right.





FOURTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"WHAT in the world have *I* chosen?" exclaimed Geoff, as he drew out a manuscript in his turn and read the queer name.

"A story that will just suit you, I think. The hero is an Indian, and a brave one, as you will see. I learned the little tale from an old woman who lived in the valley of the Connecticut, which the Indians called the Long River of Pines."

With this very short preface, Aunt Elinor began to read, in her best manner, the story of—

ONAWANDAH.

Long ago, when hostile Indians haunted the great forests, and every settlement had its fort for the protection of the inhabitants, in one of the towns on the Connecticut River lived Parson Bain and his little son and daughter. The wife and mother was dead; but an old servant took care of them, and did her best to make Reuben and Eunice good children. Her direst threat, when they were naughty, was, "The Indians will come and fetch you, if you don't behave." So they grew up in great fear of the red men. Even the friendly Indians, who sometimes came for food or powder, were regarded with suspicion by the people. No man went to work without his gun near by. On Sundays, when they trudged to the rude meeting-house, all carried the trusty rifle on the shoulder, and while the pastor preached, a sentinel mounted guard at the door, to give warning if canoes came down the river or a dark face peered from the wood.

One autumn night, when the first heavy rains were falling and a cold wind whistled through the valley, a knock came at the minister's door and, opening it, he found an Indian boy, ragged, hungry, and foot-sore, who begged for food and shelter. In his broken way, he told how he had fallen ill and been left to die by enemies who had taken him from his own people, months before; how he had wandered for days till almost sinking; and that he had come now to ask for help, led by the hospitable light in the parsonage window.

"Send him away, Master, or harm will come of it. He is a spy, and we shall all be scalped by the murdering Injuns who are waiting in the wood," said old Becky, harshly; while little Eunice hid in the old servant's ample skirts, and twelve-year-old Reuben laid his hand on his cross-bow, ready to defend his sister if need be.

But the good man drew the poor lad in, saying, with his friendly smile: "Shall not a Christian be as hospitable as a godless savage? Come in, child, and be fed; you sorely need rest and shelter."

Leaving his face to express the gratitude he had no words to tell, the boy sat by the comfortable fire and ate like a famished wolf, while Becky muttered her forebodings and the children eyed the dark youth at a safe distance. Something in his pinched face, wounded foot, and eyes full of dumb pain and patience, touched the little girl's tender heart, and, yielding to a pitiful impulse, she brought her own basin of new milk and, setting it beside the stranger, ran to hide behind her father, suddenly remembering that this was one of the dreaded Indians.

"That was well done, little daughter. Thou shalt love thine enemies, and share thy bread with the needy. See, he is smiling; that pleased him, and he wishes us to be his friends."

But Eunice ventured no more that night, and

quaked in her little bed at the thought of the strange boy sleeping on a blanket before the fire below. Reuben hid his fears better, and resolved to watch while others slept; but was off as soon as his curly head touched the pillow, and dreamed of tomahawks and war-whoops till morning.

Next day, neighbors came to see the waif, and one and all advised sending him away as soon as possible, since he was doubtless a spy, as Becky said, and would bring trouble of some sort.

"When he is well, he may go whithersoever he will; but while he is too lame to walk, weak with hunger, and worn out with weariness, I will harbor him. He can not feign suffering and starvation like this. I shall do my duty, and leave the consequences to the Lord," answered the parson, with such pious firmness that the neighbors said no more.

But they kept a close watch upon Onawandah, when he went among them, silent and submissive, but with the proud air of a captive prince, and sometimes a fierce flash in his black eyes when the other lads taunted him with his red skin. He was very lame for weeks, and could only sit in the sun, weaving pretty baskets for Eunice, and shaping bows and arrows for Reuben. The children were soon his friends, for with them he was always gentle, trying in his soft language and expressive gestures to show his good will and gratitude; for they defended him against their ruder playmates, and, following their father's example, trusted and cherished the homeless youth.

When he was able to walk, he taught the boy to shoot and trap the wild creatures of the wood, to find fish where others failed, and to guide himself in the wilderness by star and sun, wind and water. To Eunice he brought little offerings of bark and feathers; taught her to make moccasins of skin, belts of shells, or pouches gay with porcupine quills and colored grass. He would not work for old Becky—who plainly showed her distrust—saying: "A brave does not grind corn and bring wood; that is squaw's work. Onawandah will hunt and fish and fight for you, but no more." And even the request of the parson could not win obedience in this, though the boy would have died for the good man.

"We can not tame an eagle as we can a barnyard fowl. Let him remember only kindness of us, and so we turn a foe into a friend," said Parson Bain, stroking the sleek, dark head, that always bowed before him, with a docile reverence shown to no other living creature.

Winter came, and the settlers fared hardly through the long months, when the drifts rose to the eaves of their low cabins, and the stores, carefully harvested, failed to supply even their simple wants. But the minister's family never lacked wild meat, for Onawandah proved himself a better hunter than any man in the town, and the boy of sixteen led the way on his snow-shoes when they went to track a bear to its den, chase the deer for miles, or shoot the wolves that howled about their homes in the winter nights.

But he never joined in their games, and sat apart when the young folk made merry, as if he scorned such childish pastimes and longed to be a man in all things. Why he stayed when he was well again, no one could tell, unless he waited for spring to make his way to his own people. But Reuben and Eunice rejoiced to keep him; for while he taught them many things, he was their pupil also, learning English rapidly, and proving himself a very affectionate and devoted friend and servant, in his own quiet way.

"Be of good cheer, little daughter; I shall be gone but three days, and our brave Onawandah will guard you well," said the parson, one April morning, as he mounted his horse to visit a distant settlement, where the bitter winter had brought sickness and death to more than one household.

The boy showed his white teeth in a bright smile as he stood beside the children, while Becky croaked, with a shake of the head:

"I hope you may n't find you 've warmed a viper in your bosom, Master."

Two days later, it seemed as if Becky was a true prophet, and that the confiding minister *had* been terribly deceived; for Onawandah went away to hunt, and, that night, the awful war-whoop woke the sleeping villagers to find their houses burning, while the hidden Indians shot at them by the light of the fires kindled by dusky scouts. In terror and confusion the whites flew to the fort; and, while the men fought bravely, the women held blankets to catch arrows and bullets, or bound up the hurts of their defenders.

It was all over by daylight, and the red men sped away up the river, with several prisoners, and such booty as they could plunder from the deserted houses. Not till all fear of a return of their enemies was over, did the poor people venture to leave the fort and seek their ruined homes. Then it was discovered that Becky and the parson's children were gone, and great was the bewailing, for the good man was much beloved by all his flock.

Suddenly the smothered voice of Becky was heard by a party of visitors, calling dolefully:

"I am here, betwixt the beds. Pull me out, neighbors, for I am half dead with fright and smothering."

The old woman was quickly extricated from her hiding-place, and with much energy declared that

she had seen Onawandah, disguised with war-paint, among the Indians, and that he had torn away the children from her arms before she could fly from the house.

"He chose his time well, when they were defenseless, dear lambs! Spite of all my warnings, Master trusted him, and this is the thanks we get. Oh, my poor master! How can I tell him this heavy news?"

There was no need to tell it; for, as Becky sat moaning and beating her breast on the fireless hearth, and the sympathizing neighbors stood about her, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the parson came down the hilly road like one riding for his life. He had seen the smoke afar off, guessed the sad truth, and hurried on, to find his home in ruins and to learn by his first glance at the faces around him that his children were gone.

When he had heard all there was to tell, he sat down upon his door-stone with his head in his hands, praying for strength to bear a grief too deep for words. The wounded and weary men tried to comfort him with hope, and the women wept with him as they hugged their own babies closer to the hearts that ached for the lost children. Suddenly a stir went through the mournful group, as Onawandah came from the wood with a young deer upon his shoulders, and amazement in his face as he saw the desolation before him. Dropping his burden, he stood an instant looking with eyes that kindled fiercely; then he came bounding toward them, undaunted by the hatred, suspicion, and surprise plainly written on the countenances before him. He missed his playmates, and asked but one question:

"The boy? the little squaw?—where gone?"

His answer was a rough one, for the men seized him and poured forth the tale, heaping reproaches upon him for such treachery and ingratitude. He bore it all in proud silence till they pointed to the poor father whose dumb sorrow was more eloquent than all their wrath. Onawandah looked at him, and the fire died out of his eyes as if quenched by the tears he would not shed. Shaking off the hands that held him, he went to his good friend, saying with passionate earnestness:

"Onawandah is *not* traitor! Onawandah remembers. Onawandah grateful! You believe?"

The poor parson looked up at him, and could not doubt his truth; for genuine love and sorrow ennobled the dark face, and he had never known the boy to lie.

"I believe and trust you still, but others will not. Go, you are no longer safe here, and I have no home to offer you," said the parson, sadly, feeling that he cared for none, unless his children were restored to him.

"Onawandah has no fear. He goes; but he comes again to bring the boy, the little squaw."

Few words, but they were so solemnly spoken that the most unbelieving were impressed; for the youth laid one hand on the gray head bowed before him, and lifted the other toward heaven, as if calling the Great Spirit to hear his vow.

A relenting murmur went through the crowd, but the boy paid no heed, as he turned away, and with no arms but his hunting knife and bow, no food but such as he could find, no guide but the sun by day, the stars by night, plunged into the pathless forest and was gone.

Then the people drew a long breath, and muttered to one another:

"He will never do it, yet he is a brave lad for his years."

"Only a shift to get off with a whole skin, I warrant you. These varlets are as cunning as foxes," added Becky, sourly.

The parson alone believed and hoped, though weeks and months went by, and his children did not come.

Meantime, Reuben and Eunice were far away in an Indian camp, resting as best they could, after the long journey that followed that dreadful night. Their captors were not cruel to them, for Reuben was a stout fellow and, thanks to Onawandah, could hold his own with the boys who would have tormented him if he had been feeble or cowardly. Eunice also was a hardy creature for her years, and when her first fright and fatigue were over, made herself useful in many ways among the squaws, who did not let the pretty child suffer greatly; though she was neglected, because they knew no better.

Life in a wigwam was not a life of ease, and fortunately the children were accustomed to simple habits and the hardships that all endured in those early times. But they mourned for home till their young faces were pathetic with the longing, and their pillows of dry leaves were often wet with tears in the night. Their clothes grew ragged, their hair unkempt, their faces tanned by sun and wind. Scanty food and exposure to all weathers tried the strength of their bodies, and uncertainty as to their fate saddened their spirits; yet they bore up bravely, and said their prayers faithfully, feeling sure that God would bring them home to father in His own good time.

One day, when Reuben was snaring birds in the wood,—for the Indians had no fear of such young children venturing to escape,—he heard the cry of a quail, and followed it deeper and deeper into the forest, till it ceased, and, with a sudden rustle, Onawandah rose up from the brakes, his finger on

his lips to prevent any exclamation that might betray him to other ears and eyes.

"I come for you and little Laraka,"—(the name he gave Eunice, meaning "Wild Rose.") "I take you home. Not know me yet. Go and wait."

He spoke low and fast; but the joy in his face told how glad he was to find the boy after his long search, and Reuben clung to him, trying not to disgrace himself by crying like a girl, in his surprise and delight.

Lying hidden in the tall brakes they talked in whispers, while one told of the capture, and the other of a plan of escape; for, though a friendly tribe, these Indians were not Onawandah's people, and they must not suspect that he knew the children, else they might be separated at once.

"Little squaw betray me. You watch her. Tell her not to cry out, not speak me any time. When I say come, we go,—fast,—in the night. Not ready yet."

These were the orders Reuben received, and, when he could compose himself, he went back to the wigwams, leaving his friend in the wood, while he told the good news to Eunice, and prepared her for the part she must play.

Fear had taught her self-control, and the poor child stood the test well, working off her relief and rapture by pounding corn in the stone mortar till her little hands were blistered, and her arms ached for hours afterward.

Not till the next day did Onawandah make his appearance, and then he came limping into the village, weary, lame, and half starved after his long wandering in the wilderness. He was kindly welcomed, and his story believed, for he told only the first part, and said nothing of his life among the white men. He hardly glanced at the children when they were pointed out to him by their captors, and scowled at poor Eunice, who forgot her part in her joy, and smiled as she met the dark eyes that till now had always looked kindly at her. A touch from Reuben warned her, and she was glad to hide her confusion by shaking her long hair over her face, as if afraid of the stranger.

Onawandah took no further notice of them, but seemed to be very lame with the old wound in his foot, which prevented his being obliged to hunt with the men. He was resting and slowly gathering strength for the hard task he had set himself, while he waited for a safe time to save the children.



"SUDDENLY HE ROSE, AND IN HIS OWN MUSICAL LANGUAGE PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT." (PAGE 447.)

They understood, but the suspense proved too much for little Eunice, and she pined with impatience to be gone. She lost appetite and color, and cast such appealing glances at Onawandah, that he could not seem quite indifferent, and gave her a soft word now and then, or did such acts of kindness as he could perform unsuspected. When she lay awake at night thinking of home, a cricket would chirp outside the wigwam, and a hand slip in a leaf full of berries, or a bark-cup of fresh water for the feverish little mouth. Sometimes it was only a caress or a whisper of encouragement, that re-assured the childish heart, and sent her to sleep with a comfortable sense of love and protection, like a sheltering wing over a motherless bird.

Reuben stood it better, and entered heartily into the excitement of the plot, for he had grown tall and strong in these trying months, and felt that he must prove himself a man to sustain and defend his sister. Quietly he put away each day a bit of dried meat, a handful of parched corn, or a well-sharpened arrowhead, as provision for the journey; while Onawandah seemed to be amusing himself with making moccasins and a little vest of deer-skin for an Indian child about the age of Eunice.

At last, in the early autumn, all the men went off on the war-path, leaving only boys and women behind. Then Onawandah's eyes began to kindle, and Reuben's heart to beat fast, for both felt that their time for escape had come.

All was ready, and one moonless night the signal was given. A cricket chirped shrilly outside the tent where the children slept with one old squaw. A strong hand cut the skin beside their bed of fir boughs, and two trembling creatures crept out to follow the tall shadow that flitted noiselessly before them into the darkness of the wood. Not a broken twig, a careless step, or a whispered word betrayed them, and they vanished as swiftly and silently as hunted deer flying for their lives.

Till dawn they hurried on, Onawandah carrying Eunice, whose strength soon failed, and Reuben manfully shouldering the hatchet and the pouch of food. At sunrise they hid in a thicket by a spring and rested, while waiting for the friendly night to come again. Then they pushed on, and fear gave wings to their feet, so that by another morning they were far enough away to venture to travel more slowly and sleep at night.

If the children had learned to love and trust the Indian boy in happier times, they adored him now, and came to regard him as an earthly Providence, so faithful, brave, and tender was he; so forgetful of himself, so bent on saving them. He never seemed to sleep, ate the poorest morsels, or went without any food when provision failed; let no danger daunt him, no hardship wring complaint from him; but went on through the wild forest, led by guides invisible to them, till they began to hope that home was near.

Twice he saved their lives. Once, when he went in search of food, leaving Reuben to guard his sister, the children, being very hungry, ignorantly ate some poisonous berries which looked like wild cherries, and were deliciously sweet. The boy generously gave most of them to Eunice, and soon was terror-stricken to see her grow pale and cold and deathly ill. Not knowing what to do, he could only rub her hands and call wildly for Onawandah.

The name echoed through the silent wood, and, though far away, the keen ear of the Indian heard it, his fleet feet brought him back in time, and his knowledge of wild roots and herbs made it possible to save the child when no other help was at hand.

"Make fire. Keep warm. I soon come," he said, after hearing the story and examining Eunice, who could only lift her eyes to him, full of childish confidence and patience.

Then he was off again, scouring the woods like a hound on the scent, searching everywhere for the precious little herb that would counteract the poison. Any one watching him would have thought him crazy as he rushed hither and thither, tearing up the leaves, creeping on his hands and knees that it might not escape him, and when he found it, springing up with a cry that startled the birds, and carried hope to poor Reuben, who was trying to forget his own pain in his anxiety for Eunice, whom he thought dying.

"Eat, eat, while I make drink. All safe now," cried Onawandah, as he came leaping toward them with his hands full of green leaves, and his dark face shining with joy.

The boy was soon relieved, but for hours they hung over the girl, who suffered sadly, till she grew unconscious and lay as if dead. Reuben's courage failed then, and he cried bitterly, thinking how hard it would be to leave the dear little creature under the pines and go home alone to father. Even Onawandah lost hope for a while, and sat like a bronze statue of despair, with his eyes fixed on his Wild Rose, who seemed fading away too soon.

Suddenly he rose, stretched his arms to the west, where the sun was setting splendidly, and in his own musical language prayed to the Great Spirit. The Christian boy fell upon his knees, feeling that the only help was in the Father who saw and heard them even in the wilderness. Both were comforted, and when they turned to Eunice there was a faint tinge of color on the pale cheeks, as if the evening red kissed her, the look of pain was gone, and she slept quietly without the moans that had made their hearts ache before.

"He hears! he hears!" cried Onawandah, and for the first time Reuben saw tears in his keen eyes, as the Indian boy turned his face to the sky full of a gratitude that no words were sweet enough to tell.

All night, Eunice lay peacefully sleeping, and the moon lighted Onawandah's lonely watch, for the boy Reuben was worn out with suspense, and slept beside his sister.

In the morning she was safe, and great was the rejoicing; but for two days the little invalid was not allowed to continue the journey, much as they longed to hurry on. It was a pretty sight, the bed of hemlock boughs spread under a green tent of woven branches, and on the pillow of moss the pale child watching the flicker of sunshine through the leaves, listening to the babble of a brook close by, or sleeping tranquilly, lulled by the murmur of the pines. Patient, loving, and grateful, it was a pleasure to serve her, and both the lads were faithful nurses. Onawandah cooked birds for her to eat, and made a pleasant drink of the wild raspberry leaves to quench her thirst. Reuben snared rabbits, that she might have nourishing food, and longed to shoot a deer for provision, that she might not suffer hunger again on their journey. This boyish desire led him deeper into the wood than it was wise for him to go alone, for it was near night-fall, and wild creatures haunted the forest in those days. The fire, which Onawandah kept constantly burning, guarded their little camp where Eunice lay; but Reuben, with no weapon but his bow and hunting knife, was beyond this protection when he at last gave up his vain hunt and turned homeward. Suddenly, the sound of stealthy steps startled him, but he could see nothing through the dusk at first, and hurried on, fearing that some treacherous Indian was following him. Then he remembered his sister, and resolved not to betray her resting-place if he could help it, for he had learned courage of Onawandah, and longed to be as brave and generous as his dusky hero.

So he paused to watch and wait, and soon saw the gleam of two fiery eyes, not behind, but above him, in a tree. Then he knew that it was an "Indian devil," as they called a species of fierce wild-cat that lurked in the thickets and sprang on its prey like a small tiger.

"If I could only kill it alone, how proud Onawandah would be of me," thought Reuben, burning for the good opinion of his friend.

It would have been wiser to hurry on and give the beast no time to spring; but the boy was over bold, and, fitting an arrow to the string, aimed at the bright eye-ball and let fly. A sharp snarl showed that some harm was done, and, rather daunted by the savage sound, Reuben raced away, meaning to come back next day for the prize he hoped he had secured.

But soon he heard the creature bounding after him, and he uttered one ringing shout for help, feeling too late that he had been foolhardy. Fortunately he was nearer camp than he thought. Onawandah heard him and was there in time to receive the wild-cat, as, mad with the pain of the wound, it sprung at Reuben. There was no time for words, and the boy could only watch in breathless interest and anxiety the fight which went on between the brute and the Indian.

It was sharp but short, for Onawandah had his knife, and as soon as he could get the snarling, struggling beast down, he killed it with a skillful stroke. But not before it had torn and bitten him more dangerously than he knew; for the dusk hid the wounds, and excitement kept him from feeling them at first. Reuben thanked him heartily, and accepted his few words of warning with grateful docility; then both hurried back to Eunice, who till next day knew nothing of her brother's danger.

Onawandah made light of his scratches, as he called them, got their supper, and sent Reuben early to bed, for to-morrow they were to start again.

Excited by his adventure, the boy slept lightly, and waking in the night, saw by the flicker of the fire Onawandah binding up a deep wound in his breast with wet moss and his own belt. A stifled groan betrayed how much he suffered; but when Reuben went to him, he would accept no help, said it was nothing, and sent him back to bed, preferring to endure the pain in stern silence, with true Indian pride and courage.

Next morning, they set out and pushed on as fast as Eunice's strength allowed. But it was evident that Onawandah suffered much, though he would not rest, forbade the children to speak of his wounds, and pressed on with feverish haste, as if he feared that his strength might not hold out. Reuben watched him anxiously, for there was a look in his face that troubled the boy and filled him with alarm, as well as with remorse and love. Eunice would not let him carry her as before, but trudged bravely behind him, though her feet ached and her breath often failed as she tried to keep up; and both children did all they could to comfort and sustain their friend, who seemed glad to give his life for them.

In three days they reached the river, and, as if Heaven helped them in their greatest need, found a canoe, left by some hunter, near the shore. In they sprang, and let the swift current bear them along, Eunice kneeling in the bow like a little figure-head of Hope, Reuben steering with his paddle, and Onawandah sitting with arms tightly

folded over his breast, as if to control the sharp anguish of the neglected wound. He knew that it was past help now, and only cared to see the children safe; then, worn out but happy, he was proud to die, having paid his debt to the good parson, and proved that he was not a liar nor a traitor.

Hour after hour they floated down the great river, looking eagerly for signs of home, and when at last they entered the familiar valley, while the little girl cried for joy, and the boy paddled as he had never done before, Onawandah sat erect with his haggard eyes fixed on the dim distance, and sang his death-song in a clear, strong voice — though every breath was pain, — bent on dying like a brave, without complaint or fear.

At last they saw the smoke from the cabins on the hill-side and, hastily mooring the canoe, all sprung out, eager to be at home after their long and perilous wandering. But as his foot touched the land, Onawandah felt that he could do no more, and stretching his arms toward the parsonage, the windows of which glimmered as hospitably as they had done when he first saw them, he said, with a pathetic sort of triumph in his broken voice: "Go. I can not.—Tell the good father, Onawandah not lie, not forget. He keep his promise."

Then he dropped upon the grass and lay as if dead, while Reuben, bidding Eunice keep watch, ran as fast as his tired legs could carry him to tell the tale and bring help.

The little girl did her part tenderly, carrying water in her hands to wet the white lips, tearing up her ragged skirt to lay fresh bandages on the wound that had been bleeding the brave boy's life away, and, sitting by him, gathered his head into her arms, begging him to wait till father came.

But poor Onawandah had waited too long; now he could only look up into the dear, loving, little face bent over him, and whisper wistfully: "Wild Rose will remember Onawandah?" as the light went out of his eyes, and his last breath was a smile for her.

When the parson and his people came hurrying up full of wonder, joy, and good-will, they found Eunice weeping bitterly, and the Indian boy lying like a young warrior smiling at death.

"Ah, my neighbors, the savage has taught us a lesson we never can forget. Let us imitate his virtues, and do honor to his memory," said the pastor, as he held his little daughter close and looked down at the pathetic figure at his feet, whose silence was more eloquent than any words.

All felt it, and even old Becky had a remorseful sigh for the boy who had kept his word so well and given back her darlings safe.

They buried him where he lay; and for years the lonely mound under the great oak was kept green by loving hands. Wild roses bloomed there, and the murmur of the Long River of Pines was a fit lullaby for faithful Onawandah.

THE PLAYTHING OF AN EMPRESS.

By H. Maria George.

THE boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS know something about the many beautiful and curious things which can be made from snow and ice. Those of them who live in the Northern States have doubtless many a time half frozen their hands while constructing a snow-fort or a snow-house, laying a skating-rink, or carving a snow-image; while some, perhaps, were fortunate enough to have seen, last winter and the year before, in Montreal, the first ice palaces ever built in America. At all events, most of you have heard about these wonderful buildings.

Off in Russia, one hundred and fifty years ago, when Washington was a boy, reigned Anna Ivanovna, Empress of Russia. She was the niece of Peter the Great, but a very different sort of a character. Stern, busy Peter would never have thought of building an ice-palace. He improved his time in constructing more substantial edifices. But Anna loved pleasure and novelty, and frittered away her time in doing foolish things. She thought not so much of making her subjects happy as of enjoying life herself. Poor Anna Ivanovna! there have been many rulers like her.

The winter of 1739 and 1740 was a very severe one. All over Europe the cold was excessive. The ice in the river Neva formed to several feet in thickness. Throughout Russia there was much suffering. People died of cold and starvation; wolves crept into many villages and fell upon the inhabitants. But at St. Petersburg there was nothing but joy and festivity. The days and the

nights were given to pleasure. One night the whole capital would be out upon the river, which was turned into a vast skating and riding park. Here and there great bonfires blazed like beacon lights, while, dressed in their sables and their ermine and their minever, the queen and her ladies and her nobles enjoyed their sports like children. The next day all would be changed as though by the wand of an enchanter. The frozen river bristled with bayonets and was gay with splendid trappings and tossing plumes. A military review and sham battle was taking place. Here and there rushed the glittering squadrons containing thousands of armed men. Great cannons and mortars were frequently discharged, and an immense fortress of ice and snow, built upon the Neva, was attacked and defended according to all the rules of war.

These vanities were capped by the construction of the ice-palace. As I have said, the Empress was very fond of carrying out curious and extravagant plans, and so it was not strange that she should make up her mind to build a palace the like of which no monarch had ever thought of building. So she set to work to think how she could possibly build a house which should be the most wonderful house on earth. She thought of gold and she thought of silver. She thought of the beautiful malachite. She thought of



INSIDE THE ICE-PALACE AT NIGHT.

ivory, of ebony, and of every stone that is known to man. None of these seemed to please her fancy. But one day she looked from her window, and she saw what seemed to her a vast and heavenly cathedral of sparkling ice-crystals, which the exquisite skill of the frost's fingers had formed on the window-panes. "I have it," said the Empress, delighted, "I shall have a palace of ice. Everything within and without shall be made of nothing but glittering ice." Within a very short time, a design was furnished to the Empress by an architect whose name is a pure Russian one, but which you can easily pronounce by dividing it into syllables—Alexis Dan-il-o-vitch Tat-ish-chev. It was the original intention of the projectors to build the palace upon the Neva itself, so as to be as near as possible to the supply of the building material. They accordingly began the erection upon the frozen river toward the last of December, 1739, but were forced to relinquish their proposed plan by the yielding of the ice under the rising walls. In consequence of this failure, a site was selected upon the land between the fortress of the admiralty and the winter palace of the Empress; and the work was begun anew, with the advantage of the experience in ice-building gained by the unsuccessful attempt already made.

In the construction of the work the simplest means were used. First, the purest and most transparent ice was selected. This was cut into large blocks, squared with rule and compass, and carved with all the regular architectural embellishments. No cement was used. Each block when ready was raised to its destined place by cranes and pulleys, and just before it was let down upon the block which was to support it, water was poured between the two, the upper block was immediately lowered, and as the water froze almost instantly, in that intensely cold climate, the two blocks became literally one. In fact, the whole building appeared to be, and really was, a single mass of ice. The effect it produced must have been infinitely more beautiful than if it had been of the most costly marble; its transparency and bluish tint giving it rather the appearance of a precious stone.

In dimensions, the structure was fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide, twenty-one feet high, and with walls three feet in thickness. At each corner of the palace was a pyramid of the same height as the roof, of course built of ice, and around the whole was a low palisade of the same material. The actual length of the front view, including the pyramids, was one hundred and fourteen feet.

The palace was built in the usual style of Russian architecture. The *façade* was plain, being merely divided into compartments by pilasters. There was a window in each division, which was painted in imitation of green marble. The window-panes were formed of slabs of ice, as transparent and smooth as sheets of plate glass. At night, when the palace was lighted, the windows were curtained by canvas screens, on which grotesque figures were painted. Owing to the transparency of the whole material, the general effect of the illumination must have been fine, the whole palace seemingly being filled with a delicate pearly light. The central division projected, and appeared to be a door, but was, in fact, a large window, and was illuminated like the others. Surmounting the *façade* of the building was an ornamental balustrade, and at each end of the sloping roof was a huge chimney. The entrance was at the rear. At each side of the door stood ice-imitations of orange-trees, in leaf and flower, with ice-birds perched on the branches.

In front of the building there was an ice-elephant, as large as life, and upon his back a figure of a man, made of ice, and dressed like a Persian. Two other men-figures of ice, one of which held a spear in its grasp, stood directly in front of the animal. The elephant was hollow, and was made to throw water through his trunk to the height of twenty-five feet. This was accomplished by means of tubes leading from the foss of the admiralty fortress, near by. Burning naphtha was substituted for water at night. In order to increase the naturalness of this part of the exhibition, there was placed within the figure a man who from time to time blew through certain pipes, making a noise like the roaring of an elephant.

The Empress ordered six cannon and two mortars to be set up on each side of the front gateway, to guard her beautiful fancy. It makes us shake our heads when we read that these cannon and mortars were likewise of ice. And even the heads of her councillors and wise men shook, and they said one to another: "What will our old eyes be asked to see next?" But the Empress laughed, for she knew that so long as the sun kept to his old path in the heavens, her palace would be secure. But to prove to her friends that the work was good, she bade them place a quarter of a pound of powder and an iron cannon ball weighing five pounds in one of the ice cannon. Every one tremblingly waited for a terrible explosion, but none came. The cannon remained intact, and the ball was thrown to some distance, passing through a board two inches thick, which was placed about sixty paces off. Everybody was wild with astonishment, and at night the Empress illuminated the palace brilliantly, and gave a great ball. And as the light shone out for miles, and men saw the fairy-like grandeur of the scene, they said that—next to the Empress Anna—Master Jack Frost was the most wonderful ruler in the world.

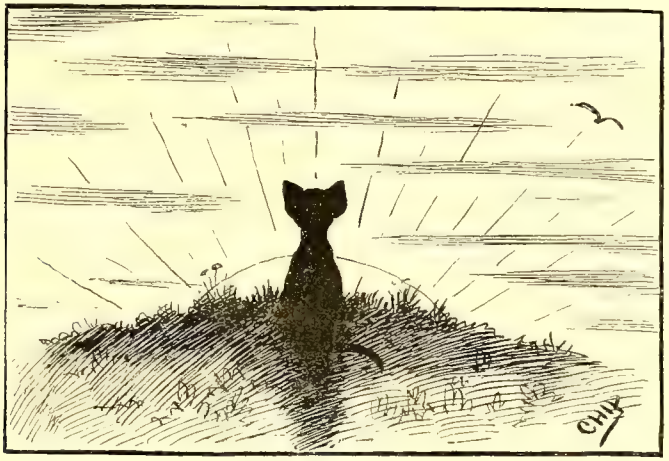
The inside of this great "plaything" was more wonderful than the exterior. There were only three rooms,—a spacious and handsome vestibule, which extended through the middle, and a room on each side.

One of these apartments was the royal chamber. In it was a dressing-table fully set out with a looking-glass and all sorts of powder and essence boxes, jars, bottles, a watch, and a pair of candlesticks and candles, all fashioned of ice. In the evening these candles were smeared with naphtha and set in a blaze without melting. A great ice mirror was hung against the wall. On the other side of the room was the bedstead, with bed, pillows, counterpane, and curtains, deftly wrought in ice. A large fire-place was on the right, with an elegantly carved mantel, and within it, upon the curious andirons, were placed logs of ice which were occasionally smeared with naphtha and ignited.

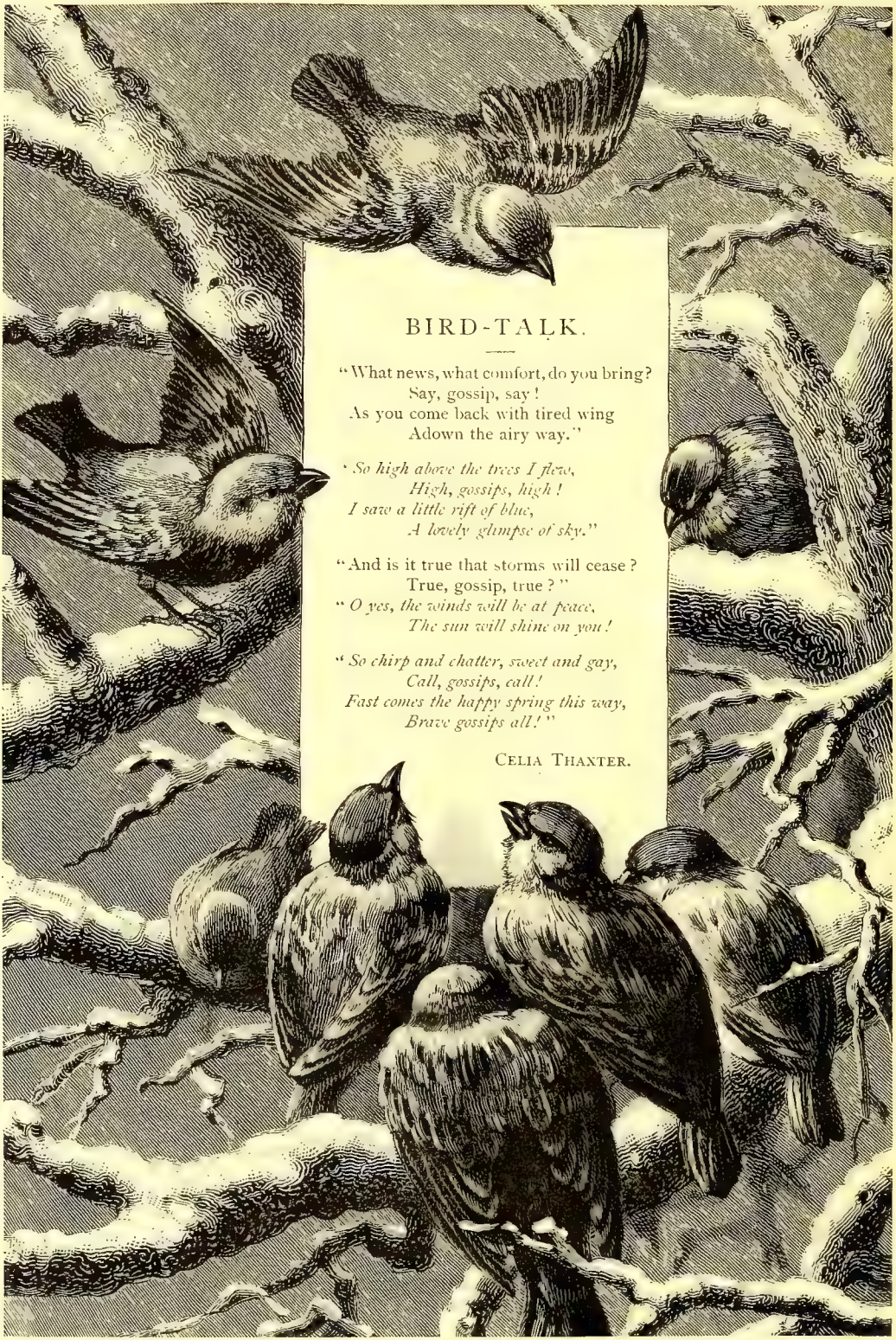
The other principal room was alternately termed the dining-room and the drawing-room. An elaborately constructed ice-table extended through the apartment. On each side were settees or sofas handsomely carved. In three of the corners were large statues; in the other was a handsome time-piece, provided with wheels of ice, which were visible through the transparent case. All the other parts of the palace were fitted up in a corresponding manner.

The construction of this work did not occupy quite a fortnight, so many and so expert were the builders. When it was finished, the public were allowed an unrestricted passage through every part of the building, all confusion being obviated by surrounding the entrance with a wooden railing, and stationing police officers, who allowed only a certain number of persons to pass in at one time. Whenever the Empress and her court banqueted or danced at the palace, as they often did in the bright winter days and the cold winter nights, the visits of the populace were, of course, suspended.

But even in the latitude of "St. Petersburg" ice is not always strong and lasting; and Anna's ice-palace, though a contemporary writer said of it that it merited to be placed among the stars, had a brief duration. For about three months, or as long as the excessive cold weather lasted, so long did this beautiful edifice stand. Finally, under the warm sunshine of the last of March, it began to give way toward the southern side, and soon gradually disappeared. It is said that it was not altogether useless in its destruction, as the large blocks of the walls were taken to fill the ice-cellars of the imperial palace. But this was a very poor return, indeed, for the original outlay.



MEDITATION.



BIRD-TALK.

"What news, what comfort, do you bring?
Say, gossip, say!
As you come back with tired wing
Adown the airy way."

"*So high above the trees I flew,*
High, gossips, high!
I saw a little rift of blue,
A lovely glimpse of sky."

"And is it true that storms will cease?
True, gossip, true?"
"*O yes, the winds will be at peace,*
The sun will shine on you!

"*So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,*
Call, gossips, call!
Fast comes the happy spring this way,
Brave gossips all!"

CELIA THAXTER.

GIRL-NOBLESSE. A REPEAT OF HISTORY. II.

By Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney.

YOUNG ladies!" said Miss Posackley, in her most assured official voice. But the attitude neutralized it too absurdly. The doubled-up young ladies tittered all along the line.

"Master Neal Royd, put out those matches, please. And light no more. They are most dangerous."

"And disillusionizing," said a low voice somewhere in the dimness, as the little blaze expired beneath Neal's boot.

"This will all be laid before Mrs. Singlewell," said Miss Posackley, just as if she had been at full height upon the platform at the top of the long school-room. "At present, you have to go up as you came down. Master Royd, you will go before, if you please. Miss Hastings, you led the way; lead back again."

There came a scrambling, with laughs and outcries. Neal Royd was in the trap-way, head up, ready to spring forth.

"Oh! *oh!* I've lost—I've dropped something, Miss Posackley. I *must* look!" sounded suddenly in distress. It was Hester Moore's voice. "Just let me have a match one minute!"

"On no account," replied Miss Posackley. "Go up, Master Neal. Go up, young ladies. This is very ex-traordinary!" she concluded; but she gasped the word out, with a distressed puff between the syllables, quite irrelevantly.

"She meant ex-hausting," whispered Kitty Sharrod. "There 'll have to be more ex-hoisting before they all get out. And she 's bound to come up last! For shame, girls!" she cried aloud. "Make haste!"

"Hush, Kitty Sharrod!—O dear, I *can't* find it. Don't tread all around, girls!"

"Is it your handkerchief, Miss Moore? I may be able to pick it up for you presently," Neal Royd said, most suavely, giving his hands to Clip Hastings, who, short but springy, came lightly, with that aid, to the upper floor again.

Hester Moore suddenly hushed up, herself.

"Have you found it? What was it?" they asked her, as they crowded forward from below.

"Never mind; it's all right now," said Hester, gruffly.

"She's found she never lost it. That always makes people cross," said little Lucy Payne, while Neal reached down and lifted her from the arms of Sue Merriman, who held her up to him.

Neal gave a keen glance, sidewise, at Hester's face, when she grappled with the other edge of the trap, and struggled up heavily, and with much pushing from her comrades, through the aperture, scrambling ignominiously out on hands and knees.

"She *has n't* found it. And it 's no handkerchief. And she 's in some scrape," he said to himself.

"O Hester! have n't you lost something else? Where 's that lovely ——"

"In my pocket, silly! Do be quiet!" interrupted Hester, pushing Lucy Payne aside, and making sullenly for the door.

"Hester! Hetty! She 's missing the greatest fun of all," said mischievous Clip Hastings, in a low tone,—"the seeing Miss Fidelia emerge. What *will* she do with her dignity?"

"I 'll take care of Miss Fidelia and her dignity," said Neal Royd. "Though, perhaps, that is quite as much your own business." There was a chivalrous indignation in the boy's tone. "Girls never know when a joke or a torment has gone far enough," he thought.

He jumped down through the trap as the last of Miss Posackley's charge gained foot-hold above, and then he dropped on all fours in the dust and rubbish, putting his head down, and his shoulders up, to the full stretch of his strong-braced arms.

"Step on my back, Miss Posackley. June, reach Miss Posackley your hands."

And Miss Posackley, who had a neat, small, light-booted foot, and nothing lumbering in her measured motions, first spread a little scarf she carried across the young Raleigh's coat, and then stepped with a truly Elizabethan air upon the offered support, and so, with not too ungainly struggle, up into the main room.

"I am exceedingly obliged, and really quite ashamed," she said, turning to Neal as he sprang out again and handed her the silken strip, with a quiet "Thank you" of his own, proceeding to dust his knees with his handkerchief. "But why—not, of course, that any of us should expect such aid from you—did you only think of it for me?"

"Perhaps because my jacket is n't for everybody's dust," he said. "Some people use you gently; and some tread upon you as if they meant it. It 's your own fault if you can't guess the difference beforehand."

From that moment Miss Posackley had a respect for Neal Royd, and put a friendly confidence in him.

"No more going into the block-house, young

ladies, without express permission," was Miss Fidelia's general order, as she came out and headed her flock once more, taking the way down to the big rock.

The kettle was filled and hung; the fire laid; the baskets and parcels all placed comfortably at hand. Neal struck a match and touched it to the brush and pine chips, and a blaze went up. Then he judiciously withdrew himself in his former unpretentious manner, and sauntered off toward the block-house. He had more matches in his pocket, and he was not included in the forbiddance to the "young ladies." Ten minutes later, he sauntered back again to Miss Posackley and her party, to see if anything were wanted. He had something else in another pocket,—a dainty little golden chatelaine watch.

"June," said Hester Moore, a little while after dinner was over; "just ask your brother for some matches, will you?"

June looked up with a triple amaze, at the allocution, the name, and the request. "What for?" she asked.

"Oh, we shall go into the cavern presently, and I want some for myself. I wont be caught again, as I was in the old block-house. I did n't half see that either. We went right down into that miserable hole. See here, June! Mabel and I are determined we will see it again, whether or no. You come, too, that 's a good child. You know all about it. But now, just get the matches. I 'll do as much for you any time."

"I do not think I shall need you to," said June, rather coolly. "And I don't believe Neal will let us have any matches. And we had better not disobey Miss Posackley. I 'll ask Neal, though." And she went off at once, and did it.

Neal laughed.

"Cunning, is n't she? In a small way. But I guess I 'm her match — though I 've got no matches for her. She might set the *cavern* on fire, eh?"

"You 're quite right, Chiefie; only I thought I had better give her your own answer."

"Well, that 's it; only you need n't tell her the whole of it. I say, June, what do you suppose she lost down there? What did she have — did n't you notice? — that she might lose? That she might be *afraid* to lose — or tell of, if she had lost it?"

Something flashed suddenly across June's mind.

"Why! she had a lovely chatelaine watch, just like ——"

"That?"

"Chiefie! Where did you get it? Why, it is *Gracie's!*" she exclaimed, when she had taken the trinket into her hand, and glanced at it on each side. "See, there is the monogram 'G. V.' She would n't let us look at it closely; I thought it was her sister's. She was crazy to wear Grace Vanderbroke's when it first came; I used to hear her teasing for it. It was at the jeweler's to be regulated, when Grace was sent for; she begged leave to get it and keep it for her till she came back; but she said Blanche Hardy would do that;" June went on, with girlish ambiguity of pronouns. "Then Hester was provoked, and said it did n't matter — other people had chatelaine watches; she could borrow one from her own home if she wanted to; her mother and her sister — who is engaged — both had them; she only wanted to do her a kindness. And then to-day — oh! when she half showed it, she *did* make us think, if she did n't say out and out, that it was her sister's. And Blanche Hardy went yesterday with *her* sister, the bride, to Lake Rinklepin. Oh, Neal! She must have — borrowed it — out of Blanche's trunk!"

"All right. Now let her whistle for her matches — and her chances! I 'll go and put it back where I found it. It was safe enough. 'Block-house good. Got no scalp.'"

"Don't be horrid, Neal. If you would only help her out of it — think! It would be — it would be being a real Chiefie to do that."

"I 'm only a chief in the rough, Junie. And 'set a chief to help a thief!' There 's no such saying as that, even in the New Testament!" And Neal strode off.

He had two or three strokes of revenge to choose from. He could walk up innocently to Miss Posackley before them all, and give into her charge what he had found, which would bring the whole disclosure down upon Pester More's head; or he could let her worry all day, and spoil her good time, reserving to himself the alternative of showing mercy at the last, and shaming her of her own meannesses, or of still finishing her off with the public exposure which she deserved. Or, again, he could put the thing back where he had found it, as he had said; leaving it and her to take the "chances," the probabilities of which he had his own ideas about.

He rejected the first and most summary method; for the rest, he postponed the matter. An Indian chief postpones the tomahawk; he understands the fine torture of suspense.

June was too tender for that, even with her foe. She could say nothing about Neal; she must leave him to manage his own affairs; but she did go to Miss Posackley — believing that her brother would do as he had said, and that the watch would have to be found over again in the block-house cellar — and asked her if "Miss Dernham and

Miss Moore and I" could go up there again, "just for a few minutes."

Miss Posackley refused. It would be a precedent for all the rest. They had all seen it; that must now be enough.

"No more block-house to-day, my dear. I have quite made up my mind on that point. It is growing late, besides; and we are going to the cavern."

"Glad of it!" was Hester Moore's comment. They all *would* come tumbling after. Amabel, I want *you*. There are lovely rock-mosses up on the steep knoll." And she turned off, without further notice of Junia, who had done her the kindness. Amabel followed, longing for rock-mosses, but demurring about cows.

"Cows don't go up the side of a house," retorted Hester. "And the fences are beyond it, too."

The rock-knoll rose from the extremity of the low, natural bank-wall which separated the block-house level on the front from the terrace below, the verge of which was the broad "big flat," and whence descended again, in abrupt declivity, the real precipice in the face of which, upon the river-brink, was the traditional cave. The knoll jutted, like a steep headland, over into an adjoining meadow on its farther side; on the right, its ridge, bushy with sweet-fern and brambles, trended gradually to the plane of the fortress field. Toward the block-house, these wild growths gave a cover nearly all the way. Elsewhere, all was visible upon this plane to those upon the flat below.

A walled-in lane led from the left upper corner of the block-house field, between the meadow and some corn-land, up to the high, wooded pastures; at its head, a stout, heavy "pair of bars" stretched across. Up this lane Neal Royd was walking, whistling, having mended Zibbie's fire and filled her kettle for her dish-washing.

"I guess it 'll keep that girl flock to the lower lot faster than any commandment," he said to himself, as he came and leaned for a moment upon the bars. Out beyond, some seven or eight cows were quietly feeding.

Royd let down the bars and stood there watching the cows.

"They can't get farther than the block-house flat," he said again. "There 'll be a red-skin blockade, sure enough; Pester More wont dare run that blockade, either. I like to see that laws are kept. I was to be useful; I 'll be as useful as I can."

He had no notion that Hester Moore and Amabel were at the very moment on that side of the terrace wall, hurrying along the sheltered dip of ground toward the block-house. He only meant they should not find it possible to get there. When he turned and walked down the lane again, they were already within the ancient wooden walls.

The cows had seen him,—had lifted their heads at his coaxing "Co! co!"—and with their kinely instinct, were heading slowly toward the opened way, possibly anticipating a pan of salt.

Neal made straight for the big flat and the descent to the cavern. On the picnic ground he overtook June, lingering there alone. She had been helping Zibbie gather up the fragments; Zibbie had now gone down to the pier, her arms laden with baskets.

"Where 's the crowd?" Neal asked his sister. "What 's left you out?"

"The crowd is in the cavern, and on the shore, and all along," she replied. "I waited with Amabel. She went with Hester Moore to get mosses on the knoll."

"Whe-ew!" whistled Neal, taking in the situation, and glancing up behind them. Nothing was moving on the knoll, but great red, horned creatures, wending their way down and deploying themselves around the block-house. Yes, another creature, too, which he had not seen in his reconnaissance at the bar place!

A grand old sachem of the herd and two young braves of steers had been in the wood edge, and had followed the gentle mothers down. The big horns and massive brute forehead of the patriarch were rearing with a proud, investigating toss, as he came magnificently through the lane-way.

The block-house was nearer the bank-wall than to the upper field and the lane by nearly three-fourths of the whole distance.

"What is it, Neal? What do you mean?" cried June, hurriedly.

"They 're well caught in their own trap," he answered. "Now let 'em stay awhile. You come along down." And he picked up an armful of baskets and turned to descend the cliff pathway.

Now, June knew that they were in the block-house, though she had spoken truly in saying that they had left her to go upon the knoll. She, too, grasped the situation; she discerned what Neal had suspected and had done.

"You — mean — boy!" she exclaimed, in bitter, forceful indignation. There is nothing so keen, so cutting, *cruel*, as the two-edged sword which smites at once an offender and the offended, loving heart.

If she had not said that, Neal would have looked around, at least, to know if she were following; as it was, he kept his head quite straight away from her and marched on, disappearing down the rapid slope. June gave one swiftly measuring gaze upward, and then sprang to the low wall, scaled it,—scarce knowing where the tips of feet and

fingers clung,—and flew along the ground to the block-house. She felt sure they were in the cellar and would not see. She rounded the building in a flash, and darted in at the open door.

"Amabel! Hester!" she called. "Come, quick! There are cattle in the field! Hurry! hurry! They 're standing still and feeding; you can get out; only make haste!"

The bull was at the lane foot; he paused there, with his stately air of survey; he gave a low snort of question; he sniffed, as if suspecting something for his interference.

June stood in the door-way, watching; calling eagerly again to her companions, who lingered,—Hester divided between the distress of her loss and her fear of the cattle.

"Girls! come! He 's moving!"

That masculine pronoun sent them up with a struggle. Hester clambered out of the trap, pushed up by Amabel; then, was actually on the point of rushing forth, leaving Amabel to her own unaided effort.

"Shame! stop!" cried Junia, in a voice that her school-fellow never—she herself scarcely ever till to-day—had known for hers. "Take hold of her other hand!"

June already had Amabel by one hand; and Hester, constrained doubly,—for she could not have confronted the creatures alone,—obeyed. Meantime, the *Bos* (is that what "boss" comes from?), seeing and hearing and moving with something more of purpose, was tramping down toward the open door-way. The three girls saw him so, as they turned, and not twenty paces from the entrance.

"Oh, we can't!" cried Amabel.

"He 'll come in!" shrieked Hester.

"Go up the ladder," said June; and remarked as in a dream, as she said it, how that other June and Mabel Dunham had gone up that very ladder, into that very loft, long before, in the old time in the story. It was as if it had stood there a hundred years, waiting for them to come back and live their terrors over again together.

Hester and Mabel hurried up; June came last. Then the great animal actually walked in upon the floor below, and raised his voice in a mutter that trembled along the timbers under their feet.

Hester cried. Amabel shook with fright. June went over to a loop-hole that looked toward the flat. "There is no danger," she said, quietly, and reached out through the narrow aperture, waving her white handkerchief.

Amabel looked at her watch. "It is a quarter to five now," she said, "and this is slow, too."

There was nobody in sight. The flat was cleared, and they were all down upon the shore, hidden and unseeing beneath the high, overhanging rocks.

June absolutely smiled. "Block-house good; got no scalp," she quoted. "They 'll soon come up, and miss us. And there 'll be Mrs. Singlewell's wise half hour."

She picked up a strip of old split board that lay near, pulled her handkerchief fast into a cleft at its end, and thrust it far out through the opening.

"Chiefie will take care," June said again.

She spoke his name proudly and tenderly, sorry in her heart for her quick bitterness, and sure of how sorry he would be for any trouble to her.

"The worst that could happen would be for him to have to go up to the farm, and us to get belated. But we know the Ronnquists, and they 'll take care of us, somehow.— It 's so like the story, Mabel!" she added, with a loving movement toward the girl, that might have been the gentle grace of the Tuscarora June herself.

This half comforted Hester. If she could only have one more search,—properly, with a light,—and if then they could only get to Nonnusquam before Blanche Hardy, the next day! Blanche Hardy was so "awfully" true,—so hard on any little slip or quibble. She began to feel quite bold with the reaction; and to her small nature the rebound from fear was impulse to some safe insolence. She stamped upon the floor, below which the great beast was tramping. She even went to the upper trap-way and through the opening began to unfurl her parasol, with which she had been groping in the cellar.

"Pester More!" cried June, using involuntarily and most appropriately Neal's sobriquet, "do you know what you 're about? That cardinal-red thing!"

"He can't touch us now," said the girl. "You said so."

"*Us!*" ejaculated June, contemptuously. "Somebody else has got to come, I suppose you know." And she took the sunshade unceremoniously into her own keeping.

Miss Posackley's little conductor's whistle sounded just before the half hour. The prisoners could see from the loop-holes the gathering from different directions, as the stragglers came in sight along the rocks, and drew toward the pier.

The bull was pawing and snorting; occasionally a growling bellow broke forth, quite audible to the river; and the three girls saw many a quick start and turn, and a general air of huddling and questioning among their companions, as they hurried down the plank-way and pressed around Miss Posackley, with glances backward, and pointings, and gestures of wonder, if not of apprehension.

Miss Posackley looked tranquil. "Down in the meadow, probably," she was saying; "there is certainly nothing in sight."

But all at once there was a greater stir; a looking everywhere. There came a calling of voices.

June worked her heavy flag-staff up and down, with difficulty. Then a dozen fingers pointed to the block-house and the white signal. Then Miss Posackley began to flurry and agitate. There were no provisional orders for a thing like this. She was off her tramway.

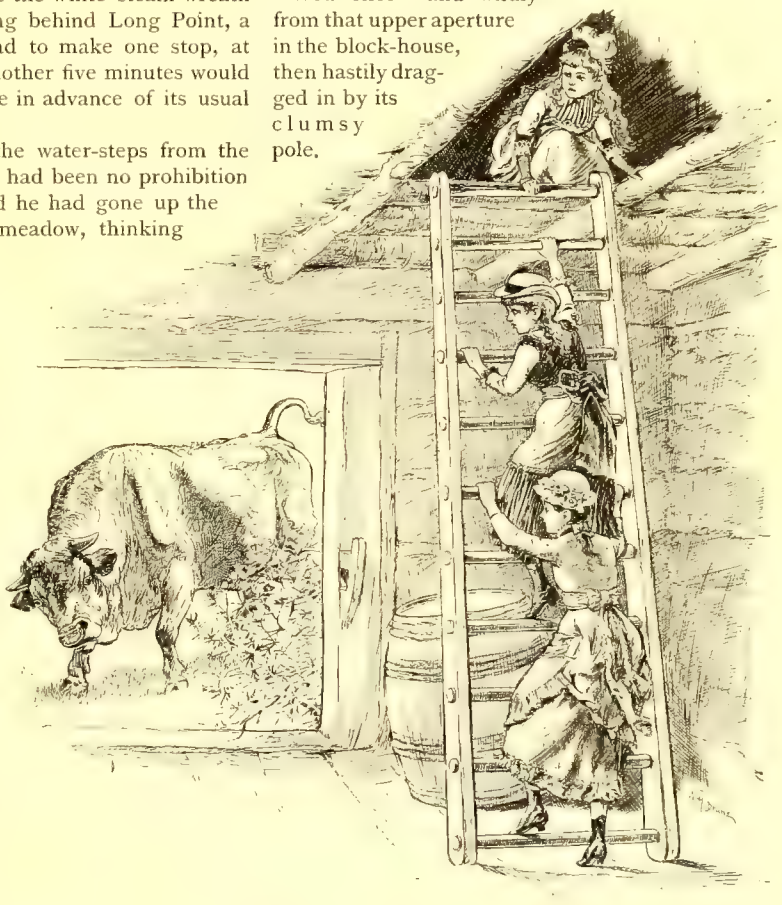
They could already see the white steam-wreath of the boat stealing along behind Long Point, a mile or so below. It had to make one stop, at Burt's Landing; then another five minutes would bring it up. It was a little in advance of its usual time to-night.

Neal Royd came up the water-steps from the river to the wharf. There had been no prohibition against his canoeing, and he had gone up the little creek beyond the meadow, thinking to reach the back-lying farm-house by the shortest way, and bring down help to get the cattle up again. Since the pasture-autocrat had appeared upon the scene, the conditions were changed. The girls were safe in the block-house, but to release them another hand—and one used to the management of the herd—might be needed. From the upland path into which he struck on leaving his canoe, and by which, in a few minutes' walk, he gained the ridge, he had looked across and perceived, as he supposed, the whole herd, returned meanwhile into its proper pasture, taking its slow, afternoon way along the dips and windings in the direction of the twilight home-going. Brush copses and swells of land prevented his being certain of individuals or of the entire number; but the open level about the block-house was in full view, and was quite empty of intruders.

He had crossed to the head of the lane, a little beyond which he had been walking while on the ridge, had taken one more survey downward, put up the bars again, and gone back to his boating, relieved of further responsibility.

Rowing down under the woody banks of the creek, and again, while beneath the cliffs upon the river, he heard, with some misgiving of uncertainty, that low roar, muffled in the distance. Was it in the distance of the pasture?

Springing up the pier-steps, he saw the excited, restless groups; the roar now came distinctly, and pronounced and heavy; the handkerchief-flag was waved once—and wildly—from that upper aperture in the block-house, then hastily dragged in by its clumsy pole.



THE THREE GIRLS CLAMBERED UP THE LADDER.

Junia was missing from among the school-girls. Neal saw that with quick eyes, before he had seemed to look at all. And the fact that she was missing spurred him to instant action. He ran up the long side incline of the roadway, and leaped the wall into the block-house field.

June's voice came clear and shrill from the loop-hole.

"Keep away, Neal! He 's angry now. Don't come alone. We 're safe up here; only bring somebody soon!"

Neal leaped the wall again, and ran down to Miss Fidelia.

"You had better leave this to me, Miss Posackley," he said. "Let Zibbie stay, to look after the young ladies. I 'll get some one from the farm, if I can't do better. There 's a train up from Hopegood's at seven; Ben Ronnquist will take us over; let somebody meet us at the Corners. Or, if we should miss that, Mrs. Ronnquist will keep the girls safe till morning. You need n't be the least uneasy. The old block-house is good for a worse siege, and you see they know what they 're about! I 'll run no risk."

Miss Posackley vibrated, rotated. Her bonnet whirled like a weather-vane between the opposite quarters of her alarmed anxieties. From the block-house came the horrible brute voice; from the advancing steamer the warning shriek of its arrival.

"Go on, girls!" Neal shouted, without ceremony, to the hesitating damsels. "Go on board at once. Come here, Zibbie."

By the pure force of his decision he had his way; Miss Posackley's young ladies turned, with shuddering submission, to the gang-plank. Miss Posackley gave one or two more spasmodic spins, and followed. She took in the wisdom of her forced conclusion gradually, as she calmed. By the time she reported herself at Nonnusquam, she had innocently adopted it as her own. "It was the only thing to be done," she said. And the next day, when all was safe, and Mrs. Singlewell had returned to hear the story, the subject had so grown upon her that she covered herself with quiet glory.

"It was no time to hesitate," she explained. "If there had been a minute more of excitement, we all might have been left."

"You acted most wisely and promptly, Miss Posackley," said Mrs. Singlewell, amazed at the fact in her own mind. "But there is never any knowing," she said to herself, "what latent energies a great emergency may draw forth."

Miss Posackley took the commendation with a meek pleasure. She had had no idea of falsifying; she simply had not seen herself as a weather-vane.

There is not very much more to be told of this little analogy of adventure and character.

Neal, left alone in command, considered briefly, then ordered his campaign. He did not like to leave the girls alone with their formidable neighbor and their own nerves, safe though they were from actual danger; nor would Zibbie consent to be "left around loose with that old ring-in-the-nose." He approached the block-house on the lower side, and called up to the loop-hole:

"June! Fling out a scarf, or something; red, if you have it."

June poked out Hester's cardinal sunshade.

"This?" she asked.

"Just the ticket. Drop it!"

"But oh, Chiefie! Please take care! Don't be venturesome!"

"Don't worry nor weep, June. The harbor bar is n't moaning." And with the ambiguous comfort of this allusion he seized the red parasol and made swift way around the field to the head of the lane, let down the bars again, and came through walking toward the block-house. He watched his moment when the creature faced toward him, and then unfurled the parasol, and waved it defiantly.

"Auld Hornie" thought, perhaps, it was a girl-enemy; at any rate, he took the bait and challenge, and made furiously for the insolent bit of color.

Neal rushed up the narrow way, well ahead of him, through the bars, and along by the wall, for a sufficient distance; then he jumped into the corn-field, and thence back into the lane; and he had the bars up while the bull was still following his roundabout track, and raging at its doublings and interceptions. And, in a moment more, Neal returned, demurely holding over his head the red sunshade, somewhat damaged by its flight across two fences, to find the block-house garrison just cautiously and timidly emerging from its shelter.

He gave the parasol to his sister, without apology, and ignoring ownership.

"Come along, now; we 've no time to lose," he said, and led the way to the rough cart-road, and up its rutty ascent toward the farm-buildings, visible half a mile off upon the hill.

As they walked, he made opportunity to come into line with, but scarcely alongside, Miss Hester Moore. He drew something from his pocket, which he held out to her, at a fair arm's length, —as if he had another dangerous creature to deal with.

"You may as well have this back," he said. "Two mean things don't make a smart one."

Hester clutched the trinket eagerly, then flamed at him.

"*Two* mean things! Then *you* let in those cattle!"

"Well, I did. But that was n't the mean thing I meant." And he left her, scorning to explain himself, or to rebuke her further.

"A regular meanie can't be made to be ashamed," he said to June afterward. "I give it up."

Ben Ronnquist, when he had heard from Neal the particulars of their having been left behind by the boat, hitched his horse to the broad-seated

family wagon, which was to take them to the cars. Hester and Amabel were helped in first. A small boy was to go with the team, to bring it back; and there was also Zibbie, to ride in front with Neal.

"I wonder if there 's room in here for June?" Hester asked, disfavoringly, from behind, when she and Amabel were seated.

"Well, I guess there 'd better be!" said Neal Roughead, in a short, strong way.

Whether she took a cue at last from this utterance, or whether with her, as with Miss Posackley, the things that had been beyond her began to come to her by degrees, at least in so far as to reveal to her certain probabilities of a knowledge that might be power, Miss Moore sat awhile in the darkness, silent; and she spoke at length in quite different fashion.

"We 've seen a good deal of each other to-day, June. We 'll get together rather more after this, I think."

"Will we?" responded simple June. "It 's only people that belong that get together, I think. To-day was an accident."

After they were in the cars, Amabel came and took a place by June. There was plenty of room; Hester, Zibbie, and Neal had each a whole seat.

"Don't you think, Junie, that people who want to, get to 'belong'? I 'd like to 'belong' to people like you and Neal."

"Neal is a dear chiefie," responded gentle June. ("Arrowhead great chief," had said the Tuscarora woman in the story.)

When Blanche Hardy heard of June's behavior at the block-house, she came to her,—not with sudden patronizing, or conscious compliment of approval, but with the warm impulse of like to like.

She stopped where June was standing, laid a hand lightly on her shoulder and another on her arm, leaning toward her as if drawn.

"You were courageous to do that," she said. "And *generous*."

June flushed brightly, but answered simply:

"I was not afraid. And how could I do anything else?"



"NEAL RUSHED AHEAD THROUGH THE BARS."

Then Blanche Hardy leaned closer and kissed her. "You could n't, I know," she said.

Now Blanche Hardy, from pure height of character and its noble presence and showing, was the real queen of the school,—not by any means merely of a little artificial clique.

From that day June went — naturally and as one "belonging"— up higher. Blanche Hardy became her fast and intimate friend. Nobody, any more, could snub or condescend to her. She was of a peerage above clan or coterie. Yet she remained in all sweet loyalty and non-pretense as aboriginal as ever.

Amabel, loving and seeking June also, was won to her own true place among those who "belonged" through the longing to *be*.

It is only the half, or spurious, attainment, like half faith, or cant, that holds itself within marked and excluding lines; the true noblesse is as catholic as the household of God's saints.

In Cooper's story, the miscreant Muir had died. All deaths are not by tomahawking. There is a deeper decease by very miscreancy itself. I have nothing further to mention concerning Miss Pester More.

It is human nature that repeats itself in young or old, in wild or civilized; history and romance are but the facts and pictures of it.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



"MAMMA said: 'Little one, go and see
If Grandmother 's ready to come to tea.'
I knew I must n't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was Grandmother fast asleep!

"I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I 'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door or softly call;
But I had n't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,
That means she 's loving you all the while.

"I did n't make a speck of a noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to Heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close, and I did n't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother dear it 's time for tea.'



She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face.'
She pointed right at the very place!

"I never told her 't was only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea."

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

By Captain Mayne Reid.

Chapter XVII.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

"THERE they are at last! Heaven have mercy on us!"

At these words of grave import from Captain Gancy, work is instantly suspended, the boat-builders dropping their tools, as though they burned the hands that grasped them.

For some minutes the alarm runs high, all thinking their last hour is at hand. How can they think otherwise, with their eyes bent on those black objects, which, though but as specks in the far distance, grow bigger while they stand gazing at them, and which they know to be canoes full of cannibal savages? For they have no doubt that the approaching natives are the Ailikolips. The old Ailikolip wigwam, and the fact that the party that so lately visited the cove were of this tribe, make it evident that this is Ailikolip cruising ground; while the canoes now approaching seem to correspond in number with those of the party that assailed them. If they be the same, and if they should come on shore by the kitchen midden,—then small hope of more boat-building, and, as is only too likely, small hope of life for the builders.

One chance alone now prevents them from yielding to utter despair — the savages *may* pass on without landing. In that case, the castaways can not be seen, nor will their presence there be suspected. With scrupulous adherence to their original plan, they have taken care that nothing of their encampment shall be visible from the water; tent, boat-timbers — everything — are screened on the water side by a thick curtain of evergreens. Their fire is always out during the day, and so there is no tell-tale smoke.

Soon Captain Gancy observes what further allays apprehension. With the glass still at his eye, he makes out the savages to be of both sexes and all ages — even infants being among them, in the laps of, or strapped to, their mothers. Nor can he see any warlike insignia — nothing white — the color that in all other countries is emblematic of peace, but which, by strange contrariety, in Tierra del Fuego is the sure symbol of war!

The people in the canoes, whoever they may be, are evidently on a peaceful expedition; possibly they are some tribe or community on its way to winter quarters. And they *may* not be Ailikolips after all; or, at all events, not the former assailants of Whale Boat Sound.

These tranquilizing reflections occur while the Fuegians are yet far off. When first sighted, they were on the opposite side of the arm, closely hugging the land, the water in mid-channel being rough. But, as they come nearer, they are seen to change course and head diagonally across for the southern side, which looks as if they intended to land, and very probably, by the old wigwam. Doubtless some of them may have once lived in it and eaten of the mollusks, the shells of which are piled upon the kitchen midden.

The castaways note this movement with returning alarm, now almost sure that an encounter is inevitable. But again are they gratified at seeing the canoes turn broadside toward them, with bows set sharp for the southern shore, and soon pass from sight.

Their disappearance is caused by the projecting spit, behind which they have paddled, when closing in upon the land.

For what purpose have they put in there? That is the question now asked of one another by the boat-builders. They know that, on the other side of the promontory, there is a deep bay or sound, running far inland; how far they can not tell, having given it only careless glances while gathering cranberries. Probably the Fuegians have gone up it, and that may be the last of them. But what if they have landed on the other side of the spit, to stay there? In this case, they will surely at some time come around, if but to despoil the kelp-bed of its shell-fish treasures.

All is conjecture now, with continuing apprehension and suspense. To put an end to the latter, the two youths, alike impatient and impetuous, propose a reconnaissance — to go to the cranberry ridge and take a peep over it.

"No!" objects Seagriff, restraining them. "Ef the savagers are ashore on t' other side, an' should catch sight o' ye, yer chances for gettin' back hyar would n't be worth counting on. They can run faster than chased foxes, and over any sort o' ground. Therfur, it 's best fer ye to abide hyar till we see what 's to come of it."

So counseled, they remain, and for hours after

nothing more is seen either of the canoes or of their owners, although constant watch is kept for them. Confidence is again in the ascendant, as they now begin to believe that the savages have a wintering place somewhere up the large inlet, and are gone to it, may be to remain for months. If they will stay but a week, all will be well; as by that time the boat will be finished, launched, and away.



HENRY CHESTER.

Confidence of brief duration, dispelled almost as soon as conceived! The canoes again appear on the open water at the point of the promontory, making around it, evidently intending to run between the kelp-bed and the shore, and probably to land by the shell-heap! With the castaways it is a moment of dismay. No longer is there room for doubt; the danger is sure and near. All the men arm themselves, as best they can, with boat-hook, ax, mallet, or other carpentering tool, resolved on defending themselves to the death.

But now a new surprise and puzzle greets them. As the canoes, one after another, appear around the point, they are seen to be no longer crowded; but each seems to have lost nearly half its crew! And of those remaining nearly all are women and children—old women, too, with but the younger of the girls and boys! A few aged men are among them, but none of the middle-aged or able-bodied of either sex. Where are these? and for what have they left the canoes? About this there is no time for conjecture. In less than five minutes after their re-appearance, the paddled craft are brought to shore by the shell-heap, and all—men, women, children, and dogs—scramble out of them. The dogs are foremost, and are first to find that the place is already in possession. The keen-scented Fuegian canines, with an instinctive antipathy to white people, immediately on setting paw upon land, rush up to the camp and surround it, ferociously barking and making a threatening show of teeth; and it is only by vigorously brandishing the boat-hook that they can be kept off.

Their owners, too, are soon around the camp; as they come within sight of its occupants, one after another crying out in surprise:

"*Akifka akinish!*" ("White man!")

The castaways now see themselves begirt by an array of savage creatures—such as they have never seen before, though they have had dealings with uncivilized beings in many lands. Two score ugly old women, wrinkled and blear-eyed, and with tangled hair hanging over their faces, and with them a number of old men, stoop-shouldered, and of wizard aspect. Even the boys and girls have an impish, unearthly look, like the dwarfs that figure on the stage in a Christmas pantomime! But neither old nor young show fear, or any sign of it. On the contrary, on every face is an impudent expression—threatening and aggressive—while the hoarse, guttural sounds given out by them seem less like articulate speech than like the chattering of apes. Indeed, some of the old men appear more like monkeys than human beings, reminding Captain Gancy of the time when he was once beset in a South African *kloof*, or ravine, by a troop of barking and gibbering dog-faced baboons.

For a time, all is turmoil and confusion, with doubting fear on the part of the white people, who can not tell what is to be the issue. Mrs. Gancy and Leoline have retired into the tent, while the men stand by its entrance, prepared to defend it. They make no demonstration of hostility, however, but keep their weapons as much as possible out of sight, and as calmly as possible await the action of the savages. To show distrust might give offense, and court attack,—no trifling matter, notwithstanding the age and apparent imbecility of the savages. Seagriff knows, if the others do not, that the oldest and feeblest of them—woman or man—would prove a formidable antagonist; and, against so many, he and his four men companions would stand but a poor chance. Luckily, he recalls a word or two of their language which may conciliate them; and, as soon as he has an opportunity of making himself heard, he cries out in a friendly tone:

"*Arré! Cholid!*" ("Brothers! Sisters!")

His appeal has the effect intended, or seems to have. With exclamations of astonishment at hearing an *akifka akinish* address them in their own tongue, the expression of their faces becomes less fierce, and they desist from menacing gest-

ures. One of the men, the oldest, and for this reason having chief authority, draws near and commences to pat Seagriff on the chest and back alternately, all the while giving utterances to a gurgling, "chucking" noise that sounds somewhat like the cluck of a hen when feeding her chicks!

Having finished with the old sealer, who has reciprocated his quaint mode of salutation, he extends it to the other three whites, one after the other. But as he sees the "doctor," who, at the moment, has stepped from within the wigwam, where he had been unperceived, there is a sudden revulsion of feeling among the savages,—a return to hostility,—the antipathy of all Fuegians to the African negro being proverbially bitter. Strange and unaccountable is this prejudice against the negro by a people almost the lowest in humanity's scale.

"*Ical shiloké! Uftucla!*" ("Kill the black dog!") they cry out in spiteful chorus, half a dozen of them making a dash at him.

Seagriff throws himself in front, to shield him from their fury; and, with arms uplifted, appealingly calls out:

"*Ical shiloké—zapello!*" ("The black dog is but a slave.")

At this, the old man makes a sign, as if saying the *zapello* is not worth their anger, and they retire, but reluctantly, like wolves forced from their prey. Then, as if by way of appeasing their spite, they go stalking about the camp, picking up and secreting such articles as tempt their cupidity.

Fortunately, few things of any value have been left exposed, the tools and other highly prized chattels having been stowed away inside the tent. Luckily, also, they had hastily carried into it some dried fungus and fish cured by the smoking process, intended for boat stores. But Cæsar's outside larder suffers to depletion. In a trice it is emptied—not a scrap being left by the prowling pilferers. And everything, as soon as appropriated, is eaten raw, just as it is found—seal's-flesh, shell-fish, beech apples, berries, everything!

Hunger—ravenous, unappeasable hunger—seems to pervade the whole crew; no doubt the fact that the weather has been for a long time very stormy has interfered with their fishing, and otherwise hindered their procuring food. Like all savages, the Fuegian is improvident,—more so even than some of the brute creation—and rarely lays up store for the future, and hence is often in terrible straits, at the very point of starvation. Clearly, it is so with those just landed; and, having eaten up everything eatable that they can lay their hands on, there is a scattering off amongst the trees in quest of their most reliable food staple—the beech apple. Some go gathering mussels and limpets along the strand, while the more robust of the women, under the direction of the old men, proceed to the construction of wigwams. Half a score of these are set up, long branches broken from the trees furnishing the rib-poles, which are roofed over with old seal-skins taken out of the canoes. In a wonderfully short time they are finished, almost as quickly as the pitching of a soldier's tent. When ready for occupation, fires are kindled in them, around which the wretched creatures crouch and shiver, regardless of smoke thick and bitter enough to drive a badger from its hole. It is this that makes them blear-eyed, and even uglier than Nature intended them to be. But the night is now near beginning, a chill, raw evening, with snow falling, and they can better bear smoke than cold. Nor are they any longer hungry. Their search for shell-fish and fungus has been rewarded with success, and they have eaten gluttonously of both.

Meanwhile, our friends the castaways have been left to themselves, for the time undisturbed, save by the dogs, which give them almost continuous trouble. The skulking curs, led by one of their kind, form a ring around the camp, deafening the ears of its occupants with their angry baying and barking. Strangely enough, as if sharing the antipathy of their owners, they seem specially hostile to the "doctor," more furiously demonstrating their antagonism to him than to any of the others! The poor fellow is kept constantly on the alert, to save his shins from their sharp teeth.

Late in the evening, the old chief, whom the others call Annaqua ("the arrow"), pays the camp a visit, professing great friendship, and again going through the patting and "chucking" process as before. But his professions ill correspond with his acts, as the aged sinner is actually detected stealing the knife of Seagriff himself—and from his person, too!—a feat worthy the most accomplished master of legerdemain, the knife being adroitly abstracted from its sheath on the old sealer's hip during the superfluous exchange of salutations! Fortunately, the theft is discovered by young Chester, who is standing near by, and the thief caught in the very act. On the stolen article being taken from under the pilferer's shoulder-patch of seal-skin, where he had dexterously secreted it, he breaks out into a laugh, pretending to pass it off as a joke. In this sense the castaways are pleased to interpret it, or to make show of so interpreting it, for the sake of keeping on friendly terms with him. Indeed, but that the knife is a serviceable tool, almost essential to them, he would be permitted to retain it; and, by way of smoothing matters over, a brass button is given him instead, with which he goes on his way rejoicing.

"The old shark would steal the horns off a goat, ef they warn't well fixed in," is Seagriff's

remark, as he stands looking after their departing visitor. "Howsoever, let 's hope they may be content wi' stealin', and not take to downright robbery, or worse. We 'll hev to keep watch all night, anyway, ez thar 's no tellin' what they may be up to. *They* never sleep. They 're perfect weasels."

And all night, watch is kept, with a large fire ablaze, there being now no reason for letting it go out. Two of the party act as sentinels at a time, another pair taking their place. But indeed, throughout most of the night, all are wakeful, slumber being denied them by the barking of the dogs, and yelling of the savages, who, making good Seagriff's words, seem as though sleep were a luxury they had no wish to indulge in. And something seems to have made them merry, also. Out of their wigwams issue sounds of boisterous hilarity, as though they were celebrating some grand festival, with now and then a peal of laughter that might have proceeded from the lungs of a stentor. Disproportionate as is the great strength of a Fuegian to his little body, his voice is even more so; this is powerful beyond belief, and so loud as to be audible at almost incredible distances! Such a racket as these wild merry-makers within the wigwams are keeping up might well prevent the most weary of civilized mortals from even once closing his eyes in sleep. And the uproar lasts till daylight.



A STRANGE PROCESSION. (SEE PAGE 468.)

But what the cause of their merriment may be, or what it means, or how they can be merry at all under such circumstances, is to the castaways who listen anxiously to their hoarse clamor, a psychological puzzle defying explanation. Huddled together like pigs in a pen, and surely less comfortable in the midst of the choking smoke, contentment even would seem an utter impossibility. That there should exist such an emotion as joyfulness among them, is a fact which greatly astonishes Ned Gancy and young Chester. Yet there can be no doubt that they are contented for the time, and even happy, if that word can ever be truly applied to creatures in a savage condition like theirs; and their loud merriment is, perhaps, a proof of Nature's universal beneficence, that will not permit the life of these lowest and, apparently, most wretched of human beings to be all misery! Far more miserable than they, that night,—or, at least, far more burdened with the *sense* of misery,—are those whom fate has cast into the power of these savage creatures, and who are obliged to listen to their howlings and hyena-like laughter.

Chapter XVIII.

FUEGIAN FOOD-PROVIDING.

To the castaways every hour of that night is one of fear and agonizing suspense. Not so much from apprehension of immediate, as of future danger. With the occupants of the wigwam in such good humor, it is not likely that they can be contemplating an attack at present. But when those who are absent return — what then? This is the fear now uppermost in the minds of Captain Gancy's little party.

Nor does morning do aught to dispel their anxiety; on the contrary, it is intensified by the behavior of the savages, who are again in a sour temper after their night's carouse. For, having eaten up all their gatherings of yesterday, they are again hungry. Young and old, there are nearly a hundred of them, all ravenous gluttons, to say nothing of the swarm of curs requiring to be fed.

By earliest daylight they come crowding around the camp, as though they expected to find something eatable there. Disappointed in their hope, they grin and chatter, showing their teeth like the dogs. More especially are their menaces directed toward the "doctor"; and the poor fellow is frightened to a death-like pallor, notwithstanding his sable skin. He takes refuge within the tent — still a sacred precinct — and does not dare to venture out again. To propitiate them, presents are made — the last things that can well be parted with. To Annaqua is given a pipe, with some tobacco, while the most importunate and seemingly most important of the women have, each, a trifle bestowed on them.

The gifts restore their good humor, or at least make them contented for the time; and having obtained all that can be given them, they scatter away over the ground, going about their business of the day.

The wherewithal for breakfast is, of course, their first consideration, and this they find along the strand and around the edge of the woods, though more sparingly than in their search yesterday. Only enough is obtained to afford them a stinted repast — a mere luncheon. But the kelp-bed is still to be explored, and for this they must wait until the tide begins to ebb.

Meanwhile, they do not remain idle, another resource engaging them — a feat for which the Fuegian native has obtained a world-wide celebrity — namely, diving for sea-eggs. A difficult, dangerous industry it is, and just on this account committed to the women, who alone engage in it.

Having dispatched their poor breakfast, half a dozen of the younger and stronger women take to the canoes, — two in each, — and paddle out to a part of the water where they hope to find the sea-urchins.*

Arriving there, she who is to do the diving prepares for it by attaching a little wicker-basket to her hip, her companion being intrusted to keep the canoe in place, a task which is no easy one in water so rough as that of the sea-arm chances to be now.

Everything ready, the diver drops over, head foremost, as fearlessly as would a water-spaniel, and is out of sight for two or three minutes; then the crow-black head is seen bobbing up again, and swimming back to the canoe with a hand-over-hand stroke, dog-fashion, the egg-gatherer lays hold of the rail to rest herself, while she gives up the contents of her basket.

Having remained above water just long enough to recover breath, down she goes a second time, to stay under for minutes, as before. And this performance is repeated again and again, till at length, utterly exhausted, she climbs back into the canoe, and the other ties on the basket and takes her turn at diving.

Thus, for hours, the sub-marine egg-gatherers continue at their arduous, perilous task; and, having finished it, they come paddling back to the shore.

And on landing, they make straight for the wigwams, and seat themselves by a fire, — almost in it, — leaving the spoil to be brought up by others.

Then follows the "festival" of *chabuel-lithlé* (sea-eggs), as they call it, these being their favorite diet. But, in the present case, the "festival" does not prove satisfactory, as the diving has yielded a poor return, and others of the savages therefore prepare to explore the kelp-bed, — the reef being now above water.

Presently, enough of it is bare to afford footing; and off go the shell-gatherers in their canoes, taking the dogs along with them. For these are starving, too, and must forage for themselves. This they do most effectually, running hither and thither over the reef, stopping now and then to detach a mussel or limpet from its beard-fastening to the rock, crunch the shell between their teeth, and swallow the contents.

The Fuegian dogs are also trained to procure food for their masters, in a manner which one of them is now seen to put into practice. On the more outlying ledges, some sea-fowl, themselves seeking food, still linger fearlessly. Engrossed in their grubbing, they fail to note that an enemy is

* The "sea-eggs" are a species of the family Echinidæ. Diving for them by the Fuegian women is one of their most painful and dangerous ways of procuring food, as they often have to follow it when the sea is rough, and in coldest weather.

near,—a little cock-eared cur, that has swum up to the ledge, and, without bark or yelp, is stealthily crawling toward it. Taking advantage of every coigne of concealment, the dog creeps on till, at length, with a bound, like a cat springing at a sparrow, it seizes the great sea-bird, and kills it in a trice, as a fox would a pheasant.

The shell-gatherers remain on the reef till the rising water forces them to quit. But their industry meets with less reward than was anticipated, and they return to the shore all out of sorts and enraged at the white people, whom they now look upon in the light of trespassers; for they know that to them is due the scarcity of bivalves among the kelp, where they had expected to reap a plentiful harvest. Proof of its having been already garnered is seen in a heap of recently emptied shells lying under the trees near by,—a little kitchen midden of itself.

Luckily the Fuegians have found enough to satisfy their immediate wants, so neither on that day nor the next do they make further display of violence, though always maintaining a sullen demeanor. Indeed it is at all times difficult to avoid quarreling with them, and doubtful how long the patched up truce may continue. The very children are aggressive and exacting, and ever ready to resent reproof, even when caught in the act of pilfering—a frequent occurrence. Any tool or utensil left in their way would soon be a lost chattel, as the little thieves know they have the approval of their elders.

So, apart from their anxieties about the future, the white people find it a time of present trouble. They, too, must provide themselves with food, and their opportunities have become narrowed,—are almost gone. They might have starved ere this, but for their prudent forethought in having secreted a stock in the tent. They do not dare to have a meal cooked during daylight, as some of the savages are always on the alert to snatch at anything eatable with bold, open hand. Only in the midnight hours, when the Fuegians are in their wigwams, has the "doctor" a chance to give the cured fish a hurried broil over the fire.

It is needless to say that all work on the boat is suspended. In the face of their great fear, with a future so dark and doubtful, the builders have neither the courage nor heart to carry on their work. It is too much a question whether it may ever be resumed!

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ODD RENEWAL OF ACQUAINTANCE.

FOR three days the castaways lead a wretched life, in never ceasing anxiety,—for three nights, too, since all the savages are rarely asleep at any one time. Some of them are certain to be awake, and making night hideous with unearthly noises—and, having discovered this to be the time when the whites do their cooking, there are always one or two skulking about the camp-fire, on the lookout for a morsel. The dogs are never away from it.

When will this horrid existence end? and how? Some change is sure to come when the absent members of the tribe return. Should they prove to be those encountered in Whale Boat Sound, the question would be too easily answered. But it is now known that, although Ailikolips, they can not be the same. The cause of their absence has also been discovered by the ever alert ears of Seagriff. The savages had heard of a stranded whale in some sound or channel only to be reached over-



CAPTAIN GANCY.

land, and thither are they gone to secure the grand booty of blubber.

The distance is no doubt considerable, and the path difficult, for the morning of a fourth day has dawned, and still they are not back. Nor can anything be seen of them upon the shore of the inlet, which is constantly watched by one or more of the women, stationed upon the cranberry ridge.

On this morning the savages seem more restless and surly than ever; for they are hungrier than ever, and nearly famishing. They have picked the kelp-reef clean, leaving not a mussel nor limpet on it; they have explored the ribbon of beach as far as it extends, and stripped the trees of their fungus parasites till none remain. And now they go straying about, seeming like hungry wolves, ready

to spring at and tear to pieces anything that may chance in their way.

By this time the old men, with most of the women, have drawn together in a clump, and are evidently holding council on some subject of general interest — intense interest, too, as can be told by their earnest speechifying, and the gesticulation that accompanies it. Without comprehending a word that is said, Seagriff knows too well what they are talking about. All that he sees portends a danger that he shrinks from declaring to his companions. They will doubtless learn it soon enough.

And now he hears words that are known to him, — "*ical-akinish*," and "*shiloké*"; hears them repeated again and again. It is the black man, the "doctor," who is doomed!

The negro himself appears to have a suspicion of it, as he is trembling in every fiber of his frame. He need not fear dying, if the others are to live. Rather than surrender him for such sacrifice, they will die with him in his defense.

All are now convinced that the crisis, long apprehended, has come; and, with their weapons in hand, stand ready to meet it. Still, the savages appear to disagree, as the debate is prolonged. Can it be that, after all, there is mercy in their breasts? Something like it surely stirs Annaqua, who seems endeavoring to dissuade the others from carrying out the purpose of which most are in favor. Perhaps the gifts bestowed on him have won the old man's friendship; at all events, he appears to be pleading delay. Ever and anon he points in the direction of the cranberry ridge, as though urging them to wait for those gone after the whale; and once he pronounces a word, on hearing which Henry Chester gives a start, then earnestly listens for its repetition. It is — as he first thought — "*Eleparu*."

"Did you hear that?" asks the young Englishman in eager haste.

"Hear what?" demands Ned Gancy, to whom the question is addressed.

"That word '*Eleparu*.' The old fellow has spoken it twice!" says Henry.

"Well, and if he has?" queries Ned.

"You remember our affair at Portsmouth with those three queer creatures and the wharf-rats?"

"Of course I do. Why do you ask?"

"One of them, the man, was named Eleparu," answers Chester; adding, "The girl called him so, and the boy too."

"I did n't hear that name."

"No?" says Henry; "then it must have been before you came up."

"Yes," answers young Gancy, "for the officer who took them away called the man York, the boy, Jemmy, and the girl, Fuegia."

"That 's so. But how did she ever come to be named *Fuegia?*"

"That does seem odd; just now ——"

"Hark! Hear that? the old fellow has just said 'Ocushlu!' That 's the name the other two gave the girl. Whatever can it mean?"

But now, the youth's hurried dialogue is brought to an abrupt end. Annaqua has been out-voted, his authority set at naught, and the council broken up. The triumphant majority is advancing toward the camp, with an air of fierce resolve; women as well as men armed with clubs, flint-bladed daggers, and stones clutched in their closed fists. In vain is it now for Seagriff to call out: "Brothers! Sisters!" The savages can no longer be cajoled by words of flattery or friendship; and he knows it. So do the others, all of whom are now standing on the defensive. Even Mrs. Gancy and Leoline have armed themselves, and come out of the tent, determined to take part in the life-and-death conflict that seems inevitable. The sailor's wife and daughter both have braved danger ere now, and, though never one like this, they will meet it undaunted.

It is at the ultimate moment that they make appearance and, seeing them for the first time, the savage assailants halt, hesitatingly, — not through fear, but rather with bewilderment at the unexpected apparition. It moves them not to pity, however, nor begets within them one throb of merciful feeling. Instead, the Fuegian hags but seem more embittered at seeing persons of their own sex so superior to them, and, recovering from their surprise, they clamorously urge the commencement of the attack.

Never have the castaways been so near to death with such attendant horrors. So near to it do they feel, that Captain Gancy groans, under his breath:

"Our end is come!"

But not yet is it come. Once more is the Almighty Hand opportunely extended to protect them. A shout interrupts the attack — a joyous shout from one of the women watchers, who now, having forsaken her post, is seen coming down the slope of the spit at a run, frantically waving her arms and vociferating:

"*Cabrelua! cabrelua!*" ("They come! they come!")

The savages, desisting from their murderous intent, stand with eyes turned toward the ridge, on the crest of which appears a crowd of moving forms that look like anything but human beings. On their way to the beach, they are forced into single file by the narrowness of the path, and become strung out like the links of a long chain. But not even when they come nearer and are better seen,

do they any more resemble human beings. They have something like human heads, but these are without necks and indeed sunken between the shoulders, which last are of enormous breadth and continued into thick, armless bodies, with short, slender legs below!

As they advance along the beach at a slow pace, in weird, ogre-like procession, the white people are for a time entirely mystified as to what they may be. Nor can it be told until they are close up. Then it is seen that they *are* human beings after all—Fuegian savages, each having the head thrust through a flitch of whale blubber that falls, poncho-fashion, over the shoulders, draping down nearly to the knees!

The one in the lead makes no stop until within a few yards of the party of whites, when, seeing the two youths who are in front, he stares wonderingly at them, for some moments, and then from his lips leaps an ejaculation of wild surprise, followed by the words:

"Portsmout'! Inglan'!"

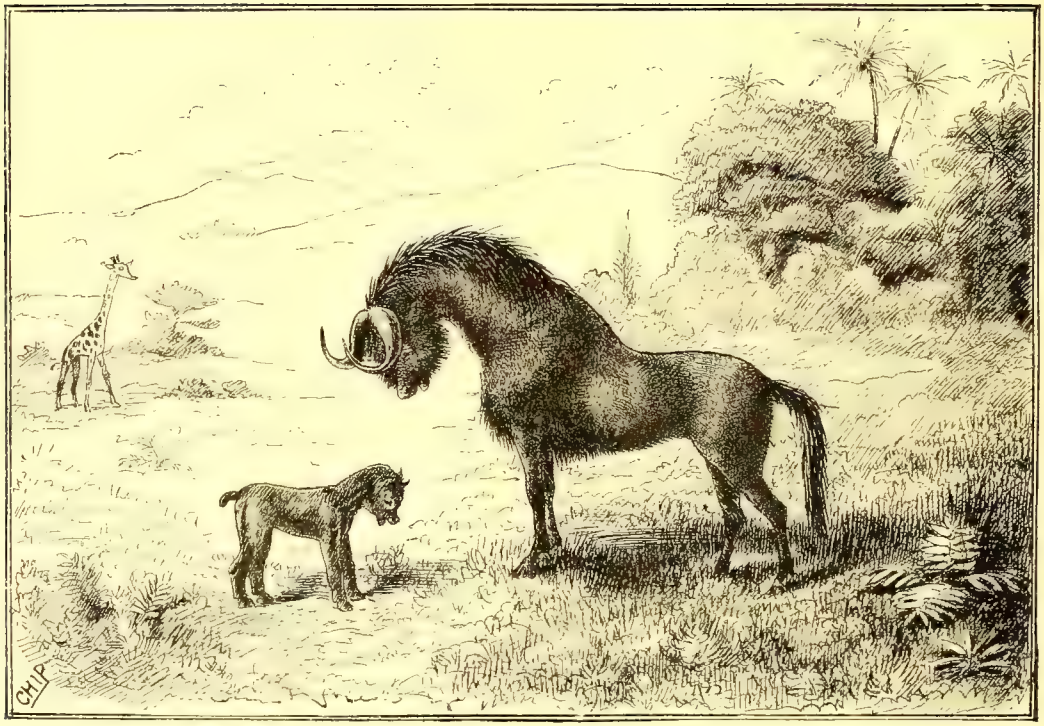
Then, hastily divesting himself of his blubber-mantle, and shouting back to some one in the rear, he is instantly joined by a woman, who in turn cries out:

"Yes, Portsmout'! The *Ailwalk' akifka!*" ("The white boys.")

"Eleparu! Ocushlu!" exclaims Henry Chester, all amazement; Ned Gancy, equally astonished, simultaneously crying out:

"York! Fuegia!"

(To be concluded.)



THE GNU BABY.

HISTORIC BOYS.*

By E. S. Brooks,
(Author of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "Comedies for Children.")

III.

Harry of Monmouth: the Boy General.
[Afterward King Henry V. of England.]
A. D. 1402.

A TAPESTRIED chamber in the gray old pile known as Berkhampstead Castle. The bright sunlight of an early English spring streaming through the latticed window plays upon the golden head of a fair young maid of ten, who, in a quaint costume of gold-striped taffeta and crimson velvet, looks in evident dismay upon the antics of three merry boys circling around her, as she sits in a carved and high-backed oaken chair. In trim suits of crimson, green, and russet velvet, with curious hanging sleeves and long, pointed shoes, they range themselves before the trembling little maiden, while the eldest lad, a handsome, lithe, and active young fellow of fourteen, sings in lively and rollicking strain:

"O, I am King Erik of Denmark,
Tarran, tarran, tarra!
O, I am King Erik of Denmark,
Tarran, tarran, tarra!
O, I am King Erik of Denmark shore—
A frosty and crusty old Blunderbore—
With ships and knights a-sailing o'er,
To carry Philippa to Elsinore!"

And then with a rousing shout the three boys swooped down upon the beleaguered little damsel and dragged her off to the dim, stone staircase that led to the square tower of the keep.

"Have done, have done, Harry," pleaded the little girl as she escaped from her captors. "Master Lionel, thou surely shouldst defend a princess in distress."

"Ay, Princess, but our tutor, Master Rothwell, says that I am to obey my Liege and Prince, and him alone," protested gay young Lionel, "and sure he bade me play the trumpeter of King Erik."

"A plague on King Erik," cried Philippa, seeking refuge behind the high-backed chair. "I wish I had ne'er heard of him and his kingdom of Denmark. O, Harry! Nurse Joanna tells me that they do eat but frozen turnips and salted beef in his dreadful country, and that the queen mother, Margaret, wears a gambison† and hauberk‡ like to a belted knight."

"Why, of course she does," assented the mischievous Harry; and, drawing a solemn face, he added, "yes—and she eats a little girl, boiled with lentils, every saint's day as a penance. That's why they want an English wife for Erik, for, seest thou, there are so many saint's days that there are not left in Denmark wee damsels enough for the queen's penance."

But the sight of pretty Philippa's woful tears staid her brother's teasing.

"There, there," he said, soothingly; "never mind my fun, Philippa. This Erik is not so bad a knight I'll warrant me, and when thou art Queen of Denmark, why, I shall be King of England, and my trumpeter, Sir Lionel here, shall sound a gallant defiance as I come

'Sailing the sea to Denmark shore
With squires and bowmen a hundred score,
If ever this frosty old Blunderbore
Foul treateth Philippa at Elsinore,'

and thus will we gallop away with the rescued Queen," he added, as seizing Philippa in his arms he dashed around the room followed by his companions. But while the four were celebrating, in a wild dance of "all hands around," the fancied rescue of the misused queen, the tapestry parted and Sir Hugh de Waterton, the governor of the King's children, entered.

"My lord Prince," he said, "the King thy father craves thy presence in the council-room."

"So, I am summoned," said the Prince; "good Sir Hugh, I will to the King at once. That means 'good-by,' Sis; for to-morrow I am off to the Welsh wars to dance with the lords-marchers and Owen Glendower, to a far different strain. Yield not to these leaguering Danes, Philippa, but if thou dost, when I am back from the Welsh wars, I'll hie me over sea

'With golden nobles in goodly store
To ransom Philippa at Elsinore.'"

and, kissing his sister fondly, Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, parted the heavy arras and descended to the council-room.

And now the scene changes. Months have passed since that jolly romp in the old castle, among the hills of Hertfordshire, and under a wet and angry sky we stand within the King's tent, glad to escape from the driving storm.

To young Lionel Langley, as he peeped through the outer curtains of the tent and watched the floods of rain, it seemed as if all the mountains in the shires

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† A stuffed doublet worn under armor. ‡ A coat of mail formed of small steel rings interwoven.

of Breccon and Radnor had turned themselves into water-spouts to drench and drown the camp of the English invaders, as it lay soaked and shivering there in the marches* of Wales. King Henry's tent, we learn from an old chronicle, was "picchid on a fayre playne," but Lionel thought it anything but fair as he turned from the dismal prospect.

"Rain, rain, rain," he grumbled, throwing himself down by the side of stout Humfrey Wallys, archer in the King's guard; "why doth it always rain in this fateful country? Why can it not blow over? Why,—why must we stay cooped up under these soaking tent-tops, with ne'er a sight of fun or fighting?"

"Ah, why, why, why?" said the good-natured archer, "'t is ever why? with thee, Sir Questioner. But, if thou be riddling, ask us something easier. Why doth a cow lie down? Why is it fool's fun to give alms to a blind man? How many calves' tails doth it take to reach to the moon?"

"H'm," grunted Lionel, "thy riddles be as stale as Michaelmas mutton. I can answer them all."

"So—canst thou, young shuttle-brain?" cried the archer, "then, by the mass, thou shalt. Answer now, answer," he demanded, as he tripped up young Lionel's feet and pinned him to the ground with a pikestaff, "answer, or I will wash thy knowing face in yonder puddle,—Why doth a cow lie down?"

"Faith, because she can not sit," lazily answered Lionel.

"Hear the lad! He doth know it, really. Well—why is it not wise to give alms to a blind man?" demanded Humfrey.

"Because," responded the boy, "even if thou didst, he would be glad could he see thee hanged—as would I also!"

"Thou young knave! Now—how many calves' tails will it take to reach to the moon?"

"Oh, Humfrey, ease up thy pikestaff, man; I can barely fetch my breath—how many? Why, one,—if it be long enough," and, wriggling from his captor, the nimble Lionel tripped him up in turn, and, in sheer delight at his discomfiture, turned a back somersault and landed almost on the toes of two unhelmeted knights, who came from the inner pavilion of the royal tent.

"Why, how now, young tumble-foot—dost thou take this for a mummer's booth, that thou dost play thy pranks so closely to thy betters?" a quick voice demanded, and in much shame and confusion Lionel withdrew himself hastily from the royal feet of his "most dread sovereign and lord," King Henry the Fourth, of England.

"Pardon, my Liege," he stammered, "I did but think to stretch my stiffened legs."

"So; thou art tent-weary too," said the King; and then asked "and where learn'dst thou that hand-spring?"

"So please your Majesty, from my lord Prince," the boy replied.

"Ay, that thou didst, I'll warrant me," said the King, good-humoredly. "In aught of prank or play, or tumbler's trick, 't is safe to look to young Harry of Monmouth as our page's sponsor. But where lags the lad, think you, my lord?" he asked, turning to his companion, the Earl of Westmoreland. "We should, methinks, have had post from him ere this."

"'T is this fearful weather stays the news, your Majesty," replied the Earl. "No courserman could pass the Berwyn and Plinlimmon hills in so wild a storm."

"Ay, wild indeed," said the King, peering out through the parted curtains. "I am fain almost to believe these men of Wales who vaunt that the false Glendower is a black necromancer, who can call to his aid the dread demons of the air. Hark to that blast," he added, as a great gust of wind shook the royal tent, "'t is like a knight's defiance, and, like true knights, let us answer it. Hollo, young Lionel, be thou warder of thy King, and sound an answering blast."

Lionel, who was blest with the strong lungs of healthy boyhood, grasped the trumpet, and a defiant peal rang through the royal tent. But it was an unequal contest, for instantly, as chronicles old Capgrave, "there blew suddenly so much wynd, and so impetuous, with a gret rain, that the Kyng's tent was felled, and a spere cast so violently, that, an the Kynghad not been armed, he had been ded of the strok."

From all sides came the rush of help, and the King and his attendants were soon rescued, unharmed, from the fallen pavilion. But Humfrey, the stout old archer, muttered as he rubbed his well-thumped pate, "Good sooth, 't is, truly, the art magic of Glendower himself. It payeth not to trifle with malignant spirits. Give me to front an honest foe, and not these hidden demons of the wind."

As if satisfied with its victory over a mortal king, the fury of the storm abated, and that afternoon Lionel entered the royal presence with the announcement, "Tidings, my lord King; tidings from the noble Prince of Wales! a courier waits without."

"Bid him enter," said the King, and, all bespattered and dripping from his ride through the tempest, the courier entered and, dropping on his knee, presented the King a writing from the prince.

"At last!" said Henry, as he hastily scanned the note, "a rift in these gloomy clouds. Break we our camp, my lord Westmoreland, and back

* The "marches": — Frontiers or boundaries of a country. The nobles who held fiefs or castles in such border lands were called "the lords-marchers."

to Hereford town. We do but spend our strength to little use awaiting a wily foe in these flooded plains. This billet tells me that Sir Harry Percy and my lord of Worcester, with Our Son The Prince, have cooped up the rebels in the Castle of Conway, and that Glendower himself is in the Snowden Hills. As for thee, young Sir Harlequin," he added, turning to Lionel, "if thou wouldst try thy mettle in other ways than in tumbler's tricks and in defiance of the wind, thou mayst go with Sir Walter Blount to thy tutor, the Prince, and the Welsh wars in the north."

Next day, the camp was broken up, and, in high spirits, Lionel, with the small company of knights and archers detached for service in the north, left the southern marches for the camp of the prince.

It was the year of grace 1402. Henry of Lancaster, usurping the crown and power of the unfortunate King Richard II., ruled now as Henry IV., "by the grace of God, King of England and of France and Lord of Ireland." But "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and, king though he was — "Most Excellent, Most Dread, and Most Sovereign Lord," as his subjects addressed him — he was lord and sovereign over a troubled and distracted realm. Scotland, thronging the Lowlands, poured her bonnets and pikes across the northern border; France, an ever-watchful enemy, menaced the slender possessions in Calais and Aquitaine; traitors at home plotted against the life of the King; and the men of Wales, rallying to the standard of their countryman, Owen Glendower, who styled himself the Prince of Wales, forced the English to unequal and disadvantageous battle among their hills and valleys. So the journey of Lionel to the north was a careful and cautious one; and, constantly on their guard against ambushes, surprises, and sudden assaults, the little band of archers and men-at-arms among whom he rode pushed their watchful way toward the Vale of Conway. They were just skirting the easterly base of the Snowden Hills, where, four thousand feet above them, the rugged mountain-peaks look down upon the broad and beautiful Vale of Conway, when a noise of crackling branches ahead startled the wary archer, Wallys, and he said to Lionel:

"Look to thine arms, lad; there may be danger here. But no," he added, as the "view halloo" of the hunters rose in air, "'t is but the merry chase. Hold here, and let us see the sport."

Almost as he spoke, there burst from the thicket, not a hundred yards away, a splendid red deer, whose spreading antlers proclaimed him to be a "stag of twelve" or "stag royal." Fast after him dashed the excited hunters; but, leading them all, spurred a sturdy young fellow of eager fifteen — tall and slender, but quick and active in every movement, as he yielded himself to the free action of his horse and cheered on the hounds. The excitement was contagious, and Lionel, spite of the caution of his friend the archer, could not restrain himself. His "view halloo" was shouted with boyish impetuosity as, fast at the heels of the other young hunter, he spurred his willing horse. But now the deer turned to the right and made for a distant thicket, and Lionel saw the young hunter spring from his lagging steed, and, with a stout cord reeled around his arm, dash after the stag afoot, while hounds and hunters panted far behind.

It was a splendid race of boy and beast. The lad's quick feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, every spring bringing him nearer and nearer to his noble prey. There is a final spurt; the coil of cord flies from the hunter's arm, as his quick fling sends it straight in air; the noose settles over the broad antlers of the buck; the youth draws back with a sudden but steady jerk, and the defeated deer drops to earth, a doomed and panting captive.

"There is but one lad in all England can do that," cried enthusiastic Lionel, as with a loud huzza, he spurred toward the spot so as to be "in at the death."

"Lend me thy knife, page," the boy hunter demanded, as Lionel leaped from his horse, "mine hath leaped from my belt into that pool there."

Flash! gleamed the sharp steel in air; and, kneeling on the body of the dying stag, Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, the fleetest and most fearless of England's youthful hunters, looked up into Lionel's admiring face.

"Hey,—O!" he cried. "Sure, 't is Lionel Langley! Why, how far'st thou, lad, and how cam'st thou here?"

"I come, my lord," Lionel replied, "with Sir Walter Blount's following of squires and archers, whom his Majesty, the King, hath sent to thy succor."

"Ye are right welcome all," said Prince Harry, "and ye come in good stead, for sure we need your aid. But wind this horn of mine, Lionel, and call in the hunt." And as Lionel's notes sounded loud and clear, the rest of the chase galloped up, and soon the combined trains rode on to the English camp in the Vale of Conway.

There, in the train of Prince Harry, Lionel passed the winter and spring; while his young leader, then scarce sixteen, led his hardy troops, a miniature army of scarce three thousand men, up and down the eastern marches of Wales, scouring the country from Conway Castle to Harlech Hold, and from the Irish Sea to Snowden and to Shrewsbury gates. The battles fought were little more than forays, skirmishes,—and the retaliations of fire and sword, now in English fields and now on

Welsh borders; but it was a good "school of the soldier," in which Lionel learned the art of war, and Harry of Monmouth bore himself right gallantly.

But greater troubles were brewing, and braver deeds in store. On a fair July morning in the year 1403, Lionel, who now served the Prince as squire of the body, entering his pavilion hastily, said, in much excitement:

"My lord, my lord, the Earl of Worcester has gone!"

"Gone?" echoed the Prince. "What dost thou mean? Gone? When — where — how?"

"None know, my lord," Lionel replied. "This morning his pavilion was found deserted, and with him are fled Sir Herbert Tressell, and the squires and archers of my lord of Worcester's train."

Now, the Earl of Worcester was the "tutor" or guardian of the Prince, a trusted noble of the house of Percy, and appointed by the King to have the oversight or guidance of young Harry; and his sudden flight from camp greatly surprised the Prince.



"THE YOUTH DRAWS BACK WITH A SUDDEN BUT STEADY JERK."

"My lord Prince," said Sir Walter Blount, entering as hastily as had Lionel, "here is a courier from the worshipful constable of Chester, with secret tidings that the Percies are in arms against my lord the King."

"The Percies up, and my lord of Worcester fled?" exclaimed the Prince. "This bodes no good for us. Quick, get thee to horse, Lionel.

Speed like the wind to Shrewsbury. Get thee fair escort from my lord of Warwick, and then on to the King at Burton." And in less than ten minutes, Lionel was a-horse, bearing the Prince's billet that told the doleful news of the new rebellion, spurring fast to Shrewsbury and the King.

Before three days had passed, the whole great plot was known, and men shook their heads in dismay and doubt at the tidings that the great houses of Percy and of Mortimer, rebelling against the King for both real and fancied grievances, had made a solemn league with the Welsh rebel, Owen Glendower, to dethrone King Henry, whom the Percies themselves had helped to the throne. A fast-growing army, led by the brave Sir Harry Percy,—whom men called Hotspur, from his mighty valor and his impetuous temper,—and by the Earl of Douglas, most valiant of the Scottish knights, was even now marching upon Shrewsbury to raise the standard of revolt.

"Hotspur a rebel? Worcester a traitor?" exclaimed the King in amazement, as he read Lionel's tidings. "Whom may we trust if these be false?"

But Henry the Fourth of England was not one to delay in action, nor to "cry over spilled milk." His first surprise over, he sent a fleet courier to London announcing the rebellion to his council, but bravely assuring them "for their consolation that he was powerful enough to conquer all his enemies." Then he gave orders to break the camp at Burton and march on Shrewsbury direct; and, early next morning, Lionel was spurring back to his boy general, Prince Harry, with orders from the King to meet him at once with all his following at Bridgenorth Castle.

So, down from the east marches of Wales to Bridgenorth towers came Prince Harry speedily, with his little army of trusty knights and squires, stalwart archers and men-at-arms,—hardy fighters all, trained to service in the forays of the rude Welsh wars, in which, too, their gallant young commander himself had learned coolness, caution, strategy, and unshrinking valor—the chief attributes of successful leadership.

Where Bridgenorth town stands upon the sloping banks of Severn, "like to old Jerusalem for pleasant situation," as the pilgrim travelers reported, there rallied in those bright summer days of 1403 a hastily summoned army for the "putting down of the rebel Percies." With waving banners and with gleaming lances, with the clank of heavy armor and ponderous engines of war, with the royal standard borne by Sir Walter Blount and his squires, out through the "one mighty gate" of Bridgenorth Castle passed the princely leaders, marshaling their army of fourteen thousand men across the broad plain of Salop toward the towers and battlements of the beleaguered town of Shrewsbury.

The King himself led the right wing, and young Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, the left. So rapidly did the royal captains move, that the impetuous Hotspur, camped under the walls of the stout old castle, only knew of their near approach when, on the morning of July 20, he saw upon the crest of a neighboring hill the waving banners of King Henry's host. The gates of Shrewsbury opened to the King, and across the walls of the ancient town royalist and rebel faced each other, armed for bloody fight.

Lionel's young heart beat high as he watched the warlike preparations, and, glancing across to where near Haughmond Abbey floated the rebel standard, he found himself humming one of the rough old war tunes he had learned in Wales:

> "O, we hope to do thee a gleeful thing
> With a rope, a ladder, and eke a ring;
> On a gallows high shalt thou swing full free—
> And thus shall the ending of traitors be."

"Nay, nay, Lionel, be not so sure of that," said the Prince, as he, too, caught up the spirited air. "Who faces Hotspur and the Douglas, as must we, will be wise not to talk rope and gallows till he sees the end of the affair. But come to the base-court. I 'll play thee a rare game of—hark, though," he said, as a loud trumpet-peal sounded beyond the walls, "there goeth the rebel defiance at the north gate. Come, attend me to the King's quarters, Lionel." And hastening across the inner court of the castle, the two lads entered the great guard-room just as the warders ushered into the King's presence the knights who, in accordance with the laws of battle, bore to the King the defiance of his enemies.

"Henry of Hereford and Lancaster!" said the herald, flinging a steel gauntlet on the floor with a ringing clash, "there lieth my lord of Percy's gage! thus doth he defy thee to battle!"

The Prince, Harry, with the flush of excitement on his fair young face, sprang from his father's side and picked up the gage of battle. "This shall be my duty," he said, and then the herald read before the King the paper containing the manifesto or "defiance" of the Percies.

In spirited articles the missive accused the King of many wrongs and oppressions, each article closing with the sentence, "Wherefore, thou art forsworn and false," while the following hot and ringing words concluded the curious paper—"For the which cause, we defy thee, thy fautores,* and com-

* Favorers, or abettors.

plices, as common traytoures and destroyers of the realme and the invadours, oppressors, and confounders of the verie true and right heires to the crown of England, which thynge we intende with our handes to prove this daie, Almighty God helping us."

The King took the paper from the herald's hand and simply said:

"Withdraw, Sir Herald, and assure your lord that we will reply to him with the sword, and prove in battle his quarrel to be false and traitorous and feigned."

And then the herald withdrew, courteously escorted; but it is said that King Henry, saddened at the thought of the valiant English blood that must be shed, sent, soon after, gentle words and offers of pardon to the Percies if they would return to their allegiance — all of which the Earl of Worcester, envious of the King, misreported to his generous but hot-headed nephew, Sir Harry Percy. So wrong a message did the false Earl give, that both Hotspur and the Douglas flamed with rage, and without waiting for Owen Glendower's forces and the expected reënforcements from the North, gave orders for instant battle, thus hastening the conflict before they were really ready. "The more haste, the less speed" is a strong old adage, boys, that holds good both in peace and war, and bitterly was it repented of on that "sad and sorry field of Shrewsbury."

So, out through the north gate of Shrewsbury, on a Friday afternoon, swept the army of the King, fourteen thousand strong, and, back from the Abbey foregate and the Severn's banks dropped the Percies' host, thirteen thousand banded English, Scotch, and Welsh. In a space of open, rolling country known as Hateley Field — fit name for a place of battle between former friends — three miles from Shrewsbury town, the rival armies pitched their tents, drew their battle lines, and waited for the dawn.

It is the morning of Saturday, the twenty-second of July, 1403. Both camps are astir, and in the gray light that precedes the dawn the preparation for battle is made. The sun lights up the alder-covered hills, the trumpet sounds to arms, the standards sway, the burnished armor gleams and rings as knights and squires fall into their appointed places; the cloth-yard shafts are fitted to the archers' bows, and then, up from a sloping field, sweet with the odor of the pea-blossoms that cover it, there comes in loud defiance the well-known war-cry of the Percies, — "*Esperance, esperance!* Percy, ho, a Percy!" and Hotspur with his Northumbrian archers sweeps to the attack amidst a terrible flight of arrows and of spears.

"Play up, sir trumpeter!" shouted Harry of Monmouth, rising in his stirrups. "Play up your answering blast. Shake out our standard free. Now, forward all! Death to traitors! St. George — St. George for England!"

"St. George for England!" came the answering echo from King Henry's line; "*Esperance*, Percy!" sounded again from the rebel ranks, and "in a place called Bullfield," both armies closed in conflict.

"So furiously, the armies joined," runs the old chronicle; "the arrows fell as fall the leaves on the ground after a frosty night at the approach of winter. There was no room for the arrows to reach the ground; every one struck a mortal man." The first attack was against the King's own ranks. Hotspur, with his Northumbrian arrows, and Douglas, with his Highland spears, pressed hotly upon them, while Worcester's Cheshire archers from a slope near by sent their whizzing messengers straight into the King's lines. Though answering valiantly, the terrible assault was too severe for the King's men. They wavered, staggered, swayed, and broke — a ringing cheer went up from the enemy, when, just at the critical moment, with an "indignant onset," Harry of Monmouth dashed to his father's aid. His resistless rush changed the tide of battle, and the King's line was saved.

A sorry record is the story of that fearful fight. For three long hours the battle raged from Haughmond Abbey on to Berwick Bridge, and ere the noon of that bloody day, twelve thousand valiant Englishmen fell on the fatal field. The great historian Hume tells us that "We shall scarcely find any battle in those ages where the shock was more terrible and more constant."

The fire of passion and of fight spread even to the youngest page and squire, and as Lionel pressed close after the "gilded helmet and the three-plumed crest" of his brilliant young Prince, his face flamed with the excitement of the battle-hour. Again and again he saw the King unhorsed and fighting desperately for his crown and life; again and again he saw the fiery Hotspur and Douglas, the Scot, charge furiously on the King they had sworn to kill. Backward and forward the tide of battle rolls; now royalist, now rebel seems the victor. Hark! What shout is that?

"The King, the King is down!"

And where Hotspur and the Douglas fight around the hillock now known as the "King's Croft," Lionel misses the golden crest, he misses the royal banner of England:

"Sir Walter Blount is killed! the standard is lost!" is now the sorry cry.

But now the Prince and his hardy Welsh fighters charge to the rescue, and Lionel gave a cry of

terror as he saw a whizzing arrow tear into the face of his beloved Prince. Young Harry reeled with his hurt, and Lionel with other gentlemen of the guard caught him in their arms. There was confusion and dismay.

"The Prince is hurt!" cried Lionel, and almost as an echo rose those other shouts: —

"The King is slain!"

"Long live the Percy!"

"Back, to the rear, my lord!" pleaded Lionel, as he wiped the blood from the fair young face of the Prince.

"Back, back, my lord Prince. Back to my tent," urged the Earl of Westmoreland, and "Back, back, while there is yet safety," said the other knights, as the tide of battle surged toward the bleeding Prince.

"Stand off!" cried young Harry, springing to his feet. "Stand off, my lords! Far be from me such disgrace as that, like a poltroon, I should stain my arms by flight. If the Prince flies, who will wait to end the battle?"

And just then another shout arose — a joyous, ringing cry:

"Ho, the King lives! the standard is safe! St. George for England!" And the brave young Harry, turning to his guard, said:

"What, my lords? to be carried back before the victory? Lead me, I implore you, to the very face of the foe."

Then, as the royal standard waved once more aloft, he burst with his followers into the thick of the fight, his unyielding valor giving new strength to all.

And now the end is near. An archer's arrow, with unerring aim, pierces the valiant Hotspur, and he falls dead upon the field.

"Harry Percy is dead! Victory, victory! St. George and victory!" rings the cry from thousands of the loyal troops, and, like a whirlwind, a panic of fear seizes the rebel ranks. Douglas is a prisoner; the Earl of Worcester surrenders; the rout is general.

"Then fled thei that myte fle," says the chronicle, or, as Hall, another of the old chroniclers, records, "The Scots fled, the Welshmen ran, the traitors were overcome; then neither woods hindered, nor hills stopped the fearful hearts of them that were vanquished."

So ended the "sad and sorry field of Shrewsbury," a fitting prelude to that bloody era of strife known as the Wars of the Roses, which, commencing in the sad reign of the son of this boy general, Harry of Monmouth, was to stain England with the blood of Englishmen through fifty years.

And now, the dust and roar of battle die away, and we find ourselves amidst the Christmas-tide revels in royal Windsor, where, in one of the lordly apartments, our friend Lionel, like a right courtly young squire, is paying dutious attentions to his liege lady, the fair Princess Philippa. As we draw near the pair, we catch the words of the Princess, now a mature and stately young damsel of twelve, as she says to Lionel, who, gorgeous in a suit of motley velvet, listens respectfully —

"And let me tell thee, Master Lionel, that, from all I can make of good Master Lucke's tedious Latin letters, King Erik is a right noble prince, and a husband meet and fit for a Princess of England."

"O, ho! sits the wind in that quarter?" a gay voice exclaims, and Prince Harry comes to his sister's side. "Well, here be I in a pretty mess. Was I not prepared to deny in council, before all the lords, this petition of King Erik for our Princess, — ay, and to back it up with my stout bowmen from the marches? Beshrew me, Sis, but since when didst thou shift to so fair a taste for — what was it? frozen turnips and salted beef? And — how is the queen mother's appetite?"

But with a dignified little shrug, the Princess disdains her brother's banter, and the merry Prince goes on to say:

"Well, I must use my ready bows and lances somewhere, and if not to right the wrongs of the fair Philippa against this frosty and crusty — pardon me, your Highness, this *right noble* King Erik of Denmark, — then against that other 'most dread and sovereign lord, Owen, Prince of Wales,' as he doth style himself. To-morrow will this betrothal be signed; and then, Lionel, hey for the southern marches and the hills and heaths of Wales!"

So, amidst siege and skirmish and fierce assault the winter passed away, and grew to spring again; and so well and vigilantly did this boy leader defend the borders of his principality against the forays of Glendower's troops, that we find the gentry of the county of Hereford petitioning the King to publicly thank "our dear and honored lord and Prince, your son," for his "defence and governance of this your county of Hereford." And, out of all the vigilance and worry, the dash and danger of this exciting life, Harry of Monmouth was learning those lessons of patience, fortitude, coolness, self-denial and valor that enabled him, when barely twenty-eight, to win the mighty fight at Agincourt, and to gain the proud title of Henry the Victorious. For war, despite its horrors and terrors, has ever been a great and absorbing game, in which he who is most skillful, most cautious, and most fearless, makes the winning moves.

"Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince!" came the message from one hard-riding courserman, as his foam-flecked steed dashed through the great gate of the castle of Hereford. "My lord of Warwick hath met your Welsh rebels near the Red Castle by Llyn Du, and hath routed them with much loss." But a few days later, came another horseman, with the words: "Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince! Sir William Newport hath been set upon at Craig y Dorth by your rebels of Wales, 'with myty hand,' and so sore was his strait that he hath fled into Monmouth town, while many gallant gentlemen and archers lie dead of their hurt, by the great stones of Treleg."

"Sir William routed?" exclaimed the Prince, "'t is ours, then, to succor him. Lionel, summon Lord Talbot." That sturdy old fighter was soon at hand. "Fare we to Monmouth straight, my lord," said the Prince. "Here is sorry news, but we will right the day."

Very speedily the little army of the Prince was on the move along the lovely valley of the Wye; and, on the tenth of March, 1405, they were lodged within the red walls of that same great castle of Monmouth, "in the which," says the old chronicle, "it pleased God to give life to the noble King Henry V, who of the same is called Harry of Monmouth."

"Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince," came the report of the scouts; "the false traitor, Glendower, with your rebels of Glamorgan and Usk, of Netherwent and Overwent, have lodged themselves, to the number of eight thousand, in your town of Grosmont, scarce six miles away."

Eight thousand strong! and Prince Harry had with him barely five thousand men. But with the morning sun the order "Banners advance!" was given, and the fearless young general of seventeen drew his little army to the smoking ruins of the wasted town of Grosmont. "Is it wise, my lord



HARRY OF MONMOUTH AT THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY.

Prince," cautioned Lord Talbot, "to pit ourselves bodily against so strong a power? They be eight thousand strong and count us nearly two to one."

"Very true, my lord," said the intrepid Prince, "but victory lieth not in a multitude of people, but in the power of God. Let us help to prove it here, and by the aid of Heaven and our good right arms, may we this day win the unequal fight!"

"Amen!" said Lord Talbot, "none welcome the day and duty more than I."

The armies of the rival Princes of Wales stood face to face, and short, but stubborn and bloody, was the conflict. Victory rested with the little army of Prince Harry, and, before the sun went down, Glendower and his routed forces were in full retreat.

Following up his victory with quick and determined action, the boy general hurried at the heels of Glendower's broken ranks, and on Sunday, the fifteenth of March, 1405, faced them again under the old towers of the Castle of Usk. Swift and sudden fell his attack. The Welsh ranks broke before the fury of his onset, and, with over fifteen hundred lost in killed or prisoners, with his brother Tudor slain and his son Gruffyd a captive in the hands of the English, Owen Glendower fled with the remnant of his defeated army into the grim fastnesses of the Black Hills of Brecon.

It was a sad day for Wales, for it broke the power and sway of their remarkable and patriotic leader, Glendower, and made them, ere long, vassals of the English crown. But the bells of London rang loud and merrily when, three days after the fight, a rapid courserman spurred through the city gates, bearing to the council a copy of the modest letter in which the young general announced his victory to his "most redoubted and most sovereign lord and father," the King.

Lionel, close in attendance on his much-loved leader, followed him through all the troubles and triumphs of the Welsh wars; and followed him, "well and bravely appareled," when, in May, 1406, the King, with a brilliant company of lords and ladies, gathered at the port of Lynn to bid farewell to the young Princess Philippa, as she sailed with the Danish ambassadors, "in great state," over the sea, "to be joyned in wedlok" to King Erik of Denmark.

And here we must leave our gallant young Prince. A boy no longer, his story is now that of a wise and vigorous young manhood, which, in prince and king, bore out the promise of his boyish days. Dying at thirty-five — still a young man — he closed a career that stands on record as a notable one in the annals of the world.

But when you come to read in Shakespeare's matchless verse the plays of "King Henry IV." and "King Henry V.," do not, in your delight over his splendid word-pictures, permit yourself to place too strong a belief in his portrait of young "Prince Hal" and his scrapes and follies and wild carousals with fat old Falstaff and his boon companions. For the facts of history now prove the great poet mistaken; and "Prince Hal," though full of life and spirit, fond of pleasure and mischief, and, sometimes, of rough and thoughtless fun, stands on record as a valiant, high-minded, clear-hearted and conscientious lad. "And when we reflect," says one of his biographers, "to what a high station he had been called whilst yet a boy; with what important commissions he had been intrusted; how much fortune seems to have done to spoil him by pride and vain-glory from his earliest youth, this page of our national records seems to set him high among the princes of the world; not so much as an undaunted warrior and triumphant hero, as the conqueror of himself, the example of a chastened, modest spirit, of filial reverence, and of a single mind bent on his duty."

The conqueror of himself! It was this that gave him grace to say, when crowned King of England in Westminster, "The first act of my reign shall be to pardon all who have offended me; and I pray God that if He foresees I am like to be any other than a just and good king, He may be pleased to take me from the world rather than seat me on a throne to live a public calamity to my country." It was this that gave him his magnificent courage at Agincourt, where, with barely six thousand Englishmen, he faced and utterly routed a French host of nearly sixty thousand men; it was this that, in the midst of the gorgeous pageant which welcomed him at London as the hero of Agincourt, made him refuse to let his battle-bruised helmet and his dinted armor be displayed as trophies of his valor. It was this that kept him brave, modest, and high-minded through all the glories and successes of his short but eventful life, that made him the idol of the people and one of the most brilliant figures in the crowded pages of English history.

It is not given to us, boys and girls, to be royal in name, but we may be royal in nature, as was Harry of Monmouth, the Boy General, the chivalrous young English Prince.

FIRST STEPS.

By Elizabeth C. Kinney.

HUSH! the baby stands alone—
Hold your breath and watch her;
Now she takes a step—just one—
Wavers, stops,—quick, catch her!
Courage! Life's first step will cost:
Now again she 's trying—
One, two,—there! she walks, almost,
Trembling, stumbling, crying.

Precious baby! up once more—
Tiny feet advancing,
Little arms stretched out before,
Bright eyes upward glancing,
Where mamma, with cheering smile,
To her darling beckons,
Softly coaxing baby, while
Her first steps she reckons:

One, two, three—Oh! she will walk
Now, before we know it;
Hear her sweet-voiced baby-talk,
Little bird, or poet!
Prattling, toddling, there she goes,
Stepping off so proudly—
Turning in her untaught toes,
Pleased,—then laughing loudly.

First exploit of self-content;
Now she 's growing bolder,
Strength and courage yet unspent,
One can hardly hold her—
She so presses to advance
In her baby-learning—
Pulls so—Ah! by what mischance
Is this overturning?

There lies baby on the floor,
Sprawling, rolling, screaming!
Are life's first attempts so poor?
Baby was but dreaming
When she felt so bold and strong;
Gladly now she 's clinging
To the one whose soothing song
Back her smile is bringing.

Hurts are cured by mamma's kiss—
Brave again as ever,
See, the plucky little miss
Makes her best endeavor;
Walks right off—the darling pet—
Rush now to caress her!
Come what will of first steps yet,
All good angels bless her!



WINTER FUN.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter VI.

One of the first things learned by Susie and Porter Hudson, on their arrival at the farm-house, had been that the reason why Corry and Pen were not attending school was because the teacher was ill.

And the very next morning after the picnic, word came to the farm-houses, throughout the valley, that the school had begun again.

Some little plans of Vosh's, in which his horse and cutter had a part, were upset completely by the teacher's recovery, but the consequences were even more severe at Deacon Farnham's. Corry and Pen were compelled to leave their cousins to take care of themselves, every day, till after school hours. But for Susie, with her two aunts to care for her, the time passed pleasantly enough, for she had a dozen kinds of knitting to learn, and there were a good many books in the house.

As for Porter, he did not spend an hour in the house that he could find a use for out-of-doors. He went with the deacon to the cattle-yard and the stables, and he learned more about horses, and cows, and oxen, than he had supposed there was to learn.

On Sunday they all went to meeting at Benton Village, and it seemed to Susie Hudson that all she heard, excepting what the minister said in his sermon, was about "the donation."

"Tell me just what it is, Pen," she said to her cousin, in the sleigh, on their way home. "I 've heard about a donation, often enough, but I never saw one."

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed Pen, in great surprise. "Why, a donation is — a donation. That 's all. It 's a kind of a picnic at the minister's house. Everybody comes, and they all bring something for him and his wife."

"Shall we all go?"

"Of course we will."

Susie learned a great deal more about it during the next two days. For Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith seemed to be cooking for that "donation" as if for a famine.

"I 've done my best," said Mrs. Stebbins to Vosh, while she was putting her contribution into his cutter for transportation; "but Sarah Farnham and Judith can beat me. Their oven will hold three times as much as mine will."

An old-fashioned, up-country "donation party" can not be altogether an evening affair. Some of the good people have far to come and go, and some of them have heavy loads to bring. So they generally begin to assemble before the middle of the afternoon.

Susie had seen the minister's house several times. It stood in the edge of the village, with an immense barn behind it, and it looked almost like another large barn, painted very white, and with ever so many windows.

The crowd that came on the appointed day would have been very uncomfortable in a small house.

When the sleigh-load from Deacon Farnham's got there, there was already a long line of teams hitched at the road-side, in front of the house, in addition to many others that had found shed and stable accommodations in the vicinity.

As for Elder Evans's own barn, — hay, straw, and provender of all sorts, formed a regular part of his annual "donation." Load after load had come in and had been stowed away, after a fashion that spoke well for either the elder's popularity or the success of the hay crop.

There was no intention of letting the good man freeze to death, either, in a country where wood was to be had almost for the chopping. His wood-pile was a sight to see, as early as an hour before supper-time, and everybody knew there was more wood to come.

Corry conducted Porter through the house. The sitting-room, back of the parlor, was a large one, but it was almost filled with tables, of all sorts and sizes, and these were covered with a feast of such liberal abundance that Porter exclaimed in astonishment at it.

Corry did not stop here, however, but led his cousin into the kitchen, and an odd place it was. More than a dozen busy ladies were trying to get at the cook stove, all at the same time, and half as many more were helping Vosh Stebbins "keep track of things," as the parcels were handed in at the side door and stowed about in all directions.

"That makes four bushels of onions." Port heard Vosh say, as he and Corry entered the room. "They 're wholesome — but then!"

"Only one barrel of flour," said a tall woman, standing near him. "But there are ten bushels of wheat."

"Three bags of meal and twenty sacks of corn. Fifteen bushels of turnips. Twenty of potatoes.

One dressed pig. A "side" of beef. Two dozen chickens——"

"Sam Jones has just driven in with another load of wood."

"And Mr. Beans, the miller at Cobbleville, has sent more buckwheat flour than they could use if they made up their minds to live on flap-jacks only."

"Five muskrat skins."

"Two kegs of butter."

"Hold," said Vosh, "till I get down the groceries. What 'll he do with so many tallow dips! And here come more dried apples and doughnuts!"

It was indeed a remarkable collection, and Porter began to understand how an "up-country minister" got his supplies.

"Port," said Corry, a little while after that, "let 's go for our supper. We want to be ready for the fun."

"What will that be?" asked Port.

"Oh, you 'll see," was the reply.

Susie had been making a dreadful mistake, at that very moment; for she had asked old Mrs. Jordan, the minister's mother-in-law, if they ever had any dancing at donation parties. She told Port, afterward, that the old lady looked at her with an expression of horror, and said:

"Dancing, child? Sakes alive!"

The house was swarming with young people as well as old, and the leader of the Benton church choir had great difficulty in getting them all into proper mood for singing.

By the time the hymns were concluded, Vosh Stebbins had returned from the kitchen, with his list completed and ready for the minister, and Port heard him say something to another young man, older than himself, but no taller, about "those charades."

Susie Hudson had never heard of one-half the games that followed the charades. There were "forfeits" of several kinds, "anagrams," and various indoor sports, and finally the parlor was given up to a royal game of blind-man's-buff.

It was grand fun for the young people, and Susie enjoyed it exceedingly. But already the pleasant gathering at the minister's house began to break up. Some of the families who had far to go had already set out for their homes, and it was well understood that not even the village people and near neighbors would stay later than ten o'clock. For Elder Evans and his family would be tired enough to be pleased at once more having their house to themselves.

There was a great deal of merry talk in the big Farnham sleigh all the way home. The older people were in joyous spirits over the success of the party, and Pen had something to say about everybody she had seen.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE had been several light and fleecy snow-storms since the arrival of the "city cousins" at the farm-house, but Aunt Judith had felt called upon to remark, at frequent intervals:

"Winter nowadays is n't at all what it used to be."

"We 'll have more snow yet," said the deacon, "never fear."

"More snow?" replied Aunt Judith; "but don't you remember how this place used to be snowed in for days and days, so that you could n't get to the village at all till the roads were cut out?"

And in the afternoon of the very next day, which happened to be Wednesday, a sort of haze was seen creeping over the north-eastern sky. It seemed to drift down from somewhere among the mountains, and at three o'clock the snow began to fall.

"Boys," said the deacon, when they came home from school, "we 're going to have a snow-fall this time,—one of the real old-fashioned sort. We must get out the shovels and keep the paths open."

It hardly seemed necessary to do any shoveling yet, but the white flakes fell faster and faster, hour after hour, and night came on earlier than usual.

"Now, Port," said Corry, "we 'll lay in all the wood we 'll need for to-morrow and next day. Everything will be snowed under."

Well, I 'd like to see that?" said Port.

So would Susie, and she and Pen watched the storm from the sitting-room windows; while even Aunt Judith came and stood beside them and declared:

"There, now!—That 's something like!"

And Mrs. Farnham remarked, in a tone of exultation: "Did you ever see anything like that in the city, Susie!"

"Never, Aunt Sarah. It 's the grandest snow-storm I ever saw," said Susie.

There was very little wind as yet, and the fluttering flakes lay still where they fell.

"All the snow that could n't get down all these weeks is coming now," said Pen. "There 's ever so much of it. I like snow."

More and more of it, and the men and boys came in from the barns, after supper, as white as so many polar bears, to stamp and laugh and be brushed, till the color of their clothes could be seen.

Then the wind began to rise, and the whole family felt like gathering closely around the fire-place, and the flames poured up the wide chimney as if they were ready to fight the storm.

The boys cracked nuts and popped corn and played checkers. The deacon read his newspaper.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith plied their knitting. Susie showed Pen how to crochet a tidy. It was very cozy and comfortable, but all the while they could hear blast after blast, as they came howling around the house and hurled the snow fiercely against the windows.

"Is n't it grand!" said Corry, at last.—"But we 'll have some shoveling to do in the morning."

"Indeed, we will!" said Port, "and you 'll have a good time getting to school."

"School? If this keeps on all night, there wont be any school to-morrow, nor the next day, either."

It did keep on all night, and the blinding drifts were whirling before the wind with a gustier sweep than ever, when the farm-house people peered out at them, next morning. Every shovel that could be furnished with a pair of hands had to be at work early, and the task before the boys had an almost impossible look about it.



"THE 'RIPPER' MADE A SUDDEN DASH FORWARD, DOWN A STEEPER INCLINE."

The cattle and sheep and horses and poultry all had been carefully sheltered. There was a drift nearly ten feet high between the house and the pig-pen, and one still higher was piled up over the gate leading into the barn-yard.

Before the two drifts could be conquered, it was breakfast-time for human beings, and there was

never a morning when coffee and hot cakes seemed more perfectly appropriate.

While the human workers were busy at the breakfast-table, the snow and wind did not rest at all, but kept right on, doing their best to restore the damaged drifts.

"Susie," said Port, "does n't this make you think of Lapland?"

"Yes, and of Greenland and Siberia, too."

The barn was reached during the day and all the quadrupeds and bipeds were found, safe and hungry, and were carefully fed.

"We shan't get into the woods again, very soon," said Corry, and there was a thoughtful look on Susie's face, as she replied: "Why, we could n't even get to Mrs. Stebbin's house, could we?"

"Well, Vosh is a worker," said the deacon. "We can't get over there to-day, but we will to-morrow."

Far on into the night the great northern gusts blew steadily, but toward morning, the storm decided that it had done enough, and it began to subside. Now and then, it again aroused itself as if it still had a drift or two to finish, but at sunrise all the valley was still and calm and wonderfully white.

"This will be a working-day, I guess," said the deacon, "but all the paths we make will stay made."

There was some comfort in that, for all those they had made before had to be shoveled out again.

The deacon insisted on digging out every gate so thoroughly that it would swing wide open, and the paths were made wide and clean, walled high on either side with tremendous banks of snow. But the workers were weary before they could open the front gates.

Susie was watching them from the window, and Pen was in the front yard, vigorously punching a snow-bank with a small shovel, when Aunt Judith suddenly exclaimed:

"Sakes alive! There 's something a-stirring in the road! What can it be? There 's something moving out there in the snow!"

Susie almost held her breath, for there was surely a commotion in the great drift, a few rods beyond the gate. The boys saw it, too, and they and the deacon and the hired man began to shout, as if shouting would help a creature buried in a snow drift.

"There he comes!—No, he 's under again!"

"He 'll be smothered!"

Susie was watching the commotion in the snow as she had never watched anything before, and just then a fleecy head came out on this side of the high drift.

"Aunt Judith? Aunt Sarah?" she called suddenly. "It 's Vosh Stebbins!"

"Hurrah, boys!" There was nothing at all doleful in that ringing shout which Vosh sent toward the house, the moment he got the snow out of his mouth. "Have you any snow here at your house? We have more than we want. We 'll let you have loads of it, for nothing."

"Come on, Vosh," said the deacon; "come on in and warm yourself."

Both the boys were brushing the snow from him as soon as he got to the gate, and all the women folk went to the door to welcome him. Aunt Judith talked as fast as his own mother could have spoken, and insisted on his sitting down before the fire-place while she brought him a cup of coffee and a glass of currant-wine, and a piece of pie, and then she said she would make him some pepper-tea.

"Now, Mrs. Farnham," said Vosh, "I 'm not damaged at all."

"And your mother?"

"Never was better, but she was worried about you, and I said I 'd come over and see. Susie, did you know it had been snowing a little, out-of-doors?"

"How *did* you ever get through?" answered that young lady.

"I just burrowed, most of the way, like a woodchuck," said Vosh.

"You can't go back by the same hole," chuckled Corry.

"I can if it 's there. But I must n't stay long. Mother 'll be afraid I 'm lost in the drift."

And after a few minutes of merry talk, they all gathered at the front gate to see him plunge in again.

"He 'll get through," said the deacon; "there 's the making of a man in Vosh."

They were all tired enough to go to bed early; but the first rays of daylight, next morning, saw them all rushing out again. Port felt a little stiff and sore, but he determined to do his part at road-breaking.

Just after breakfast, the wide gate was swung open, and the deacon's hired man came down the lane, driving the black team at a sharp trot, with the wood-sleigh behind them.

Faster,—faster,—through the gate and out into the snow, with a chorus of shouts to urge them on.

There was work for men and boys, as well as horses, and the snow-shovels were plied rapidly behind the plunging team. Porter Hudson quickly understood that a great length of road could be opened in that way, if all the farmers turned out to do it. And public opinion would have gone pretty sharply against any man who shirked his share of this important work.

They were now pushing their way toward the village, and already could catch glimpses of other

"gangs," as Vosh called them, here and there down the road. In some places, where the snow was not so deep, they made "turn-outs" wide enough for loaded sleighs to pass each other.

When Tuesday night came, "the roads were open"; and the severe frost of that night was followed by a crisp and bracing morning, with a crust over the great snow-fall strong enough to bear the weight of a man almost anywhere.

"Hurrah!" shouted Corry, as he climbed a drift and walked away toward the open field beyond, "we 'll have some fun now."

"Boys," shouted Vosh, from the front gate, "the mill pond was flooded yesterday, and it 's frozen over now. There are acres and acres of the best skating you ever heard of. Smooth as a pane of glass."

There was a shout then that brought Aunt Judith and Susie to the window, and Porter was saying to himself:

"Well, I am glad we brought along our skates, after all. There 'll be a chance to use them."

Chapter VIII.

Vosh Stebbins came home from school very early that afternoon, and his "chores" were attended to in a great hurry.

After that, his mother's mind was stirred to the curiosity point by an unusual amount of hammering out in the barn. He was a mechanical genius, and he had more than once astonished her by the results of his hammering. When, however, she asked him what he was up to, all she could get from him was:

"I tell you what, Mother, I 'm going to show them a new wrinkle. Wait till morning. 'T is n't quite ready yet."

The Benton boys and girls had not learned to say "coasting." They all called it "sliding down hill"; but the country they lived in had been planned expressly for this sport.

Not more than a mile east of Deacon Farnham's, the land sloped down gently, for more than a mile, to the very edge of the village, and on to the borders of the little river and the mill pond. Of course, all that slope was not in one field; but all the low and broken fences were now snowed under, and it was easy to take the top rails from the two or three high fences, so as to leave wide gaps. With very little trouble, therefore, the boys prepared for their coasting-ground a clear, slippery descent. The hollows were all drifted full, and there was a good road on one side by which to ascend the hill. All this had been duly explained to Susie and Port by Corry, and their great affliction seemed to be that they only had one sled among them.

Next morning, after breakfast, they all crowded to the door, as Corry called out:

"Hullo, Vosh. Going to slide down hill in a cutter?"

There he was at the gate,—sorrel colt, sleigh, red blanket, bells, and all, and dragging behind the sleigh an odd-looking vehicle.

"In a cutter? No; but you would n't have the girls walk up hill after every slide, would you? Just take a look at my sled back there!"

"Why, Vosh," said Corry, "it 's your old pair of bobs, with a box rigged on them. What 's that in front?"

"That 's my rudder. That steers it. The hind bob must follow the front one. Can't help it, if it tries."

Pen and Susie were off like a flash to get ready.

The whole country looked icy, and glittered beautifully white in the clear frosty sunshine as they set off. When they reached the coasting-ground, they found it in perfect condition, and a score of sleds, with twice as many boys, were already shooting down it. The descent of that long slope was something to wonder at, but the climbing back again was another thing altogether. It was easy enough for Vosh, however, to make a bargain with one of his boy friends to do his driving for him, and to have the cutter ready for them at the bottom of the hill.

They were on the very upper level now. Vosh helped the girls out of the cutter, and at once started it off, telling the driver:

"Go right on into Benton. That 's where we 're coming."

The "pair of bobs" had been the running-gear of a small wood-sleigh, built for one horse to pull around among the woods. They were light, but strong, and the "box" was well supplied with blankets. When the girls were in it, and the gay red spread from the cutter was thrown in front of them, the "ripper," as the boys called it, put on quite a holiday appearance.

"We 're going, Susie," exclaimed Pen. "Hold your breath!—we 're going!"

They were starting, sure enough, and Susie felt that she was turning a little pale; but they moved slowly at first, for the grade was very slight at the spot where they were.

"Now, girls!" cried Vosh.

The "ripper" made a sudden dash forward, down a steeper incline. Faster, faster,—and there was no need to tell the young lady passengers to hold their breath. That seemed the most natural thing to do.

There never was a more slippery crust, and the "ripper" almost seemed to know it.

Faster! Faster! Shooting down the steep

slopes, and spinning across the level reaches, and all the while there was Vosh Stebbins, bracing himself firmly as he clung to the arms of his "rudder."

It was well he could steer so perfectly, for the gaps in the fences were none too wide, after all, — and if he and his cargo should happen to miss one of these, and be dashed against a fence! It was altogether too dreadful to think of; but, luckily, there was no time to think of it.

The cargo had great confidence in their "engineer and pilot," as Port had called him before starting, and their faith even increased after they shot through the first gap.

The wind whistled by their ears. The country on either side was but a streak of white. Nobody could guess how fast they were going now.

"There 's the village," gasped Port.

"The river!" whispered Pen.

"Oh, Vosh" —— began Susie, as they shot into what she saw was a road lined with streaks of houses and fences.

Before she could think of another word, they were out on the ice of the little stream, and a skillful twist of the rudder sent them down it, instead of across. In a moment more, they were slipping smoothly along over the wind-swept surface of the frozen mill pond, and the "ripper" had lost so much of its impetus that there was no difficulty in bringing it to a stand-still.

"There," said Vosh, as he held out his hand to help Susie alight, "that 's the longest slide down hill that anybody ever took in Benton Valley. Nobody 'll beat that in a hurry."

"I don't think they will," she said, and Pen added, inquiringly:

"We 're not scared a bit, Vosh. We 'll agree to make the same trip again, if you say so?"

That was what the sorrel colt was coming down the road for, and they were speedily on their way up the hill, in the swift sleigh, — more envied than ever.

And it was not until dinner-time that Vosh drove his passengers back to the farm-house.

CHAPTER IX.

VOSH STEBBINS came over to the farm-house after supper, and he met Deacon Farnham at the gate. There was nothing unaccountable in that; but the boys heard him say, just as he was following the deacon into the house:

"No, we wont need any snow-shoes. But I 'll take mine along."

"Port," said Corry, "something 's up. Hark! ——"

"Yes, Deacon; Sile Hathaway says the storm has driven a whole herd down this way."

"I 've known it happen so, more 'n once," was the deacon's reply.

"Port," whispered Corry, as if it were a secret, "I know now. We 're to have a deer-hunt on the crust of the snow."

A minute later, Vosh was on the stoop with them. Then he was in the house. Then the whole affair burst out like a sudden storm.

Deacon Farnham did not say much, but there was a flush on his face and a light in his eyes that made him look ten years younger. Vosh went home early, but it was all arranged before he left the house.

The Saturday morning breakfast was eaten before daylight, and it was hardly over before they heard Vosh at the door.

There was not much time to talk, so ready was everything and everybody; but it did seem to Port as if Vosh Stebbins's hand-sled, long as it was, was a small vehicle for bringing home all the deer they were to kill.

"The lunch-basket and the snow-shoes half fill it now," he said to himself.

Vosh had secured for that day's work the services of an experienced dog, — one, moreover, that seemed to know him and to be disposed to obey his orders, but that paid small attention to the advances of any other person.

"Is Jack a deer-hound?" asked Port.

"Not quite," said Vosh. "He 's only a half-breed, but he 's run down a good many deer. He knows all about it."

Jack was a tall, strong, long-legged animal, with lop ears and a sulky face, but there was much more of the "hunter" in his appearance than in that of old Ponto. His conduct was also more business-like, for Ponto had slid all the way to the bottom of several deep hollows before he learned the wisdom of plodding along with the rest instead of searching the woods for rabbits. "Rabbits!" the very mention of those little animals made the boys look at each other, as if to ask: "Did you ever hunt anything so small as a rabbit?"

The snow in the woods was deep, but there were few drifts, and the crust was hard except close to the trunks of the trees and under the heavier pines and hemlocks. Walking was easy, and they pushed straight on through the forest.

They were three miles from the farm-house before they saw any game. Off, then, went the dogs, and the boys were taken a little by surprise when the deacon said:

"Vosh, you 'd better stay here, while Corry and Port walk off to the right there, about thirty or forty rods. I 'll strike to the left, as far as the edge of the big ravine. If they 've really started a deer, he may come along there."

Away he went and away went the boys. Porter Hudson was hardly able to speak, so exciting was the suspense; but, in a moment more, he heard Jack's bark coming nearer and nearer, ahead of him. Almost at the same moment he heard the crack of his uncle's rifle. He saw Corry spring to his feet, while Vosh Stebbins darted away to the left, as if he thought he might be needed there.

"What can it be? I don't see a single thing. No—yes—there he goes! Straight for Corry. Why does n't Vosh stop?"

The deer in sight was a fine buck, with antlers which afterward proved it to be two years old, and it was easier for Corry to hit it "on the run" than to hit a white rabbit. He fired both barrels, too, and he shouted to Port; but there was no glory to be won by the city boy this time. Corry had aimed too well and the buck had been too near, and it was hardly necessary for the dogs to pull down their game.

"Corry, hear that!" said Port. "It 's Vosh's gun. What 's the matter?"

"There goes his second barrel. Run! Your gun 's loaded," replied his cousin.

It was "all in a minute," and Port darted away with a strong impression that something strange had happened.

Corry must have thought so, too, for he loaded his gun very rapidly.

Something strange had indeed happened.

Deacon Farnham had walked on rapidly toward the "deep ravine," after leaving the boys. He had known that forest ever since he was a lad, and had killed more than one deer in that vicinity. He had not gone far, keeping his eyes sharply about him, when he suddenly stopped short and raised his rifle. It looked as if he were aiming at a clump of sumach bushes, and Port, or even Corry, would probably have said they saw nothing there. Vosh, perhaps, or any hunter of more experience, would have said:

"See its antlers! Just above the thick bush! It 's gazing, now. It 'll be off in a jiffy."

The deacon saw those antlers, and could judge fairly well of the body below them. He could not correctly determine its exact position, however, and so, instead of hitting the deer in the chest or side, the bullet grazed its shoulder and struck its right hip. And then, the magnificent buck could not run at all; but he could still fight, desperately. There was danger in the sharp and branching horns, as Deacon Farnham discovered when he so rashly plunged in among the bushes.

Danger from a deer?

Yes, indeed. Danger of being gored by those great natural weapons. Instead of being able to use his hunting-knife, the deacon found himself dodging actively behind trees and fending off with his empty rifle the furious charges of his furious assailant, until Vosh came to his assistance.

It was well that Vosh came when he did, and that his gun was loaded. Two charges of buckshot were fired at very short range, and the deacon was safe.

"You were just in time, Vosh," he said, panting for breath.

"I 'm glad I was!" said Vosh, earnestly.

Port came running up just then, and he was all eyes and ears, although his help was not needed.

"It 's a grand one! And we 've another over yonder!"

"Have you?" exclaimed his uncle. "Vosh, will you take charge of it? I 'll see to this one as soon as I can; and I think we 've all the game we want for one day."

"Why, uncle, it 's only noon. We might hunt some more, might n't we?" said Port.

"Well, we might; but it 'll be late enough when we get home. We 've work before us, Port, and it 's time we had some lunch, anyhow."

They were all quite ready for that, but the boys began to discover, soon afterward, that deer-hunting was not all play. It was easy enough to cut down branches of trees and lay them on the sled and fasten them together. Then it was not a terrible lift for all four of them to raise a dead deer and lay it on the branches. The tug of war came afterward, as they hauled that sled homeward over the crust. Several times it broke through, and then there was no end of floundering in the snow and tugging and lifting before they again got it a-going. Then, once it broke from them, and slid away down a deep, steep hollow, landing its cargo, all in a heap, at the bottom. There was no use for the snow-shoes, but they had to be fished for in the snow, when the sled broke through. Altogether, it was a weary journey, but they all worked at it, until at last they hauled the sled out into the half-made road to Mink Lake. After that they got on better, but they were thoroughly fatigued hunters when they reached the farm-house, and the day was gone.

There were eager faces at the windows, that of Mrs. Stebbins among them. There were shrill shouts from Pen on the front stoop. Then there was an excited little gathering at the kitchen door, when the sled was drawn in front of it.

Pen clapped her little hands in a gale of excitement, but Susie exclaimed:

"Poor things!"

She could not help feeling sorry for those two beautiful creatures on the sled.

"They look so innocent—so helpless," she said. But her uncle replied:

"Innocent? Helpless? That big buck was

near to making an end of me when Vosh came up and shot it. It 's your game, Mrs. Stebbins."

He forgot to mention that the fight with the buck was all his own fault, for he began it; but there was venison steak in abundance at table, and Corry was justified in declaring:

"It 's great sport to hunt deer, but I 'd rather eat venison than drag it home."

CHAPTER X.

CORRY FARNHAM and Vosh Stebbins had each of them a great deal to do, both at morning and evening, and had thus far been compelled to neglect the tempting attractions of the mill pond and the river. Their Saturdays had been otherwise employed, ever since the "thaw and freeze"; and that splendid skating-ground had lain neglected.

The majority of the village boys, old enough to own skates, had been almost as busy, and the glittering surface of the ice was as smooth as ever.

Porter Hudson had looked at it more than once, and on the day after the grand deer-hunt he said to Susie: "Don't let 's say a word about it to any one. Put your skates under your shawl and take a walk to the village with me. I 'll wrap mine up like a bundle."

"Why, Port, what for?"

"Don't you see, Susie, we 'll be out there with the rest one of these days; and we have n't been on our skates since we were at the rink last winter. I 'm not sure I could stand on mine."

"Nor I. We *must* practice. I 'll be ready soon!" replies Susie

So it came to pass that day, that while Pen and her brother and Vosh were safely shut up in the Benton school-house, their two friends were on the river, quite a distance above the pond.

"We can skate as well as ever. Don't let anybody know, and we 'll surprise 'em," said Port.

Vosh had had a sort of surprise in his own mind, and it came out, only a few evenings later, when Aunt Judith was compelled to exclaim, at the supper table:

"Skating party on the ice? Who ever heard tell of such a thing! After dark, too!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Corry, gravely, "the skating 's to be done on the ice. All over it. There 'll be the biggest bonfires you ever saw, and there 'll be good moonlight, too."

There was a little discussion of the matter, of course, but the deacon settled it.

"I used to think there was n't anything much better than a skate by moonlight. It wont pay to hitch up a team, but I 'll walk over with you. Let 's all go."

After supper, Port whispered to Susie:

"Hide your skates. I 'll let 'em see mine. They don't know I can stand on 'em."

Corry was right about the moon, and the evening was wonderfully clear and bright.

There were a number of merry skaters already at work, and there were groups of spectators, here and there; for the fires made the scene well worth coming to look at.

"Susie," said Vosh, "how I do wish you knew how to skate!"

"Let me see how you can do it. I 'll look on a little while."

She felt almost conscience-smitten about her intended fun; but she kept her secret until all the boys had strapped on their skates, and she heard Vosh say to Port:

"Can you get up alone? Shall I help you?"

"No, I guess not. Can you cut a figure eight? This way? Come on, Vosh; catch me if you can!"

"Corry," exclaimed Pen, "Port can skate! See him go!"

"I declare," remarked the deacon, "so he can! ——."

"So can Vosh," said Mrs. Stebbins. "And no city boy is going to beat him, either."

Vosh's effort to find out if that were true had already carried him so far away, that, the moment Corry followed him, Susie felt safe to say:

"Now, Uncle Joshua, if you will help me buckle my skates ——"

She was in such a fever to get them on, that she hardly heard the storm of remarks from Mrs. Stebbins and Aunt Judith; but the deacon seemed to take an understanding interest in the matter, and he was already on his knees on the ice, hastening to fasten her skates.

"Can you really skate, Susie?" he asked.

"I 'll show you in a minute. Please do hurry, before either of them suspect anything!"

"O Susie," said Pen, mournfully, "I do wish I could!"

"You must learn some day ——" said Susie.

"Susie," exclaimed Aunt Judith, "wait for somebody to go with you. You might tumble down."

"No, no! Go now, Susie," said her uncle. "Off with you!"

She was really a very graceful skater, and her aunts looked on with admiration as well as a good deal of astonishment, while she made a few whirls near by to assure herself that the skates were on rightly. Then away she glided over the ice, and the first intimation of her skill that Vosh Stebbins had, was when the form of a young lady fluttered swiftly past, between him and the glare of the great central bonfire. Her face was turned the other way, and he looked back at her, exclaiming:

"What a fine skater! Who can she be?"

"I know," said Port Hudson, close at hand, and waiting for his share of the joke. "She 's a girl from the city, who is spending the winter with some relatives of mine. Come on, I 'm going after her. Think you can keep up? Come on, Vosh."

Away went Porter, just as his friend felt a great hot flush come into his face, and dashed after them, saying to himself: "If I 'm not stupid! Why, it 's Susie Hudson!"

He felt as if his honor were at stake, and he never skated so well as then. The fires on the bank seemed to flit by him as he followed that solitary girl skater around the glittering, icy reaches of the mill pond. It looked so like a race that almost everybody else paused to watch, and some even cheered. Deacon Farnham himself shouted: "Hurrah for Susie!" and Pen danced up and down.

"It 's just wonderful," said Aunt Judith, "to see her go off that way, the very first time."

"I guess it is n't quite the first skatin' she ever did," said Mrs. Stebbins, "but Vosh 'll catch her. See 'f he don't."

She was right. Just as Susie reached the head of the pond and made a quick turn into the winding channel of the river, Vosh came swinging along at her side, and for a little distance he did not speak a word to her.

"Vosh," she said, at last, "I wish you 'd teach me to skate."

A ringing laugh was the only answer, for a moment, and then he remarked, innocently:

"The ice is smoother up this way, but I must n't let you get too far from the folks. You 'll get too tired, skating back again."

On they went, while all the people they had left behind them, except their own, were inquiring of one another the name of the young lady that had so astonished them.

Oddly enough, the Benton girls had omitted skating from their list of accomplishments, by a kind of common consent; and Susie's bit of fun had a surprise in it for others besides Vosh and her aunts. It was quite likely she would have imitators thereafter, for she made an unexpected sensation that evening.

Port also had surprised Corry and the Benton boys, although some of them were every way his equals on the ice.

CHAPTER XI.

EVERY week, since Porter and Susie Hudson had been at the farm-house, one or both of them had had letters to read. Those with a city postmark were apt to be rather brief and business-like, but the smaller envelopes which came from further south were sure to have more in them.

"Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Susie, one afternoon, as she finished reading one of these, "Mother says that she 's as well as ever. Now, spring is coming ——"

"Susie," said Aunt Judith, "you sit right down and write to her that the snow is three feet deep on a level, and that she must n't dream of coming north till May."

"Spring 'll come sooner in the city, Aunt Judith. And oh, I do so want to see her!"

The city cousins had indeed had a good time of it; but the sun was climbing higher in the sky, and spring drew nearer daily. The increasing warmth steadily settled the snow-drifts, in spite of the bitter nights and the strength with which Winter kept his hold upon all that north country.

At last "the sap began to run," and Deacon Farnham prepared for his sugar harvest among the maple-trees on the south-lying hillside.

It was a sunny, snow-melting sort of a day, but no real thaw had started yet, and the crust was firm enough for them to walk on, from tree to tree, while they were tapping those which the deacon selected.

The boys had work enough to do, carrying from the sleigh the wooden troughs, and placing them where they would catch the steady drip, drip, drip, from the sap-tubes.

"They 'll fill quickly," said the deacon. "We must bring up some kettles as soon as we can."

The hired man and Vosh were engaged upon that part of the work already, and the girls went back to see how it was done.

"It 's easy enough," said Pen, but she did not try to lift one of the huge iron kettles.

Two strong, forked stakes were driven, about six feet apart, and a very stout pole laid across them, resting in the forks. A kettle was swung upon this cross-pole, and then all was ready for building a fire under the kettle.

Sugar-making, as Deacon Farnham conducted it, was not a matter to be finished in a day; but the weather continued favorable, and the deacon had to hire an extra hand, and even then a good deal of "syrup" was sent all the way to the house to be made into sugar.

Within the next few days a thaw set in, and it was hard work to finish up the sugaring. The snow in the valley and on south-lying hill-sides went first, and all the roads and hollows streamed with torrents of water. The ice in the mill pond cracked and lifted, day after day, till the flood broke it up and carried it over the dam. The river swelled till it burst its frosty fetters, and then for a while there was danger of its bursting everything

else, and carrying bridges, dam and all, away down stream. The freshet was a grand thing to look at, and Vosh took the deacon's black team and drove the whole household down to see it.

More letters came, and soon they were all from the city.

"Susie dear," said Aunt Sarah, mournfully, "I s'pose we *must* get ready to say good-bye to you before long."

That was what the letters meant, and Aunt Judith had to say to Pen:

"It is n't time to cry. They are not gone yet."

"I know they 're not,—but they 're going!" was Pen's disconsolate answer, as she began to sob.

Mrs. Stebbins and Vosh heard the news before night, and they both came over after tea. Vosh was inclined to be silent for awhile, but at last he ventured to ask: "Susie, have you and Port had a good time this winter?"

"Delightful! We 're both really grateful, too, to you and your mother."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbins, "I don't see what we 've done. It 's been a very improvin' time for Vosh, I 'm sure."

Port and Corry had a great deal to talk about, and it was plain that the whole household were sorry spring was coming, now that they realized with what a complete "breaking-up" the winter was to close.

It was only a few days later, in a pleasant home in the city, that Susie and her brother were earnestly recounting their experiences to a lady and gentleman who seemed quite willing to listen.

"I know all about it, my dears; I was born there," said the lady, at last.

"And so was Father!" said Port.

"Well, Mother dear," exclaimed Susie, "*is* there anything more delightful than winter in the country?"

THE END.

MAGIC BUTTONS.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

"RICH man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief!"—
Thus sang Isabelle, Bessie, and Kate,
And each hoped the rich man would be her fate.

Button by button, till Belle's row was done;
How her face brightened!—The rich man had won!
"And perhaps he 'll be even a prince," said she,
"And we 'll live in a palace far over the sea!"

Poor Bessie, alas! had buttons four;
Though she counted again, she could make no more;
None under the collar, where one might hide:—
"You 'll have to marry a thief!" they cried.

"Merchant, chief," so counted Kate;
Was a swarthy savage to be her mate?
But, no!—three buttons on either pocket,
And still another beneath her locket,

Four on one sleeve, and two on the other:
She 's to marry a doctor, as did her mother.
"Oh, dear," sighed Kate; "but" (turning toward Bess)
"That 's better than wedding a thief, I guess!"

But sorrowful Bess was nowhere seen;
Kate looked at Isabelle.—What could it mean?
"She was vexed," said Belle, "at the way it came out,
And she 's in the house, crying,—I have n't a doubt."

Then, hearing a step, they turned their eyes,
And there stood Bessie, to their surprise,
In her Sunday gown, of pale sky-blue,
With its buttons of silver, bright and new!

"I *could n't* marry a thief," said Bess,
"And so I went in to change my dress;
Just wait a minute,—I 'm almost through,—
I 'm to marry a rich man, as well as you!"

"Dear me," cried Belle, in sudden grief,
"By my new dress *I* should marry a thief!
There 's a dozen buttons,—I know that well;
Oh! how are we ever going to tell?"

"It 's all a humbug!" said Kate, at last,
Her faith in the magic vanishing fast;—
"I tell you, a charm can never come true
That depends on an extra button or two!"

Hoop Song

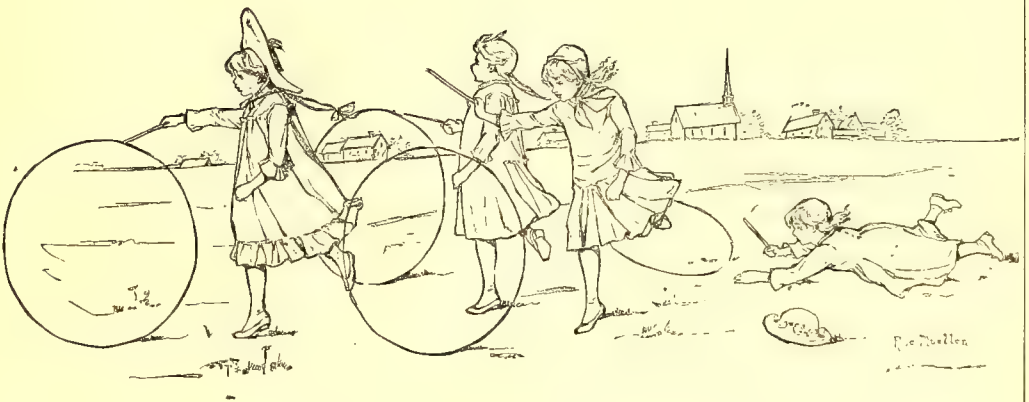
By Barr Hill.



Trundle-undle-undle
Round and round and round!
Go the hoops, in little troops
Rolling on the ground.

Rumble-umble-umble!
Ever up and down,
The litte girls with flying curls
Drive them through the town.





TSANG TSAN AND THE MAN-EATER.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.



"NOW, my son," said Tsang Tsan's father, one morning, "be sure you take the path across the fields. It 's the longest way, but it 's the safest."

"Yes, sir," replied Tsang, dutifully.

"And try not to fall asleep on the way," added his eldest brother, gravely; "for the cows would be sure then to go by the grove, because that is the way they usually go."

"I 'll keep awake," said Tsang, a little impatiently, but respectfully, too, for in China the eldest brother is held next to the parents in consideration.

Tsang was then lifted up and placed astride of one of the cows, which at once started off at a leisurely pace, followed by its fellows in straggling but solemn order. There was a short struggle at the path which turned toward the distant grove, but after a few sharp blows with his switch, and a few vigorous pulls at the thong fastened in the nose-ring, Tsang came off victorious and made his cow take the new path. The other cows, after a few moments of surprised indecision, followed the one which Tsang was riding.

Little Tsang's cows were not the comely, mild-eyed creatures we see in our country; they were water-buffalo cows, with very large bodies, small, fierce, red eyes, long, semi-circular flat horns, and almost hairless, dirty-gray colored hides. Each had a ring in its nose and a tough thong was tied to the ring and wound about the horns of all but the cow ridden by Tsang. But for the nose-ring

and thong the buffaloes would have been unmanageable, for they are as different in temper as in looks from our gentle cows.

A very odd picture Tsang made as he sat astride of the buffalo, for its back was so broad that the little boy's legs were almost at right angles with his body. But he could readily change his position and sit with both feet on one side. It required no great skill to ride the broad-backed, slow-moving creature, and Tsang was so accustomed to it that he gave no more thought to himself than if he had been in a chair. And practice had made him expert at riding the buffaloes.

So secure was he, in fact, that he acted more as if he were on the ground than on buffalo-back, and the elder brother's warning was not at all unnecessary, for it was no unusual thing for Tsang to compensate himself for rising at daybreak by half-reclining upon the buffalo's back and taking little naps, as often as the animal stood still.

This morning, however, he took measures to drive away drowsiness, as he had no desire to be carried through the grove where a most unwelcome visitor was supposed to be lurking. It was very seldom that tigers were seen in that portion of China, but occasionally they had been seen, and now, for the first time in Tsang's short life, one had come into the neighborhood.

For two weeks it had spread terror through the surrounding country, not merely by giving occasional glimpses of its great striped body, but by carrying off two children and a man; for, unfortunately, it was a man-eater, and would have no other food when the human kind was available. All of the terrible creature's depredations had been in or near the grove, and, therefore, for more than a week that vicinity had been deserted by those who lived there, and avoided by those who did not.



"POOR TSANG! HE COULD ONLY SCREAM." (See page 492.)

It was not strange then that Tsang's father wished him to go by the longer but safer road. He

would even have kept Tsang at home if he had been able to afford it; but he was not, and he needed all the money that could be earned by his buffaloes in the work at farmer Yu's rice-fields, where they helped in the plowing and irrigating.

Tsang, himself, was not particularly afraid of the tiger. This was not because Tsang was brave, but because he was a boy. He had not yet seen the tiger, nor had any of his friends, and consequently it was not very real to him; and, unless it was real, how could he be afraid of it?

During the two hours' ride to farmer Yu's, Tsang amused himself by practicing on a rude bamboo flute, trying to catch some of the airs most familiar to him, and succeeding so poorly that it was well he had no other hearers than the dull buffaloes. It was a wonder that even they bore it as patiently as they did, though Tsang was fully convinced that he was making exceedingly sweet music.

Tsang stayed all day at Farmer Yu's; and while the buffaloes were plodding wearily around the short circle, pumping water from the canal into the rice-fields so as to cover the seeds with water, the farm-hands talked of nothing but the tiger,—how monstrous and how fierce he was, and how a whole company of soldiers had been ordered to come and kill him.

One of the hands told how he had been near when the man was seized and carried off by the tiger, as a cat might carry off a mouse. He said the tiger was as big as six dogs, was covered with black and white stripes, and had a mouth so big that it could hold—well, it could take in Tsang's head. Whereupon little Tsang shuddered from head to foot, and uneasily wished the man had thought of some other way of describing the terrible mouth.

But the man, who saw what an effect he had produced, went on adding to Tsang's discomfort by telling of the tiger's long, white teeth and terrible roar, until Tsang began to look forward with dread to the approach of night, when he would be obliged to go home again.

"He never leaves the grove, does he?" faltered Tsang.

"At first he did n't," said the man who had been describing the tiger; "but since everybody has kept away from the grove for so long, he must have become very hungry, and there 's no knowing where he may be now."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Farmer Yu, sharply, for he saw how frightened Tsang was. "The tiger wont leave the grove; so have no fear, my boy."

But Tsang did have fear, and tried to find somebody who lived in the direction of his home, when, after the evening meal, he gathered his buffaloes together. Nobody was going his way, however, and it was with very different feelings from those he had had in the morning that he mounted his slow-moving animal and started for home, by the road over which he had come.

There was very little probability that he would fall asleep now, for his mind was full of visions of gaping mouths, bristling with gleaming white teeth; and, do what he would, he could not help comparing the opening between the dreadful jaws with the size of his head. And behind every clump of bushes he fancied he saw black and white stripes.

The further he got from Farmer Yu's, the more real his fancies seemed to him, until, at last, he was in such a tremor of fear that every note he blew on his flute was a tremolo; for, as American boys keep up their courage in lonely places at dusk by whistling, so Tsang was trying to cheer himself by playing on his flute. A final wailing, quavering note so worked upon his nerves, however, that with a sob and a shudder he thrust the unlucky instrument into his belt and clambered to his feet on the buffalo's back, the better to look about him; as if he expected to find that the wail from his flute had, in reality, come from the tiger, concealed not far away.

He could see nothing, however, and, after a few moments, resumed his sitting posture. Never before had Tsang examined the landscape so carefully, or been so anxious to reach home. He whipped and worried his buffalo to make it move more quickly; but the tired animal not only refused to quicken its movements, but Tsang thought it even went more slowly. Certainly, it resented his goading, for it snorted savagely, and its little red eyes glowed redder still.

Tsang, however, cared nothing for its anger, nor for the fact that all the other cows seemed to sympathize with it. He only thought of the tiger, and its mouth, and teeth, and stripes, and he raised his whip to strike again, when his eye was caught by a slight waving in a clump of tall grass, a short distance ahead of him.

Here was something real, at last. Tsang stared wildly at the spot, and held his breath from fear. In his imagination he was already half devoured. A half-choked scream broke from his lips, and he frantically pulled at the thong to turn his buffalo around. But the buffalo, too, had seen the waving grass, for she tossed her head with a half snort, half bellow, and stood pawing the earth, totally disregarding Tsang's efforts to turn her. The other cows followed her example, and all had their eyes fixed on the clump of grass.

Poor Tsang! He had nothing but voice left now,—all his strength was gone,—and he could only scream. That, however, he did, and right lustily too, until the grass waved suddenly with

more violence and out from it shot the very striped creature of Tsang's imagination. That spectacle froze Tsang's voice, and left him with open mouth and staring eyes.

Then there was a sudden rush, a cloud of dust, and a horrible mingling of hoarse bellows and loud, cat-like yells.

Where was Tsang? He did not know; he was not on the buffalo — he was somewhere — he was waiting. His eyes were shut tight, but his ears were open and rang with the terrible sounds that filled the air. He thought that he felt the hot breath of the tiger on his face — and then consciousness left him.

A little later, a small boy sat in the dust, staring about him; a half dozen buffaloes were grazing in the ditch, and a great bulk of yellow and black stripes lay not far away.

The small boy was Tsang. He was not a bit dead; he was not hurt, nor even scratched; and, in fact, nothing at all was wrong with him. The buffaloes were his, and the huge yellow and black object was his — if he wanted it. It was what was left of the tiger, which, in looking for one thing, had found another. Instead of small boy it had found buffalo, and the buffalo had treated the tiger as the tiger had intended to treat the small boy — had killed it.

Tsang was very much astonished to find himself alive. How it had all happened, he did not know. He could not comprehend that his excited imagination had made him feel the breath of the tiger, and therefore he was firmly convinced that he had been in the very clutch of that creature.

That was the story he told at home, and that was what they all believed. What was left of the tiger-skin was saved, and the possession of it made Tsang a hero for the rest of his life.

"NOON, NOON!"



BY ROYAL AND EARR HILL.



TAURUS the Bull attracts the Sun,
Who sitting on his horn,
In triumph rides, and swiftly on
His April course is borne.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
				H. M.	
1	Tues.	5	Gemini	12. 4	April fool's Day.
2	Wed.	6	"	12. 3	Venus near the Pleiades.
3	Thur.	7	Cancer	12. 3	☾ near Jupiter.
4	Fri.	8	"	12. 3	☾ near Mars.
5	Sat.	9	Leo	12. 2	Plato d. 347 B. C.
6	♋	10	"	12. 2	Palm Sunday. [1770.
7	Mon.	11	"	12. 2	William Wordsworth b.
8	Tues.	12	Virgo	12. 2	Adelina Patti b. 1843.
9	Wed.	13	"	12. 1	☾ near Spica. [America.
10	Thur.	FULL	"	12. 1	☾ eclipsed, visible in
11	Fri.	15	Libra	12. 1	Good Friday.
12	Sat.	16	"	12. 1	Venus near Saturn.
13	♋	17	Scorpio	12.	Easter Sunday.
14	Mon.	18	Ophiuch	12.	[1865.
15	Tues.	19	Sagitt.	12.	Pres't Johnson inaug'd
16	Wed.	20	"	12.	Shakespeare b. 1564.
17	Thur.	21	"	12.	Ben. Franklin, d. 1790.
18	Fri.	22	Capri.	11.59	Abernethy d. 1831.
19	Sat.	23	Aqua.	11.59	Battle of Lexington 1775.
20	♋	24	"	11.59	Low Sunday.
21	Mon.	25	"	11.59	Reginald Heber b. 1783.
22	Tues.	26	Pisces	11.58	Henry VII. of Eng. d.
23	Wed.	27		11.58	Shakespeare d. 1616. [1509.
24	Thur.	28		11.58	[in America.
25	Fri.	NEW		11.58	Eclipse of Sun, not visible
26	Sat.	1		11.58	☾ near Saturn (27th).
27	♋	2		11.57	2d Sunday after Easter.
28	Mon.	3	Taurus	11.57	☾ near Venus.
29	Tues.	4	Gemini	11.57	U. S. Grant b. 1822.
30	Wed.	5	"	11.57	☾ near Jupiter.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

FLYING, skying, ever trying
To get higher in the air;
Kites are playing, soaring, swaying
In the April sky so fair.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST NICHOLAS for January.)*

APRIL 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS, though far from being at her brightest, is now a brilliant object in the south-west. At the beginning of the month notice how near she is to the Pleiades, and drawing near to SATURN, whose position she passes on the 13th, but a little higher up. SATURN and Aldebaran are now near each other, and make a pretty picture up in the sky. You can now compare their relative brightness; but if VENUS was at her brightest, she would almost put the others out. SATURN is at one end of the ≻ of the Hyades. MARS has scarcely moved from the place he occupied in March; he is just half-way between Regulus and the Twin Stars. He is now so far from the earth that he is not nearly so bright as he was in February. JUPITER has now started on his forward course to the eastward, and has moved almost to the very spot he occupied in February, in line with Castor and Pollux.

Orion and *Canis Major* (the *Great Dog*) are setting. Regulus is exactly south at 23 minutes past 8 o'clock. Another star is now visible in the south-east. It is Spica, the principal star in the constellation *Virgo* or *The Virgin*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. In the east is the star Arcturus, the next brightest in the northern heavens to Sirius. It is the principal star in *Boötes, the Herdsman*. Capella is now in the west.

Let us now notice a few of the stars toward the north. We suppose you know the North Star. Nearly overhead, a little to the east, is the constellation of *Ursa Major*, the *Great Bear*, of which the Dipper, formed by seven bright stars, is the principal object. The two stars in the Dipper farthest from the handle are called the Pointers, because they always point toward the North Star. From the Dipper draw a line through the North Star, and there in the *Milky Way*, low down in the north, are five stars in the form of a ⋦. These are in the constellation *Cassiopeia*, often called the Lady in her Chair. The two stars low down in the north-east are the eyes of the constellation *Draco (The Dragon)*.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

"NOW is your time!" said Mrs. Mouse to the young Mice. "The old Cat and the Kittens have gone for a walk. Out of your holes, every one of you, and forage for your suppers. 'When the Cat 's away the Mice will play.'"

One greedy little Mouse lingered too long over the cheese, and the Cat coming in and seeing him, crouched all ready for a spring. "Oh dear!" said the little Mouse, "if I had remembered that 'Enough is as good as a feast, this Cat would not be likely to make a supper of me." But just then a happy thought struck the little Mouse. "Oh, Mistress Puss!" he cried, "your three little Kittens have lost their mittens!" and as Puss looked around to box their ears, the little Mouse jumped into his hole, crying out "APRIL FOOL!"

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,— those of constellations in italics.



"WELL, I 've come," sobbed April; "but I have not one single flower for you, dear mother; I 've had bad luck. Just think what an easy time Sister May has of it; she gets all my flowers these days. And as for March, nothing is expected of him but to blow and bluster; while every one thinks I ought to come with my hands full of flowers, and all sorts of little warm airs."

"Oh! never mind, April," said Mother Nature, kindly, "I love you; you help me along amazingly, and you are ever so much sweeter than July and August, who sometimes burn my poor garden dreadfully. I don't like to have you unhappy, my dear, but I don't know what I should do without your tears."

"Well," said April, brightening up suddenly and fairly smiling, "that makes me feel ever so much better, and I will go right to work and see what I can do for the Arbutus."

WHEN SPRING BEGAN.

BY E. J. WHEELER.

WHILE roaming in the woods one day,
I asked the question, half in play,
Who can tell when Spring began?"
Straightway the answer came, "*I* can!"
And Robin Redbreast cocked his head.
"All right! Then pray proceed," I said.

"I must," said he, "express surprise
That any one with two good eyes,
Or even one, should fail to see
Spring's coming *must* depend on me.
When I come, then will come the Spring,
And that 's the gist of the whole thing."

"Ho, ho! He, he! Well, I declare!"
A Squirrel chuckled, high in air.
"That is too droll — that you should bring,
Instead of being brought by, Spring.
I had n't meant to boast, but now
The cause of truth will not allow
My silence; so I 'll merely state
That Spring for me must *always* wait.
The thing admits not of a doubt:
Spring can't begin till I come out."

"Well, bless my stars! For pure conceit,"
Began the Brook, "you two do beat
All I have heard. As if 't were true
Spring never came at all till you
Were born, and can't come when you 're dead!
I 'm sorry, sir, you 've been misled,
But I can set you right. I know
Spring comes when I begin to flow.
When my ice melts, and not till then,
Spring dares to venture forth again."

"Whew!" sneered the Breeze, in high disdain,
"You 're wrong as they are, it is plain.
When I first came, not long ago,
I found you naught but ice and snow
'T was my warm breath, you thankless thing,
That broke your bands and brought the Spring.
The Robins and the Squirrels all
Come only when they hear me call.
In fact, I may assert with truth
I am the Spring itself, in sooth.
Spring 's here because I 'm here, and when
I leave, you 'll have no Spring again."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AN APRIL STORY.

I 'LL tell you something quaint and queer
That came to pass in a by-gone year:
A dainty, beautiful, smiling maid—
Known to the *ton* as Miss Sunshade—
Was met one day by a big, green "feller,"
All cotton and whalebone, by name Umbrella;
When he up, and said: "Ahem! I 'm afraid
You 're out of place here, my pretty maid!
It 's going to rain, as you plainly see,
And soon there will be great call for me."

Then raising herself from a curtsy low,
She answered: "'T was shining a moment ago,
It really seems that you always try
To come along when it 's bright and dry."

"And *you*," he retorted, "'most every hour
Pop in, and ruin my prettiest shower."

"Perhaps I do," said this pretty maid—
Known to the *ton* as Miss Sunshade—
"Perhaps I do, for I like to be fair—
You 'll admit," she cried, "that I have you there!"

"It 's my turn, now," he cried in jest,—
But his fun was cloudy and grim at best,—
"That Sun of yours, you 'll admit, no doubt,
Is not to be found unless he is out."

"And *you*," she answered, with merry frown,
"To friend and foe must, at last, come down."

Well, so they parleyed, and teased, and chaffed;
While the weather, by turns, bemoaned and laughed;
Till at last the matter was settled aright
By each of them vowing no more to fight.

"We 'll ever be friends," said Miss Sunshade;
"Yes, ever," he echoed, "my pretty maid!"

And so, to this day, in April weather,
The two go tripping along together.

THE AGES OF ANIMALS.

HAS any one ever heard of a dog over fourteen years of age? of a horse older than thirty years? or a mule older than fifty? or a sheep past nine summers? I am told that these respective ages are sometimes passed, but I am not sure of it, and I consequently ask for information based on personal knowledge. Look into the matter for me, my chicks. There are stories of elephants living to be one hundred and fifty years old, and of whales half the age of the venerable Methusaleh; but we have to take these stories on faith, if at all. Jack wishes to hear now from those who *know*.

MORE ABOUT "JERICHO ROSES."

CHICAGO, January 7, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: All of our home-circle were glad to see the paper on "Jericho Roses" by Mr. Tait, in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS. Thinking that some of your little friends may have been as much interested in reading it as were our little ones, I want to tell them a few more things about the same "Roses." In the autumn of 1876 we bought some of them of an old Turk—doubtless the same of whom Mr. Tait purchased his. After getting back to our home in Wisconsin, we tried the "Roses" with the same result as mentioned in the article referred to. One day we thought we would go still further, and see if there was really life in them; so, selecting a very small specimen, and putting it in a glass of water, we left it where it would get plenty of air and sunshine. Judge of our delight when we went to it in a few days, and found some tiny green leaves springing from the branches! Nor is this all, for after a few weeks there appeared exquisite little lavender blossoms. A great many people saw this, and the old Turk would have reaped a rich harvest if he had been within reach at the time.

The little rose is now as dry and twisted-looking as ever it was. Some time I am going to try it again, to see if the life went from it when the blossom faded.

Yours, ELVA D. OGDEN.

A LUCKY APRIL FOOL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am thirteen years old. Generally speaking, I am not very fond of April-fool stories, nor April-fool jokes, but I found one the other day, in Chambers's Book of Days, that interested me very much. It claims to be historical, and if you will allow me, I will repeat it to your crowd of little folk:

"It is related that Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife, being in captivity at Nantes, effected their escape in consequence of the attempt being made on the first of April. 'Disguised as peasants, the one bearing a hod on his shoulder, the other carrying a basket of rubbish at her back, they both, at an early hour of the day, passed through the gates of the city. A woman, having a knowledge of their personal appearance, ran to give notice to the sentry. "April fool!" cried the soldier; and all the guard, to a man, shouted out, "April fool!" beginning with the sergeant in charge of the post. The Governor, to whom the story was told as a jest, conceived some suspicion, and ordered the matter to be investigated; but it was too late, for the Duke and his wife were already well on their way. The first of April had saved them.'"

You see, Mr. Jack, this could not be called a practical joke, though I 've no doubt the soldiers felt rather foolish when they learned that they had only caught themselves!

Your sincere admirer,

CLARA P. V.

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION OF HORSES.

HERE is an extract from a letter sent by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to a friend who had lost a very fine horse:

"Ought he not to have respect in death, especially as he has no chance hereafter? But are we so certain about that? Does not moral justice require that there should be some green pasture-land hereafter for good horses? say—old family horses that have brought up a whole family of their master's children and never run away in their lives? Doctors' horses, that stand, unhitched, hours, day and night, never gnawing the post or fence, while the work of intended humanity goes on? Omnibus horses that are jerked and pulled, licked and kicked, ground up by inches on hard, sliding pavements, overloaded and abused? Horses that died for their country on the field of battle, or wore out their constitutions in carrying noble generals through field and flood, without once flinching from the hardest duty? Or *my* horse, my old Charley, the first horse that ever I owned; of racing stock, large, raw-boned, too fiery for anybody's driving but my own, and as docile to my voice as my child was?"

Your Jack says "yes," emphatically.

THE PRIZE DRAWINGS.—A LETTER FROM DEACON GREEN.

My Dear Boys and Girls: Of all the more than nine hundred original sketches and pictures that the St. Nicholas boys and girls have sent, in response to my request, made several weeks ago in this magazine, not one has been without its point of interest, and not one but has met friendly examination. To say that they are all good would not be true; yet some are very, very good, and some, like that little girl with the curl, are "horrid." But one and all show that my young friends have *tried*, and I am satisfied. Of the great number sent in, a large proportion, though not quite worthy of winning prizes, are too good to be carelessly thrown aside; and so their young artists shall go on the Roll of Honor. This part of the business is easily settled. So also is the selection of thirty or forty of the very "best" as deserving of special mention; but the real hard work—hard for the undersigned and hard for the awarding committee—has been to decide to which three out of these thirty or forty best the three prizes can fairly be awarded.

Well, the vexed question is at last settled by the committee, after a long session, which made me like them better than ever, because they showed so much interest in my boys and girls, and so much honest appreciation of each piece of work, and such discrimination in regard to artistic excellence. Better than this, they actually, in several instances, have discovered "fresh talent" which, when rightly developed, shall yet delight the picture-loving readers of St. Nicholas,—at all of which your friend Silas Green rejoiceth exceedingly.

Now for the awards, the justice of which will, it is hoped, be apparent to each one of you, so far as your own individual efforts are concerned.

1st Prize *(Twenty Dollars)* to Miss Elinore C. V. Kraak, New York.

2d Prize *(Ten Dollars)* to Miss Margaret Neilson Armstrong and Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, New York.

3d Prize *(Five Dollars)* to Miss Ada Bowley, Lee, Kent, England.



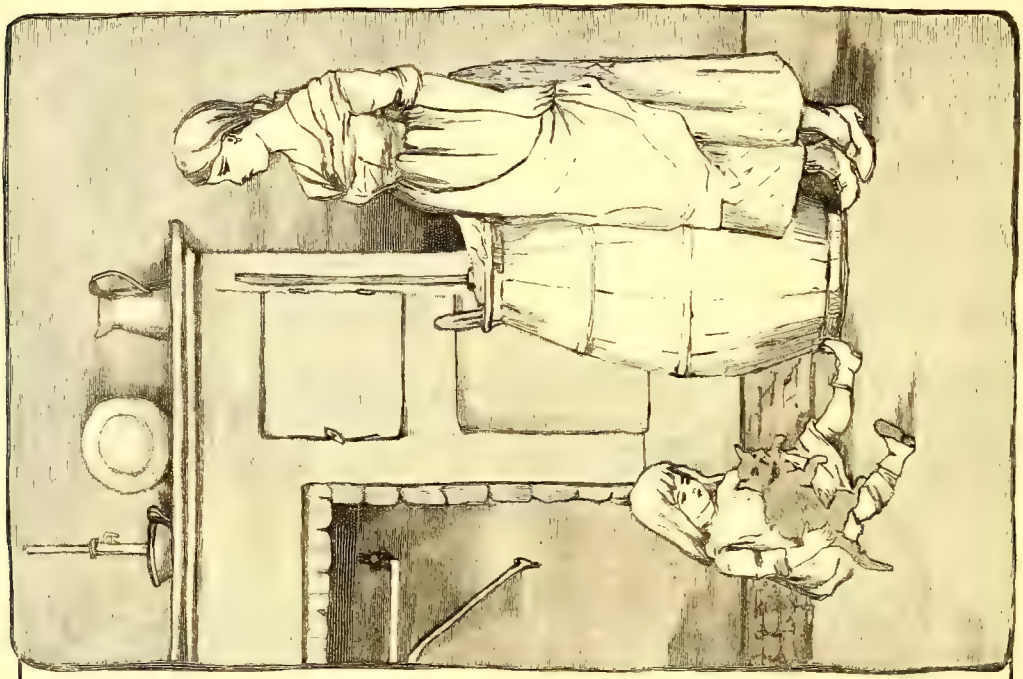
First Prize Drawing: "Little Black Spinner, Spin me some lace." Drawn by Miss Elinore C. V. Kraak.—Aged 15.

A FAIRY'S ORDER.

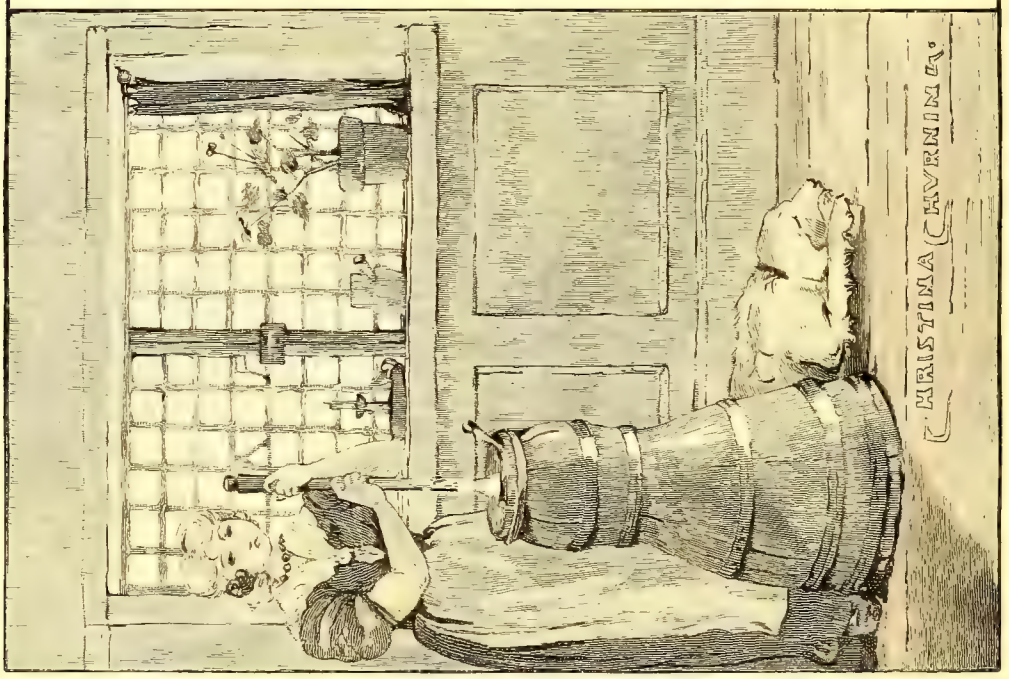
By M. F. Butts.

Little black spinner, spin me some lace,
Fine as fine can be;
I am going to dine with the butterfly
And meet the bumble-bee.

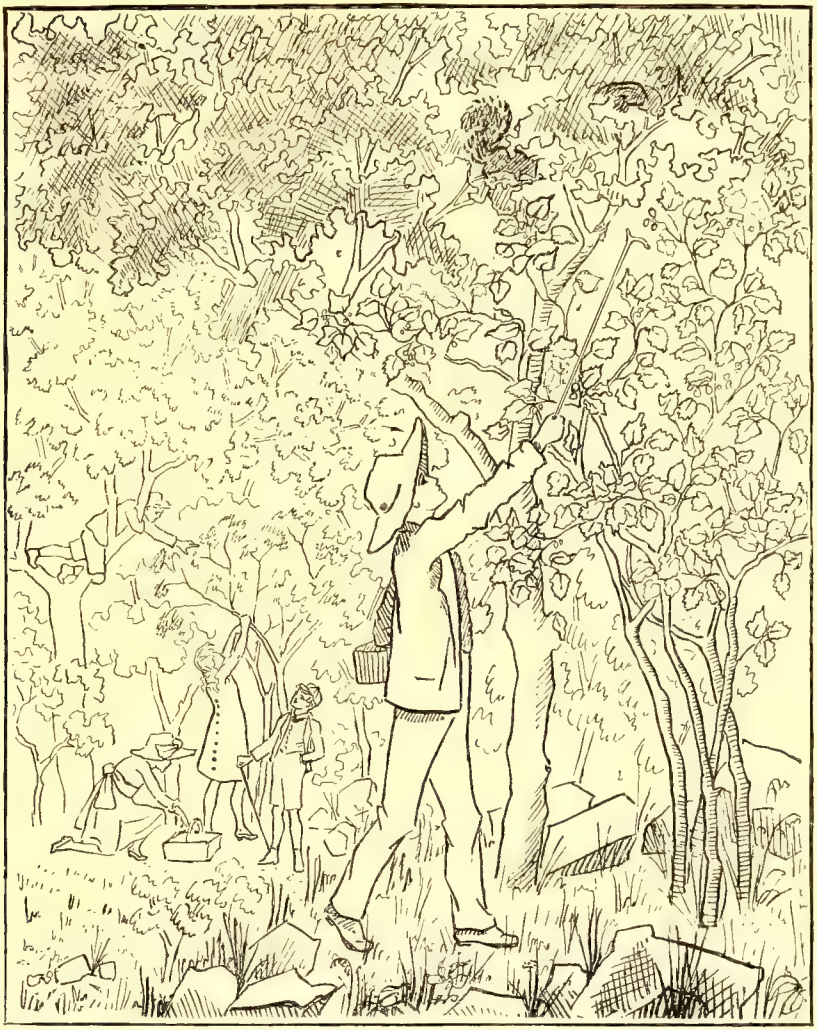
You know how rich the humming-bird is—
He will be there, too;
I am going to wear a poppy-leaf dress
And diamonds of dew;



SECOND PRIZE DRAWING: "CHRISTINA CHURNING." (DRAWN BY MISS HELEN MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.—AGED 14.)



SECOND PRIZE DRAWING: "CHRISTINA CHURNING." (DRAWN BY MISS MARGARET NEILSON ARMSTRONG.—AGED 16.)



THIRD PRIZE DRAWING: "A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY." (SEE POEM, NEXT PAGE.) DRAWN BY MISS ADA BOWLEY.—AGED 14.

Little black spinner, spin away,
And do your very best,
That I may trim my poppy-leaf dress,
And look as well as the rest.

CHRISTINA CHURNING.

By Dora Read Goodale.

Creak, creak! beneath two hardened hands,
The yellow churn unflagging swings;
In plaided frock Christina stands
And rocks it as she sings.

The raftered ceiling, dark and low,
The jutting mantel, brown with smoke,
In seasoned timbers still can show
Their tough, unyielding oak.

In this wide-fronted chimney-place,
This brick-laid hearth that glows again,
I read the old New England race
Of rugged maids and men.

Christina, with her northern eyes,
Her flaxen braids, her yellow hood,
Can never claim the stubborn ties
Of that rebellious blood.

Not she, those stranger-looks confess,
That heavy-footed, peasant tread,
The woolen homespun of her dress,
The quilted skirt of red;

The grass-green ribbon, knotted thrice,
The cotton kerchief, bordered gay,
That colored to her childish eyes
A Swedish gala day.

She sings — a voice untrained and young —
A simple measure, free as rain;
I follow through the foreign tongue
The little wild refrain.

Creak, creak! beneath her hardened hands
The yellow churn unsteady swings;
Two tears drop singly where she stands,
Unbidden, as she sings.

A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A HAZEL-NUT hung in the top of a tree;
"Ha," chirped Sir Squirrel, "that fellow for me!"
Then he whisked his tail high over his back,
And began to map out his plan of attack.

"Suppose, Mr. Frisky, you take it now,"
Piped Nut-hatch up from a handy bough;
Then he wiped his bill and wiggled his wing,
Ready the minute Sir Squirrel should spring.

As the two sat sharply eying each other,
Along came a boy. "Now, somehow a-nuther,"
Said he, "that nut has got to come down,
And, just for a change, take a trip to town."

Come down it did; while squirrel and bird
Sat so still not a hair or a feather stirred;
The kink was all out of Sir Frisky's tail,
And Nut-hatch's bill felt blunt as a nail.

'T is n't best to be too certain, you see,
About the plump nuts in the top of the tree.

Before giving the Roll of Honor, I must explain that, in determining the second prize, the committee found it quite impossible to cast a unanimous vote. Indeed the votes, like the animals of the Ark, insisted upon coming two by two, until at last the divided body awarded a divided second prize to the two young sisters whose drawings are given on page 498.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Maud Humphrey — Mary W. Bonsall — Marion C. Harris — Ethel I. Brown — Nelson B. Greene — Phil. Sawyer — Newton B. Tarkington — Will V. S. Moody — Mary Mason Mitchell — Carrie Vasa Hayden — Gertrude Estabrooke — Nellie B. Manlove — Louise Maria Mears — Minnie E. Clement — Alison Allen — Fannie Camp — Evelyn L. Cox — John R. Purdon — Effie M. Reed — Rose Perkins — Mary S. Bibbs — Kate Jordan — B. Rosenmeyer — Clara H. Tardy — Ada B. Champlin — Henry Martyn Saville — Ernest C. Peixotto — Joseph E. Travis — Anna Upjohn — Adelaide C. Watson — E. B. Child — Laura Blackwood — Marian MacIntosh — Harriette R. Richards — Josephine R. Thorp — William Henry Remington — Aggie P. Rhodes — Chester Holmes Aldrich — Howard Sill.

Hugh McCulloch — Virginia B. Botts — Theo. Wright — R. Proctor Barclay — Fulton Lewis — Rachel Hartwell Chapman — Katie C. McIlwaine — Clara M. Schenck — Ethelda May Daggett — Frank Sweet — Clara A. Rosengarten — Silvie Coster — Max P. Smith — William E. Tunis — Annah E. Jacobs — H. M. Grew — Mary Fortier — Abby E. Underwood — Walter A. Tiers — Helen Stapleton — Lucia T. Henderson — Kittie G. Matchette — Albert J. Geiger — Frank R. Whiteside — Jessie McCartney — Leona Hope — Otie Woodard — Helene Billing — Lillie Vance — "Margie" — Fannie Saunders — Frank A. Reynolds — Mary S. Hedrick — Sallie J. Ireland — Cora C. Moffett — Libbie Harriott — Ettie Stephens — Edith M. Foote — George Groute — Edwin Lathe — Emma M. L. Tillon — Jonas T. Roberts — Wesley Browning — Arthur T. Wilgress — Mattie Wetherbee — James Leaming Rice — John A. Murphy — Richard A. French — Ruby M. Patterson — Winnie F. Eddy — Gertie L. Abbott — Lillian M. Douglass — Maude Merrill — Ulysses Leonidas Leonhaeuser — Edward Charles Dickinson — Charles Clair Allen — Nannie E. Wade — Charlotte J. Leeds — Chauncey B. Allen — Hattie E. Willcox — Lewis Holzmann — Mattie Martin — Amy A. Collier — Caroline R. Fox — Webster W. Bolton — Arthur Tompkins — Ella M. Chandler — Alice Cullen — Dora W. Duyer — Nellie Jackson — Rhoda Rhodes — Louisa C. Browning — Florence L. Pettyjohn — John C. Cory — Howard Andrus Giddings — Bertha S. Giddings — H. H. Spaulding — Mattie Latimer — Laura F. S. Garnett — Eugene Betts — Lena E. Reynolds — Caroline McC. Jenness — Robert S. Chase — Elfreda L. Shaffer — Fred W. Dewey — William O. Moody — Ethel Mary Turner — Cecelia B. Pollock — William Booth Papin — Cora May Norman — Marguerite T. Shutt — Belle Norman — Mary E. Carter — Mary E. Tudor — Cornelia W. Eddy — Helen E. Stone — Benjamin Mortimer — Violet Harrison — Clement Dietrich — Madge S. Crane — William R. Stewart — J. E. Paine — Edith White — Edward S. Fish — J. J. Daggy — Albert E. Warren — Amy Lee Brenton — Josephine E. Chapman — Lydia B. Penrose — Etta M. Gilbreath — H. D. Crippen — Daisy W. Jones — Harold Fairall — Bruce Horsfall — Daisy M. A. Pease — Willie B. Bosworth — Bessie C. Riggs — Annie A. Oyen — De La C. Burgess — Millicent Olmsted — William B. Gilbert — Albert Swain — Florence Gertrude Mason — Alpheus P. Riker — Daisy M. Johnson — Hugh Tallant — George M. Anderson — William Henry Corbin — Alexander Bethune, Jr. — Sidney E. Farwell — Rose W. Scott — Constance E. Ruth — Anna F. Ruth — Gussie Sims — Ernest Sims — Perry Sagebiel — Emma Foster — Loretta Mead — Charlie G. Davis — Nellie Torrey — Louise Dewey Fisher — Evelina Hoey — Fanny H. Buntin — R. W. Harrington — Elva J. Emmons — Mary C. Hooper — Alice Greaves — James C. Holenshade — Hattie M. Perley — Lafon Allen — Theodora Willard — E. J. Collingwood — John C. Lewis — Helen G. Trotter — Helen M. Chase — G. Albert Thompson — Sade Wilson — Beatrice B. Herford — Henrietta E. Roebbelen — Alonzo L.

Ware — Constance H. Savage — Reba T. Holcourb — C. F. Kendall, Jr. — Ernest Lallier — May H. Carman — Laura V. Crane — Mabel Page Taylor — Mary H. Kimball — Altia R. Austin — Theodore B. Chancellor — Genevieve Louise Tyler — Jennie La Tourette — Blanche E. Mason — Mary Susan Fechtig — Josie Turrell — William Thum Mamie B. Purdy — Nellie Haines — Lou M. Andrews — Ophelia Harris — Constance G. Alexander — Mary D. Howe — Julie H. Thompson — Carrie Scales — John H. Tench — E. Carlton Atkins — Mattie D. Fenner — Bessie M. Dunster — Virginia D. Lyman — Eleanor B. Lindsley — Laura R. Heckert — Emmie C. Whitson — Clara Blacking — Victor H. Wallace — Blanche Wintzer — Lorin E. Shutts — Edith Briggs — Emily Stockton — Lulie Stockton — Etta Wagner — Daisy Shryock — Edward Tappan Adney — Lillie J Matthews — Hugh E. Stone — Sally Alice Yerkes — Willie Vauter — Horace M. Reeve — Phillips Carmer — Elizabeth Yorke Hoopes — Harry E. Bates — Birdie L. Johnston — Edward Craig Trenholme — Nettie Emma Waite — Minnie Holzmann — Mary W. Barkley — Willie S. Lorimer — Annie Franklin Blake — Julia S. Caldwell — Louis Todd — Ellen Deam — Maddie Scott — Henry Hahn — James S. B. Hollingshead — Daisy Keyser — Celeste M. Hunt — Paul Alexander Steele — Fred E. Goodspeed — Clara H. Hollis — Henry S. Towle — Marie Haughton — Daisy Brown — Mathewson — George M. Lawton — Dallas I. Cadwalader — F. M. Waug, Jr. — Eugene Klapp — Gertie L. Rackliffe — Etheldred Breeze Barry — Louise Shipman — Anna H. Hudson — Hallie V. McConnell — F. Porteous — Belle I. Miller — Will F. Sweet — Mamie B. Purdy — Mary B. W. Coxe — Ora W. L. Slater — Fred C. Barton — Edith Adelaide Shattuck — Martha Mayer — John Henderson — Hanson Robinson — J. Conway Robinson — Lucy Dorrit Hale — Ward L. Thompson — Madge Arthur — Ange Carson — Paul Frederick Hoffman — Ruth Drake — H. Ernest Peabody — Charles W. Billheimer — Emma V. Hart — Lizzie B. Albrecht — Joseph Holden Sutton — Carrie Carter — Hattie V. Woodard — Stella McEntee — Lulu W. Stover — Anna L. Morgan — Francie Wieser — Helen M. Hastings — Walter C. Haullenbeck — Susie Moore Martin — Hattie L. Moore — Arthur W. Sparks — Kate S. Stanbery — Guy S. Harris — Fanny M. Durkin — Harry Durkin — Mabel Fonda — Louisa E. Ricketston — Mary F. Cushman — Laura Balch Carpenter — Frances A. Walker — V. Holland — Louise Latham Devereux — Lucia Noble — Frances Colledge Hatton — Gertrude Weil — Mathilde Weil — Allison Owen — David Ericson — Mattie D. Fenner — George Harley Graham — Alice Schueppenhiesser — William C. Palmer — Adele Bacon — Ella F. Scott — Josephine Meeker — Ada Seymour — Bella Wehl — Aquila T. Sutch — Harry L. Armstrong — Jennie Chapell Hodge — Isabel Field — Alice Marguerite Agar — Daisy Bowley — Rosie Alderson — Eveline Maude Alderson — Effie Margaret Holden — Edith Holden — Winifred Holden.

There 's a list for you! And right proud am I of you all — Prize-winners, Earnest Competitors, and Rollers of Honor. May we all live to try again!

Your grateful and faithful friend, SILAS GREEN.

P. S.—The dear little school-ma'am has just suggested that many new readers may wish to know what my letter is about! Did you ever hear anything like that? Therefore, partly because she is right, and partly because the little lady evidently considers no letter complete without a postscript, I take up my pen to add that all the aforesaid several drawings and sketches were made to illustrate one or more of the three poems here reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS for December 1883, and that all further particulars may be found upon page 182 of that beautiful Christmas number. S. G.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number Miss Sargent told us about the "Children's Christmas Club." Well, the principals and trustees of our public schools took right hold of it and divided the city into four sections. I think there were about two hundred members and about as many guests in our section. We held it on the Friday after Christmas in one of our school buildings; after the dinner we had a Christmas tree and presents for the children who were our guests.

The next afternoon we had an entertainment for the members and poor children; we had magic lantern views, six recitations, two songs, and a violin solo.

I think "Phaeton Rogers" and "Mystery in a Mansion" were splendid, and I liked "Christmas in the Pink Boarding-house," in the January number.

I fear my letter is almost too long to print, but if you have room, please put it in. Your constant reader, "FLIP."

125 HURON STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS., January 12, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your recipe for removing stains from chromos and oil-paintings, printed in the November "Letter-Box," has proved effectual. Please accept my tardy thanks.

Your constant subscriber, AGNES LYDON.

HERE is another letter from Australia:

MELROSE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, October 24, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, and I am only going to write a short one.

I like reading your books very much, especially "Work and Play for Young Folk," as it shows you many things which you can do.

It is just the time for the wild fruits in this country, the wild peaches and cherries. The peach is about the size of the cultivated cherry, and the color a bright red. The stones are nice to make small ornaments with when they are carved with a knife. The cherry is a good bit smaller than the peach. It is the shape of a thimble; the stone grows outside and at the bottom, the fruit at the top. They are so small that you want a lot before you are satisfied. We go out looking for them. They generally make up parties to go out looking for wild peaches in November.

From your affectionate reader, EDITH ANDREWS.

PORTLAND, OREGON, February 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended to write to you ever since I took you; that is, since August, 1883; but now, as I read so much of snow and frost in your country, I am tempted to write and tell you what lovely weather we have in Oregon. The grass is green and many of the trees are as beautiful as in summer One day it snowed here and it was rare fun snow balling, and the sleigh-bells were ringing like music. That is the kind of winter I like; but when it is so cold that it hurts your toes, then I don't like winter. My sister took you when she was a little girl; and I have a year's subscription, as a Christmas present from my mamma. I sometimes play the child parts for nice companies that come here; perhaps, sometime, I can write well enough to tell you my theatrical experience. I am eleven years old; well, I will say good-by, I love to read you so much. I remain, your constant reader,

MAMIE O'CONNOR.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, January 20, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January number I saw a question asked by C. Herbert Swan, in the "Letter-box": "What is the difference between Gutta Percha and India Rubber? Is it not a conundrum?" I answer "No; it is not a conundrum" If friend Swan will read the "Life and Discoveries of Charles Goodyear," page 44, he will find it fully explained I wish also to say that the operetta, entitled "The Three Somber Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls," was presented to a delighted audience by the North Hill Grammar School, of Burlington, Iowa, December 17. We netted a handsome sum for the school And some of the older persons in the audience told me it was worth four times the price of admission. All praise to good ST NICHOLAS!

Yours, One of the Somber Young Gentlemen, and a constant reader, WILLIE L. COCHRAN.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-SIXTH REPORT.

DR. WARREN'S first manual for the Red Cross class is a charming little book, containing a full statement of his plan, and lessons for the first month. Dr. Warren very generously offers a prize each month for the best report, and a prize for the best set of reports for six months. The first subject was "Bones" [See February ST. NICHOLAS]; for March we studied "Muscles," and the topic for this month is "The Circulatory System." All are invited to join this class now. Address Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park, Boston, Mass.

The Association has been steadily increasing in numbers and enthusiasm; the latest number on our register is 6480.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Address.*
565	Waseca, Minn. (A)	6	J. F. Murphy, box 128.
566	Elmore, Ohio (A)	12	G. W. Eoff.
567	Sigourney, Iowa (A)	5	Carl M. Keck.
568	Meadville, Pa. (B)	6	F. L. Armstrong.
569	Ludington, Mich. (A)	15	Chas. T. Sawyer.
570	Hackensack, N. J. (A)	4	Philander Betts.
571	Grand Rapids, Mich. (B)	16	Geo. C. Hollister (Old Nat. Bank).
572	Newark, N. J. (C)	10	L. M. Passmore.
573	Moss Point, Miss. (A)	16	Miss Bessie Borden.
574	Indianapolis, Ind. (D)	7	Thomas Moore, 332 N. Alabama St.

The address of Chapter 527 is Norman Sinclair, 633 Tyler St., San Francisco, Cal.

Chapter 112, which was once discontinued, has been reorganized on a stronger basis than ever. Address Harry E. Sawyer, 37 Gates Street, South Boston, Mass.

[Will not some of the other "discontinued" chapters follow this good example?]

It is with sincere sorrow that we learn of the death of another of our most earnest secretaries, Mr. Ernest D. Bowman, of Albuquerque, New Mexico (Ch. 483). The local papers speak of Mr. Bowman in terms of the highest praise and most tender regret. His place as secretary has been supplied by Miss Mamie E. Whitcomb, box 91.

HELP FOR OUR MINERALOGISTS.

BRISTOL, R. I.

Although my children are constant readers of ST. NICHOLAS, it is only lately that I have noticed the A. A. I have strong faith in the value of a study of Nature, and if I can assist any of the young mineralogists, let them address me.—S. F. Peckham.

[Prof. Peckham will find his kind offer fully and gratefully appreciated.]

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence with distant chapters.—Geo. W. Eoff, Elmore, Ohio (Sec. 566).

Insects.—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Chinese nuts for prepared woods or cocoons.—Miss Isabelle McFarland, 1727 F. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Rare eggs—sets and single—blown by one hole.—Chas. E. Doe, 50 Ring Street, Providence, R. I.

Quail eggs, for geodes.—Bayard Christy, box 41, Sewickley, Pa.

Ores and fossils, for best offer.—C. A. Jenkins, Chittenango, N. Y. (Sec. 447).

One star-fish for one sea-urchin; also, assorted shells for Florida moss, or bark from the "big trees."—G. A. Conover, Box 69, Bergen Point, N. J.

Geodes.—Miss C. S. Roberts, Sharon, Conn. (Sec. 522).

Sulphur, woods, and ore; write first.—A. J. Mitchell, Carbondale, Pa.

A pair of Angora rabbits for a pair of lop-eared rabbits.—S. Simonds, St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I.

Twenty labeled eggs, for a large star-fish, trilobite, or horse-shoe crab; write first.—Miss Florence D. Haight, Alton, Ill.

Serpentine, rhynconellas, chalchedony, etc., for a Guinea-pig.—Ed. Davis, 3201 Vernon Avenue, Chicago.

Dolomite, geodes, talc, etc., for minerals.—Graham Davis, 3201 Vernon Avenue, Chicago.

Agates, cocoons, etc; special offer for a *Luna*.—Ezra Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Charletes lycoperdon, for minerals (polished) and woods.—L. L. Lewis, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Petrified wood and coral.—A. C. Hurlburt, 4 Europe Street, Providence, R. I.

Cocoons, for eggs.—Eddie A. Shepherd, Galesburg, Kansas.

A perfect trilobite (*Calymene magarensis*) for a perfect *Eurypterus remipes* or an ammonite.—F. W. Wentworth, 153 25th Street, Chicago.

Minerals and a large collection of *lepidoptera* and eggs, for large, fine minerals (3 x 2½ in.). List sent on receipt of stamp.—John B. Martin, 21 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Minerals and books for fossils from Mesozoic age. Correspondents in Scotland, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy.—Wm. H. Van Allen, Lawrenceville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

NOTES.

80. *Canary bird.*—By feeding a canary with cayenne pepper and steeped bread, its color was changed to a bright red.—A. H. Stewart.

81. *Diamonds* have been found in North America, the largest in Richmond, Va., by a laborer. Chapter 275.

82. *Parasite in a dragon-fly.*—I discovered in an *Agrion* a pea-green parasite, about ¾ in. long, tapering at both ends. I learn from the Agricultural Dep't that this is the first case on record of a parasite found in a dragon-fly.—Alonzo H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.

[Has any other member found one?]

83. *Color of rivers.*—In the Pemigewasset River, in the Franconia Mountains, are large flat rocks containing veins of quartz and mica. This mica is tinged with green. Mica in the Harvard Brook, which runs into the Pemigewasset, is dull red. The water of the brook is very much colored. I think that iron probably colors both the mica and the water.—Ellen C. Wood.

84. *Crocodile in Central America.*—

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA.

While on this coast, at Port Limon, in 1873, I saw one day what looked like a crocodile on a log near the road-bed. I offered ten dollars to the man that would capture it. A hundred of the blacks plunged in heels over head, and in a few moments I had the reptile.

I sent it alive in a tank to my friend, Professor J. C. Dalton, in New York. He declared the saurian to be a crocodile, not an alligator.

I think it is the first ever found in Central America. Can my friends of the A. A. tell the difference between an alligator and a crocodile, and whether my claim is valid or not?

C. R. Lordly, M. D.

85. *Tree rings.*—After a discussion about the age of trees, as shown by their rings, we decided that the number of distinct rings does not indicate the number of years that a tree has lived, but is due to the number of stoppages in its growth.—H. A. Cooke.

[We should wish to hear from others on this point; also, as to the cause of the rings in beets.]

THE BOTANY CLASS.

SALT LAKE, January 12, 1884.

Mrs. Rachel Mellon, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the only one who has completed the course satisfactorily.—Marcus E. Jones.

Prof. G. Howard Parker has not yet sent his report on the class in Entomology.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

475. *Dundee, Scotland.*—We have now a large collection of wild flowers, ferns, sea-weeds, eggs, etc. We have had a present of some eggs from the Orkney and Shetland Islands.—A. G. Keiller, Sec.

23. *Castle Bank, Strand, Eng.*—We have had a very nice cabinet given to us, full of specimens, some of which are very rare. We have been very busy arranging and classifying them. We number about twenty-five.—Gertrude C. Ruegg.

20. *Fairfield, Iowa.*—The Chapter is heartily to be congratulated on its good fortune. Senator James F. Wilson has recently offered to give to the Library Association of Jefferson Co. two lots in the city of Fairfield, on condition that during 1884 money be raised or provided for, sufficient to erect a building for the Association, to cost not less than $15,000, in which provision shall be made for the library, museum, and lecture room, and a room for "*the Agassiz Chapter of Fairfield*," etc.

This munificent offer has been accepted, and we trust our friends will in due time be permanently and cozily ensconced in their new room.

382. *Brooklyn, F.*—One of us took ants. Several nests were placed in a box covered with glass and surrounded by water, and many curious things were observed.—Jeannie Van Ingen, Sec.

[Such as—?]

153. *Chicago, E.*—It will no doubt please you to know that the Academy of Science puts on all its postal cards:

"*All members of the Agassiz Association are invited to be present at the meetings.*" F. W. Wentworth, Sec.

404. *Baraboo, Wis., A.*—Our Chapter gave an entertainment last week, and cleared $12.00. The opening piece was the Report of the A. A. in ST. NICHOLAS, read by one of us. Another recited "Agassiz's Birthday," and we had a pantomime.—Marie McKennan, Sec.

463. *Dayton, O., B.*—We are still alive and growing. We have entered on Historical Geology and Entomology.—J. H. Jones, Sec.

344. *Monroe, Wis.*—The same flourishing report might be given again this month. We now have 30 members.—J. J. Schindler.

87. *New York, B.*—Another eventful year has passed, and left "success" written on all our records. During the year, 31 essays have been read, and 21 regularly announced discussions have been successfully held. Our roll of members has been increased from 13 to 18. In our library are 68 bound volumes, and 439 magazines. Besides these, we have a scrap-book, folio, and several charts, and files of essays. We have a balance of $64.83 to our credit.—A. Nehrbas, Sec.

[A good year's work!]

416. *Racine, Wis., A.*—We intend to begin collecting plants as soon as the snow is off the ground. We shall also make a collection of the skeletons of the fish we catch next year. We have a place arranged for an aviary, also. We had an aquarium running all last year.—John L. McCalman, Sec.

143. *De Pere, Wis., B.*—In addition to the duties of our meetings, the President requests of each member an account, either oral or written, of some subject selected by the Society. The second anniversary reception of our Society was held Jan. 25. Fearing our invited guests might tire for lack of variety, we decided to enjoy games pertaining to Natural History, and also to add refreshments. It proved a success. We have twenty-four working members, and five honorary.—Lillie Childs, Sec., Feb. 5, 1884.

17. *Northampton, Mass.*—I have about decided to be a Naturalist, for I never took such an interest in anything as I have in insects.—Florence Maynard, Sec.

353. *Philadelphia, K.*—As I take a glance over the records of the year, I find that we have increased in membership from 6 to 11, that we have gained a great deal of valuable information, that we have our library stored with many valuable books, and our cabinet with many minerals.—B. F. Royer.

100. *Hartford, Conn., B.*—We are going on with our note-books, keeping record of whatever we see. Some of us collect ferns. We feed caterpillars, and watch them through. We are going to leave them out-of-doors this winter, as that will be more natural.

We have just taken in five new members, and we now have twenty, who are really interested in the work.—Francis Parsons, Sec.

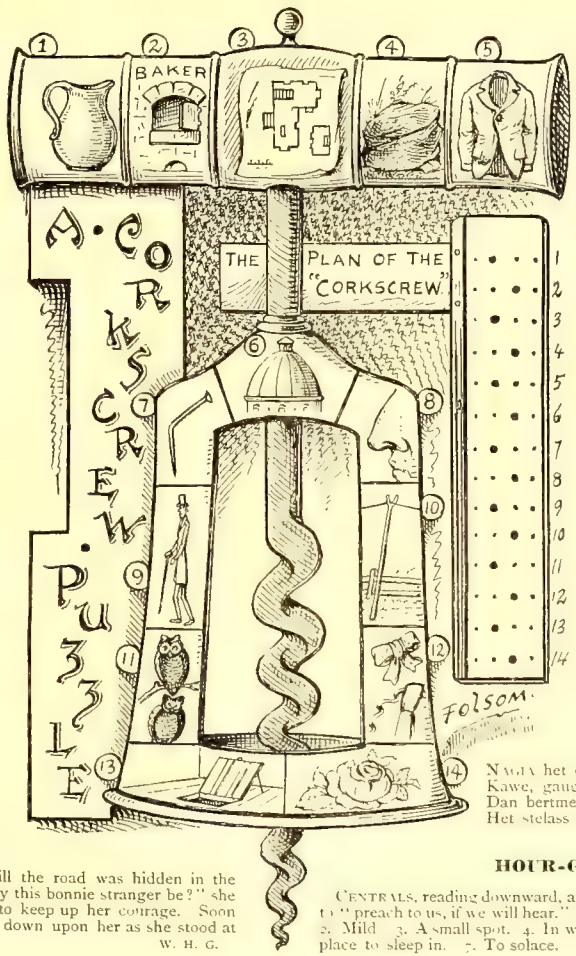
President's address,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A CORKSCREW PUZZLE.

EACH of the small objects (numbered from one to fourteen) may be described by a word of four letters. When these are rightly guessed, and arranged one below another, as the plan of the corkscrew shows, the letters forming the corkscrew (represented by the heavy dots) will spell what we all expect in April.



EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an animal, and leave a grain. 2. Behead departed, and leave a unit. 3. Behead an outcry, and leave a delicacy. 4. Behead a precious metal, and leave antique. 5. Behead a city of Siberia, and leave a city of Siberia. MAIDIE H.

ENIGMA.

WHOLE, I am a word of eight letters, and mean less obstructed; syncopate one letter, and I am a word meaning to suppress; behead one letter, and I name a near-relative; behead again, and I am not the same; behead me twice, and I am a pronoun; behead me again, and I am still a pronoun; transpose, and I am an expression of inquiry.

"FORTRESS MONROE."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

FIND concealed in the following sentences four words which will form a word-square:

Katie walked on and on till the road was hidden in the gathering gloom. "Who may this bonnie stranger be?" she would gayly hum, ostensibly to keep up her courage. Soon after, Diana's own orb shone down upon her as she stood at the cottage door. W. H. G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals together name a famous American who was born and who died on the seventeenth of April.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Hearty. 2. Mistake. 3. A river of Russia. 4. To unite. 5. A haven of refuge. 6. A pattern. 7. The people over whom Boadicea reigned. 8. A people. J. D. W.

DIAMOND.

1. IN pickles. 2. Calamitous. 3. Matched. 4. Belonging to satire. 5. Of the nature of irony. 6. Deduced. 7. A player at dice. 8. An errand-boy. 9. In pickles.

"ALCIBIADES."

FIVE WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Tardy. 2. Sour. 3. Age. 4. The first garden.

II. 1. A title of nobility. 2. Extent. 3. Twenty quires. 4. Disabled.

III. 1. Unworthy. 2. Part of a prayer. 3. To impel. 4. Concludes.

IV. 1. A circle. 2. A metal. 3. A girl's name. 4. To eat.

V. 1. Sound in mind. 2. Parched with heat. 3. A number. 4. A paradise.

"A. T. LOWDER, JR."
AND "MILDRED."

PI.

NAGIA het clabbskrdi nigs, het metrass
Kawe, gaughinl, omrf heirt netrw smerad,
Dan bertmel ni eth pAlir swersoh
Het stelass fo eth plame wrelsof

EDITH R. BILLINGS.

HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS, reading downward, are said, by Christina G. Rosetti, to "preach to us, if we will hear." Cross-words: 1. Introduction. 2. Mild. 3. A small spot. 4. In windy. 5. To importune. 6. A place to sleep in. 7. To solace. A. S. C. A. AND C. S. A.

CHARADE.

By his friends Jack in business was started;
Soon my *second* they found him to be;
Then my *first* came, as might be expected,
And he went into insolvency.

His poor friends called on him one morning,
In hopes to hear what would console,—
Jack sent them away none the wiser,
But not till he gave them my *whole*.

W. H. A.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

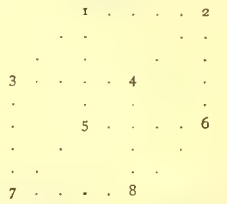
ALL the words described contain six letters each.

I. Primals, a religious festival; finals, beautiful blossoms. Cross-words: 1. To settle an estate so as to cause it to descend to a particular heir. 2. A silver coin of Persia. 3. A succeeding part. 4. One of the Society Islands. 5. To obliterate. 6. Intermission.

II. Primals are the same as the finals of the preceding cross-word; finals, pertaining to a religious season. Cross-words: 1. A plant resembling the bean. 2. Deranged. 3. To hearken. 4. To reverse. 5. To enlist. 6. One of the planets.

III. Primals are the same as the finals of the preceding cross-word; finals, to spice. Cross-words: 1. Boundaries. 2. Whole. 3. Seasickness. 4. A river of England. 5. An inhabitant of Greenland. 6. A people living under one government. CYRIL DEANE.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a rogue; from 2 to 6, a singing bird; from 5 to 6, a guard; from 1 to 5, to recount; from 3 to 4, the name of an inn that is associated with the poet Chaucer; from 4 to 8, a physician; from 7 to 8, a person of an irritable temper; from 3 to 7, a mark to shoot at; from 1 to 3, to defeat and throw into confusion; from 2 to 4, a governor; from 6 to 8, a row; from 5 to 7, a departure.

DAVID H. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.



LENTEN PUZZLE. Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter. (See illustration.)

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. B-eGg-ar. 2. Can-tOn-s. 3. Fat-tEn-ed. 4. He-aTe-r. 5. Wa-sHe-d. 6. Heat-hEn-s. Central row of letters in the syncopated words, Goethe.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. March grass never did good.

PI. Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he is sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is, that he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush —*Sir Philip Sidney*.

RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. Carat. 2. Habit. 3. Mural. 4. Tepid. 5. Depot.

PYRAMID PUZZLE. From 1 to 19 (or from 19 to 1), RED ROOT PUT UP TO ORDER. Cross-words: 10. T. 9, 11. U. U. 8 to 12, PoP; 7 to 13, TexT; 6 to 14, OutgO; 5 to 15, OctavO; 4 to 16, RivaleR; 3 to 17, DividenD; 2 to 18, EquitablE; 1 to 19, RingleadeR. CHARADE. Nightingale.

SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE. Othello.

The *first* is taken in a court of law;
The *second* is a greeting given boy by boy;
The *whole*, a play in which a jealous man
To revenge himself did violence employ.

Answer to the rebus, Salvini.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Beethoven. Finals, Elizabeth. Cross-words: 1. BastE. 2. EaseL. 3. EnnuI. 4. TopaZ. 5. HeclA. 6. OrkuB. 7. VaguE. 8. EdicT. 9. NeigH.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS. I. 1. A. 2. Ado. 3. Adore. 4. Ore 5. E. II. 1. I. 2. Lit. 3. Lithe. 4. The. 5. E. III. 1 B. 2. Bat. 3. Baton. 4. Ton. 5. N.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the March number, from Lily and Agnes, London, England, 9 — Pernie, 6.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Paul Reese — Arthur Gride — Maggie T. Turrill — Madeleine Vultee — "San Anselmo Valley" — Cyril Deane — Louise Belin — Dycie — Jessie A. Platt — Wm. H. Clark — "We, Us, and Co." — "H. and Co." — Harry M. Wheelock — Oscar and Eddie — "Bess and Co." — "Zealous" — Frank and Agnes Irwin — Kina — L. and S. I. — P. S. Clarkson — C. S. C. — Hugh and Cis — Francis W. Islip — T. S. Palmer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from "Lucille," 1 — "The Trio," 2 — Lizzie and Emily, 13 — Ed. V. Shipsey, 8 — Alice M. Isaacs, 3 — Bessie Chamberlin, 1 — Jack T. Spaulding, 1 — Viola Percy Conklin, 3 — Eber C. Byam, 1 — P. O. Dorman, 1 — Joseph C. Russ, Jr., 9 — Florence Weston, 4 — Louisa and Daisy, 1 — Charles S. Hoyt, Jr., 2 Mattie Jenks, 1 — "Cinderella," 1 — "Enquirer," 2 — Maude Bugbee, 10 — Josie Freeman, 1 — "Three Owls," 4 — Lizzie D. F., 1 — Arthur E. Hyde, 3 — "Hans B.'s Pard," 10 — J. S. H., 2 — Jessie E. Jenks, 2 — Russell K. Miller, 2 — Will and Mary, 12 — C. A. Elsberg, 4 — Frances W. Wellington, 1 — Lorenzo Webber, Jr, 1 — Phillips Carmer, 2 — Effie K. Talboys, 11 — Tessie and Anna, 6 — B. C. R., 1 — Fannie J. O., 1 — Nellie Townley, 1 — Mamie L. Mensch, 4 — Bertha Hall, 6 — Mary Yeager, 2 — "Rex Ford," 6 — Emma T. Screws, 1 — Edwin L. Rushmer, 1 — Ed. and Louis, 8 — Helen M., 3 — L. C. B., 7 — Helen Ballantine, 3 — Ruth and Nell, 5 — Moses W., 6 — Natalie, 3 — A. V. Mead and B. H. Peck, 3 — Sadie Love, 1 — Percy M. Nash, 3 — "The Cottage," 4 — Fannie Wood, 5 — "Uncle Dick and Dick," 10 — Jennie and Birdie, 5 — Fitz-Hugh Burns, 13 — Stella A. McCarty, 13 — Julia T. Nelson, 4 — Mary C. Burnam, 11 — Georgia L. Gilmore, 1 — R. A. de Lima, 2 — "Fin. I. S.," 7 — Eliza Westervelt, 6 — "Professor and Co.," 11 — Daisy Moss, 1 — Edith Helen Moss, 4 — H. Arlem, 11 — Alex. Laidlaw, 6 — Fannie M. Gober, 5 — Lalla and Floride Croft, 3 — Harry F. Whiting, 11 — Florence Galbraith Lane, 11 — B. and S., 4 — G. James Bristol, 10 — Walter B. Angell, 13 — D. B. Shumway, 10 — "Mamma and Nellie," 8 — Vessie Westover, 13 — Willie Sheraton, 4 — Millie White, 13 — Minnie B. Murray, 12 — Eleanor and Maude, 2 — Charles H. Kyte, 9 — E. Livingston Ham, 4 — Geo. Blagden, Jr., 7 — "Hen and Chickens," 12 — Hattie, Clara, and Mamma, 13 — Mabel Wiley, 8 — Mary Foster, 8 — Robert L. Allee, 2.


A Joyful Easter

